

INCOME TAXATION.

IT IS LESS BURDENOME THAN THE TARIFF.

Its Evils Would Be Confined to the Rich
Institute of the Poor—An Expose of Custom House Corruption—The Mexican Corn Famine.

Tariff Versus Income Tax.

Representative John DeWitt Warner thinks that the people would "suffer" an income tax that a tax on tea would not. They would not in that event. Let the present tariff alone, and the people will not "suffer" at all.—New York World.

that the "combines" which are organized in defiance of law constantly import cheap laborers without hindrance.

But the taxes which the consumer has to pay are enforced relentlessly. The whole system, from beginning to end, and in all its parts, operates to favor the rich and to oppress the poor.—New York World.

Custom House Corruption.

The commission to investigate the custom house, though it has only begun its work, has already uncovered great heaps of rotteness. Undoubtedly such a tax is possible, though it has never been put into operation. It is, however, at the opposite pole from the indirect, insidious and accused protective tariff tax which stealthily robs the poor consumer of from one-tenth to one-fifth of his food and clothing; which cripples the great bulk of legitimate and independent industries to paralyze a few favorites; and which injures a nation by turning its producers from profitable to unprofitable occupations, making it unable to compete in any but its own "protected" markets. An income tax is a burden, but, to the extent to which it can be worked, it is less of a burden than a direct tax—even though it be a tariff for revenue only. An income tax is necessarily inquisitorial and will lead to wholesale perjury and fraud on the part of those fortunate enough to be overtaken by it. Under it the dishonest will largely escape and the honest "suffer." But, even though it extends to incomes as low as \$2,000, it will not cause great hardship. It will never enter the houses of the poor to shorten their stay on this earth by compelling them to wear shoddy instead of wool; to eat unwholesome and insipid food; to suffer with cold and, perhaps, to freeze for lack of food, cheap coal and blankets; and to put up with uncomfortable and cheap ware, furniture and tools. It will enter only the homes of the few rich, or comparatively rich, and compel them to contribute somewhat in proportion to their means to the expense of the Government which protects them. It will not ask the 6,000 or 8,000 millionaires who have grown up under protection and special privileges to return any of the wealth which they have sequestered into their coffers to the consumers from whom it was taken, but it will ask the millionaires to turn over to the Government a little of the interest which they are obtaining on their ill-gotten gains.

The deprivations and the evils of an income tax will be confined chiefly to the rich, who will by cunning and perjury seek to evade the tax and to shirk their duties as citizens. This tax will not cause one-thousandth of the suffering that is caused by taxes on consumption and production. If there is a particularly warm corner in the nether regions of the next world it should be reserved for those responsible for the protective tariff system of taxation—a system that has caused more misery on earth than has any disease or famine.—Byron W. Holt.

The Mexican Corn Famine.

Gen. Warren T. Sutton, Consul General of the United States for Northern Mexico, has just sent in his official report on the subject of the exportation of grain from this country to Mexico during 1892. As there was a corn famine in Mexico in 1892, an unusual amount was demanded from the United States. Gen. Sutton says: "Had it not been for our nearness and unlimited supply, thousands of the very poor of Mexico must have died for lack of food. As it was, there was much suffering, and the effects will be felt for years."

About 6,000,000 bushels of corn were imported to Mexico in 1892—enough to fill a solid train nearly seventy-seven miles long. Early in 1892 the Mexican government, not being certain that "the foreigner pays the tax" as McKinley says, abolished the duty on imported corn. This is another open acknowledgment that protection is a burden to the masses. The burden is not so great or so evident in a big country like the United States, which produces nearly all kinds of crops and which never has a famine in all parts of the country at once; but in the countries like Mexico or Canada, dependent, especially in times of famine, upon imports of foreign commodities, the burden is unmistakable.

Even in ordinary years the Mexican Government maintains a "free zone" near the United States border to mitigate the worst effects of protection. This the government is compelled to do as a measure of protection. Its subjects near the border simply refuse to be compelled to pay high prices for articles that they see selling across the line in Uncle Sam's domain at reasonable figures.

In great or small countries "protection" by tariff duties is simply a curse. Its evils may be mitigated by "free zones," by temporary abolition of duties or, perhaps, by "reciprocity" when two or more countries, by reciprocal agreement, let down the bars to imports; but the evil will not cease until commerce, industry and men are forever freed from the bondage of protective duties and protection superstitution.

Dead Against the Poor.

The working of Republican "protection to American labor" is gradually becoming very clear to the people.

In the first place, a law is passed giving to privileged classes of manufacturers the power to impose exorbitant prices without danger of foreign competition. Then, ostensibly to preserve home competition, an anti-trust law is passed. But it is not enforced. Perhaps it cannot be. At least, producers combine to limit production and maintain high prices, and the officials charged with the duty of preventing this do nothing about it.

In order to give color to the pretext that high duties are in the interest of American workmen a law is passed forbidding the importation of European pauper labor under contract. But this law also is systematically and successfully evaded. No officer attempts to use the law to prevent the wrong. The Senate investigation now in progress here shows

GOWNS FOR THE HOUSE.

GREAT VARIETY OF STYLES FOR THIS SEASON.

They Afford an Agreeable Change and Contrast from the Street and Reception Dresses—Hints for Women Who Strive to Look Pretty.

Gotham Fashion Gossip.

New York correspondence:

THE woman who strives to look sweet and pretty should be so in her house gown this year, because her house gown may afford a change and contrast in style from her street and reception dresses that makes her especially charming in all. On the street and at the smart 5 o'clock tea her pretty skirts will spread, and she will be all puff and fluff; but in the house gown she may be as

slim and trim as a Japanese girl, and may be as

slim as she pleases, and lovely in quite a different way. The house gown must be put together with discretion and worn with confidence. It is quite a different thing from the negligee of one's room, and must not suggest the street gown. It may be of materials as rich and as delicate as the ball toilet, but it must not seem a bit like it. The Empire models lend themselves best to the ideal house-gown, the bodice part being high-necked and long-sleeved, or only cut out. One charming dress has the bodice surprised front with great sleeves and a high collar, and is made of white grenadine with plush stripes. The bodice ends just below the bust line. The skirt is heavy silk, perfectly plain, and falls in close, straight folds from the edge of the bodice. At the back of the bodice are two big rosettes of white satin, from between which hangs a long sash of white satin. A big satin bow is in front. The silk of the skirt is a creamy white, and the gown is worn with scatter tassels and a ruffled match. A great part of the philosophy of the house-gown is in this dress, and a little study of the design will show just the points that make it a house-gown for all. The material is what would be suitable for an evening dress.

The same idea can be carried out in black, the neck being cut slightly square, and the skirt of soft India silk. It is a good rule not to show much of

lovely in case of a fire. Besides all these, you may buy ready-made silk gowns that are short-waisted and made with enormous ruffled sleeves and very full skirts. They fasten in front and are slipped into in a moment, and are distracting when made of rainbow silk. But everyone is not rich, and so, with the artist's aid, I will set before you some models which can be attained by limited purses. The reader should bear in mind that cheap materials can be often made up to handsomely imitate the most expensive toilet. By remembering this, a costume which would cost twenty times what you can afford to expend, can yet be described and sketched to your direct benefit.

The material used in the costume of the initial picture is green and canary changeable silk, trimmed with green velvet and ecru lace. The skirt is lined with taffeta and is gathered to the waistband in the back. At the bottom it is garnished with three bias folds of velvet of equal width, each one finished by jet passementerie at the lower edge. The bodice fastens in the center, but the vest of velvet hooks on the left side. The fronts are a trifle full and are trimmed with lace in the manner indicated. The sleeves are short, elbow-puff, and are finished with a full ruffle of lace. Around the bottom of the bodice there is a pointed narrow velvet belt finished with jet passementerie.

A beautiful dress made of white batiste with very narrow hemstitched stripes, the wider spaces having a design in open work, is the subject of the second picture. The foundation dress is of white silk with a ruffle around the bottom of the skirt. The round waist is cut square in front and round behind, and has bretelles of wide Moorish lace that form a gently rounded collar in the back. With it is worn a broad girdle of pink and green ombre surah forming a baby bow in the back. The balloon sleeves are of surah. A full bow composed of pink, green and white baby ribbon, with long streamers is placed in front.

The third model is composed of gray Sicilienne. It is very wide around the bottom and is trimmed with a ruching

the arms and neck in a silken or brocade house dress. This sort of thing is charming for the 5 o'clock tea that you are giving, or for the afternoon at home, or anything that calls for the rather "state" dress. Besides these you want the little dresses that are going to make you seem sweet and picturesque, and, incidentally, save street and other dresses. Little Greek gowns with delicate white muslin and silk sleeves, that have a belt and hose-like, are made with quite wide short waists. The chief charm of the home dress is that it shall seem comfortable. Of course you must be careful not to have these dresses seem theatrical, only dainty and pretty.

This reminds me of the little actress who got married suddenly at the end of the season, took a little summer cottage and wore all her stage "domestic-little-wife" dresses and impossible aprons. True to stage effects, she invariably swept the front steps with a broom tied with a blue ribbon, just as all the men were coming home from business and entirely demoralized the summer population. But, to return to gowns. These little picture gowns may of course be made merely pretty and be used to pose about in and help make your rooms look artistic. For this idea, you have all art at your disposal, and your dress may be copied from any period you like that lends itself to your fancy. The colors, or the little gowns may be distinctly white and suggest that madam does at least the dusting of her own parlor.

For the warm weather you must have any number of fresh print, lawn or even gingham dresses made for house wear. The very prettiest are the simplest. They can be made of the finest chambray, lawn or print of a dainty color, or white with sprig of a design, of silk. The basque is of green and pink ombre velvet, is cut flaring and trimmed with a ruff of pink crepe lisse edged with cream-colored lace and held in place at the waist by a wide girdle of gilt passementerie. Beneath the belt are two long ends, one of plain crepe lisse, the other entirely of lace. The sleeves are caught by a rosette of heavy cloth-of-gold and are garnished with a puff of crepe lisse and an embroidered frill of the same. On each side of the basque is an imitation pocket, made like a shell, of cloth-of-gold or gold passementerie.

The charming costume next illustrated is particularly suitable to the matron. It is very stylish, the little open jacket being most fashionable. It would look very well made up in blue, with panels of navy striped with red or sky-blue, for half-puffing, in blue the panels being of black velvet with a narrow strip of white. Particular attention is called to the shape of the bodice, which is most novel and becoming, especially to a silf figure.

The last sketch is of a dress which can be made either of black or colored crepe trimmed with black tulie or chiffon. The skirt is very wide, is lined with silk and has a ruffle of lace inside. On the outside is a gathered flounce of tulie. The waist has a silk lining, but the back of crepe has no center seam and the fronts are composed of crepe taken bias. The latter must be cut full enough to make numerous tiny pleats that all meet at the waist line. The neck is cut V-shape in front only, and is finished with a pleated bandage of tulie, and two tulie ruffles that go all the way around. The balloon sleeves have a tight lining.

Copyright, 1892.

The Servant Can't Get Mixed. A novelty has been introduced by a Boston woman that bids fair to become a mania in the cultured society of that city. She has a complete breakfast service of cups, saucers and plates for her large family on which are given, from photographs, the likenesses of the members, so that the servant can properly place the china to any one outside your room, are those that

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE BABY'S WISHES.

Somebody thus describes a baby's wants:

I want that long sunbeam—I wish I could walk

I want the canary—I wish I could talk

I want to roll over—I think I will try!

I want my dear mamma, I'm glad I can cry!

[St. Louis Star-Sayings.]

TEACH THE CHILD A SONG.

Encourage your little ones to sing. Music lessens care and heartache. Often the words of a song, the sweet melody, linger in the heart after the voice is silent, and keep alive the courage which has almost died; anxiety and heart pain cause heart disease, and after that quickly comes death. Song sweetens toil, and it is imperative that parents and teachers should aim to increase this means of happiness for the children, if for no other reason than to strengthen their minds and hearts for the labors to be borne in mature years.

THE GRACE WAS TOO LONG.

There is a little chap up on Price Hill who will make trouble in religious circles some of these days if he is not systematically trained in "the way he should go." He was over at his grandfather's for dinner yesterday, and sat buckled in the old high chair ready for the onslaught. His grandfather, a reverent old gentleman, and one of the worthiest of the world, beat his snowy head and began his usual lengthy grace. Sammy never relishes those famous graces at best, and when, just in the middle of this extra long one for company, the old gentleman paused deliberately and yawned several tedious times, the infant could stand it no longer. Leaning over, he tapped him on the arm with his big spoon and whispered energetically:

"Det a move, dranya—det a move for dracious sake—I's hungry as a bear!"

Grandpa "got a move."—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

THE SPIDER'S ENEMY.

A writer gives an interesting account of the curious habits of the ichneumon of Ceylon, the natural enemy of the spider. This insect is green in color, and in form resembles a wasp, with a marvellously thin waist. It makes its nest of well-worked clay, and then goes out on a hunting expedition. Its victims are invariably spiders of various kinds, but all are subject to the same mode of treatment. A scientific sting injects some poison which effectively paralyzes the luckless spider, who is then carried off to the nest and there fastened with a dab of moist clay.

Another and another victim is brought to this chamber of horrors. Then the prescient mother ichneumon-fy proceeds to deposit her eggs, one in the body of each spider, which can just move its legs in a vague, aimless manner, but can afford no resistance. This done, the fly returns to her work as a mason. She prepares more clay and builds up the entrance to this ghastly cell. Then she commences a new cell, which she furnishes in like manner, and closes; then she adds yet another cell, and so proceeds till her store of eggs are all provided for, and, her task in life being accomplished, she dies, leaving her evil brood to hatch at leisure. In due time these horrid little maggots come to life and find themselves cradled in a larder of fresh meat. Each poor spider is still alive, and its juices afford nutriment for the ichneumon-grub, till it is ready to pass into its chrysalis stage, thence to emerge as a winged fly, fully prepared to carry out the traditions of its ancestors with regard to spiders, and to fulfill the purpose for which they have been created, according to ichneumon belief.

—[Leisure Hour.]

SPEAKING A SALMON.

All being ready, the old man steps aboard with the spear, and takes his place in the bow. The torch in front is lighted, and with a crackle like the frying of grease the flame leaps upward, and with its yellow glare lights up the bushes, the nearer tree-trunks, and the surface of the water. Quickly stepping in also, the stern-man, with a long pole in lieu of paddle, gives a push or two, and the canoe glides out on the surface of the pool. But it is too quickly done, for the pool, shallow there, is lighted to the very bottom as with the light of day, and several huge black objects move away into the deep and somber places. With a splash the spear is quickly thrust down into the water after a departing shadow, but it is too late. Then the canoe is cautiously driven toward the deeper place at the head of the pool, and as it nears the other end, one, two, six, ten, twenty, great shadowy forms dart, one after the other, toward the foot of the pool, past them.

Down goes the spear, not with a splash, but with a steady thrust. It strikes the bottom, but the fish is already several feet away, and it is drawn back empty.

Several times this happens. Has the old man lost his former skill? Soon he suspects that the new pole, like a bright streak moving toward them, frightens them.

A new supply of bark is needed, so they return to the camp. The spear is held over the fire until it is blackened from end to end and is no longer conspicuous. So confident is the old hunter of getting a fish, that he makes ready to eat him at once. He pokes up the fire, throws on some fresh wood, and sets a kettle of water to boil. He peels some potatoes, which he has brought along (perhaps for the very purpose), and puts them into the water.

Meanwhile the salmon have recovered, doubtless, from their first scare. So with a fresh supply of torches, they start again,—this time with more deliberation, for the long black pugnac has not entered the length of itself upon the pool, before down goes the spear. Hand over hand it is pushed, and, it seems, will never stop. It reaches the sandy bottom and sticks there. It sways as if something is tugging at the end of it. Then, as he would lift a load of hay on a pitch fork, the old man gradually raises the end of the spear. Out comes a black nose, then there is a flapping and splashing of fins and powerful tail, and the first salmon is caught. Quickly the old man draws the fish to the side of the canoe, lifts it on board, caught and held firmly by the stout jaws. It is released, and lies upon the bottom of the canoe—only a four-pounder. Only a four-pounder, the smallest one of the whole crowd, when plenty of them looked as big as stove-pipes! And there was one, much bigger than any of the rest, which looked fully four feet long. Sometimes, when those big fellows do get caught, the spearman lets go entirely, and when

the fish is exhausted with the violence of its efforts, it may be easily drawn in. It would be hard to say which is more excited over the capture—the stranger, who never saw such a thing done before, or the old man, to whom the enthusiasm of his younger days seems to have returned.—[St. Nicholas.]

WITHOUT A LARYNX.

Remarkable Effort at Speech With a Closed Windpipe.

Fourteen months ago Dr. J. Solis-Cohen of Philadelphia, in an operation for the removal of cancer, cut away his patient's larynx and closed up the windpipe. The man breathed through a tube inserted in the operation of tracheotomy. He has recently acquired speech with his windpipe closed. Dr. Solis-Cohen is the throat specialist of Jefferson College, and the operation of cutting away the larynx was performed at his clinic. The man on whom the operation was performed was then and is still an inmate of the Philadelphia Hospital.

Six months after the operation was performed Dr. Solis-Cohen noticed the man making guttural sounds. Wondering how they were made, he examined the movements of the man's mouth, and the process of the sound's formation was explained. The man drew the air into his mouth and down his throat where it was sewed together, and then, compressing it, forced it out between the throat muscles which, acting as the vocal chords, produced the sounds.

At the annual meeting of the American Laryngological Association in New York Dr. Solis-Cohen exhibited the man to the best known throat specialists in the United States. They pronounced it one of the most wonderful feats of modern laryngological surgery. The man sang for them, and talked so that they could distinctly hear his voice thirty feet away. Dr. Solis-Cohen had intended to exhibit the man's larynx, which was removed, who, however, preserved it for the association. The man was a perfect wreck. He shakes as if he had the ague, and it is some time before he can jump down from his bunk.—[New York Telegram.]

This Dog is an Opium Fiend.

There is a dog belonging to some Chinese vegetable gardeners that live in Fresno county, Cal., that does not understand a word of English, but obeys the word of his Celestial master with the greatest alacrity.

The Chinamen have a name for the dog that sounds something like "Waw," but just what it is doesn't matter. Waw has got the opium habit to an alarming extent, and many days will consume more of the drug than his master. Just how he learned to smoke is something his pig-tailed owners have forgotten or won't tell. They say that he always smoked ever since he was a pup.

His habit has endeared him to the Chinamen, and he has a bunk all to himself, fitted with pipes, lamps and all things necessary to indulge in the habit. Waw, as soon as he wakes in the morning, whines for his pipe, and what is more he always gets it. After finishing one pipe he eats his breakfast and runs around for a short time, when he comes back and gets another.

If all the men are out in the fields and Waw wants to smoke he simply goes out and whines at the first one he meets. It makes no difference