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No 51.

THOUGHT CONCENTRATION.

BAD DISCOURSES INTERESTINGLY ON PRESENTMENTS.

Reflex Action of Superior Will—Cautions in the Air and Their Influence on Our Natures—The Faith of Making Believe—Philosophy in "Alice in Wonderland"—Where Missions and Carl Rogers Meet a Happy Conclusion—No Need of Pills on a Cleanse Face.

St. Louis Republic.

The woman who is drinking her tea at home, at a fashionable restaurant, or in one of the new tea-rooms, is indulging just now in the discussion of thought centers. She grows enthusiastic about waves of thought; she dilates upon the mysterious "something" that produces thought, and she is glib about its reflex action. Honestly, I confess that I don't understand that. With equal honesty, I am tempted to believe that she doesn't understand it all herself; but it sounds very nice and it convinces people at the next table of her lack of interest in gossip. One thing I do understand about this thought concentration. You, who are a great thinker, man, if you try very hard, so entirely bring your thought power to bear upon me, who happen to be a bit weaker, that I am impelled either to come to you as quickly as I can, or to communicate with you in some manner, preferably by letter. This is the way the woman who knows all about

THE WAVES OF THOUGHT

explains it. You and I who are less highly cultured beings simply say, "Oh, it's the old story; speak of angels and you hear the rustling of their wings." It is all true—this last—how many times have you chatted all afternoon about a friend and the next morning a letter would come from her, in which she would say, "Somehow I felt impelled this afternoon to write to you." What impelled her? How many times have you and I, busy at our needles, wished to see somebody we loved, talked a good bit about her, and lo! and behold! when the ball rang, the sepulchral sounding voices, questioning through the tube discovers that the friend talked of is at the street end of the wire. Then when she appears we all say how funny it was that she came just when we were wishing for her. The average woman thinks so many things are funny simply because she cannot explain them. Then the lady who knows all about concentration of thought says, that, if we manage our "think tank" properly we need never be unhappy. As if we had not been taught that when we were children! As if that were a new doctrine!

As a mother, the wise mother, did not say to her daughter, "When everything is at its worst have faith and hope for the best." All the new doctrines in the world cannot claim that as a something evolved to-day. But, whether it is just being made much to do, or whether, as is the truth, it has been taught for centuries, it is still a beautiful faith. It must be called.

THE FAITH OF MAKING BELIEVE.

Really and truly, when we are particularly unhappy, or particularly poor or particularly ill, there is a certain happiness sure to come if we can draw on the bank of imagination and cash checks that buy us for the time being the belief that we are not unhappy at all; that we are absolutely healthy simply that we are wonderfully rich. A good imagination is a great blessing. Of course, like all great blessings, it must be properly used, but, when it is only utilized to make one better satisfied and more hopeful, to find beauty in what seems merely ordinary, then a vivid imagination is a source of great and never ending happiness. With it, you can make the people around you seem better than they are; with it, you can make your environment seem less shabby than they are; and with it you can make all your life really richer than it is. Without it how poor life would be without an imagination! Hope would be dropped, and there would be nothing worth living for, for your faith, even in the fairies would be killed.

KINDNESS AND CURL PAPERS.

By the by, speaking of the fairies, I picked up what's most delightful of imaginative books, "Alice in Wonderland," the other day and read this: "A little kindness and putting her hair in curl papers would do wonders for her." And I laughed over the funny quotation, until it dawned on me how much kindness and curl papers would do for some people. Not the veritable curl papers such as Lydia Langula's and her friends used, curl papers made of love letters, for nowadays anything that suggests raising is counted excessively bad form. It is wonderful what an artistic hairdresser can do this season for the woman who is wise enough to submit her head to him. She who has a low brow may wear her hair in the soft, high roll that best pleases Marie Antoinette; and with this coiffure she can assume a hoodice that, in design and style of make, suggests those ladies who milk the cows and made the butter, and played with

THE LAMB AT FRUIT TRIANON.

The girl who has a classic face—that wonderful face over which artists rave and which is much more general among American women than is supposed—may part her hair, draw it down softly and smoothly, and simply twist it in a knot at the back. There need be no wags and no suggestion of a curl, for the classic head requires only that kindness be shown to it, for it would be ruined by curl papers. The woman who cannot roll her hair from off her face, whose features are not classical, dresses her hair after the manner of the piquant French woman; she parts it slightly at one side and

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then has it laid in rows of close glossy waves drawn back and knotted, looped or twisted in the manner best suited to her general style. She who can—and her number is few—has her hair parted in the center, a tiny bunch of curls on each side of her face, while in the back the hair is loosely curled and pinned to the head. If you don't know just what this style of hair-dressing is, look at that picture of Du Maurier's in the first part of "The Maitland," where the lady is saying, "Quelamour d'enfant!"

SMART ENGLISH GIRLS.
are adopting the Botticelli coiffure, which forces them to part their locks in the center, wave them, draw them down well over the ears, and loop them in a soft knot in the back. Trying? Of course, it is trying, but it has a certain picturesque air that forces you at least to look at it and, in a way, approve of it. Then it hides ugly ears.

The doctors are writing articles every now and then telling how hard thinking and badness are synonymous. The average woman avoids neither. I am sure, she is absolutely thoughtful and keeps her hair than be entirely informed as to thought waves and have to hide her head under a wig. How charitable are these dainty little caps of lace and ribbon that elderly American women have long given up, but which still hold their own in England and France! The tiny bit of lace, with its decorative bows of ribbon, hid many a semi-bald place, and then they gave to the wearers a very dainty and feminine air that was decidedly attractive. And that is, after all, the duty of woman in life—to be attractive. There are a good many other things that come in, but the being pleasant and the being found agreeable is really a part of her duty to her neighbor.

LADIES AND WOMEN.
That's where you find the difference between a lady and she who is merely a woman. The first finds herself being attractive and that is the beginning of attractiveness to everybody; the last only pleasant where she thinks she is worth while. She puts away her good manners as she does her fine frocks and only assumes them for company. I have always maintained that the women of the South were less apt to be affected by the power of the dollar than any other women; but I want to speak to the women of the rest of the country. The Southern woman when she is a cad in the most offensive possible. Probably it is because when she reaches this state of affairs she is a rara avis. At least, I like to think that is the reason. This is what has made me after my opinion. A woman I know dropped in for a cup of tea the other day and said to me: "If you want to have your eyes opened very wide visit the home of your childhood after an absence of about 10 years. Your eyes will fill with tears when you discover that many friends have gone never to return. There will be a lump in your throat when you see the changes that time has made here, there and everywhere. People who were rich are poor. Those who were young are old. Somebody will be glad to greet you, but you may be pretty sure that you will have your angry passions in a turmoil before your visit is finished. When I reached the home of my ancestors—most of my ancestors are dead, and the house they used to live in belongs to somebody else—but still I speak of it as the home of my ancestors, because I own three lots in the cemetery there—I naturally yearn to see to the friends of my childhood whose names were sited as being still among the living. One of them, a girl who, as I remember her, had been an insipid wax doll, only cared for by the other girls because

who made us enjoy ourselves, was on the list. In the decades that had passed she had married a man who had made a fortune as a baker—why is it that bakers in history from the Pharaohs down have never been particularly noble?

The baker the doll married was a decent enough fellow, whose baking had consisted not in making the world better with home-made bread and good, healthy rolls, but in selling to a populace overwilling to become dyspeptic those abominations known as ginger snaps and salt crackers, with other delicacies of the same kind too numerous to mention. When I first heard of him the baker was known as Mr. John J. Jelly, and he was commonly spoken of by his intimates as "Johnnie." One day I found, on my return from a luncheon, that I had missed a visitor whose card read: "Mrs. J. Bread Jelly." I should never

have known who this represented, but as another card was with it—her mother's—the explanation was given—I suppose really that the reason she takes her mother out with her, to explain her existence. The day before I left, much against my wish, for there were so many thoroughly nice people I wanted to see, I made a call at the palace!

MANSION OF THE BREAD JELLYS.
Then I realized how, giving a fool a few dollars, an undesirable result may be achieved. The door of the Castle Jelly was opened by a man servant who, like his mistress, kept his best clothes for times when company was expected. Then I was shown into a drawing room that, as far as taste was concerned, might as well have been furnished with gold dollars and piled with certified checks. There were some furniture? Yes, I suppose it was, but the whole place had that vulgar air of being furnished for appearance, and not for use. In the next room a child was taking music lessons. Mrs. Bread Jelly had not learned that in houses where good manners are understood, children are not given

LESSONS IN THE DRAWING-ROOM
during the visiting hours. In a few minutes the lady herself appeared. The face that had been that of a wax doll, had, with the years, grown fat and flabby. The rose was hooked, and the manner and voice were as entirely changed as if the woman herself had not grown from childhood to girlhood, and from girlhood to womanhood, but as if she had been remade even physically through the sudden accumulation of dollars.

My call lasted exactly eight minutes. During that time Mrs. Bread Jelly dilated on the number of her charities and the great trouble forced upon her by the popularity of her daughter, who during the eight minutes of my stay, was brought into the room, and suggested, in her ultra-stiff white frock and her long hair, nobody so much as Mordecai Kew-wig.

Now, remember, my dear, this woman had been born of good people, had the average education, although she was always a fool. But how can you explain, even in a fool, the mere possession of wealth, resulting in an absolute change, not only in her appearance, but in her voice? Some people, some said once, "Hereditary may be, but volens do not. Let people make money, drive in state, through palaces; but their antecedents always speak in their voices. They either screech or purr; they have no clear modulation. Was there a coarse streak somewhere in her ancestry?"

I was sufficiently curious to ask among the people who knew whether the Bread Jellys, through their dollars, were in society. Also, and alas! there are always some people whom money cannot buy. And those people are invariably the ones that the nouveau riche longs to be seen with. The poor little rich woman could go wherever money would buy a ticket, but her acquaintances were those unknown to that which sells itself so easily, and while allies by friendship with the rich, she was a fifty in Richmond, the two hundred in Baltimore, the three hundred in Philadelphia, and the four hundred in New York. But you see I had a reason. I learned that the weak brain cannot be given a heavy purse with impunity. "Do you intend to forget her and her name?" And my friend answered: "No, indeed; I intend to hold her up as an awful example; as an example of the vulgarity which results from the combination of folly and dollars."

Then I thought how dreadful it must be to be an awful example. I was perfectly certain that I would never have money enough to fill that peculiar position, but how about the folly? I pondered over that for a long while, and then I concluded, that, as far as folly was concerned, the balls which announce one as a fool range as low as on your cap, or on your neighbor's as on the cap worn by

The Cuban Crisis.

St. Louis Republic.

President Cleveland has strictly adhered to international usage in declining to recommend the recognition of the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents on the ground that they have not established and maintained a de facto governmental functions over any part of the island.

This is the requirement recognized in international law as the essential basis of belligerent rights, and a Government which ignores this rule does so at considerable risk in the outcome. But, on the other hand, it is incumbent upon Spain to demonstrate with a reasonable time and to maintain an effective Government over the territory in which she claims sovereign rights. The President intimates in his message that, so far from asserting her authority in the part of the island and maintaining law and order among the Cuban people, the Spanish authority has retrograded in both power and jurisdiction and the Government is not only yielding to the requirements of revolution, but is showing a disposition to foment a condition of anarchy which is hostile to all government and destructive of the interests of the Cuban people and of all who have any relations with them.

The question, therefore, presented by the President's message is how long our obligations as a friendly nation are to keep us in a position of forbearance towards Spain's manifest weakness and the anarchical and destructive conditions in a neighboring territory. It is purely a question of judgment, in which the United States must determine the limit of friendly forbearance to Spain, guided by our duty to ourselves and to the cause of humanity, justice and civilization.

It is easy to read between the lines of the message that the President has been drawn to the side of forbearance by a credible ambition to serve as peacemaker. The offer of mediation and guarantee of good faith are not only in accord with the high standard of international conduct in promotion of peace and good government which has been the aim of the best American statesmanship, but it gives Spain an opportunity to come to an honorable settlement of the trouble, the neglect of which can only be ascribed to factious adherence on the part of the Spanish Government to false pride and suicidal policy.

Even with the acceptance of the offer of mediation, the possibility of securing terms from Spain that will be satisfactory to the Cubans is rather remote. But the President clearly intimates that Spain must come to satisfactory terms or conquer the Cubans in a brief time. He shows plainly that he regards the situation as close to the intolerable point.

The message will strengthen opinion in and out of Congress in favor of our servative but decided action in behalf of the Cubans and of putting a stop to the atrocious warfare being waged on the island. It is highly probable that important, if not decisive, events will follow before the winter is spent.

Protect the Schools.
Let every man put on his thinking cap, and let us all put our heads together for the formation of some plan to bring all children out of factories and workshops and place them in school. Remember that the children of today are to be the men of tomorrow.—Typographical Journal.

A brick that has been soaked in water absorbs about one-fiftieth of its own weight.

The distance from New York to Santiago, Chile, may be covered in 38 days.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption.

This is the best medicine in the world for all forms of Coughs and Colds and for Consumption. Every bottle is guaranteed. It will cure and not disappoint. It is as equal for Whooping Cough, Asthma, Hay Fever, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, La Grippe, Cold in the Head and for Consumption. It is safe for all ages, pleasant to take, and, above all, a sure cure. It is well to take Dr. King's New Discovery Pills in connection with Dr. King's New Discovery, as they regulate and tone the stomach and bowels. We guarantee perfect satisfaction or return money. Free trial bottle at 75¢. Get a Bottle at CURRY & KERR'S Drug Store.

A SONG OF GOLDEN CURLS.

St. Louis Republic.

Stay a little, golden curls Twinkling eyes of blue,
Stay and see the violets for they are like to you.
Linger where the frolic winds around the garden race,
Cheer the lovely mirror, where the red rose sees its face.

"Sweet! Sweet!"
All the birds are singing
"Sweet! Sweet!"
The blossom bells are ringing.
Kisses from the red rose
And kisses from the white—
Kissing you good morning
And kissing you good night.

Stay a little, golden curls Twinkling eyes of blue,
Stay and see the violets for they are like to you.
The white rose bids you welcome, the red rose calls you sweet,
And the daisies spread a carpet for the falling of your feet.

"Sweet! Sweet!"
All the birds are singing
"Sweet! Sweet!"
The blossom bells are ringing.
Kisses from the red rose
And kisses from the white—
Kissing you good morning
And kissing you good night.

He was a State street cable car conductor of most early and disagreeable temper. When a woman carrying altogether too large a bundle for her strength boarded the car, he grumbled a running five minutes straight about the perversity of human nature in general and of the feminine sex in particular. A few moments before he had viciously kicked at a newsboy who dared stand on the platform while selling a newspaper. At Adams street a portly military looking gentleman and his wife got on the car.

"That is the smallest I have," said the military gentleman as he tendered a \$5 bill for fare.

The conductor growled again and grumbled inaudibly, but finally dug into his pockets for the change. First he gave two silver dollars, then 90 cents—all in dimes—and then the balance in quarters. He seemed in an exceedingly great hurry as he handed the quarters to his passenger. The other passengers noticed it too.

Now, it so happened that in the change made a very bad quarter was given. The military gentleman was on the point of calling the surly conductor back when he discovered the latter had handed him nine instead of eight quarters. That decided him to hold his peace. He hadn't ridden quite a distance when the conductor came back again.

"Didn't I give you too much change?" he inquired frowningly and in a tone that plainly intimated "Well, you're a nice fellow to try to beat a poor conductor."

"You did," the man said. "You gave me a very bad quarter which you were very anxious to shove on me, but as I could not possibly use it I'll give it back to you. Here it is."

The other passengers who had witnessed the whole performance laughed outright, their tantalizing sneers following the surly conductor to the door, which he opened and then slammed with a bang.—Chicago Chronicle.

One of Du Maurier's favorite views was from his study window at Hampstead, across his own lawn, to the landscape surrounding Harrow. On one occasion an American visited the artist, and the latter was showing his guest about the place. "There," he exclaimed, on arriving at the study window, "that is the prettiest thing of all. That is Harrow." The visitor looked out of the window for a few seconds, but his gaze rested, not on the view, but on a mowing machine which happened to be on the lawn. "Harrow!" he echoed inquiringly. "Yes," repeated the artist, keeping his eyes riveted on the view. "Harrow." "That so?" questioned the practical American. "Well, now, do you know, I took it for a lawn mower." And it was said in all seriousness too.—Westminster Gazette.

ARP HELPS A WIDOW.

SEARCH MADE FOR COMPANION OF AN OREGON INDIAN WAR SOLDIER.

Philosopher's Mail in Henry-Letter Comes Asking the Harrow Man to Assist in Finding Long-Lost Relative on Hill Top in Atlanta Constitution.

Now if there is any old soldier living who was in the Indian war in Oregon during the years 1859 and 1860, under command of Gen. Joe Lane, and knew Capt. George W. Reynolds, is that service, let him please write to his widow, at Mary Hill, Madison county, N. C. The poor woman is unable to get a pension for her husband's services if she can prove it. It is a long shoot and a narrow chance, but maybe some comrades will see this. It would rejoice my heart to see a little of that pension fund coming down this way.

I am not a bureau of information, but receive many letters of inquiry about antebellum days and families and events, and am always pleased to answer them and give the information if I can. Many of them are from old Georgia soldiers who removed west soon after the war, and they or their widows have heard that Georgia is paying all her invalid soldier pensions. Please let me say to all concerned that there is no provision for non-residents in our state pension laws. This seems hard upon those who felt constrained to emigrate, but it is the law, and that settles it.

Thus there are many letters from aged men who look back to old Georgia with longing hearts and wish to trace up their kindred. It is a sure sign of Gray hairs when a man or woman begins to hunt up their distant kindred or the companions of their youth. Here is a Mr. John A. Harris, of East Christian, Miss., who wants to know about his father's relatives—the Harris family of Appling and Macon—and also about his mother's kindred—the Bradens of Athens and Augusta.

And here is Mr. Redwine, of Redwine, La., who wants to know of his kin of that name in Georgia. Also, my worthy friends, Judge Clark is dead and so is C. C. Jones, the only two men who knew all about the old families of Georgia. It would perplex you to identify any branch of the Harris family, for their name is legion, but the Bradens and Redwines could be traced by some old octogenarian still living. These are very unusual names and their kinship is not so remote.

I was ruminating about the origin of names, Anglo-Saxon names, and had it to be a serious and interesting study. For instance, it is possible that the original Bradens was wounded in a fight or by accident and bled so much that it gave him a name. It is probable the Redwine ancestor had a vineyard and made wine of that color or maybe did not have a vineyard but was much given to looking upon the wine when it was red. It seems that the common people didn't need but one name until long after the Christian era. The Romans, however, began a habit of honor and distinguished distinguished people. They adopted a pre-nomen—a woman and a cognomen—as Publius Cornelius Scipio. Publius was his Christian name, as we call it, and no doubt the boys called him Pub. Cornelius. His family name and Scipio was his most notable characteristic, for he was good to his blind uncle, and he led his blind uncle to staff, and scipio means a staff. I have great respect for Scipio. Horace was called Horatius Flaccus because he had very large ears, and Flaccus means flapped. It was not till the seventh century that family names were handed down to succeeding generations, and this custom was adopted because of the difficulty of finding out the names of the father and mother of the parish books. As late as the thirteenth century many families in England had no surnames, as Hoey, Socker, Sucker, Sunngleoth, Cuckey, Jumper, Bowlegs, Redtop, etc.

As people multiplied, new methods had to be devised to distinguish them. Prefixes and suffixes were restored to the wedded son to distinguish the children, as John, Johnson, Will, Wilson, Tom, Tomson. The word Pitt was given to Norman names and came from the Irish or the Russian language has the same meaning, and so we have Pitt in German, and Mac in Scotch and Irish, as MacDonald, the son of Donald. O is an Irish prefix and means grandson, as O'Connor, O'Byrne, O'Halloran, etc. De or Du is the French prefix for son, and Ap means the same in Welsh. These affixes and prefixes will classify a great number of names, for from John came Johnson, Johnston and Johnstone. The Smith family name had a peculiar origin. The old Anglo-Saxons were ever on the lookout for intrusions of the island, and hence they kept a large force of men on the hills near the coast to look out for the invaders and to smite them with a single name, as John or Jack or Will, but they were known as John the Smiter, which was soon abbreviated to John Smith and then to John Smith, and finally to John Smith. A Smith is a smiter—a goldsmith smites gold, a blacksmith smites iron. And so all the soldiers on the battlefield became Smiths by name, and were good patriotic fighting stock.

There are the Smiths—including the Harrows for the Smiths had a similar origin, for the original name was June, and the S was added for a plural. But names were still scarcer than people, and so they had to resort to occupations to distinguish them; hence came the hum-st names of Farmer, Carpenter, Mason, Baker, Gardner, Cooper, Weaver, Taylor, Draper, Brewer, Miller, Porter, Joiner, Saddler, Brewer, Barber, Turner, Flumber, Thrasher, Carter, Carrier, Gunner, Cook, Bridgeman, Bowman, etc. Scores of others could be added that indicate trades and occupations. Not long after, as the people multi-

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pleated, they were named for the places where they lived or some natural object near by, as Hill, Dale, Forest, Wood, Grove, Fountain, Lake, Pool, River, Brook, Branch, Bush, Grub, Tree, Stone, Basin, Bay, Beach, Birch, Water, Wall, Oak, Pine, Fox, Rain, Kalmater, Timberline, Rock, Wheat, Corn, Alfalfa, etc.

They even appropriated the names of animals, birds, etc., as Lion, Lamb, Bear, Dog, Deer, Swan, Hawk, Dove, Crane, Bird, Heron, Goose, Trout, Salmon.

And next the fruits and flowers, as Apple, Orange, Lemon, Plum, Cherry, Berry, Lawn, Coffee, Turnip and Turnipseed. Col. Turpinseed was a colonel of the Ninth Georgia regiment. Of flowers and trees, there is Rose, Violet, Primrose, Ostrich and Holly. Trees they had to concoct on the whimsy and clergy, and so we have Oak, Quince, Prince, Red, Leaf, Duke, Knight, Pope, Stewart, Chamberlain, Pope, Bishop, Priest, Abbot, Prior, Deacon and Bailiff.

And on the heavenly bodies and heavenly things and precious stones, as Sun, Moon, Star, Cloud, Wind, Gale, Sky, Angel, Diamond, Pearl, Gold, Silver, Jewell, etc.

And on parts of the body, as Head, Heart, Hand, Hair, Arm, Leg, Foot, Nails, Back, Hip, Hand, etc.

And on colors, as White, Black, Brown, Green, Red, Blue, Gray, Hair and Violet.

Some were named on account of personal peculiarities—as Long, Longfellow, Shortfellow, Short, Small, Snugg, Meek, Lightfoot, Good, Best, Blue, Wise, Wit, Wisdom, Pile and Fitter.

But these are enough for the young folks to build on to and make a very good catalogue of names. Charles Lamb says that the original name of Bacon was Huggins, who was a very wealthy and clever gentleman, but his girl wouldn't marry him because she couldn't bear it. Mrs. Huggins applied to parliament and had his name changed to Bacon. He couldn't give up the whole hog, but took it eared. Many names were bridged or changed from circumstance. John at the Moor was changed to Atmore, and At the Wood to Atwood and Peter at the Heron Oaks to Peter Hancock. Will the tailor, had a sign of a parrot over his shop, and got to be called Will Parrot. Another, the parrot-brother, had a sign of a red shield, which in the Jewish language was Rothschild, and so he and his brothers were called Rothschilds, and became the richest men in the world. The old story of the firm of I. Ketchum & T. Chestnut may have never existed, but before the war there was a firm of Wise and Goodman, and close by was a firm of Fite in Cartersville, and some years ago there was a Fitter. The post office what's in a name? There is a good deal, and if it was a pretty girl, and had a pretty name, I wouldn't change it for a Hogg or a Susphenana.

The President's suggestion that the States may do much to break up the trusts, and monopolies is fruitful. While laws in regulation of corporations which, while preserving their usefulness as servants, will curb all forms of their powers would strike a deadly blow as monopolistic combinations.

Trust monopoly is usually gained in one or two ways; either by government favor in the form of special rates or advantages, or by railroad and other combinations in the form of special rates or advantages. Usually both advantages are enjoyed. If the States visited severe penalties upon railroads guilty of discrimination and upon corporations and individuals entering into combinations to regulate production or prices, the trusts and monopolies would be badly crippled. The monopoly combinations could be almost wrecked out of the States by the enforcement of the principles of the common law.

But the other trust coils of advantage, the legislative privilege, is within the scope of Federal power. The Sugar Trust enjoys a differential in the tariff which enables it to defy outside competition and rob the people. Tariff discrimination are enjoyed by a host of trusts and monopolies. The beginning of many of the trusts was founded on the bounty tariff which is still their chief support.

Let Congress, in addition to making laws to prevent the operation of trusts within the scope of Federal authority, adopt the rule that every article produced by a trust or combination shall be placed on the free list and the corner stones of monopoly will be knocked out. If the Republicans are sincere in their professions of a desire to smash the trusts, here is an opening.