

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

Vol. XXI.

W. H. GRAY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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No. 30

ARP AND THE BEANS.

RELATIVE OF JACK OF BEANSTALK FAME WRITES TO BILL.

Recalls Specimen of Bean—Arp Looks at the Long Bean and Reminisces on the Wonders of Nature's Works.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

A veteran friend has sent me one of the identical beans that little Jack planted and that grew up to the sky. It came in a letter coiled up like a little green snake and I thought at first it was a snake. It is about the size of an average wax bean and is twenty-eight and one-half inches long. I measured it on my square and was satisfied it was at least thirty inches when it was taken from the vial, for it has shrunk some in the mail. He writes that he is a liberal descendant of Jack and the bean stalk and the variety has been handed down through seventeen generations, more or less, and these beans won't grow for anybody except Irish patriots or Confederate veterans. The writer belonged to Captain Dawson's company in the Eighth Georgia regiment and was with it that memorable night when we crossed the St. Andrew river by torch light and the boys had to be sneaked over the deep places by putting taller soldiers behind them, and even then the water ran into their mouths occasionally. My friend was one of the shorts and says he got strangled several times on tip-toe.

These bean vines and other vines have often been my wonder and contemplation. Solomon says "There is a purpose for everything under heaven" and Addison says: "In reason's voice all rejoice." And so I would like to know why all the bean vines, morning glories, madder and clematis vines grow and wind toward the sun, starting on the south side of the pole and going east, while the hop vine and some others reverse their course. Everything has its law and you can't make anything change its nature. A vine will die if you force it the wrong way. And yet Raphael Seames says in his great book that south of the equator everything is reversed and the bean vines that climb against the sun up here climb with it down there. Of course the motion of the earth on its axis has something to do with it, but why is it so? We don't know much after all. Mr. Heman says: "And flowers shall wither at the north wind's breath," but if she had lived in South America she would have said "at the south wind's breath," for that is the cold wind below the equator. We are all inclined to view things from our own standpoint. Of course it is very odd for us to see the sun rise in the same sense and latitude that Adams and Eve lived in. "Westward the course of empire takes its way." That's all. No change in the course of the sun or moon or stars or climate or temperature. Paradise was on a line with Carthage, and it is yet, and the Euphrates river is the Etnah now and the gold of that land was good and so is the gold now.

But I was ruminating about these mysteries of nature that surround us and are so common that we do not notice them. Last night our grove was illuminated by a thousand fireflies—more numerous and more brilliant than ever before. It was regular pyrotechnics for an hour. They lighted as they rise from the grass and emit a spark of gold and a twinkling star that is lovely. Some naturalists say it is phosphorus that they can illuminate at will by breathing hydrogen or oxygen into it, and that it has no heat. Ever since Linnaeus lived this little innocent bug has been under the fires of dissection and dissection and no solution of its wonderful faculty has yet been agreed upon. I had to catch a bottle full for the little girls. They played with them until bed time and then I turned them out and one of them was dead with the light still shining in its tail. It had illuminated its own death and kept its lantern burning without a breath of hydrogen or oxygen. Away down in the tropics these fireflies are an inch long and a score or two of them will illuminate a room and down in a bottle gives light to read by. I have seen them light a stick and travel at night by their light. I would like to import some of that variety into my grove. In fact I think we could utilize them in our street lamps and get more light than we do now.

The other morning about sunrise I was surprised at the number of little dew-covered cobwebs that adorned the grass and weeds and flowers. They were almost touching each other and glistened in the morning sun like a frost was upon them. Most of them were about the size of a saucer and had their tiny cords and stays fastened securely and in everyone was a cunning little aperture where the weaver lived and waited and watched for his prey. The workmanship of these little webs was exquisite, artistic and perfect—where did the little creature get its material and who told it that this was a good morning to set its traps? The books tell us that it has within its little abdomen a tiny reel that turns as the web is spun and that the fiber is so wonderfully fine it would take ten thousand strands to make a thread of sewing silk. Wendell Phillips delivered a lecture in Boston and his subject was: "There is Nothing New Under the Sun." He declared that 3,000 years ago the Persians invented each other and that once a Persian princess was going out to a fashionable dance went into her father's room to show him the beautiful garments she had on. The old king was amused at her apparel, or rather at the lack of it, and said: "Go back, my daughter; go back and dress yourself. Your garments do not conceal your nakedness." She seemed indignant at his rebuke and said: "Father, I have on seven different coverings besides my dress."

The second of beans and vines and insects. My folks are busy now making jelly—made thirty-six glasses

MR. BRYAN'S REPUBLICAN ALLIES.

How They Have Been Beating With The Democratic Party Since 1890.

New York World.

His comment on the silver plank in the Democratic platform made on the day after its adoption Mr. Bryan said: "If we had only Democrats to deal with a simple reaffirmation would have been sufficient; but we have to deal with Republicans as well as Democrats and some of the Republicans would misconstruct a reaffirmation and endeavor to bring it into an evasion or abandonment of the silver question."

Mr. Bryan's reference was to the Silver Republicans whose convention was held in session in Kansas City and who nominated him the next day. The Democratic Convention was opposed by a large majority to the adoption of a specific bill to plank. Its judgment was overridden and its pro-silver plank was adopted. Mr. Bryan was insistent on the insertion of this plank because as he explained, "we have to deal with Republicans as well as Democrats."

Let us see how these Silver Republicans have dealt with the Democratic party since 1890, and what the present attitude of the great majority of them is. In the thirteen States where silver was adopted in 1890—California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, Montana, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming—Mr. Bryan received a plurality of 251,406 votes. In 1898 the Democrats and fusionists in these States had a plurality of only 122,811. Four of these States have been carried by the Republicans in every election since 1890 and in 1898 they had a plurality in seven of them.

An asymptomatic of the feeling of these Republicans for the sake of whose support the Democratic party has had thrust upon it the odium and danger of a freer silver plank it may be mentioned that the Denver Republican the leading newspaper of Colorado which endorsed Bryan in 1896 said on Wednesday last: "So far as we are able to learn after careful inquiry in many quarters, not one Silver Republican in a hundred in Colorado is willing to accept either the ticket or the platform adopted at Kansas City. Nobody need be surprised to see Colorado give a majority for McKinley."

The Denver Times which likewise supported Bryan has come out open for McKinley as has also the Salt Lake Tribune the leading newspaper of Utah. And with the Silver Republican support thus rapidly drifting back to McKinley the fact stated by the World on June 14 is as pertinent as it was then: "The only States that depend on any considerable extent upon fusion support for Mr. Bryan's success are Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada and Utah having together twenty-four electoral votes or twelve less than New York alone."

Is there not as the World has said, "a sardonic humor a preposterous paradox in politics in the fact that the Democratic party risks its very life and puts in peril the integrity of our free institutions upon an issue not desired by Democrats and not involved in the election but forced upon it to please a small and contemptible faction of Silver Republicans"—who it appears to add to the grim irony of the situation refuse after all to be pleased?

What We Have at Stake.

Little's Weekly.

The impression seems to prevail in some quarters that American interests in China are confined chiefly to the lives and property of American missionaries and other American citizens having business in the empire. A mass of timely and interesting information on American trade in China is furnished in a pamphlet of consular reports from that country just issued by our State Department.

It appears from the comparative lists here given showing the value of imports to China for the year 1896 and 1897 that in these four years we have doubled our sales to China while Great Britain in the same time fell off about \$5,000,000. Our nearest commercial rival in that field is Japan. Our sales exceeded Japan's in 1896 but in 1899 Japan led us by over \$5,000,000. In 1897 the value of our sales to China exceeded those of all continental Europe, including all the Russias (European and Asiatic), by \$390,281; in 1898 this excess had increased to \$4,171,924 and in 1899 to \$6,191,936.

This does not cover all our exports, for we send vast quantities of merchandise to China via London which are credited as exports from Great Britain. Other American goods go into China via Japan and Hongkong, for which we receive no credit. As it is our figures are creeping up close to those of Great Britain and if we had full credit for all American goods sold in China the showing would be still more favorable. In 1896 Great Britain sold five times as much as we did in China in 1896 only a little over twice as much and last year a still smaller proportion. In the general increase of trade in China in 1899 our gains were ten times those of Great Britain.

In a table of trade balances for five years past it appears that the balance against the United States in 1897 was \$3,973,863; in 1898 it turned in our favor by \$3,508,718 and last year we still led by \$966,549 in spite of the fact that we bought nearly ten millions more of China than in the previous years and almost twice as much as did Great Britain.

What a Prigatious Blunder Will often cause a horrible Darn. Said, Out or Brutus. Buckle's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pills cure on earth. Only 25 cts a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by J. R. Curry & Co., Druggists.

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They cause pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if no cure. Sold by J. R. Curry & Co., Druggists.

Prof. Gray Pardoned.

Prof. Gray, the stallion expert and rodd builder, who went to sleep in his buggy in North Brook township some months ago and let some ungodly wretch load the buggy with stolen fash, has been pardoned out of the Gaston county changing by Governor Russell. It is hardly possible that the Governor thought so successful a liar could serve his country better for the next few months as a campaign orator than a rodd builder, and consequently decided to enlarge his sphere of influence and usefulness.

That Throbbing Headache

MARY MARRIAGE NEWS.

Charles Smith Lee Admitted for a Matrimonial Partner.

New York World.

There are many belles in fashionable society who, of the number of proposals of marriage they have received. The summer girl in notorious for the way she brings susceptible men to her feet, and at the end of a season can frequently number her engagements by the dozen. It has remained for a man, however, to distance all these.

Charles Smith Lee, of Dutchess Junction, N. Y., can lay claim to the record in this line for he has received 1,000 offers of marriage in a short time. Some time ago Mr. Lee advertised for a wife, stating that he was a widower with six young children. Letters came from all parts of the United States and Canada. He was overwhelmed by matrimonial candidates, many of whom announced their intention of starting at once for his home.

Out of the many applicants he has selected Miss Margaret Matthews, of Cornwall, N. Y. She is a slender neat person faced young woman, who has entered with zest into her household duties. She is very proud of her husband and stepchildren. She never saw Lee until the day they were married.

"But I feel as if I have known him always," she laughingly explained. "As soon as he brought me home I knew I had found the place in the world where I exactly fit."

MADE A HAPPY CHOICE.

The Lee home is a two-story yellow frame house on the banks of the Hudson, two miles below Dutchess Junction. A roomy veranda runs around one side of the building. Lee works as a handy man at Timoney's brickyard. He also has a blacksmith shop near his home. For two years he has taken entire charge of his children, and six, older, better-mannered children cannot be found in the county it was because of them that he didn't have time to hunt a wife, and so he took the unique method of advertising for a helpmate. The result has been entirely satisfactory.

"What kind of a wife a man gets is all his own way," explained Mr. Lee. "You might know a woman always and find out when you married her that you didn't know her. To advertise for a wife is about the best way of getting one after all, for then you have your pick. There were about a thousand applicants for the title of Mrs. C. Smith Lee. So I may say that I've got one woman out of a thousand."

Mr. Lee is tall, dark, muscular and serious. He has honest brown eyes and a kindly smile. He does not look upon matrimony lightly. He studied the letters of each correspondent and made his choice after much deliberation. "I needed a wife," he went on, earnestly. "I was a stranger here and didn't know any girls. I had six little motherless children, and they kept me so busy nights that I didn't have time to go courting. Everybody kept telling me: 'Smith, put some of your children in a home.' You can't take care of them." But I swore that as sure as there was a God in heaven I would keep my little ones together.

Folk laughed and said Smith Lee was an old girl when I came home right and do the washing and the house cleaning and the family mending and scrub the youngsters for sides. But I didn't care for that for a granny is always a good hand with children. It was a powerful way of living, though, and I said to myself, 'Some one take a wife as a luxury, but with you Smith, it's a necessity.'"

APPLIED BY THE HUNDREDS.

"Just then Mr. Hoyt, who lives at Mattawan, and who knew how I was situated, put an advertisement in the paper as a job that wanted a wife. It was dated August 1, 1896. I began to pour in. I didn't know there were so many lonely women in the world. They wrote from all over the country—Kentucky, California, New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Halifax, Indianapolis, New Haven, Chicago, Philadelphia, and from the little towns round about. They meant business too.

"People says women don't like to tell their age. They all mentioned how old they were in the first letter, and some of them said they were eighteen and some owned up to fifty five. Lots of them said they wanted to marry me because they were sorry for the children. I didn't fool them you see. The advertisement told them that I was a good honest fellow who was having a hard time. It explained that I had six children—Edith, fifteen years old; Alice, ten years old; George, six; Charlie, five; Howard, three, and Frank, two, and that they needed a mother. That was the plain truth. You would think that a big family like that would have scared women off. It didn't. It attracted them."

"What I wanted was a good, sensible woman. When I got so many letters I was bewildered. When you see a whole lot of nice red apples hanging on a tree right within your reach you keep looking and you don't know which one to take. And no matter how long you look, when you pull one and bite it there may be a worm at the core. There's no telling about apples or women. Some letters that didn't sound real serious I never answered, though nearly every one inclosed a stamp. What I liked about most of them was that they told me they were Christians and just what kind of a man I was: 'I was a blundering fellow. Here are some of the letters:—"

SOME SAMPLE LETTERS

Mr. Smith produced a bundle that would have filled an ordinary size mail pouch. Then he put on his spectacles and selected several. "Now, here is one from a good woman," he declared, nodding his head solemnly. "She writes from Indianapolis. 'In answer to your ad, which I have just read, it is my desire to be considered one of the many applicants

THE TRUTHS AND THE PEOPLE.

Common People Manifested by Truism.

Rev. Wm. F. Jones in Manufacturer's Record.

The large trusts and combinations already formed and being formed by aggregations of capital and considered harmful to the masses and the common people. This is a theory. Theoretically a thing may be so and practically it may be very untrue. When we speak of trusts and combinations we think of the Standard Oil Trust, the Sugar and Tobacco Trust, etc. When the Standard Oil Trust was formed I was paying forty cents a gallon for kerosene oil; I am getting it now for ten cents a gallon. I was paying twelve and one-half cents for sugar several years ago but now the combination has cut it down to five and one-quarter. When the Whiskey Trust was organized I was in hope it would put up whiskey where the poor devils couldn't get it but they have seemed to cheer up that down to where they can pay the government \$1.16 a gallon revenue on it and yet sell it for \$1.37, which demonstrates that they are making it and letting the public have it at about twelve and one-half cents a gallon.

There is no doubt about the aggregation of wealth with trusts and combinations that they can manufacture any article cheaper than it is or has been manufactured on a small scale. The great railroad combinations may think they will eat up blood red. Occasionally I get on a little jet-water road that is not in the combination and I want to double my accident policy and be satisfied with a 15-mile-a-hour rate and outside myself with the idea that I can ride all day for a dollar but when I get on the Pennsylvania or the Vaad-rail system of roads with their crowded forty miles an hour vestibule dining cars I have a hotel on wheels carrying me to where my destination, and all this for about two cents a mile. Give me the road that is in the combination to carry me where I am going.

Public sentiment in the safeguard which is thrown around all aggregations of wealth and all combinations of interest. The Standard Oil, the great combinations the Sugar Trust are so sensitive to public sentiment as the snow-bank to the rays of the sun. Trusts and combinations will not hurt the public but stockholders and bondholders may suffer later on when these great bulky institutions become unwieldy and fall with their own weight. Fifty thousand men in the United States perhaps not more interested in the Standard Oil Trust than I am. These 50,000 men know that there are 70,000,000 of other people in America, and their wisdom teaches them where hoary lines are over which they cannot go without peril to themselves and disaster to their business. No combination now says "dam the public," but they have their wretchedness out on every prominent couple watching the wind vane.

Of course political capital can be made out of such formations of wealth and social orders may raise the black flag to fight them but I am a thousand times more afraid of demagogues and politicians than I am afraid of trusts and combinations. Good government—what means not only the well-being of the citizen but the overthrow of all that will hurt the citizen—depends on good government. I have had a better pay less attention to what we call trusts and combinations and more attention to those whom we elect to office in the municipal, State and national governments. Mr. Stead, in his book "If Christ Came to Chicago," speaks of the "Big Four of Chicago," and says of them that their methods are as much as their transactions are honest, but that the blood of their success lies the blood and bones of their victims over whom they have run to success. The successful man or combination means the downfall of other men and other combinations. One preacher is preaching to 8,000, twenty preachers around him consider seventy-five a full house and a hundred a perfect jam and a physician making \$10,000 a year and forty little doctors in the neighborhood are not making \$50,000,000 a year means many little merchants applying for clerkships in his store. It is the arrival of the fittest, it may be. When God made this world He made mountains lowering into the clouds and valleys below the level of the sea; He made lakes and oceans. He set out the profiles of the West and piled up mountains across the little valleys along the ranges of the Rockies and the Alleghenians. In the ocean's waters we find whales and some very small fishes, and when the whales come along the little fish have to hide out. I have travelled over this country from ocean to ocean and from Montreal to Galveston annually for twenty years. I have watched the progress of events and the progress as they marched. I have got to know of a single instance where a combination and trust hurt the masses or permanently raised the price of any product. I am a thousand times more willing to deal with the trusts and combinations and purchase their products than I am to put my money into their institutions and imperil my holdings consequent of want of stability and facing their final downfall.

Of course these great combinations affect legislation. If they do not control it is many instances, but while they may procure legislation that serves their interest yet they have one eye on the public sentiment all the time, conscious that they can go just so far and no farther. Here and there they have shut down a manufactory or an institution and affected some individuals, but we are not looking from that standpoint. When we look at the 70,000,000 of our population, we see they are only providing cheaper and better for their money. I don't know that they could have done under other circumstances.

With the final disintegration of trusts and combinations—which will inevitably come when financial disaster and shrinkage of values shall come—of course the surplus of their product will

MAD FAMILY TROUBLE.

"My wife was the craziest of the church. She used to talk about our duty to our neighbors and that sort of thing. She had and left a six-week-old baby and another boy a year old sick with typhoid fever. None of her family ever came near me. Not one of the church people has ever been in my house. Then this spring all six of the children had the measles and I worked days and nights nursing them, and she had a pretty hard pull. At last she had plenty of time to get house-keeping and to think about the blessings of matrimony. I made up my mind when a sensible looking woman came along it wouldn't take me two seconds to pop the question. But when I had a thousand offers me in one bunch I got particular.

"Don't believe in love?" Mr. Lee looked frightened. As he is a very conscientious man, he finally said slowly: "Yes, but common sense first; that's my ticket. A man with six children to think about can't be romantic. But several of the women who sent their photographs took hold of me. I couldn't shake them off. I was bothered. All at once I jumped from Charles Smith Lee, widower, with six children, wanting no marriageable females, to Charles Smith Lee with 1,000 applicants for his hand. It makes a fellow dizzy to have a thousand women after him."

"But there was one letter and picture from a girl near home. Her name was Miss Margaret Matthews. She lived in Cornwall, N. Y. I liked the sound of her letter and I liked the look of her picture. I kept thinking about her and all of a sudden said: "This is the girl for me."

"So I wrote her to come on. When I saw her I knew I'd picked out the right one. She was all in white, bride-like, and she carried her white slippers in a value. We went right up to the Rev. Mr. McPherson, of the Fishkill Landing M. E. Church, and in a jiffy I was married to Mrs. Lee. Then we came home to the children."

HE IS PERFECTLY SATISFIED.

"I tell you a woman makes a difference in a house," Mr. Lee said proudly, as he looked around his neat home. His wife looked until she was as pink as a rose and she was so. "Last Sunday was my wedding day. My wife didn't sit around and play bridge. She went right to work and straightening things out in a jiffy. I felt how clumsy I'd been as I watched her. And I tell you I blessed that advertisement. It has saved me a lot of trouble. I didn't even have to propose, for you see all the women knew just what was wanted. They did the offering. But I was a little bit worried. Monday day she pitched in and did the washing. Tuesday she worked getting things straight about the house and cleaning up the little things, and she's been busy every day since. I know how to appreciate a woman now. I've found out something about how much they have to do. It did me good to hear her stoking about the house and the children chirping round. My only objection to her was that she was too young. She's just twenty-six and I'm thirty-seven. I was afraid a woman under forty would be flighty, but she's not. She's just right."

Mr. Lee's eyes twinkled as they followed his wife's trim figure. For a moment he sat silent, watching her with evident approval. Then he grew reminiscent. "A widow came up from New York bringing her daughter. The girl was only eighteen—too young for a step-mother. I told myself, 'She came out here to the house and to the children and me, and then she said she was willing. Her mother tried to persuade her how foolish she was but she wouldn't listen to her. I turned her down because she was too young for the job.'"

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HE IS PERFECTLY SATISFIED.

"I tell you a woman makes a difference in a house," Mr. Lee said proudly, as he looked around his neat home. His wife looked until she was as pink as a rose and she was so. "Last Sunday was my wedding day. My wife didn't sit around and play bridge. She went right to work and straightening things out in a jiffy. I felt how clumsy I'd been as I watched her. And I tell you I blessed that advertisement. It has saved me a lot of trouble. I didn't even have to propose, for you see all the women knew just what was wanted. They did the offering. But I was a little bit worried. Monday day she pitched in and did the washing. Tuesday she worked getting things straight about the house and cleaning up the little things, and she's been busy every day since. I know how to appreciate a woman now. I've found out something about how much they have to do. It did me good to hear her stoking about the house and the children chirping round. My only objection to her was that she was too young. She's just twenty-six and I'm thirty-seven. I was afraid a woman under forty would be flighty, but she's not. She's just right."

Mr. Lee's eyes twinkled as they followed his wife's trim figure. For a moment he sat silent, watching her with evident approval. Then he grew reminiscent. "A widow came up from New York bringing her daughter. The girl was only eighteen—too young for a step-mother. I told myself, 'She came out here to the house and to the children and me, and then she said she was willing. Her mother tried to persuade her how foolish she was but she wouldn't listen to her. I turned her down because she was too young for the job.'"

THE TRUTHS AND THE PEOPLE.

Common People Manifested by Truism.

Rev. Wm. F. Jones in Manufacturer's Record.

The large trusts and combinations already formed and being formed by aggregations of capital and considered harmful to the masses and the common people. This is a theory. Theoretically a thing may be so and practically it may be very untrue. When we speak of trusts and combinations we think of the Standard Oil Trust, the Sugar and Tobacco Trust, etc. When the Standard Oil Trust was formed I was paying forty cents a gallon for kerosene oil; I am getting it now for ten cents a gallon. I was paying twelve and one-half cents for sugar several years ago but now the combination has cut it down to five and one-quarter. When the Whiskey Trust was organized I was in hope it would put up whiskey where the poor devils couldn't get it but they have seemed to cheer up that down to where they can pay the government \$1.16 a gallon revenue on it and yet sell it for \$1.37, which demonstrates that they are making it and letting the public have it at about twelve and one-half cents a gallon.

There is no doubt about the aggregation of wealth with trusts and combinations that they can manufacture any article cheaper than it is or has been manufactured on a small scale. The great railroad combinations may think they will eat up blood red. Occasionally I get on a little jet-water road that is not in the combination and I want to double my accident policy and be satisfied with a 15-mile-a-hour rate and outside myself with the idea that I can ride all day for a dollar but when I get on the Pennsylvania or the Vaad-rail system of roads with their crowded forty miles an hour vestibule dining cars I have a hotel on wheels carrying me to where my destination, and all this for about two cents a mile. Give me the road that is in the combination to carry me where I am going.

Public sentiment in the safeguard which is thrown around all aggregations of wealth and all combinations of interest. The Standard Oil, the great combinations the Sugar Trust are so sensitive to public sentiment as the snow-bank to the rays of the sun. Trusts and combinations will not hurt the public but stockholders and bondholders may suffer later on when these great bulky institutions become unwieldy and fall with their own weight. Fifty thousand men in the United States perhaps not more interested in the Standard Oil Trust than I am. These 50,000 men know that there are 70,000,000 of other people in America, and their wisdom teaches them where hoary lines are over which they cannot go without peril to themselves and disaster to their business. No combination now says "dam the public," but they have their wretchedness out on every prominent couple watching the wind vane.

Of course political capital can be made out of such formations of wealth and social orders may raise the black flag to fight them but I am a thousand times more afraid of demagogues and politicians than I am afraid of trusts and combinations. Good government—what means not only the well-being of the citizen but the overthrow of all that will hurt the citizen—depends on good government. I have had a better pay less attention to what we call trusts and combinations and more attention to those whom we elect to office in the municipal, State and national governments. Mr. Stead, in his book "If Christ Came to Chicago," speaks of the "Big Four of Chicago," and says of them that their methods are as much as their transactions are honest, but that the blood of their success lies the blood and bones of their victims over whom they have run to success. The successful man or combination means the downfall of other men and other combinations. One preacher is preaching to 8,000, twenty preachers around him consider seventy-five a full house and a hundred a perfect jam and a physician making \$10,000 a year and forty little doctors in the neighborhood are not making \$50,000,000 a year means many little merchants applying for clerkships in his store. It is the arrival of the fittest, it may be. When God made this world He made mountains lowering into the clouds and valleys below the level of the sea; He made lakes and oceans. He set out the profiles of the West and piled up mountains across the little valleys along the ranges of the Rockies and the Alleghenians. In the ocean's waters we find whales and some very small fishes, and when the whales come along the little fish have to hide out. I have travelled over this country from ocean to ocean and from Montreal to Galveston annually for twenty years. I have watched the progress of events and the progress as they marched. I have got to know of a single instance where a combination and trust hurt the masses or permanently raised the price of any product. I am a thousand times more willing to deal with the trusts and combinations and purchase their products than I am to put my money into their institutions and imperil my holdings consequent of want of stability and facing their final downfall.

Of course these great combinations affect legislation. If they do not control it is many instances, but while they may procure legislation that serves their interest yet they have one eye on the public sentiment all