

DEPEW ON IMPERIALISM.

HOW HE ASSAILED MCKINLEY'S PRESIDENT POLICY IN 1898.

His Vigorous Picture of the Folly and the Crime of Keeping the Philippines and of the Awful Consequences to Us—Means Centralization.

In the Chicago Times-Herald on May 22, 1898, Senator Chauncey M. Depew had the following interview, obtained and signed by George Grantham Bain and copyrighted:

When I asked Mr. Depew what he thought should be done with the Philippine Islands he drew in his breath and said: "That's a pretty big question." Then he pushed back his chair from his desk and swung around until he half faced me.

"If we should keep the Philippine Islands," said Mr. Depew, "we would reverse the traditions of this Government from its foundation. We would open up a new line of policy.

"Let us see what that would mean. In the first place it would mean the establishment of a military government over possibly ten millions of people 6000 miles away from us; it would mean the increase of our navy to the proportion of the navies of Europe."

"Not to the proportion of England's navy," I suggested.

"To the navy of France and Germany," said Mr. Depew. "It would mean the increase of our army to 150,000—more likely to 200,000 men. It would mean the increase of our annual expenditures to double what they are now. It would mean that the United States Government would be brought in closer contact with the people than ever before in the history of this country."

"We have known that there is a Federal Government only as representing our flag, our nationality and our glorious traditions, but we have not felt the burden of its support or been confronted with the possibility of the payment of an enormous annual military tax, except during the Civil War. In Europe, where great armies and navies are maintained, the people are taxed directly for their maintenance. Our revenues have been obtained heretofore by indirect taxation, with the exception of a slight tax on whiskey."

"But with the increase of our expenditures by 100 per cent, the taxes to support the Government would be felt in our homes and in our offices. We would feel them in both the necessities and luxuries of life—in our houses, in our tools, in our food, in our clothing, in our carriages and in our wagons, in our checks and notes and bonds and transfers of property—in every transaction of our every-day business life. For if we are to maintain great armies and navies like the powers of Europe we must raise the revenue for them by the means mentioned, and also by a stamp tax that will face us at every turn."

"These conditions are contrary to our present form of government. Today we know that the customs collector exists. He sits in his office at the custom house and few of us ever think of him—fewer still have ever seen him or felt the taxes collected through him. Under the new regime tax collectors would necessarily be excise men with offices everywhere. They would be known not only in New York and the other great centres of commerce, but in every town, village and hamlet in the United States. Our people respond with patriotic alacrity to every burden, sacrifice or tax for the successful carrying on of war. Whether they would with equal cheerfulness do the same for the new policy of the colonial empire furnishes food for consideration."

"What also does a world-wide policy mean to us? It means a centralization which would change materially the relations of the United States to the Federal Government. The control of these populous colonies would be centered at Washington, and we should have a centralization of power far beyond what the old Federalists ever dreamed of. You cannot have empire without all its attributes, and that means a practical revolution of our form of government and an abandonment of the beliefs which the fathers held when they established this Government in 1776."

I asked Mr. Depew if it was not possible to derive from these proposed colonies a revenue greater than the additional expenditure which their possession would involve.

"How," said Mr. Depew, "by taxation? Every time you attempt to collect a tax from these people they would rise, and you would have to call on your military force to suppress them. And suppress them for what? For doing what John Hancock did? They might quote against us our immortal declaration 'that taxation without representation is tyranny.'"

Are there no trusts? Ask the men who used to work in the rolling mills. Are there no trusts? Ask the men who used to work in the bicycle factories. Are there no trusts? Ask the independent manufacturers or the small merchants, or anybody, in fact, except M. A. Hanna.

No trusts, indeed! The woods are full of trusts and every one is a menace to labor. But, there's a way to get rid of 'em and that way isn't by voting the Republican ticket, either.—Toledo Bee.

A Belated Discovery.

Chairman Hanna should have made his discovery that there are no trusts in the United States before the Republican platform was constructed and before President McKinley had written his letter of acceptance. It would have saved the platform makers and the President much anxious thought.

THE "FULL DINNER PAIL" FAKE.

An Insult to the Intelligence of the American Workman.

The Republican campaign argument entitled "The full dinner pail" is at once a fraud and an insult to the intelligence and the morality of the American workman.

A fraud, because in spite of all that a subsidized press and a "personally conducted" corps of campaign speakers can say, the administration of William McKinley has not meant unlimited prosperity for the American workmen.

The thousands of unfortunates who have walked the streets of all our great cities through the long cold months of every winter, willing to work, but with no work to do, and therefore no food, save the dole of charity, and no shelter, save the police station, are a terrible flaw in the picture of general prosperity.

The thousands of farmers of the Eastern States who sell the products of their hard toil to-day for the same price that they commanded four years ago and pay for the necessities of life an increased price, are not sharers in prosperity.

The hundreds of thousands of men in our great cities whom intolerable wage conditions have forced to try the terrible remedy of strikes and who have found themselves beaten and baffled by the combinations of capital against which they fought, and who face the coming winter, impoverished by a summer of enforced idleness, know that the story of prosperity is a deceit and a snare.

The great armies of miners who are even now in revolt against conditions that made their lives only prolonged starvation, while the corporations they served fattened on the product of their toil, know that the "full dinner pail" is a fraud.

But we said that the "full dinner pail" argument is an insult to American workmen, and it is. A brute, a beast, can be tolled with a dish of fodder to any slavery, but a man, an American freeman, whether he wears broadcloth or jeans, knows that there are higher interests than those that are represented by so much bread and meat. A Government has not done all that it ought to for the people whose interests it is supposed to serve when it has given them food, even in plenty; and the Republican party, which it seeks to cover the gross immoralities of its four years of power with a dinner pail; when it says to the workingmen of America, "Fill your bellies with fodder and, like beasts, forget that there are weightier considerations than something to eat," insults every honest man.—New Voice.

How the Trusts Steal Savings.

"I earn the same wages I did two years ago. I have no new expenses. I am more careful than ever about my expenditures. Yet I find that where I had two or three dollars of my wages left at the end of the week two or three years ago I have nothing left now."

That paragraph expresses the thought of many a workman. He wonders why it is that he saves nothing now, even with greater economy, when he had a little balance left in his pocket at the end of the week heretofore.

The explanation is that given by the Anthracite Coal Miners' Union. Living expenses, they assert, have "increased fully thirty per cent. in two years." The trusts make the difference. By artificially enhancing the cost of living they draw from the pockets of the workman the little balance each week that formerly swelled his savings. Many a workman wonders why the wage that formerly supported his family runs short now. The answer is the same. A trust made increase of the cost of living, "fully thirty per cent," means the loss of his savings to one workman and pinching and debt to another.

A Puzzle.

If the people of the Philippine Islands are incapable of managing their own affairs and must be shot into submission—

Why does Mr. McKinley apply this principal to the Christian population which wishes to set up a republic under American protection;

And refuse to apply it to Sulu, where he has granted autonomy under American protection to a Mahometan despot, has guaranteed polygamy and slavery and has granted subsidies to the royal harem?

Why treaties and subsidies for Mahometan polygamists and slaveholders? Why fire and sword for enlightened Christians?

The Mask Pulled Off.

The effort to hide imperialism in this campaign has failed at every point. Imperialism taxes Porto Rico without her consent; it imposes military rule on Cuba long after Cuba should have had her own chance; it loots Cuban revenues; it carries on a war of subjugation and extermination in the Philippines. The mask is pulled off, and President McKinley could not say to-day, "Imperialism is impossible."

Sheltered by the Tariff.

Talking about trusts, there are fifty or sixty very obnoxious ones that would have to go out of business if the tariff shelter under which they rob should be taken away. There is no honest opposition to trusts that does not go to the root of the evil by insisting upon the repeal of all legislation which encourages their formation and fosters their growth.

By the Trusts, For the Trusts.

President McKinley entered into a government by the people, of the people, for the people. He closes his first term as the chief operator of a Government of the people, by the trusts, for the trusts.

TRUTHS ABOUT TRUSTS.

PROTECTED BY REPUBLICAN CONGRESS AND ADMINISTRATION.

An Article Which Shows How Silly is Hanna's Assertion That "There is Not a Trust in the Entire United States"—A "Definition" For Depew.

Senator Hanna says "There are no trusts. Senator Depew calls for "a definition."

The name was originally given to a number of independent corporations combined to create a monopoly and vesting their power of action in a single trustee. It was decided by the Supreme Court that corporations could not lawfully combine in this way, and so they adopted the device of merging their existence and identity in one great corporation.

The name changed. The thing continued. Instead of a trustee acting for separate corporations there is a president and board of directors representing the several corporations welded into one. In either case the aim and the result are the same—the creation of a private monopoly. If anything, the cohesion is now more perfect—the power is greater.

The Anti-Trust law of 1890 declares that—

"Every contract, combination in form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade . . . is hereby declared illegal."

Judge Barrett, in his decision in the famous sugar case in New York State, thus defined a monopoly:

"A combination, the tendency of which is to prevent competition in its broad and general sense, and to control and thus at will enhance prices, to the detriment of the public, is a legal monopoly. . . . Nor need it be permanent or complete. It is enough that it may be even temporarily and partially successful."

There are hundreds of such monopolies in the country to-day, and neither the Republican Congress nor Administration has done anything to prevent or to punish them, but both have done much to promote and protect them.

The history of the window-glass industry for twenty years has been a history of a succession of pools, lock-outs, agreements fixing prices and rates of wages on the one side, and on the other of strikes and their accompaniments.

On account of our natural facilities we ought to be making the best glass in the world, but we make poor glass for which the consumer pays double price.

The American Glass Company was formed in 1895. It was a selling agent for eighty-five per cent. of the factories. It was succeeded in October, 1899, by the American Window-Glass Company. The capital of this corporation is \$17,000,000. The value of the property represented by this capital is about \$6,000,000. Since 1895 the prices of window-glass have been about doubled.

It is stated in a glass manufacturers' periodical that the pool made \$700,000 in 1896, \$1,750,000 in 1897 and \$2,000,000 in 1898.

The glassmakers take the full benefit of their enormous protection, and as foreign glass costs more in the interior than on the seaboard by reason of the cost of transportation, consumers of American glass in the interior pay more for the domestic article than do consumers on the coast. A box of glass, for example, costs at Pittsburgh fourteen cents more than the Boston price.

The duty on glass is between eighty and 100 per cent.

Besides this great trust we have the following trusts in the glass industry:

The Pittsburg Plate-Glass Company, with a capital of \$10,000,000. It has about doubled prices in the last two years. It pays very low wages—from \$1.35 to \$1.80 per day.

The National Manufacturers' Association has advanced its prices ten to fifteen per cent.

The National Glass Company is new. It is a combination of makers of tableware and has \$4,000,000 capital.

The Macbeth-Evans Glass Company owns about half the producing capacity of lamp-chimney plants.—New York World.

Freedom of Discussion.

The suspension of freedom of discussion is one of the strongest signs of the imperialism which seeks to make itself permanent.

Republicans make objections to a discussion of the Philippine question pending the suppression of an alleged rebellion.

They object to Mr. Bryan's criticism of the Philippine policy because he supported the ratification of the treaty which removed Spanish sovereignty. If the treaty had not been ratified, then a state of war would have existed, pending which criticism would still have been denounced as "stabbing the army in the back."

Take it what way we may, discussion seems to be out of order. Will the organs kindly inform us when liberty of speech will be in order again?—Atlanta Constitution.

An Exposure.

Some months ago the Republicans were boasting of the thoroughness with which they had established the gold standard. Now even Secretary Gage is ambitious to prove that the Republican enactment is so flimsy that it could be easily destroyed by a Democratic Secretary of the Treasury.

Very Inconsistent.

The Republican papers which are insisting in one breath that Mr. Bryan stands no chance whatever of being elected President are discussing in their next breath Mr. Bryan's probable cabinet appointments after he is inaugurated.

INSTINCT.

When you were but an infant,
Whatever you might find,
You tried to put into your mouth;
Such is the childish mind.
A lump of coal, a rattle,
Your fists and even your feet
Would move you to inquiry:
"Now, is that good to eat?"

And later, when ambitions,
With years, began to grow,
You dreamed sweet dreams of glory,
But had to work, you know,
You labored at your duty,
And asked, when 'twas complete,
Not: "Is the thing ideal?"
But: "Will it help me eat?"

—Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

Hoax—There's a proof that our days are numbered. Hoax—What? Hoax—The calendar.

Nell—She doesn't show her age. Belle—Show it? I should say not. She won't even tell it.

He—Would you be mad if I kissed you just once? She—Yes; I would. The idea—only once!

"Misfortune always travels fast." "That's right; the more rapid the pace a fellow goes the quicker it overtakes him."

"Aha," exclaimed the heavy tragedian. "The plot thickens." "It's about time," cried one in the audience, "it's been pretty thin so far."

Nell—He looks like a man who has been disappointed in love. Belle—He is. He advertised for a girl with \$5,000,000 and didn't get a single reply.

She—I didn't know you had a sister. Mr. Smart. He—Oh, yes; I've got nine of them. "You haven't really?" "Yes; one by birth, and eight by refusal."

Tramp—Can you oblige me with a little help, lady? Lady—I'm afraid not. My help all left this morning. It's very hard to keep servants in the suburbs.

"What are you up so early for?" asked the old hawk. "O, just for a lark," replied the young bird, using one claw for a toothpick; "and I got him, too."

"Ah!" cried Mr. Algo when she refused him; "I can never love another." "No," she said; "I realized there was no room in your heart for any one but yourself."

"I saw Miss Gabbie talking to you this morning. I don't suppose she gave you so much as a chance to open your mouth." "O, yes. I yawned quite frequently; she couldn't prevent that!"

Her Father—So you want to marry my daughter, eh? The youth—Yes, sir. "Well, young man, do you think you could support a family?" "Gracious! You're not all going to come to live with us, are you?"

"No, sir," said the man who had been asked for alms; "I can give you nothing. You are a professional beggar aren't you?" "I used to think so," replied the other as he sadly pulled two copper cents and a collar button from his pocket; "but I've come to the conclusion that I am only an amateur."

THE LITTLE LADY OF PEKIN.

From the Chinaman's Point of View His Empress Is Perfect.

"The Chinese Empress does not meet completely the Anglo-Saxon demand for female beauty," writes Poultnery Bigelow in the Woman's Home Companion "but then the Chinaman is not wholly satisfied with our type, and on sound democratic principles the Celestial has some color for his opinion, seeing that he is one of 400,000,000, while our ideal represents but 75,000,000. Personally, it is hard for me to appreciate the beauty in one who is short and fat; whose feet are the size of salt-cellar; whose flesh has the modeling of a bolster; whose eyes are oblique, and whose natural skin is overlaid with white and red paste. Yet what I am pleased to consider my taste is, from the Chinaman's point of view, merely outlandish prejudice; and on the standards prevailing in Pekin the Dowager Empress is easily one of the handsomest women, exercising a personal fascination which entitles her to rank with such heroines as Catherine of Russia or Queen Louise of Germany. And as to antiquity of pedigree the Romanoffs and Hohenzollerns are mere upstarts in dynastic enterprise compared with the power in Pekin, which draws its authority directly from Celestial sources in prehistoric eras.

"Let us then admit at the outset that in the matter of birth, beauty and political power the Dowager Empress of China eclipses not merely anything of its kind in Europe, but throws into the shade anything dreamed of in this fair country of ours, whose boast it is that we have set the standard for 'sovereign woman.' The Chinaman in general is completely convinced that in all that constitutes higher civilization he is the superior of the white man. He has invented more different kinds of mechanical improvements than all the rest of the world put together; his wise men were masters of science when Europe was a howling wilderness; no other country has held together so long as this huge empire, and its subjects not unreasonably conclude that such grand results must have sprung from institutions whose excellence is unrivaled elsewhere. Of these institutions the highest exponent is the Dowager Empress and her party."

Proper Precaution.

He—I'm going to shave myself hereafter.

She—Won't you cut yourself?

"No; I won't have any razor sharp enough for that."



A Farewell.

My dearest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you,
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

—Charles Kingsley.

The Ant's Aunt Gives Picnic.

The ant's aunt had to give a picnic, because she had been invited to so many places by all her relatives, and she thought it was time to pay back some of the invitations.

"But it will be such a bother," said the ant's uncle, when he heard about it.

"Don't be foolish, now," replied the ant's aunt. "We cannot go in society without going to some trouble."

So the ant's uncle said that it would be all right, for he always said something of that kind when his wife talked about giving a party.

He was sleeping early the next morning, when his wife woke him and said: "Benjamin, Benjamin, did you remember to get the lemons and the sugar?"

"No," replied the ant's uncle, as he rolled over again in bed. "The grocery store was closed."

"Then you will have to go into the kitchen of the man's house and get as much as you can carry before the cook gets up."

"The last time I was there," muttered Benjamin, "I nearly got blown up with the kerosene can."

By the time the ant's uncle got back to his house he found more than a hundred ants of all kinds walking up and down and carrying all kinds of provisions.

"You are very late," said the ant's aunt. "What did you do about the swing, Benjamin? Did you stop and see the spider about it?"

Benjamin had forgotten all about the swing, so he had to go back to where the spider kept a shop, and he came back after a while with a wheelbarrow loaded down with rope. The ant's aunt was lame, and she had to walk with a cane. She was at the head of the picnic party, and Benjamin, the ant's uncle, came last of all with his wheelbarrow filled with rope and baskets and sugar and lemons and tubs and glasses and everything which might be used on a picnic. The ants went to Deacon Jones' woods, and as they got nearer they heard all kinds of strange noises. All the animals and all the birds came out to see the picnic go by. The ants walked on until they came to a bare spot in the middle of the woods, and there they stopped and put down their bundles and baskets.

"This will be a nice place to set the table," said the ant's aunt. "Now, Benjamin, while I am doing all the work, suppose you go and put up the swing for the children."

The ant's uncle said something underneath his breath and then took the rope and the boards and things and put up 153 swings. He hurt his knee and sprained his back and cut his fingers. He also stubbed his toes.

"You needn't feel so badly about hurting your toes," said a centipede, who was going fast, "suppose you had toes on 100 feet to stub, then you could afford to talk."

The ant's uncle returned to the place where the table was being set. He threw his hat over on the grass and sat down, saying, "I am very tired and a little rest would do me a great deal of good."

"Why just see what Uncle Benjamin did," cried all the small ants at once.

"Benjamin, Benjamin," cried the ant's aunt, "how could you do such a thing?"

"You ought not to be so careless," replied Benjamin, "how was I to know that it was a custard pie? I thought it was a nice cushion you put there for me."

The ant's uncle started to get his hat and walk away. He had not gone very far before he became red in the face with anger.

"Get off my hat," all the ants heard him say, "how dare you sit on a poor ant's hat like that. Haven't you got any manners?"

"What is the matter, Benjamin?" asked the ant's aunt, picking up her cane and hobbling toward her husband.

"This miserable man," yelled the ant's uncle, "has had the impudence to sit down on my hat and he won't get up."

The man looked in the direction of Benjamin and then yawned and got up and walked away.

"Benjamin, Benjamin," cried the ant's aunt, a few minutes later, "little Betsy Ann has come back and she says that nearly a dozen of the children started to climb a mountain, and the mountain got up and walked away. Won't you please go and try and find them?"

The ant's uncle jammed his crushed silk hat down over his eyes, picked up a big switch and went to find the children. He walked and walked until he

came to a place where a whole lot of men and women were sitting in a circle while the mosquitos ate them. The men and women were eating pickles and dry sandwiches and trying to look happy. Uncle Benjamin hurried down the middle of the tablecloth and calling, "Children, children," at the top of his voice. Everywhere he went he met some of those miserable little children who had run away from their own picnic. He found them sitting on the edge of a sponge cake dangling their feet and kicking holes in the icing. They were perched on loaves of bread and up on top of a plate of sliced ham, they were playing hide and seek. Some of them had climbed up into a great big tin reservoir. There were all their clothes on the edge and they were having a swim.

"Didn't I tell you not to go near the water?" asked Uncle Benjamin, shaking his cane. "Now, where do I find you?"

"It isn't water," said all the children ants; "it's lemonade."

It took the ant's uncle more than an hour to get all the children together.

"Why don't you come away from here?" he said. "Don't you hear all the men and women talking and saying that it would be such a delightful place here if it were not for those miserable ants?"

"They didn't say a word," replied the children, "until you came."

This made Uncle Benjamin so angry that he swung his cane and chased all the children before him back to the place where the table of the ant's picnic had been spread. Way over to one side was the ant's aunt all alone. She had her handkerchief to her eyes, and was crying as though her heart would break.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Uncle Benjamin. "What in the world has happened?"

"Why, can't you see?" replied the ant's aunt. "A miserable man came this way and stepped right on the table and when he lifted up his foot everything was ruined."

"Come on, children," said Uncle Benjamin. "Let us all go back to the men's picnic. After he has treated us this way, he deserves that we should tease him and all his family."

That is the reason that, when men and women give picnics, all the ants in the neighborhood go and plague them.

Fishing with Birds.

In this country the fisherman is a man who uses hook and line or the net in following his profession, and folks would stare with wonder to see him start off with a flock of birds to help in catching fish. Yet this is done in China. There the Chinaman may be seen in his sampan surrounded by cormorants, which have been trained to dash into the water at his order, seize the fish and bring them to the boat. Should a cormorant capture a fish too large for it to carry alone, one of its companions will go to its assistance and together they will bring it in.

If the Chinaman wishes to catch turtles he will do so with the aid of a sticking fish or remora. The fish has on top of its head a long disc or sucker by which it attaches itself beneath moving objects such as sharks, whales, and the bottoms of ships rather than make the effort necessary to independent movement.

The fisherman fastens the remora to a long cord tied to a brass ring about its tail and when he reaches the turtle ground puts it overboard, taking care to keep it from the bottom of the boat. When a turtle passes near, the remora darts beneath him and fastens to his shell. Struggle as he will the turtle cannot loosen the grip of the sucker and the Chinaman has only to haul in on the line, bring the turtle up to the boat and take him aboard.

The Sin-Eater.

Many customs are still practiced at less and less frequent intervals in the remote parts of Great Britain of which we have little ken. A good example of this is the sin-eater, who plays such an important part in the Gaelic funeral of the old sort.

His task is to consume all the sins resting on the soul of the dead, thereby enabling the corpse to rest peacefully in its grave.

In view of the responsible and not altogether enviable nature of his office, it is not surprising that the sin-eater is invariably some poor and unfortunate person; for happier circumstances would naturally incline him to avoid such a profession, which is taken by himself and everybody else with the utmost seriousness. As a symbol of the sins committed during the lifetime of the deceased, a loaf of bread and a jug of beer are laid upon the corpse. The sin-eater is then introduced and proceeds with much ceremony to eat the bread and drink the beer. Naturally enough he goes through the ordeal with a certain amount of zest, for he is not infrequently hungry, though the possessor of a well-developed taste for malt liquors.

What proves that a led horse has spirit? A le(ard horse must be a horse of metal (mettle).

What part of a boat is the product of a mine? The oars (ores).