CHIEF ADVOCATE OF STATE SOVEREIGNTY

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THE OREGONIAN'S HOME STUDY CIRCLE: DIRECTED BY PROF. SEYMOUR EATON

Contributors to this course: Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, Prof. John Bach McMaster, Prof. Charles H. Smith, Dr. Frederic W. Speirs, Prof. Andrew C. McLaughlin and others.

XIII. John Caldwell Calhoun.

Calhoun dominated South Carolina as no other man has ever dominated one of the United States. Quite fitly his lofty statue towers above Madison square in Charleston, and his grave in St. Philip's cemetery is one of the first sights shown to strangers. The impress of his strong, masterful personality was stamped thoroughly on the thought of the Palmetto state. The people drank deeply from the fountains of his political philosophy and are intellectual followers of Calhoun until this day. It was a deserved reward. No man ever lived more thoroughly for a state than did Calhoun. He was a lover of the nation, but far more of South Carolina. For her profit and honor he labored and struggled, and her good was always before his eyes. Calhoun's political life may be divided into parts in which he shows himself, respectively, a nationalist, a nullifier and one who despaired of the Union. When he entered congress he enrolled himself in that enthusiastic and ardent group of men known as the young republicans, who drove on a reluctant administration into a war with Great Britain for the nation's honor, and who stood for a protective tariff, a United States bank and a strong government. After Jackson's election as president we find Calhoun appearing as the arch-priest of an anti-national doctrine, that of nullification. He then claimed a protective tariff was unconstitutional and asserted the right of each state to lay, as it were, a preliminary injunction on the enforcement of any law it feels to be contrary to the federal compact. After the Mexican war came the closing days of the statesman, when he despaired of his country. To him was coming the force of the saying that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and he foresaw that the Union could not endure half slave and half free. Yet he loved the Union, and the man whose logical political philosophy had taught the South how to secede wrote his last speech, which his strength would not permit him to read, on the theme, "How Can the Union Be Preserved?" His only solution was that the North must agree "to do justice by conceding to the South an equal right in the conquered territory, and to do her duty by causing the stipulations relative to fugitive slaves to be faithfully fulfilled, to cense the agitation of the slave question and provide for the insertion of a provision in the constitution by an amendment which will restore in substance the power she was possessed of protecting herself before the equilibrium between the sections was destroyed by the action of this government." He feels that the case is hopeless, and he states that he is struggling to save "the Union, if it can be done, and, if it cannot, to save the section where it has pleased Providence to cast my lot, and which I sincerely believe has justice and the constitution on its side. Having faithfully done my duty to the best of my ability . . . I shall have the consolation, let what will come, that I am free from all responsibility," and with those helpless words on his lips John C. Calhoun left the political arena and went to his deathbed. He was striving for a cause that was already on the way to be a lost one.

Of incorruptible integrity, of wonderful powers of argument, of sincere devotion to Christianity, of marvelous singleness of purpose and power of influencing men, Calhoun stands out as one of the most noteworthy characters in American history. He was born of Scotch-Irish parents in Western South Carolina in 1782, and died at Washington in 1850, while serving as one of the United States senators from his native state. Curiously enough, his whole academic training was in Connecticut, from the straightest sect of the fedralists. He took his bachelor's degree from Yale college in 1804, when the elder Dwight was president, and at a time when one of the professors had recently been obliged to sever his connection with the institution largely because he was a republican. The subject of his commencement oration was "The Qualification Necessary to Constitute a Perfect Statesman," and his purpose for life work led him to the law, that great avenue to politics in the United States. He studied at the famous Litchfield law school under Judges Reeve and Gould, and then returned to his home in Abbeville district and began to practice his profession. His political abilities were soon discovered, and he was chosen a member of the state legislature. There he achieved prominence and was soon transferred to the national councils, being elected to congress in the year 1810. Probably there has never been a case when an unknown young man leaped at a bound into national prominence, as did Calhoun. His first appearance in congress was in November, 1811. Struck with his abilities, Clay, the speaker, placed him second on the committee on foreign affairs. Foreign affairs was a complicated skein. The long series of outrages on our commerce from Great Britain and France could no longer be borne. We must have redress by peaceable or forcible means.

Neither nation could show a clean record of dealing toward us, but we could not contend with both at one time. We must choose one antagonist and fight her. England had been much more troublesome to our commerce, because she had more power at sea, and the leading spirits among that band of young men in congress who were shaping the policy of the republican majority hailed from the South and West, where by old tradition France was loved and Britain hated. Therefore, war with England was resolved. The tone of the first resolutions the new committee reported was bellicose, and stated that "to wrongs so daring in their character and so disgraceful in their execution it is impossible that the people of the United States should remain indifferent. . . . The period has arrived when . . . it is the sacred duty of congress to call forth the patriotism and the resources of the country." In his first speech, uttered only a month after his first appearance in Washington, Calhoun, with clear and forcible phrases, defended this report. He openly avowed that "the committee recommended the measures now before the house as a preparation for war," and maintained that the national honor and the safety of the citizens' lives and property demanded the use of force. The efforts of Clay, Calhoun and the other young republicans forced a declaration of war, and Calhoun was one of the main supporters of the war in congress. He differed from the majority, however, in favoring the repeal of all the restrictive acts of nonimportation and embargo. He felt that "we are a people essentially active. . . . No passive system can suit such a people. In action superior to all others, in patient endurance inferior to none. Nor does it suit the genius of our government. Our government is founded on freedom and hates coercion. To make the restrictive system effective requires the most arbitrary laws."

After the war we find Calhoun, now recognized as a leader in the house, defending the treaty-making power from assaults by other republicans and introducing measures for the establishment of a United States bank. He did not discuss the constitutional question, but, accepting the validity of the power to charter a bank as an established fact, he made an exhaustive argument to the point that such a "bank would be favorable to the administration of the finances of the government."

With other such sentiments he closed his career in the house of representatives and became Monroe's secretary of war in 1817. He found the administration of that department chaotic. He reduced its methods and accounts to due order and effected considerable saving of the public money. Men now began to speak of Calhoun as a candidate for the presidency, but finding himself outclassed by other candidates in the election of 1824, when persons, not principles, were issues, he announced himself as candidate for the vice-presidency and was easily elected to that position. There he acquitted himself with ability. In one case he refused to leave his seat when a tie vote was expected on a question whose decision might cost him some supporters. He had been elected by supporters of both Adams and Jackson, and yet, during the administration of the former, he felt himself drawing constantly away from the president and from such old associates as Clay and coming more and more to a strict construction of the constitution. So in the election of 1828 we find him on the Jacksonian ticket and note

J. C. CALHOUN.

that he was re-elected by a great majority as vice-president. Doubtless he hoped to be Jackson's political heir; doubtless he was the natural leader of the new democratic party after Jackson, and doubtless personal matters such as the unreasonable grudge which Jackson bore to the man who supported a just censure on some of Jackson's early acts and who would not receive Jackson's friends as his, were potent causes in destroying his hope of having Jackson's assistance, which aid was transferred to Van Buren. But that such considerations, and the fact that he found that popularity in South Carolina would follow most easily an anti-national attitude were the chief motives of Calhoun's new position, cannot be believed. That these influences were not without their effect is undoubted, but the change in front of so keen and conscientious a thinker as Calhoun cannot be explained by such influences alone. In the 12 or 15 years since he had left congress he had undergone one of those subtle and gradual changes of feeling which often lead men to conclusions diametrically opposite to those with which they began. That his two positions were inconsistent may be granted easily, but inconsistency is often another name for growth. The maintenance of slavery and of the plantation system of his state became so important in his eyes that all else sank into a secondary place, and unconsciously to himself his point of view had changed from a national to a sectional one. Calhoun admitted that a state had no right to oppose the execution of an admittedly constitutional law, but the state was the judge as to whether she would admit the constitutionality of the law. If the law was of doubted constitutionality, or clearly unconstitutional—and the test in both cases lay in the hands or the state—it might be declared null and void by the state, as far as it was concerned, and thenceforth should not be enforced in its limits. There was no secession, the state was exercising a reserved power, it still remained in the Union, and if three-fourths of the states should decide against its position, the state must yield to the voice of its sisters, and the disputed power now became an undisputed part of the constitution.

We have left ourselves no time to tell how Calhoun resigned the position of vice-president and accepted that of United States senator to defend South Carolina's position in nullifying the tariff act, or how by speeches, addresses from his home at Fort Hill and letters to Governor Hamilton, he confirmed the wills of the people. It is true Clay's compromise tariff and Jackson's firm attitude in favor of the preservation of the Union deferred a conflict for 30 years, and that Calhoun and his state gradually came back into national politics as extreme members of the state's rights and pro-slavery wing of the democratic party. His long service in the senate enabled him to take a bold and decided stand against the United States bank and in favor of the subtreasury bill, and to make vigorous contention for the annexation of Texas and the addition of the new slave territory. In the Texas matter his influence was also exerted in the Tyler cabinet, where he held the office of secretary of state for a time. Going back to the senate he fought any further compromise. Then came the end. His work was built on the sand of state's rights and slavery, and fell in the great storm of the civil war. He had left behind him the name of the "keenest political logician the United States has ever had," and of the "greatest and purest of pro-slavery fanatics," as an unfriendly foreign biographer called him. A fairer tribute, given by one of the ablest of the historians of his own section, is: "I at least cannot call him a thoroughly wise and great statesman, but I can admire his strong, subtle intellect and lofty integrity, and soundness of heart. Mistaken he was often, but he never did anything consciously that he thought was wrong or low."

Bernard B. Steiner
Johns Hopkins University.

A Matter of Temperature.

Chambers' Journal.

The little one's mother had said, "Now, doctor, if there is any rise of temperature"—she was great on temperature, by the way—"I will send for you at once. As you know, I have a clinical thermometer, and can take the temperature myself without troubling you to come in for the purpose." Just as I was going to bed, I was startled by a violent ring at the bell, and, hastening to the door, saw a terrified domestic, who gasped:

"O, sir, please sir, do come round at once! Miss Marjory is worse. Missus said I was to tell you her temperature is 105, and is risin' fast."

Scarcely waiting to put on my hat, I rushed round to the house of my little patient, and discovered the whole family assembled in the sick room, awaiting the end of poor little Marjory, the mother wringing her hands in agony and crying dreadfully.

"What's the temperature now?" I almost shouted in my agitation.

"Oh!" sobbed the mother, "I haven't dared to look since. My poor darling! It was 106, and they say that 106 is always fatal," and she broke down completely.

Without wasting any more time, I turned down the blanket, and found that the thermometer had been thrust between the child's side and arm, and the bulb imbedded in a freshly applied hot poultice!

STATE FAIR OF 1900.

President of Board Makes Reply to Unfair Criticism.

HILLSBORO, Jan. 10.—(To the Editor.) A paper at The Dalles contains an editorial on "The 1900 State Fair." The editorial gives some good advice; yet, withal, much misinformation. If you will kindly grant me space, I will endeavor to state some facts from which the editor of the Times-Mountaineer can hereafter take his text. He says among other things that the board of directors of the Oregon State Agricultural Society held a meeting the other day, and arranged for the "usual race meet." To quote more fully, he says: "They invited the managers of California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia fairs to meet with them to arrange for a general fair circuit throughout these sections, and expressed a desire that exhibitors (that is, owners of race horses and tinhorn gamblers) can attend the fairs at Sacramento, Salem, North Yakima, Spokane, Boise, New Westminster that may be decided upon, which means little less than that the so-called state fair will next year be a good race meeting." He further says that he received from the board a "press bulletin" from which the substance of the above statements were taken.

To one who has read the press bulletin referred to the carelessness and the recklessness of the editor of the Times-Mountaineer is apparent. To explain: The press bulletin contains simply a brief outline of the ground gone over, and the questions discussed at the last meeting of the state board of agriculture. At this meeting the board invited to be present the members of the chamber of commerce of the city of Salem, stockmen, tradesmen, agriculturists, and any others who were interested in the success of the annual state fair. In a word, the meeting was open to all, and there was present a good representation of all classes, and all matters mentioned in the press bulletin were freely discussed by all. The press bulletin, however, speaks for itself. There is also to be another meeting of a similar character to be held on February 6, and special invitations have been sent to stockmen and other representative men to be present, and this includes the press.

For some unaccountable reason the writer of the editorial has seen fit to make "fair circuit" read "race meet." Why he should do this can be explained only upon the theory of a preconceived prejudice. If he will read carefully the press bulletin, he cannot be otherwise than impressed with the fact that it is the desire and aim of the board to make the coming state fair a fair for the farmer, stockman, tradesman—everybody, not excepting even the editor of the Times-Mountaineer.

It is not to be denied that there will be horseracing at the state fair this year, if nothing prevents; one of the best race-tracks in the state is at the state fair grounds, and the board will no doubt see fit to use it for the purpose intended; but permit me to say on behalf of the board that the board will not make horseracing the "whole fair" (as the Times-Mountaineer would have us believe), nor is it intended even to make it "half of the fair," if the farmer, stockman, tradesman—yes, editors—will do their part and thus aid the state board of agriculture make the fair what it ought to be and what the board intends that it shall be. Tin-horn gamblers are admittedly objectionable—but men will bet on horseracing, and the only sure remedy is to have no horseracing; but in this case the remedy is too severe, and if applied, would minimize the success of the fair.

It is perhaps needless to state that the board of agriculture would be delighted to see at the fair this year the grounds occupied to the greatest limit with agricultural, livestock and other exhibits; yet it is to be regretted that notwithstanding the state furnishes money sufficient to offer liberal premiums as prizes, the board's greatest difficulty last year was the securing of agricultural and stock exhibits. And the purpose of attempting a "fair circuit" (not race meet) is to secure a more general and larger exhibit of everything this coast can produce, from Sacramento to the British Columbia line.

In conclusion, if the editor of the Times-Mountaineer will permit himself to know that the work of the state board of agriculture is a labor of love and not one of pay, he may be less severe in his strictures of the intent of the board—in fact, he ought and may conclude to "get off" and help the board to push along this seemingly thankless load—the state fair. Advice and even criticism is acceptable to the board, but should be given with a due regard for the members whose work in connection with the state fair is voluntary and without compensation.

W. H. WEHRUNG.

Yet He Must Have It.

Wasco News.

After all, there is no paper on the coast like The Oregonian. We cuss the editor, roast the editor, contradict the editor, burn up the paper after using it to polish lamp chimneys—and then go and buy the next one that comes in.

The Financier in Chicago.

Chicago Times-Herald.

Little Willie—Pa, is a financier a man who can make lots of money?

Pa—No; a financier is a man who can owe lots of money.

ACROSS THE AMU-DARIA

WHERE ALEXANDER TRANSPORTED HIS ARMY ON OX-HIDE RAFTS.

Samarkand and the Country Around It as They Appear Today—A Shaky Railway Bridge.

SAMARKAND, Russian Turkestan, July 12.—The most famous traveler who ever reached this city had to float his army across the Oxus river on rafts supported by inflated ox hides. That was about 2228 years ago. The man's name was Alexander, ever since called the Great, and he was on his famous expedition into Asia which ended in tears, because he could find no more worlds to conquer. On that journey it required five days to transfer the great army from one side of the river to the other, and the difficulties and pains of the march were almost insurmountable.

Within the last few years a railway has been built into the ancient city, so that by connecting steamships and trains, Russian armies may be brought to the heart of Asia from remote parts of the empire in less time than was required by Alexander of Macedon to cross one of his provinces. The rapid current of the Oxus today is spanned by a great bridge, which carries trains from one bank to another, and would serve to shift any army in five hours, instead of the five days that were needed when ox-hide rafts were the ferry-boats.

Although the name of the city has changed from Maracanda to Samarkand, and the river that was the Oxus is now the Amu-Dria, it is to be doubted if the face of nature shows many changes in Central Asia since the days of the Macedonian conqueror. The sands of the desert may have encroached a little more on the oases, but the balance between irrigation and drought fluctuates with the centuries, and the pendulum has swung many times in 2000 years. Just now the swing is against the desert, and for an enlargement of the area of cultivation. But the oases follow the rivers as they always did, and the cities stand in the same places; the Bactrian camel still bears the burdens of the tribesmen over the unvarying routes of caravan trade, and the sun glares on the sand out of a brazen sky the same through all the centuries.

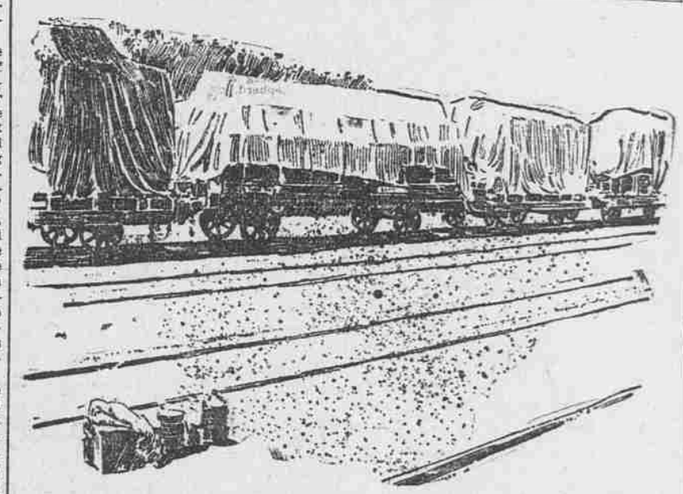
Even the people, so students say, have not changed as much as might be expected. Races have elbowed one another in Central Asia and conquerors have supplanted conquerors in turn in astonishing succession here in the Sogdiana of the ancients, but the changeless conditions of nature have molded life into similar forms through all the ages, and there might not be many surprises other than the railway itself, awaiting a soldier of the army that opposed Alexander of Macedon, or the one that stood against Chinghiz Khan, 1500 years later, if he were to come to life today.

Sogdiana of the Ancients.

Those barren deserts of Transcaspia, which I have crossed in the last few days, were included in the southwestern corner of that portion of the ancient world known as Scythia, and were as unattractive and little to be desired as they are today. The boudary between Scythia and Sogdiana was almost coincident with the boundary of today between Transcaspia and the khanate of Bokhara. When one crosses this boundary, at the approach to the Amu-Daria, near the railway station of the same name, it becomes instantly apparent why Sogdiana was the scene of frequent invasions and recurring warfare, while the lands to the west were left to any nomads who might want them. The contrast must have been quite as marked of old as it is today, and today it is but fair to say that the attractions this side of the great river are sufficient to justify all the labors and discomforts of the region that must be crossed to reach them. Here is a province of extreme fertility, wholesome of climate and even delightful for those accustomed to high degrees of heat.

The river is not the boundary of Bokhara, the khanate including a strip of territory a few miles wide along the west bank, so that the Amu-Daria flows entirely within Bokhariot jurisdiction. The station, however, called Amu-Daria by most Russian writers and maps, but Chardjui by most foreigners, is virtually a Russian town. The Bokhariot fortress of the same name is at some distance, and is not seen from the railway, except as a cluster of mud-walled gardens and huts. Names themselves are sometimes puzzling where languages have been so confused. The people of Central Asia call the great stream Amu, and the Russians say the Amu-Daria, but each word, if translated into English, means simply river. The oasis of which the river is the life, and the town the market place, is the Chardjui bekdom or province of the khanate, and that name is likewise applied to the town.

In the administration of the Transcaspian railway the place is important. It is what we call a division station at home, with sheds, roundhouses, shops and other accessories of railway administration, and an excellent eating-house. The trains from either direction meet there soon after midday, and, stopping for dinner and



BALES OF COTTON READY FOR SHIPMENT AT AMU-DARIA.

a rest, ample time is allotted for seeing what there is to see at the place. With plenty of water, there is no lack of green things. Trees and flowers grow about the station. Fruits are abundant, brought to the train by dignified and indifferent hucksters, who sit in the shade and wait for customers, without the least apparent concern whether they buy or not. Travelers cannot be so indifferent, for they have just escaped from the worst of the desert when they draw up to the station, and it is a definite certainty that their kopecks will go for grapes or plums to cool their throats.

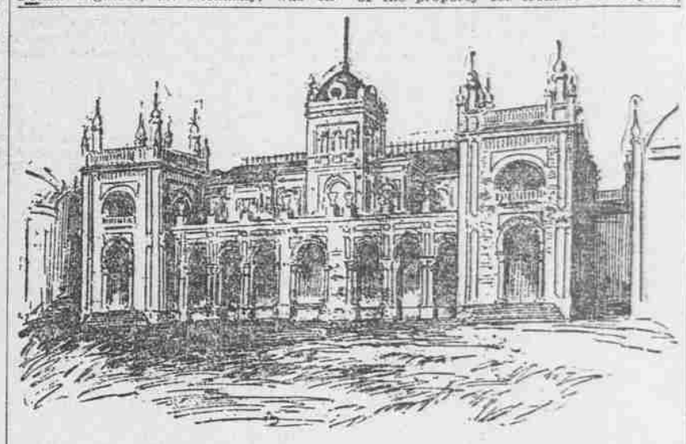
Over a Trembling Bridge.

It is an undertaking of some moment to get a train across the Amu-Daria bridge. The conductor of the train walked ahead of our engine all the way, using the narrow board laid between the rails as his foot-path, and it took just 25 minutes to pass from one bank of the river to the other. The bridge trembled most alarmingly at times. I could not help recalling that certain reformers in America have suggested the prevention of railway accidents by having a director of the road ride on the pilot of each train, but it did not seem that the conductor was sufficiently high in office to be enlisted for that purpose.

When the railway was finished to Samarkand, 11 years ago, it was expected that the bridge would serve for 10 years without disaster, by which time some sort of a substitute was to be completed. Instead, the bridge is in full service still, and at least a year must pass before the new iron bridge, now under construction, can be finished. The total length of the bridge and causeways from one bank of the river to the other is two miles and 678 yards. The first and longest bridge is 5740 feet long. The channel is broken by two islands, across which embankments or dams are carried, on which the railway runs. Work is almost constant to keep these in condition fit for traffic, so shifting is the course of the current. The Oxus is one of the swiftest of streams, calculations by different authorities and at different stages of water, reporting the rate of flow from three and a half to eight miles an hour. The bridge is very low, not more than 12 feet from the water to the rails at the present stage of the stream, and this proximity to the water, with the shaking of the structure, makes the passage by no means pleasant. It is built on clusters of piles, braces and timbering, and the racing current foams among the logs as if it were assailing an insolent barrier that was to be overthrown.

In the beginning it was intended to connect the railway over the river by some sort of a car-ferry, but that scheme seemed not to be practicable. Then an iron bridge was considered, and it was discovered that the cost would be about $4,000,000, which was more than the railway estimates would stand. At last a Polish engineer, M. Bielinsky, was engaged to build this bridge of wood, a work which he completed at a total cost of about $200,000. All the materials and tools had to be brought from Russia.

TRUMBULL WHITE.



NEW PALACE OF THE EMIR OF BOKHARA.

ENGLAND'S EXTREMITY.

The Anglophobist Making the Most of His Hatreds.

BALLSTON, Or., Jan. 9.—(To the Editor.)—There is little credit to be gained in an argument with a confirmed Anglophobist. He appears to belong to that class of strange beasts who, as Jaques tells us, in all tongues are called fools. As a Celt has well put it in your columns, "England's extremity is the anti-Britons' opportunity." No matter with whom she has trouble, whether the dervishes of the Soudan, the king of Dahomey, or some tribe of man-eaters in the South Sea islands, they always denounce her for depriving those people of their liberties and their God-given right to devour the kind of meat most suitable to their tastes. In the face of overwhelming testimony against the justice of the Boers' cause, your Briton-hater is reduced to a single platitude in their defense—"a brave people fighting for their liberties"—and then he proceeds with gusto to enjoy his favorite occupation of twisting the lion's tail.

All this would be amusing if it were not so sad. For your Boer-lover, though he strongly objects to "entangling alliances" where the interests of England and the United States run in the same channel, yet passes resolutions and signs petitions to force Uncle Sam's government to "intervene" in behalf of a tyrannous Dutch oligarchy.

What magic there is in the word "republic"! James H. Hyslop, writing in the Forum on forms of government, says: "We are great ticklers for names. Call a government a monarchy, and we regard it as dangerous; but if you call it a republic, the amount of despotic power used in its government does not make any difference, except, perhaps, to improve it. We throw up our hats for the Boers and their independence, because their government is called a republic, though it is, in fact, an oligarchy of the worst type; and England, though extending the liberties of the human race, must be maligned for no other reason than that she wears the tag of monarchy."

All governments have their faults, and serious ones, for all of them are necessary evils, incident to the course of man's evolution; and we can only study comparative history in order to judge of their present respective merits. For instance, though the American miner in the Klondike may object to the heavy Canadian taxes, yet there the facilities for naturalization are excellent, and he has a chance to become a citizen, to have a share in the benefits of their expenditure, and a vote on the amount of the levy. In the Transvaal, on the contrary, we have the word of Mr. Gold, a New Yorker, whose letter recently appeared in The Oregonian, that there is no instance on record of an Uitlander having been allowed to become a citizen. Had the Jameson raid been better planned, the Uitlanders would have regulated these little eccentricities of Citizen Kruger, without an appeal to England, that "bully of the nations," having been necessary.

No doubt England is "bad medicine," "ruled as she is by a vile but titled oligarchy," but as we are on the subject of comparisons, it appears from the records that justice is administered there so impartially that they never have to call on Judge Lynch; neither do they in these closing years of the 19th century burn and torture an occasional negro, which appear to be incidental trifles of "American civilization."

Mulhall tells us that pauperism has been steadily on the decrease in England since she adopted comparative free trade some 50 years ago. Well, we have groaned under a tariff monstrosity for 30 years, supposed to be for the "protection of American labor"; and one hardly needs to read W. T. Stead's "If Christ Came to Chicago," or Jacob Riis' "How the Other Half Lives" to be aware of the destitution and wretchedness to be found in our great cities.

These are painful subjects, but they serve to show how fragile is the glass house we live in, and what need we have to apply the lesson of the mote and the beam. Evolution only will right these matters, and in the meantime the Washington government is not likely to ride in the same boat with Great Britain any further than mutual interests point to the same course.

LEO WALLACE.

ASTOR RAISES RENTS.

Old Tenants Will Lose the Savings of a Life Time.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—The World says:

Notice has been served on the leaseholders of Astor property in this city, whose leases expire May 1, 1900, that the ground rents will be raised from $350 a year to $750. The rentals shortly to be increased are for the most part on property belonging to John Jacob Astor. Many of the leaseholders have protested to the Astor agents, but they were told to make whatever complaints they had in writing, and these would be forwarded to Mr. Astor.

Many tenants have been in possession of the property for from 20 to 40 years, having bought it on a mortgage, and succeeded in paying off nearly if not all of the mortgage, only to find themselves at an old age in a fair way to be deprived of the savings of a life time. The greater number affected by the increase have houses in the territory bounded by Avenue A to First avenue and Fourth, Fifth and Sixth streets. The houses are for the most part four-story tenements, 20 years old and lacking in modern improvements. The landlords consequently have difficulty in securing tenants.

The rentals for these houses average $1800 a year when all the rooms and the stores on the ground floors are constantly occupied. With the ground rental of $50 now demanded and $300 a year taxes, which must be paid by the leaseholders, there is left $750 a year to the owners, from which repairs must be deducted. Said one tenant yesterday:

"Fifteen years ago I paid $14,000 for this property, when the ground rental was $350 a year. I paid out $1000 in improvements, and have since spent thousands in keeping the place in repair. Now that the Astors have raised my ground rent, I am caught in a trap from which there is no escape. We leaseholders are ruined, and there is no hope for us."

Charles Lutz, president of the Taxpayers Association, of the seventeenth ward, in which the property lies, said that the increase in the ground rentals would further tend to depreciate property in the neighborhood, and would prove the ruin of many of the poorer leaseholders.

Anti-Climax.

Philadelphia Press.

"My proudest boast," declared the lecturer, who expected his statement to be greeted with cheers, "is that I was one of the men behind the guns!"

"How many miles behind?" piped a voice from the gallery.

The Other Boy Wants His Turn.

Philadelphia North American.

"Pa," said the small boy, his eyes looking longingly at the new mechanical top, "you've showed me how to work it now for an hour. Let me try."

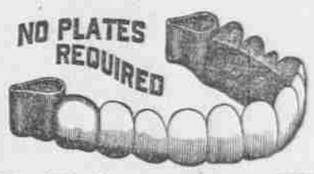
Pears'

Its least virtue is that it lasts so.

Soap is for comfort; the clean are comfortable.

NO PAIN! NO GAS!

NEW YORK DENTAL PARLORS



Set of Teeth $5.00
Gold Filling $1.00
Best Teeth, S. S. W.....$8.00
Gold Crown $5.00
Silver Filling ..... .50

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