FIDDLER AT FOUR; FAMOUS AT FOURTEEN

Some Entertaining Stories of Mischa Elman Who Recently Gave His Services to the Society of American Women in London, *and* Who Is to Make His First Voyage Hither This Autumn—Many Narrow Escapes in His Career

By Curtis Brown.

LONDON, June 28.—When some nice American college girl comes over to England for a post-graduate course as the guest of the Society of American Women in London, on funds raised by the recent benefit concert under the American ambassador's auspices, she ought to send a wreath to Mischa Elman, whose free services chiefly contributed to make the concert a success.

Probably, however, the young man doesn't much care about wreaths. Although at the age of 17 he is, perhaps, the greatest living violinist, he looks as little like the traditional musician—he of long hair and poetic pallor—as he does like an infant prodigy. He has a jolly, big, round face; comfortable hands quite free from any reproach of being taper-fingered; short, wavy, thick brown hair of the stand-up-on-end kind, broad shoulders, deep chest, and a pair of legs evidently made to stand on and not merely for the support of trousers.

He abominates knickerbockers and Eton collars, and went into long trousers at the first possible moment, refusing utterly to be an infant phenomenon, and wishing to be looked on as a grown-up man who had no use for pretty ways and delicate health, but wanted three big meals a day and lots of hearty outdoor fun, just as if he were not a genius.

Coming to America.

As Elman makes his first trip to America this autumn, and as he is so different from the ordinary run of "wunderkinder," it seemed likely that it would be of interest to American readers to get some stories of the boy's earliest manifestations of genius, and to this end Daniel Mayer, who is to musicians in England pretty much what Charles Frohman is to actors in America, was persuaded to produce Elman's father, for purposes of catechism. The senior Elman is not yet fully inured to drawing-rooms, and has only lately begun to realize that London's conventions of dress are worth bothering with, but no one can talk with him long without realising that he is a good, sound father, who doesnt propose to be a hanger-on, and who would be quite capable of administering a spanking if he thought duty demanded it.

Although so much has been written about Mischa Elman, it has been mostly in the way of comment and praise, and almost nothing has been known of the boy's beginnings as a musician. The story as extricated from the senior Elman with some help from an interpreter, proves uncommonly interesting.

Inherits Talent.

When Mischa was born the father was a Jewish village schoolmaster in the little Russian town of Talnoje down near Odessa. He had some fame in the village as a violinist, and Mme. Elman was the daughter of a violinist.

"We used to notice," said M. Elman, "that when Mischa was 18 months old, I could always stop him from crying by playing to him on my fiddle. He used to sit up motionless, and seemed to be fascinated by the music. When he was 4, he wanted to have my violin. Of course, I was afraid he would break it, but he got his mother to let him have it one day when I was away, and what did he do but begin to move his fingers up and down the strings, grinning whenever he got the right notes of the scale. I caught him at it one day, and decided to get him a quarter-violin. I thought he would be happy, but he only looked at it and said it was not a fiddle at all, and as soon as my back was turned, he tore off the strings and smashed the wood into little bits. We were very poor and I was angry. He said he wanted a real fiddle and would not have anything else.

Started at Four.

"He seemed to have such an extraordinary ear for music that I at last decided to save money and buy him another instrument, bigger than the one he had destroyed. The second day he had it, he rushed out into the street to meet me as I was coming home, and said, 'I can play your "Waltz Cliequot."' That was the name of a little waltz I used to play. Of course I would not believe it, but he seized me by the hand and dragged me into the house, and sure enough, he played the waltz almost without mistake, and in surprising rythm. I could not believe my ears, for it seemed incredible that a boy of 4 without instruction should be able to play a waltz on the violin after having had it only two days. We had a village orchestra of six ,and I took him round to play with them. Instead of being frightened, he not only played this waltz much better than before, but also another little waltz that he had heard me play. The trouble was that thereafter he always wanted to play with the orchestra. Of course, after that I began to teach him as well as I could.

"When he was 4½, Princess Urusoff, who was the great lady of the neighborhood and owned most of the land about us, heard about Mischa, and one day a swell violinist came to our house and said he had been sent by the princess to give lessons to Mischa. When he found that his pupil was to be a 4-year-old baby who could scarcely speak he was very angry and went away as fast as ever he could. But a few days later the princess asked Mischa to come and play for her and I took our little orchestra along. But the result was much grief to me, for she at once wanted to adopt my little boy and pay for his musical education and bring him up as a gentleman. Her only condition was that he should leave the faith of his fathers and become a Christian. To this I felt I could not consent.

Becomes Excited.

"Fortunately though, the princess was not altogether angry, and assisted us somewhat in taking the boy to Odessa, when he was 5½. He was taken to Mlynarski, who was at the head of the Conservatoire there. Mischa was so excited that the first thing he did was to fall flat over the piano stool. He also informed Mlynarski that he was 7 months old and that he had played the violin five and a half years. He did not know at all what he was doing or saying."

Soon afterward, Professor Auer became interested in the boy, and as no Jews were permitted to come to live in St. Petersburg except such as were born there, the professor had to get special permission from the czar in order that his protege might come to the Russian metropolis for the finishing of his musical education—a point that was reached at the mature age of 14. After that the boy set forth into the world, and the rest is history.

Expect Narrow Escape.

The Elmans have a superstition that Mischa is bound to have some narrow escape on his way to America, for every big new chapter in his career has been thus opened. On his way to St. Petersburg from Odessa, the third-class compartment was desperately crowded, and Elman pere set forth at the first stopping place to see if he could not find another carriage. He at last arranged for an empty compartment and hurried back to get the boy. But the little fellow was so sound asleep that he could not be awakened and it seemed best to leave him where he was. Almost immediately afterward there was a collision and the compartment that was to have been taken was smashed to bits.

The next step was when Mischa left St. Petersburg to make his debut in Berlin. The night before the concert the gas in his hotel bedroom was only partially turned off, and the boy was so nearly suffocated that the doctors had to work on him till 11:30 the next morning to bring him around. He was due to play before the critics at noon, and insisted on going, although he was scarcely able to stand. He arrived only 20 minutes late, played four pieces and then fainted, but woke next day to find himself famous.

Cuts Hand.

The next event was his London debut, and on the way hither he cut a great gash in his hand with glass. He insisted on playing, however, although his hand was much stitched and patched, and although playing cost him much pain. Now his father wonders what will happen to him on the way to America.

Aside from his strange gift of being able to interpret the great masters of music by a kind of instinct, Elman is a normal, hearty, healthy boy, of good habits, fond of bicycling and with a keen taste for chess. Although he has never studied the piano, he is a more than ordinarily good pianist, playing apparently by instinct. He has written a good deal of music, too, and wants to be known as a composer some day.

MISCHA ELMAN AND HIS SISTER.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH MISCHA ELMAN WAS BORN.

MISCHA ELMAN AND PROFESSOR AUER.

In Great Britain city debts are becoming enormous, even when due allowance is made for the extensive investments of public money in property of a kind not owned by municipalities in America. Sheffield has a bonded debt of over $43,000,000, above its sinking fund, and Leeds owes $62,000,000. The bonded debt of Liverpool is over $72,000,000 and Birmingham owes $82,000,000. Glasgow's debt is $86,000,000.—Cleveland Leader.

ROSE EYTINGE, HER HOME LIFE IN PORTLAND—She Was Once Great Star of American Stage

By Bessie Guinean Stone.

I WENT to see Rose Eytinge, the actress, the other day. As I entered the boarding house and waited while the maid took my card, I looked up and saw coming slowly down the stairs a woman, and I knew, even before she spoke that this was Rose Eytinge. Why? I don't know. I had never seen her before. It must have been some subtle sixth sense. What I saw was a large woman with a beautiful mobile face over which flits every passing emotion—if Rose Eytinge were dumb she could still speak and be understood with her face and eyes—a mass of soft snow-white hair; clear olive complexion and large dark eyes which time can never dim, nor rob of their sparkle and fire. Nor can time rob Rose Eytinge of the magic witchery of her personality, for by it she has swayed audiences, moving them to laughter or to tears at her will.

Any attempt to describe her would be futile. Mere words cannot do her justice. It is not the outward seeming of the woman which can be described. Rose Eytinge is not an ordinary woman. One knows that instinctively the moment she enters a room. Her charm lies in her voice, her manner, her grace—rather it lies in a combination of these things, and the whole is the actress, the woman.

Visions of the Drama.

As we sat in the boarding house parlor and I listened to her, gradually the stiff, upholstered furniture faded away, and I saw instead, a vast theatre filled with a waiting, breathless audience. I could see the hundreds of electric lights, hear the soft, subdued music, smell the perfumes of flowers and feel the dominant note of expectancy. And then, from out the wings stepped calmly and confidently the woman they had been waiting for; the beautiful woman who held them in the hollow of her hand by the magic of her marvelous compelling art.

Rose Eytinge, and that, by the way, is the way she best likes to be spoken of, with no prefix whatever, is not a stage name, but, as she expresses it, is the name she was born with, and the name with which she was baptized. It was originally of Hollandise extraction and carried 'von' before it, and in its present form is somewhat Anglicized.

The names that came from her tongue were all stars of the long past yesterdays—Booth, Barrett, McCullough, John Drew, Barrymore, and others whose fame, even to this day, though a new generation has come into being, time has not tarnished.

One of Rose Eytinge's first successes was in San Francisco in the early 70's at the old California theatre. At this time it was a stock house and John McCullough was stage manager. Rose Eytinge came fresh from her eastern triumphs and gave for the first time on the Pacific coast the adaptation from the French of Porte St. Martin's melodrama, "Rose Michel." The reception the actress received from the warm-hearted Californians was bewildering in its spontaneity, accustomed as she was to the self repression of the east. The place was so successful that it enjoyed a run of four or five weeks, an unprecedented proceeding, even in those days, for a stock house.

Played With Tom Keene.

When the play was finally withdrawn she gave Anthony and Cleopatra with Tom Keene playing opposite. Rose Eytinge made especial mention of Viogetin, the scenic artist. In his day, one of the best in his line. She thinks the stage of today is not to be compared to the stage of forty or fifty years ago. In those days, she said, the resources were marvelous. The productions nowadays are too ultra modern; too bizarre; the antique effects are lost sight of, and the result is, that mediocrity prevails.

Rose Eytinge has played many parts and has always been a success.

She will tell you this with all the frankness of a child. "I had no first success, because I was always a success." Despite this calm assurance, which in another woman would be egregious self praise. Rose Eytinge is not an egotist. Her's is rather the inborn consciousness of the real artist—the genius.

And yet, Rose Eytinge has her human side, too. She confesses that never in all her long career as an actress did she go on the stage without nearly dying of stage fright beforehand. "I used to stand in the wings, waiting for my cue, with my knees knocking together and my teeth chattering. Many a time I have debated within myself whether I would go on when the time came, or run from the theatre to my room and lock myself in. Many a time the manager has had to fairly push me from the wings onto the stage. But the moment I was on the boards I was a different being, and my stage fright was a thing of the past, until the next night. But I do not regret the agonies I used to go through nightly on account of this. It showed that I had temperament, and no woman who lacks that can be a good actress."

Loved the Part.

Among the other parts in her repertoire was that of "Leah" in the French drama of that name. She used to like to play this part because she believed she resembled the heroine, and one of the rules of Rose Eytinge's stage career was that a woman must appeal to all senses in order to be a good actress. Her next part of importance was "Melanie," also an adaptation from the French. She then starred for some time as "Virginia" in the tragedy of "Virginus."

Rose Eytinge's life, however, has not been devoid of hard work and constant study. When she first went on the stage, more than fifty years ago, she was young, poor, alone and inordinately ambitious. She lived in one little room and made all her stage and street clothes herself. She told me that once when she had been cast for a more than ordinarily important part she sat up all the night before sewing and studying. When she went down to the theatre for the final rehearsal she was so tired and worn out she could scarcely speak and so blind she could not see the lines in the prompt book. After she went home, the manager, fearing she would be a failure that night privately told her understudy to be prepared to take the part. Fortunately Rose Eytinge knew nothing about this arrangement, and to the surprise of the company read her lines that night with unusual brilliancy, despite her fatigue, which shows that no matter what her physical feeling her mentality always dominated it.

According to her one of the reasons why the modern dramas of today so often fail is because the managers dare not put before the public the living tragedies of every day life, the parts are simply glossed over, like sugar on a cake, the motives underlying them are so much stronger than the written words that the public leaves the theatre saying how small, petty and futile the modern drama has grown. In brief, we don't dare be ourselves. Figuratively speaking, we all wear, more or less skillfully, a mask which serves to conceal our real feelings—tear that mask away and what a revelation would be made. The playwriters don't dare be themselves, and as for the audience—could a search light be turned on the hearts there, Shakespeare's immortal words would be verified again—"All the world a stage and all the men and women merely players—"

Will Live in Portland.

And so Rose Eytinge, after a busy, brilliant career filled with more successes than is ordinarily vouchsafed to the lot of one woman, has come to Portland to spend her declining days.

As the sun of her life sinks slowly into the golden west she can look back and give again in her mind the triumphs, the glories, aye, and the heartaches that have been hers. Only recently Rose Eytinge lost her only and well-loved son, Frank Butler, a young newspaper man who held the responsible position of editorial writer on the New York Telegraph. The blow was one of the hardest she was ever called upon to bear, but Rose Eytinge is not a woman who sinks under adversities, no matter how they rend and tear her soul.

"If we all took this line from the Lord's prayer," she said to me as we parted, "Thy will, not my will be done." We may say it with our lips, but all the time our rebellious hearts are crying out—My will, oh Lord, not thy will be done. When we learn to bow our heads with patience and resignation and truthfully say, "Thy will," then will come the knowledge of the higher and better things of life, and a fuller, more complete understanding of love, which is the best thing in the world."

GALVESTON IMMIGRATION MOVEMENT—Finding Jobs for New Citizens Away From Conjestion *of* East

By H. J. Haskell.

THE so-called movement to divert Jewish immigration from New York to the gulf port has attracted wide attention. The doubt has been as to the feasibility of the plan. "Would not the new-comers," it has been asked, "be dissatisfied in the west and drift back to the eastern settlements of their own nationality?"

The plan has been effective for so short a time that sufficient data to answer the question positively have not yet accumulated. Still, the experience of one of the most important distribution centers for the Galveston movement is instructive. Of approximately 1,000 immigrants who landed in Galveston in the six months following the establishing of the Jewish immigrants' information bureau, July 1, 1907, about 10 per cent were sent to Kansas City, where they came under the care of the United Jewish Charities and of Jacob Billikopf, superintendent.

An individual record of each of these 100 persons has been kept by him. It was rarely necessary to furnish board longer than a week at an individual cost of $5 and $6. Within that time positions were almost invariably found. The period covered includes the months of financial depression which made employment uncertain. Mr. Billikopf found 375 jobs for his 100 charges. In most instances positions were lost through no fault of the employes. Rarely have more than half a dozen men been out of work at one time, for the west has not been so seriously affected by the financial depression as the east.

All sorts of occupations are represented among immigrants. There are tailors, shoemakers, bricklayers, tinners, blacksmiths, butchers, bookkeepers, locksmiths, woodworkers. Wherever possible men have been provided with work at their own occupations. In many cases, however, this has proved impossible and they have taken whatever offered. At present the tailors are making the highest wages. In some instances their pay has gone to $17, $18 and even $20 a week. Of the 88 persons listed as at work May 1, 48 were receiving wages under $10 a week with $5.50 as the minimum. Thirty-six were getting between $10 and $15 and four were making $16 or more, the maximum being $20.

The record kept at the office of the United Jewish Charities in Kansas City makes interesting reading. There is W. B., for instance, soapmaker, who arrived July 1, 1907. He is working in a packing-house for $9 a week. Since his arrival he has saved $175 and has sent for his family in Russia. N. P., a tailor, is making $16 a week, has saved $100 and expects to send for his family. I. Z., a laborer in a junk yard at $9 a week, has sent more than $100 to Russia. M. G., who arrived August 6, out of his salary of $10.50 a week as a sash and door maker, has saved $100 and has sent for his oldest daughter from Russia. M. B., an iron worker, on $12 a week saved $110 and now has taken a small farm.

So it goes down the list with only two discouraging entries—one man who was implicated in a theft and left town, and another who is listed as an undesirable citizen working only occasionally. But 14 of the immigrants, working for the most part at meager wages, are credited with having saved $1,265 since their arrival in Kansas City.

The movement has not yet attracted the serious attention of the unions, possibly because it is not on an extensive scale. In one instance it was found possible to place a cornice worker in a union shop with the acquiescence of the union's business agent. It was pointed out to him that the new-comer would probably become sufficiently proficient within a few weeks to earn the union scale. As soon as he should reach that point the man promised to take out a card. The agent took the position that it was better to encourage such a man to enter the union than force him into the ranks of the non-union forces. Therefore he consented that he should work in the shop on probation. Before the expiration of the period allotted, the immigrant was able to join the union.

Apparently the immigrants diverted to the west through Galveston are not going to drift eastward. At least that is the Kansas City experience. Only half a dozen of those who have come to Kansas City have left town, and while the movement has not been of sufficient duration for a test, there seems no reason to suppose that the new arrivals will not be satisfied with the opportunities offered in the west.

As it is they are rapidly being transformed into Americans. The great social service of the organized Jewish charities in this transformation process is self-evident. If these Russian Jews, ignorant of the language and with their low standard of living, were plumped down into the west—into Kansas City, for instance—with no one to look after them, they would starve for a few days and then would drift into the ranks of unskilled labor with the chances against their ever rising. With the aid of the Charity Organization society they are able to start above the poverty level. So they have a chance to look about with a view to improving their condition. First they see the need of learning English. This is provided for by the night schools of the Jewish organization—which ought to be supplanted by the public night schools. And then they begin to look for a better job.

A capmaker, who in Russia had made only a few dollars a month when he could get work, was started in Kansas City at $10 a week, which soon was raised to $12. That was opulence and he lived with the joy of a millionaire until he made a discovery. Then he went to Mr. Billikopf with a grievance.

"What's the matter?" inquired the superintendent. "Aren't you getting on all right?"

"Yes," was the reply, "only I have heard that Cohen, who isn't any better capmaker than I, is getting $16. When shall I be getting $16?"

That discontent was the evidence of the Russian capmaker's Americanization. And that is one of the fruits of the Galveston movement.

FISHERMEN BLESS THE SEA—Quaint Custom Handed Down for Ages

BRUSSELS, June 13.—One of the "attractions" of the fashionable season at Europe's "queen of watering places," Ostend, is the annual ceremony of blessing the sea. Taking place early in July, it forms a fitting overture to the grand performance provided by the European aristocracy that frequent the famous Belgian resort during the succeeding summer months.

The ceremony is one of the many popular manifestations of the church of Rome, arranged to suit local conditions. After high mass at the principal local church—dignified by the name of cathedral—a procession is formed outside. This procession is composed by the most conglomerate elements; besides the usual choristers and priests there are hundreds of fisher-folk and their children. The organizers appear to gather up every family in the poorer quarters of the town. Then, by way of making them realize their great good fortune, the youngsters are either dressed as some saint or else they are allowed to carry a banner or a candle (at high noon), or to support one of the corners of a portable platform carrying a highly-painted and gilded statue of the virgin or of one of the numerous saints of the sea. A party of fishermen in everyday clothes is perhaps the most original part of the whole cortege except that there are too few of them. After passing through the town the whole parade with the bishop and other leading clergy at its head, proceeds beachwards.

If one has the luck to keep abreast of the head of the procession and to emerge at the seafront with it, the sight will not readily be forgotten. On the beach are thousands of people in fashionable toilets and in rough fustian, the count mingling with the sailor, the marchioness with the fishwife. In the offing one sees hundreds of sailing craft and steam yachts with a big mail boat, outward bound, in the far background. On a bright day and with the whole place beflagged and decorated, the sight is a striking one.

When the clergy reach the platform bearing a communion table, and the procession forms up in an irregular square around it, there is a little service, the central point of which is the blessing of the four cardinal points of the compass by the bishop. Then this dignitary turns seawards and spreading out his hands, chants a prayer of thanksgiving, then one of supplication on behalf of all those that go down to the sea in ships. As he ceases, the cannon on the opposite side of the harbor—the fog guns that are used as harbor guides in bad weather—thunder forth a confirming reply to the benediction. The bands and choirsters then lead off a hymn of thanksgiving and the proceedings terminate.

This blessing of the sea dates from probably the 17th century; at any rate, local records show the carpenters and joiners' accounts were rendered at that time for the erection of stagings and platforms and barriers on the seafront early in July, and these indications are supported by certain other evidence. This ceremony comes at the time of the local fair, and while most of the other features of the fair (as the fisherfolk used to know it before Ostend rose to the rank of a fashionable resort) have disappeared, this one has remained. Efforts are being made to have the ceremony performed afloat and to render it, in its essential details, of a more distinctly maritime character; for it is felt that, at present, the ceremony does not fully warrant its specific title. The general feeling is that all the really marine features, such as the parties of fisher boys carrying boats and nets and images of the saints or the sea should be preserved, while the foreign or purely social element might be eliminated. In short it is desired to make the blessing of the sea a seaman's festival, rather than a society function.

Vicious California Blackbirds.

Los Angeles Correspondent San Francisco Chronicle.

Thousands of savage blackbirds infest the city, and in some of the suburbs they are so bold and vicious that dogs are kept on the jump avoiding them, men on bicycles are sometimes chased for blocks and pedestrians pecked on the heads if they happen under trees where there are nests. The birds usually fight in pairs.

If a man with a very light hat comes along they swoop down, beat it with their wings and claw at it with the rage of wounded eagles. Frequently they aim their sharp beaks at the victim's eyes and he has difficulty in defending himself. The painful yelping of cornered canines attracts flocks of the birds and then the fur flies.

IS WOMAN'S INFLUENCE ON THE WANE—By Mrs. John A. Logan

WHEN one hears many women in polite society of the present day boasting of their winning at cards, of the hours they have spent over bridge and other games, of the cocktails and champagne they are able to drink, of their enjoyment of vaudeville performances, of the money they have won at the races, of the cigarettes they have smoked, and of their indulgence in all sorts of modern dissipations, one naturally asks the question, "Are all women filling their proper mission in the world?"

The chronicles of fashionable society are filled with the doings and the sayings of women of the pretentious class that are so frivolous and silly that one blushes to think that people born to nobler purposes should fall so far below the possibilities of their privileges.

Wealth, education and favorable opportunity have been the environments of some people all the days of their lives, and yet they have never discovered their proper exalted spheres. They have never sought to learn their true estate or the work God intended them to do. They hush the chidings of conscience by subscribing to some popular charity about which they know or care nothing.

They never give any of their time to the actual work of redeeming unfortunate humanity, or to knowing for themselves that their contributions to charity are wisely expended. They care only for uninterrupted hours of ease and selfish gratifications of their caprices.

With the many workers in the fields of literature, philanthropy, education, religion and politics, there are few such names as Aspasia, Cornelia, Hortensia and others of ancient Greece and Rome.

We can not, with all our boasted advancement, furnish names that meant more for civilization, religion, mortality, freedom and the welfare of society, than those of the Pilgrim mothers—Phillis Wheatley and Hannah Daston, the heroines of colonial days in the persons of Mercy Warren, Mary Washington, mother of the father of his country, and many others.

Who can claim a place beside Abigail Adams, to whom has been attributed the honor of suggesting and urging the Declaration of Independence? She was the worthy wife of one president of the United States and the mother of another. Her letters to her husband and to her son while they were on the other side of the trackless ocean deserve to be written in letters of gold and handed down through all coming generations as the embodiment of the highest and noblest principles for the guidance of men.

The immortal names of Anne Fitzhugh, Angelica Trooman, Mary Hagidorn, Anna Warner, Esther Reed, Lydia Darrah and many others of Revolutionary fame can never be erased from the pages of history.

Epoch succeeding epoch, has furnished the names of American heroines who made a deep impress upon the age in which they lived and who wrote their names on the rolls of fame beside the most illustrious men of our country.

They did not achieve imperishable names by idleness or dallying with vices. They were up and doing incessantly striving for better things and higher places than leadership in fashionable society. It never occurred to any maiden or matron of the olden time that the horse fairs and races were places where they should appear in gorgeous costumes or enter the lists of rivals for the favor of men addicted to gaming or the turf.

They cast their influence on the side of morality and religion and won many laurels in the higher realms of society.

WHERE DEMOCRACY IS THE WEAKEST—By Sir H. Wrixon, M. P.

IT is surprising how many abuses the public put up with quietly under a real people's government. In a crisis when the masses are roused its strength is irresistible, but in the daily rounds of politics the party in power seaks to avoid difficulties and to make as few enemies as possible.

That a man should be allowed to direct his own industry and keep what he can lawfully make by it, is an intelligible principle, but this principle is distorted out of all semblance of its true self by the operation of trusts, combines, corners and all the other machinations of lawless monopoly.

These methods are crimes according to the old common law of England and of America. The old decisions of the English courts are clear in their condemnation, as crimes, of combinations against the freedom of trade and industry, as they "discourage labor and restrain persons from getting an honest livelihood and put it in the power of other persons to set what price they please upon commodities, all of which are manifest inconveniences to the public."

Merchants were sent to jail in England a hundred years ago for malpractices, which are trivial compared with those which have been openly perpetrated of late in the United States.

In 1800 a hop merchant was convicted in England and sentenced to several months' imprisonment for buying up all the goods in one locality and combining with others to bring about an artificial rise in the price.

In passing sentence, the judge said: "The same law that protects the proprietors of merchandise takes an interest also in the concerns of the public by protecting the poor man against the avarice of the rich, and from all time it has been an offense against the public to commit practices to enhance the price of merchandise coming to market, particularly the necessities of life, for the purpose of enriching the individual. The freedom of trade has its legal limits."

There is no doubt that the gigantic accumulation of wealth in a few hands does endanger, and naturally so, the institution itself of property, as they present such a strained application of the principle that a man should be allowed to keep what he has earned.

In a thoroughly modern democracy the last thing thought of is the people. Particular classes fighting for themselves, active interests demanding some concession, the public servant clamoring for better wages, the tenants of the state calling for the remission of rent, special industries seeking indulgence—these and particular interests such as these will prevail under the easy-going sway of popular government, over what may be the true interests of the people as a whole.

There is no central authority independent enough to insist upon the rights of the public generally and to their name defy the sectional claims of self-interest. Things drift along the course of the strongest current. Money is their power indeed, and though the capitalist is denounced, his influence remains and prevails.