

THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER.

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Thursday, April 16, 1891.

Congressman Simpson says that "reciprocity with South America can't help farmers any," though "it might help manufacturers of farming implements to sell their goods to one larger than the American market." And at less prices than to our own farmers, he might have added. The average farmer knows the conditions of a profitable trade and a good deal better than most of the politicians give him credit for.

The postoffice department has adopted the new designs for the two sizes of postal cards, and from an artistic point of view they are about as hideous as could have possibly been selected. There are two sizes, one larger than the usual postal card, and one smaller. The larger one is manilla and the printing on the address side, including a vignette of General Grant in the upper right hand corner, is brown, while the smaller one, which is white and is intended especially for the ladies, has almost the same design on its address side, printed in blue.

Senator Manderson's committee is preparing, under a joint resolution of the last congress, to tackle the abuses, known and unknown, in the printing and distribution of public documents, with the intention of reporting a bill, reducing the cost of this service to the fifty-second congress. If the committee has the nerve it can easily show how hundreds of thousands of dollars can be saved without detriment to the public interest, but we wouldn't bet a cracker that it does anything of the sort.

The discovery of a single case of typhus fever in New York is a sensational occurrence. Yet a few generations ago typhus was a frequent visitor in every city and men thought themselves fortunate if it was restrained from becoming epidemic. The fact that a single case seems now phenomenal and alarming marks the great progress made of late years in medical science and sanitation, which have so nearly exterminated this dread disease—the true plague of history—to render every case of it a surprise.

Coincidentally with the appearance of the first warm wave in the wilds of North Dakota comes the seasonable intelligence that four members of the senate committee on territories are fixing up an itinerary for a \$9000 summer outing to Alaska "to study the needs of the territory and report what legislation is necessary." The most pressing legislation necessitated by such trips is an act of congress abolishing congressional picnics of all sorts, including obsequies. And it will be curious if the coming house shall fail to put such an act through as rapidly as may be consistent with the dignity of such a deliberative body.

A CRUEL EXPOSURE. The sudden and somewhat surprising defeat of Mr. Blaine's Canadian reciprocity scheme throws a flood of light on the attitude of the republican leaders who have control of the organization. Mr. Blaine probably proposed to himself that he would make the next presidential campaign on the cry of "Blaine and reciprocity," and in this way he would extract the sting from the McKinley bill and take the wind from the democratic sails. It is not likely that he intended that there should be any real reciprocity, but he did intend to make a show of desiring greater freedom of exchange.

But his growing importance in this direction has not pleased either the president or Mr. McKinley. These leaders were willing that the fraudulent Brazilian reciprocity fare should be played, but they would not appear to consent to anything that looked like "free trade" with Canada. Such negotiations as Mr. Blaine proposed would materially interfere with their projected plan of campaign. They do not intend to abandon their high protection ground nor to deprive themselves of the pecuniary and other assistance that the manufacturers are willing to bestow upon them so long as they are willing to turn to keep up the taxes for the enrichment of the favored beneficiaries of the tariff.

The republican leaders are willing to catch all the gaudy ones who will swallow the South American sham. But they mean to continue to fight for protection, and to do nothing that will mislead their adherents. Moreover, this administration does not intend that Mr. Blaine shall capture the party or the nomination on any pretense whatever.

IN A NUT SHELL.

Here is the tariff question in a nut shell. The New York Sun, a high protectionist newspaper, says:

One of the benefits of the protective tariff is that it enables millions of men whose sole stock of goods is their day labor to sell that stock at an advanced price.

This is the "protectionist's claim. It is to be well founded in regard to manufactured goods what is the result? The laborers who sell their labor consume most of what they manufacture and pay a larger price for the product of their own labor than they would pay if prices were not artificially advanced. At the same time they make it impossible for what they produce to be sold in other countries and thereby limit the possible production of manufactured goods in this country. It is asserted by the advocates of lower tariff rates that the laborer would be benefited and the prosperity and growth of the country enhanced by abandoning the attempt to maintain the price of all exportable goods at a higher rate than they are sold for in the markets of the world.

But it appears that a prohibitory tariff does not really maintain the higher wages that the tariff protectionists claim for it. The united silk workers of North America have held during the present week their quarterly convention in Paterson, N. J., and here are the resolutions which they adopted:

WHEREAS, The silk industry of the United States, despite the high protective tariff, is at present in a most deplorable condition, wages being so low that skilled operatives are seeking other occupations, and in view of the fact that since 1889 the wages of ribbon weavers have even reduced 58 percent, be it

Resolved, That the representatives of the United Silk Workers of North America, now in session, appeal to the friends of American labor not to purchase silk fabrics of foreign manufacture which are actually inferior to those made here; and that we further petition for no free trade benefits the workingman, and we, therefore, call upon all silk workers who are unorganized to band themselves together in the national body. And it is our further opinion that the only protective workmen will ever receive will be that they give themselves.

In as much as the experiment of free trade has never been tried in this country and no one at present proposes to try it, the expression of opinion concerning its benefits to workmen need not be considered. But there is an opportunity here for the New York Sun and all the high protectionist newspapers to explain on what grounds they based their assertions in regard to the benefits of McKinleyism.

If the condition of the silk workers is so bad as they describe it, why should they be compelled to pay an artificial price on all the woollen clothing they wear and a multitude of other things which they have to buy? We are glad they are studying the tariff question.—National Democrat.

THE PRICE OF FREE SUGAR.

Just now every protectionist journal is cackling over the benefit conferred upon the people of the cheapening of sugar through the removal of the tariff tax.

Yet only a month ago Mr. McKinley was telling the people of Ohio that "this cry of cheapness is not new—it rang through England fifty years ago in the voice and the philosophy of Cobden. It did indeed. And as a result the working people of England have since that time had bread unburdened with taxes. The McKinley bill has done for sugar what the agitation of Cobden did for the poor man's loaf in England. And the party whose leader declared in the campaign that he "despised cheapness" is now glorying in cheap sugar!

Free sugar is well, but the American people know the fearful price they were called upon to pay for it. The law which abolished the tax on raw sugar raised the taxes in every other tariff schedule an average of 33 per cent.

As part of the cost of free sugar the duty on beef, mutton and pork was raised 100 per cent; on building stone 100 per cent; on ingrain carpet more than 50 per cent; on wooden clothing over 50 per cent; on tannels the same; on glassware and lamp chimneys 50 per cent; on handkerchiefs nearly 60 per cent; on tin plates 125 per cent. And so on through the list—higher taxes and still higher through the list—the duties.

They will inevitably ask themselves why, if free sugar is so good a thing, free wool, flax, iron, tin, glass, coal and other necessities would not be equally good.—N. Y. World.

A mistake which cost the British government as much territory as there is in the state of Rhode Island has just come to light. The error consists in the fact that the iron monuments at Blaine, and for many miles east of there, which mark the boundary line, are 300 yards north of the forty-ninth parallel, which should be the real boundary line. Ensign Edward Moore, jr., of the United States navy, who is connected with the coast geodetic survey, tells the Seattle Telegraph how the mistake was discovered by the government engineers who were making surveys for coast charts. It is supposed that when the boundary line survey was made, under the direction of a joint American and English commission, in 1852, a slight error was made somewhere in Northern Montana or in the Rocky mountains. This was trifling at the start, but kept widening until the Gulf of Georgia was reached, when it was 300 yards in width. The British government cannot demand that this territory back because the boundary line is fixed by treaty at a line of iron posts, placed every mile from the Lake of the Woods to the Gulf of Georgia. From the Lake of the Woods east, the river and lakes mark the frontier. These posts, and not the forty-ninth parallel, are mentioned in the treaty, and the United States will retain this land.

THE DANGEROUS CLASSES.

DR. TALMAGE FINDS THEM AMONG THE RICH AND THE POOR.

The Mass of Wealth and Leisure Who "Kills Time" in Being Nothing—At the Other Extreme Are the Criminal Poor, the Desperate and Despairing.

NEW YORK, April 12.—Dr. Talmage, in continuation of the course of sermons on "The Ten Plagues of the Cities," today preached to large audiences in the Tabernacle Academy of Music in the forenoon, and at the Christian Herald service at the New York Academy of Music in the evening, on "The Plague of Crime in the City." For his text Exodus vii, 20, "All the waters that were in the river were turned to blood."

Among all the Egyptian plagues none could have been worse than this. The Nile is the wealth of Egypt. Its fish, the food, the water, the means of life, the life itself. Its condition decides the prosperity or the doom of the empire. What happens to the Nile happens to all Egypt. And now in the text that great river is dried up. It is a real gash across an empire. In poetic license we speak of wars which turn the Nile into a sea of fire, and of a great crime, appalling condition described. The Nile rots and dries up. Can you imagine a more awful plague? The modern plague which nearest corresponds with that is the plague of crime in all our cities. It kills and maims. It shrinks from no carnage. It bruises and cuts and strikes down and destroys. It reveals in the blood of body and soul, this plague of crime rampant in the East, never bolder or more rampant than now. The annual police reports of these cities as I examine them are to me increasingly suggestive than Daniel's Inferno, and all Christian people as well as reformers need to awaken to a present and tremendous danger. If you want this plague of crime to stop there are several kinds of persons you need to consider. First, the public criminals. You ought to be as strict with these people as you are with the thieves in many communities. The vast majority of the criminals who take ship from Europe come to our ports. The police of the forty-nine thousand people who were incarcerated in the prisons of the country thirty-two thousand were of foreign birth. Many of them were the very desperadoes of society, coining into the simms of our city, waiting for an opportunity to loot and steal and murder and kidnap. A large gang of American thugs and cut-throats.

There are in this cluster of cities—New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn—four thousand people whose entire business in life is to commit suicide. That is as much their business as jurists and lawyers or merchandises your business. To let them bring all their energies of body and mind and soul, and they look upon the intervals which they spend in getting ready for the next day, it is their lifetime business to pick pockets and blow up safes and shoplift and ply the panel game, and they have as much pride in their profession as you have in yours when you upset the argument of an opposing counsel, or cure a gunshot fracture when other surgeons have given up, or foresee a turn in the market as you buy goods just before they go up 20 per cent. It is their business to commit crime, and that is their only chance in a year's thought of the immortality strikes them.

Add these professional criminals, American and foreign, there are a large class of men who are more or less industrious in crime. In one year the police in this cluster of cities arrested ten thousand people for theft, and ten thousand for assault and battery, and fifty thousand for intoxication. Drunkenness is responsible for much of the theft, and for the assault and battery, inspiring men to sudden bravery, which they must demonstrate though it be on the face of the next gentleman.

There are also in this cluster of cities ten million dollars' worth of property stolen in this cluster of cities in one year. You cannot, as good as police, get independent of that fact. It will touch your pocket, since I have to give you the fact that these three cities pay about eight million dollars' worth of taxes on the property of the thieves. You help to pay the board of every criminal. From the sneak thief that matches a spoon of coin to the professional who swamps a bank. More than that, it touches your heart in the moral depression of the community. It makes you feel that you stand in a closely confined room where there are fifty people and yet not breathe the vitiated air, as to stand in a community where there are such a great multitude of the depraved without some what being contaminated. What is the fire that burns your store down compared with the contagion of crime in the city? What is the theft of the gold and silver from your money safe compared with the theft of your children's virtue?

We are all ready to arraign criminals. We shout at the top of our voice, "Stop them!" and when the police get on the track we come out, hatless and in our shirts, and assist in the arrests. We come around the lawless rascal and help him off to justice, and when he gets in prison what do we do for him? With great gusto we put on the handcuffs and the hoppers; but what preparation we make for him the day when the handcuffs and the hoppers come off? Society seems to say to these criminals, "Will you give us a good rot," when it ought to say, "You are an offender against the law, but we mean to give you an opportunity to repent; we mean to help you, and we mean to give you a chance to get on your feet as a Christian and live."

What improvements have been made by introducing industries into the prison; but we want something more than hammers and shovels to reclaim these people. We want more than sermons on the sabbath day. Society must impress these men with the fact that it does not enjoy their suffering, and that it is attempting to reform and elevate them. The majority of criminals suppose that society has a grudge against them, and they in turn have a grudge against society.

They are harder in heart and more infuriate when they come out of jail than when they went in. Many of the people who go to prison go again and again and again. Some years ago, of fifteen hundred prisoners who during the year had been in Sing Sing, four hundred had been there before. In a house of correction in the country, where during a certain range of time there had been five thousand people, more than three thousand had been there before. So, in one case the prison, and in the other the house of correction, left them just as bad as they were before.

The secretary of one of the benevolent societies of New York says a lad fifteen years of age had spent three years of his life in prison, and he said to the lad, "What have they done for you to make you better?" "Well," replied the lad, "the first time I was brought up before the judge he said, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself.' And then I committed a crime again, and I was brought up before the same judge, and he said, 'You ought to be ashamed.' That was all they had done for him in the way of reformation and salvation. "Oh," you say, "these people are incorrigible." I suppose there are hundreds of persons this day living in the prison bunk who would leap up at the prospect of reformation if society would only allow them a way into decency and respectability.

THE UNCHARITABLE JUDGES. "Oh," you say, "I have no patience with these rogues." I ask you in reply, how much better would you have been under the same circumstances? Suppose your mother had been a blasphemer and your father a son, and you had been under a body guard with evil propensities, and you had spent much of your time in a cell amid obscenities and cursing, and if at ten years of age you had been taken out and sent to a reformatory, and if you came in without any spots, and suppose you had been manhood and womanhood had been corrupted with rum and fire, and de-

cent society had turned its back upon you, and left you to consort with vagabonds and wharf rats—how much better would you have been? I have no sympathy with that executive clemency which would let crime run loose, or which would sit in the gallery of a court room weeping because some well-dressed wretch is brought to justice; but I do say that the safety and life of the community demand more potential influences in behalf of punishment than the law of the Black Hole of Calcutta. I have visited prisons where, as the air swept through the windows, it smelt of rotting meat. No sunlight. Young men who had committed their first crime crowded in among other offenders. One man, who had been almost blind, who had been righted before, but who was thrust in there with his child amid the most abandoned wretches of the town, was shocked and sickened. There was a woman in the cell, who had been almost blind, who had been righted before, but who was thrust in there with his child amid the most abandoned wretches of the town, was shocked and sickened.

Some of the best people in the city are the best people in the city. I know of no manufacture footpads, vagabonds, and thieves, who are not so well calculated to make scholars, nor Harvard so well calculated to make scientists. I have seen a man who had been a theologian, as many of our jails are calculated to make criminals. All that these men do not know of crime after they have been in the jail is that it is a hell. The same machinery cannot teach them. In the insufferable stench and sickening surroundings of the prison, the only relief is the disease for the body, idiosyncrasy for the mind, and death for the soul. Stilled air and darkness and vermin never turned a thought in the mind of the prisoner.

We want men like John Howard and Sir William Blackstone and women like Elizabeth Fry. They are the only people in the United States who do not get in there for other days for what Isaac T. Hopper and others have done in the way of prison reform. But we want something more radical before will come the blessing of him who said "I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

THE CRIME OF MISGOVERNMENT. Again, in your effort to arrest this plague of crime, you must be as strict with the worthy officials. "We unto thee, O prince, when the king is a child, and thy prince is a fool, and thy people are ignorant, and thy calamity to a city when but men get in public authority. Why was it that in New York there was such unparalleled crime before the war? It was because the judges of police in that city at that time for the most part were as corrupt as the politicians of the country. They were the days of high carnival for election frauds, assassination and forgery. We had all kinds of rascals. There was one man in New York who was a public treasurer, and he was a public treasurer for twenty-eight and twenty-eight thousand dollars in one year for serving the public.

In a few years it was reported that the man who had been a public treasurer, and he was a public treasurer for twenty-eight and twenty-eight thousand dollars in one year for serving the public. In a few years it was reported that the man who had been a public treasurer, and he was a public treasurer for twenty-eight and twenty-eight thousand dollars in one year for serving the public. In a few years it was reported that the man who had been a public treasurer, and he was a public treasurer for twenty-eight and twenty-eight thousand dollars in one year for serving the public.

There is no complaint to public authority who we have in the cities of the country, walking abroad, men and women notorious for criminality unwhipped of justice. They are pointed out to you in the street by the boys. There you find what are called the "fences," the men who stand between the thief and the honest man, who buy the stolen goods, and who hand over the goods to the owner to whom they belong. There you will find those who are called the "skimmers," the men who hover around Wall Street, and who steal a glance at the bonds and stocks. There you find the funeral thieves, the men who steal the goods from the funeral home, and who sell them to the poor man who is in need of a new suit.

There are the "barber thieves," the "shoplifters," the "pickpockets," and all over the cities. Hundreds of them with their faces in the Rogues' gallery, yet doing nothing for the last five or ten years. Their length of life is that of the charnel house. They hear the roar of the wheels of fashion overhead and the gay laughter of men and maidens, and wonder why God gave them eyes so much and in them so little. Some of them thrust into an infidelity like that of the poor German girl who, when told in the midst of her wretchedness that God was good, said: "No; no good God. Just look at me. No good God!"

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While there are thousands of industrious men who cannot get any work, these men who do not want any work come in and make that plea. I am in favor of the restoration of the old fashioned whipping post for just this one class of men who will not work—sleeping at night at public expense in the station house; during the day getting their food at your dole. Imprisonment does not scare them. They would like it. Blackwell's Island or Sing Sing would be a comfortable home for them. They have no objection to the almshouse, for they like this, if they cannot get work there.

I propose this for them: On one side of them put some healthy work; on the other side put a reward, and let them take their choice. I like for that class of people the scant bill of fare that Paul wrote out for the Thessalonian laborers, "If any work not, neither should he eat." By what law of God or man is it right that you and I should toil day and night, until our hands are blistered and our arms ache and our brains get unpoisoned, and then he comes upon to support what in the United States are about two million loafers. They are a very dangerous class. Let the public authorities keep their eyes on these things.

THE ILL-TREATED BECOMING DESPERATE. Again, among the uprooting classes I propose the poor. Poverty to a certain extent chastening, but after that, when it drives a man to the wall, and he hears his children cry in vain for bread, it sometimes makes the blood spurs from nostril and lips. There are thousands of honest men lacerated into vagabondism. There are men crushed under burdens for which they are not responsible, and then they are excused for criminality, even in oppression. I state it as a simple fact that much of the socialism of the community is caused by a great unpopulated. There are many men and women battered and bruised and stung until the hour of despair has come, and they stand with the ferocity of a wild beast which, pursued until it can run no longer, turns round, foaming and bleeding, and attacks its pursuer. There is a vast underground New York and Brooklyn life that is appalling and shameful. It wallows and steams with putrefaction. You go down the stairs, which are wet and decayed with filth, and at the bottom you find the poor victims of the socialization of the community, sinking into a still darker corner under the gleam of the lantern of the police. There has not been a breath of fresh air in this room for five years. Here, there is a broken sewer empties its contents upon them, and they lie at night in the swimming pool. There they are, men, women, children, blacks, whites, Mary Magdalenes, without their repentance, and Lazarus without his God. These are "the dives" of the city. They are the "dives" of the city, as well as a great many who would like a different life but cannot get it.

These places are the sores of the city, which breed perpetual corruption. They are the underlying volcano that threatens us with a Caracas earthquake. It rolls and rumbles, and the ferocity of a wild beast which, pursued until it can run no longer, turns round, foaming and bleeding, and attacks its pursuer. There is a vast underground New York and Brooklyn life that is appalling and shameful. It wallows and steams with putrefaction. You go down the stairs, which are wet and decayed with filth, and at the bottom you find the poor victims of the socialization of the community, sinking into a still darker corner under the gleam of the lantern of the police.

There is another layer of poverty and destitution not so squalid, but almost as helpless. You hear the incessant wailing for bread and clothes and fire. Their eyes are sunken. Their cheeks look dead. Their hands are damp with slow consumption. Their flesh is puffed up with dropsy. Their breath is like that of the charnel house. They hear the roar of the wheels of fashion overhead and the gay laughter of men and maidens, and wonder why God gave them eyes so much and in them so little. Some of them thrust into an infidelity like that of the poor German girl who, when told in the midst of her wretchedness that God was good, said: "No; no good God. Just look at me. No good God!"

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poor who are dependent upon individual, city and state charities. If all their voices could come up at once it would be a groan that would shake the foundations of the city and bring all earth and heaven to the rescue. But for the most part it suffers unexpressed. It sits in silence gnawing its teeth and sucking the blood of its own arteries waiting for the judgment day. Oh, I should not wonder if on this day would be found out that some of us had some things that belonged to them, some extra garment which might have made them comfortable in cold days; some bread thrust into the ash barrel that might have appeased their hunger for a little while; some wasted candle or gas jet that might have kindled up their darkness; some fresco on the ceiling that would have given them a roof; some jewel which, brought to that orphan girl in time, might have kept her from being crowded of the precincts of an unclean life; some New Testament that would have told them of him who "came to seek and save that which was lost."

Oh, this wave of vagrancy and hunger and nakedness that dashes against our front door step! If the roofs of all the houses of destitution could be lifted so we could look down into them just as God looks, whose nerves would be strong enough to stand it! And yet there they are. The fifty thousand sewing women in these three cities, some of them in hunger and cold, working night after night, until sometimes the blood spurts from nostril and lips. Oh, this wave of vagrancy and hunger and nakedness that dashes against our front door step! If the roofs of all the houses of destitution could be lifted so we could look down into them just as God looks, whose nerves would be strong enough to stand it! And yet there they are.

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