

Journal.

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FOR SEASIDE AND COUNTRY. Readers of the Journal going out of town for the summer can have the Journal mailed to them for forty cents per month, postage free.

THE WEATHER. Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be clear and warmer.

LAW AND SCIENCE. A Scotch judge has just ruled that a bicycle is not a vehicle, and is not included in the terms "passenger train, passenger steamer, omnibus, tram car, dog cart, etc., coach, carriage or other passenger vehicle."

an accident insurance policy for the payment of \$10,000 by a cyclist who was killed riding his wheel. This variety of unknown in America. Here it is settled that a bicycle is a vehicle, it was not, it could not be kept on sidewalks, or compelled to carry a bell. From present indications the question a few years hence will be whether the bicycle is a rival or whether anything else is riding it.

The jurist of the future, called to classify some lonely relic of an era, will ponder the question as to whether the bicycle is a rival or whether anything else is riding it. He will finally decide that as it is a pedala, pneumatic tires or electric motors, it must be considered some sort of freak, with no rights on public highway.

vention progresses so rapidly that it lags far behind the passenger rocket. While the bicycle remains such a novelty, that a considerable proportion of the rural population has not yet become sufficiently familiar with it to remain from blowing it out at the first opportunity, it has already been superseded at the other end of the scale by the electric light. Thus the farmer who moves to a first-class city hotel skips the gas-lighting stage of civilization altogether. A few years ago the "ordinary" bicycle was the only one that had to be climbed with a ladder.

ort, and practically extinct before the trusted old Scotch bicycle has fairly begun to realize its full potentialities. In its place, it may be supplanted by the fly or the passenger rocket. It will have to wake early and late if it expects to keep up its pace.

VERNMENT EXPLAINED. Students of political science have wondered why Americans are so ready served in the practical work of the administration may find an element in the circumstances of the campaign. They may see the "good citizens" preparing to do anything that has been done in the past thirteen years for the benefit of the public service.

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A pneumatic tube system for transporting letters between New York and Brooklyn, with a capacity of 246,000 letters an hour, is being urged on the post office authorities. This may enable the Brooklynite blockaded in New York by the inadequacy of bridge accommodations to get word home to his wife in season to make excuses effectively.

The Brooklyn policeman who does not know whether a trolley car is overcrowded until he has counted the passengers is typical of the absolute indifference of the average Brooklyn citizen to the ravages of the trolley system in that town. The appalling number of fatalities does not seem to have aroused either indignation or horror except in the newspapers.

The premature death of William E. Russell has cut short a career that promised to be one of great distinction. Mr. Russell's early political success gave him a reputation that made everything possible to him. His name was as well known as that of any veteran of twice his years. His prospects of advancement in his party received a temporary check from the precipitation of the silver contest, but at his age he would have reasonably expected to see that issue settled and himself restored to general popularity long before he passed his prime. There should have been at least thirty good years of work in Mr. Russell, and their loss is a subject for national regret.

The Treasury reports show that the exports of merchandise from the United States have increased by over \$27,000,000 in the last fiscal year as compared with the year preceding. In the month of June this year there was an excess of exports of \$10,450,117 against an excess of imports for the corresponding month last year of \$6,015,741. The prediction that the new tariff would submerge us under a flood of foreign goods seems to have been badly damaged by collision with the facts. Instead of industries ruined by foreign competition, we have manufacturers so thrifty that they have been able to sell more goods abroad than ever before in our history.

A Grave Question of Air. Another of the unsettled questions of the moment is how large an area a person should be allowed to take up in fanning. What extent of air should one person be allowed to disturb, and how large an aerial circumference another should be able to control in equilibrium? Unquestionably there should be some recognized limit. At present there is none.

There are people who do not go to church in summer on the plea of health. When the worshippers in the pew behind yields her fan cold drops of perspiration roll down their backs and they go home in a chill. If the salutificious fan, it gives them toothache or earache, as is most convenient. The suspense of awaiting a recurrent lock of hair blown by some neighboring inconsiderate fan has been known to unsettle the steadiest nerves.

There are people who would no more encroach their neighbor's air tracts than walk on their flower beds, or tramp up and down on their porches because the front gate was open or the fences down. The people who do these things are apt to be well-meaning, obtuse people. This is not an alleviation, but an aggravation of the situation.

The conscious, deliberate invader of another person's air tract can be frowned down. The ignorant, awkward trespasser only thinks he is doing an ill-tempered person a service.

The Jesters' Chorus. "Then you look on marriage as only a civil contract?" "Yes. A civil contract with privileges of mobility."—Indianapolis Journal.

Era Quo?—Astounding! There was Jenny See on a wheel, and the other day was dismounting the practice. Parke Place—Somebody made her a present of a pair of red riding boots and she had to live up to them.—Buffalo Times.

SHALLOW SNEERS IN PLACE OF ARGUMENT.

Seemingly this intelligent and effective editorial paragraph from yesterday's Sun is to be accepted as typical of the line of argument which newspapers of a certain sort propose to employ against Bryan and Sewall.

If M. Francois, the crazy Anarchist who fired at President Furee the other day, were in this country just now, and armed with citizen papers, it is needless to mention the platform that he would support or the ticket that he would vote. He would be for Bryan and the Chicago platform. But we don't want such fellows, and their kindred will find that out next November. We have not all gone crazy.

Argument of this sort is easy and may be extended indefinitely. Doubtless as the campaign progresses and the Sun becomes hard pressed for controvertorial material, we shall find it dismissing every plea for Bryan, or for the platform on which he stands, with the vigorous and perfectly convincing rejoinder that Judas Iscariot would vote the Democratic ticket if alive to-day—a rejoinder which might gain the more force from the general popular belief that if anybody is qualified to understand the workings of the mind of Judas it is the editor of the Sun.

Intelligent people, however, will be inclined to wonder whether an election involving the most vital interests of the nation cannot be won with logical, dispassionate argument, or if it must be contested, as fishwives settle the ownership of a turbot, by mere force of invective and epithet. In the poetic regions of the far East a militant muleteer sometimes achieves victory in a controversy by insisting that donkeys sit on the graves of his adversary's ancestors. This species of argument has not hitherto been held of great effect in the United States, and there is danger that the effort to introduce it may lead to the suspicion that donkeys sit on some New York editorial tripods.

If the Sun's paragraph means anything—and some of them don't—it suggests that supporters of the Bryan ticket are only fit to be classed with Anarchists and assassins. And, indeed, this opinion has been freely expressed, the latest person to give utterance to it being a Federal office-holder of San Francisco, who, in the language of the sand lots, describes the platform as "a league with larceny and a covenant with murder." Yet we find such comparatively respectable persons as the Vice-President of the United States, the Democratic Senator from New Jersey, Mr. Smith, and the Democratic Senator from Maryland, Mr. Gorman, frankly declaring their purpose to vote this year, as heretofore, for the Democratic ticket. Is it to be understood that the editor of the Sun classifies these gentlemen with assassins and the associates of assassins?

In a letter to the Journal, written immediately after his nomination, Mr. Bryan declared that the campaign would turn upon an issue demanding only logical, scientific and fair-minded discussion." He and most other people who believe that out of the clash of honest argument comes truth must be wofully surprised by the fashion in which the anti-Democratic newspapers approach the question. They substitute epithet for argument, scurrility for reason, and wanton slander for decent controversy.

The editor of the Sun does not know that if the crazy anarchist Francois were a voter in the United States he would be for Bryan. In printing the statement baldly in the editorial columns of his newspaper he gives the lie to his constant assertion of a veracity peculiar to himself and superior to that of his contemporaries. But he does know that the Southern Democracy to a man was and is for the nominees of the Chicago Convention. Are Southern Democrats anarchists and associates of assassins? He does know that the Democratic delegates from the Middle West and the Far West were united in accomplishing these nominations. Are we to class the Democracy of these regions as a band of bomb throwers? If he be not wilfully blind he must recognize the fact that right here in New York, in Massachusetts and in Maine are Democrats by the hundred thousand who will vote for Bryan and Sewall. Does anarchy, therefore, raise its horrid head among us?

It is a pity that a cause so important as this one which now confronts the people cannot be argued soberly, logically and tolerantly. A Democratic convention, regularly constituted, has unannounced a code of Democratic principles and has offered two Democrats to the nation as candidates for President and Vice-President. The convention was enthusiastic, orderly, and its proceedings in favor of the course taken. It spoke the will of a majority of the Democratic party, and its utterances and acts are, therefore, to be judged with the respect which always attaches to the actions of the greatest of American political organizations. To attack them only with silly gibe or shallow sneer suggests that the assailant is wholly destitute of intelligent argument. He cries to the man who attacks gold monometallic "Anarchist!" with the same glib impertinence with which the slaveholding oligarchy used to ask Wendell Phillips, "Do you want a nigger to marry your sister?"

In enumerating Mr. Bryan's sources of strength, let us not forget that the Cleveland Administration is against him to a man.

Familarity might make white blackbirds seem a natural spectacle, but it is hard to imagine any circumstances in which it would be possible to gaze without astonishment on a McKinley Democrat.

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Londoners Applaud an American Actress.

London, July 9.—A young American actress, Charlotte G. Walker, to fortune and to fame unknown, has made a hit in a "new and original farce" at the Comedy Theatre, by George D. Day, and "Allan Reed," entitled "The Mummy." The young woman—or, as Sarah Jane would say, "the young lady," came to England, I understand, on a mere, higglerious holiday, with no intention of starting the Britishers. In fact, they tell me that she is under engagement to Richard Mansfield for next season. However that may be, she played the leading role in a farce that turned out to be far above the average, and when it was over everybody was asking "Who is she?"—a query that is occasionally far sweeter than the answer.

She played the role of an American girl, and so interesting to Londoners was it to have a stage American girl that didn't drop her accent when she grew earnest, that they accorded her an early place in their affections. "The Comedy swarmed with Americans, and "The Mummy" was evidently built to be sold in the American market, two of its characters being Americans, and most of the jests being directed around Chicago. Trial matinees as a rule are well named. Trials they undoubtedly are—the trials that merge into tribulations without an effort. The new play by George D. Day and Allan Reed, however, was not at all such a success. As a farce, and, with a little overhauling and some deft manipulation, might prove successful.

It deals with the "Niobe" and "Pygmalion and Galatea" idea of vivifying an inanimate object. The coffin containing mummies adorns the stage when the curtain first rises. I can't say that they are ornamental, and I'd willingly make a big wager right here that if "The Mummy" is done in New York, half a dozen critics will point out the theatrical adjective "grotesque" to qualify the picture. As a matter of fact, there is nothing at all "unpleasant" about these coffins. Death ceases to be death when it is a question of four thousand years ago. A learned professor has discovered an electric method of bringing a mummy to life. He has a rival, the Chicago savant, Ezra Van Tassel Smythe, who is invited to visit his colleague, accompanied by his daughter. It is this daughter who, during the absence of the professors, casts the mummy back to life.

The mummy turns out to be Rameses, and comes to life in the presence of three jolly young up-to-date maidens, who seek of bicycles, and tennis, and big sleeves. His Egyptian grave clothes, consisting of yards and yards of cheese cloth (or the antique equivalent), are removed, and Hattie rings up her mummy in modern garb. I regret to say that most of the early jests are of the whiskey order. London, like New York, dotes on alcoholic humor, and booze is the infallible recipe for laughter. Rameses tastes Scotch whiskey for the first time, and remarks in sepulchral tones that "the world has progressed since I went to sleep." He cannot be jured from the bottle, and when told that the berry beverage is the product of Scotland, he exclaims, "Ah, it must be a noble country!"

The young American girl, afraid of what she has done, takes the place of the mummy in the coffin and then ensue what we all fore to call "complications." They come thick, rapid and incessant. Rameses is mistaken for a first professor and then the other. A maiden aunt (you know the popular farce brand) woos him dotingly, but she gives his fond yet mummified heart to a colored maid, black as the ace of spades, and informs her that if she wed him she will marry a line of kings. He is not a particularly ingenious mummy, and accommodates himself to 1896 very nicely indeed. As he has been warned not to contradict anybody he accepts the various roles that are thrust upon him, and everything goes most hilariously wrong. He is "interviewed" by two journalists, who put slanderous utterances in his mouth, and Professor Caspary's house becomes a something tumult of excitement.

As a rule, these kind of farces fall flat in the third act. They go spontaneously to pieces. I firmly expected to see "The Mummy" crumble long before the afternoon was over. But its cohesive power was remarkable. I found myself roaring with laughter in Act III, and I felt so intensely grateful to the authors—as I always do to people who can make me laugh—that I swore to forget the weakness of the second act certain, and one or two other little imperfections in the piece. It is such a treat to laugh! It is such a God-given luxury! And there was no song business in this little play—none of the popular London "cock-a-doodle-doo" or "Tartararas" or "Tootie-tootie-toos," without which English audiences are nowadays dissatisfied.

The role of the Mummy was admirably played by Lionel Brough, whom you know. Nothing could have been better than his sedate behavior, and the irresistible funniness of his humor. Brough was funny even in the whiskey foamy, which, as a rule, I loathe, and the audience shrieked with laughter when he appeared togged up in modern clothes. Brough is always an artist in his humor. He never exaggerates, and there were potent temptations to do so in this piece. Miss Charlotte Walker was charming. She is a very pretty girl, and I felt quite annoyed that when she asked me who she was I couldn't answer. I endeavored to look mysterious, however, and I did a little humming and haling, that always counts in moments of perplexity. The young woman's Southern accent delighted the audience, and, although the role was needlessly vulgarized by such expressions as "By gosh!" and "Sniffing snakes!"—arrant larks upon American colubach—I've seen worse constructed native roles in New York City. I never can understand why it is necessary, in order to bring an American character home to its audience, to decorate it with the succulent "By gosh!"

The colored servant, Cleopatra George Washington Jackson Johnson, was most entertainingly interpreted by Miss Annie Goward, who is as popular for "slavery" roles here as May Robson is in New York. I went so far as to say that Miss Goward is as clever as May Robson—her line is really only one—May Robson for three other people's air tract can be frowned down. The ignorant, awkward trespasser only thinks he is doing an ill-tempered person a service.

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Tammany Tim Declares Against Bolting.

New York City, July 16.—Say! this duck Bryan's all right. He would do a thing to McKinley, Oh, not just to go to the sucker like a sprinkling cart, that's all. But? This guy Bryan's going to scorch through. He's out to make d' record of your life.

An' don't take to bleedin' at d' nose about silver. She's all right, silver is dead! Silver's goin' to finish in front or I'm dead! I've been permatin' about in d' push, see! An' I'm gettin' onto public opinion. Take me tip on it, Bryan an' silver is takin' m' d' gang like so many lottery tickets. They're as much stuck on d' ticket an' platform as a hound pup on a butcher shop.

But there's one thing this campaign needs. It's a night school to teach geography, see! What a lot of these stiffs don't know about the size of this country, would make a college education. On the dead! I carroms on no end of dubs who don't know there's any land west of Noo Jersey. Them's d' marks who's talkin' to bol.

It's the other night when I drops into Red Ferguson's s'loon over on d' Avenue. I'm strong on d' Avenue, an' Red Ferguson is one of me hold outs. It's a great place for me to push to gather an' push, an' slip him until they gets it right things. As I wheels into Ferguson's, me old runnin' mate is behind the bar.

"How's she holdin', Red?" I says, an' I fronts to the counter. Red is a reformed salloonman, an' him an' me gets dead nautical in our language.

"We've here to go to the head," says Red, "flyin' signals an' waitin' for a pilot. Some of these swabs is sayin' 'bol', an' some says 'stick'. If we ever gets it settled, bol, or stick, we knows more where we's goin'."

"How's it wd you, Red?" I says. "I'm for stickin'," says Red. "But, Tim, who's this Bryan? He's a new one on me. What's he good for; an' what's his speshlty?"

"He's an Indian," says Cassidy, who sticks in his lip. "There aint a thing but Indians here he comes from, an' he's one. You bet your life! I bolts him, bolts him dead!"

"Cassidy," I says, "It wasn't up to you—wasn't your turn, see! But you're always nosin' round to display your ignorance. Of course, you bolts. Your sort of sucker always bolts. There aint one of youse got as much sense as a hitchin' post. This man Bryan's on the level; an' is as wise a guy as ever comes down the pike. An' he's one of us, see! an' understand's d' language of our tribe. He's good enough for Tammany Tim, an' what's your good for? Tammany Tim, an' comes pretty near doin' for any Cassidy that ever owes a beer bill."

"Be now there's a dozen of me push about an' as they chips in, one after d' other, it turns out Cassidy's d' only bolter. We all beers up, an' then I lays for Cassidy what them speechify marks an' spellbinders calls "d' moral effect."

"Cassidy," I says, "I'm back agin the bar, 'cause I'm out to give d'uffer a run for his stuff, an' make a bol'ible example of him, 'Cassidy, now you've bolted an' got out of the old Democracy, where you runnin' wid? Wid Corney Bliss an' Ellery Anderson an' the silk stockin's, I suppose. Don't you know such a gum-shoe push went stand for such as you a second? Not on your life! They want have you at no price."

BATTLE OF THE STANDARDS.

A Scheme for Harmonizing Differences.

Though a revival of business this year is something that people scarcely look for, it is not impossible. I recall that in 1853 the New York banks were at a loss to know how to establish the Clearing House. That problem was settled then, I happen to know how the Clearing House was established. And I believe it possible, in a similar way, to settle the coinage and currency problem of our time now, and to settle it so promptly as to revive business before next winter.

I have been proposing for some years a simple device, which, if now carried out, would enable a comparatively small number of citizens to furnish Congress, at the opening of the next regular session in December, with a sufficient solution of the coinage and currency question to frame a body of laws on the subject—laws which would doubtless be permitted, by common consent, to remain practically unaltered for many years to come.

By consulting with their officers, my father discovered a common ground for the banks to stand upon in 1853. In like manner, by consulting with the American people, in this matter of coinage and currency, a common ground of agreement broad enough for all to stand upon could be found. While it would not be feasible for one man to exchange views personally with any great number of individuals, by running about from farm to farm, from workshop to workshop, from office to office, from home to home, as he did from bank to bank; yet it is to be remembered that, by utilizing the mail service of the United States, the whole country could be converted into a single neighborhood, in which a multitude would be as accessible as the fifty-two banks of New York City in 1853.

To ascertain what the sensible views of the entire American people are, we have but to get up a monetary conference of vast proportions and direct it wisely to that end. Of course, the only practicable mode of conducting it would be through correspondence. Any number could write answers to printed questions and mail their replies to the office that had issued the questions. There should be men in the conference representing every section, occupation, interest and aspiration of the land. As the object is agreement, the questions should be framed to avoid controversy. They should be such as all could answer, either at once or upon short explanations. First, each member should send a series of plain questions, simply asking for the view that a man's good sense took of each point. The answers returned to each question should then be compiled and collated, so as to show what all agreed to wholly or in part, and how any differed. Then each member should be sent another series of questions designed to convert the partial agreements into perfect ones and to reveal the differences as it seemed profitable to treat. The answers returned to this second series should be compiled and collated as the first had been, question by question. Finally each member should be sent a third series of questions based upon the preceding replies, and the answers returned should be treated as before. It is believed that, at this stage, we should have arrived at as great an agreement as was possible among a multitude representing diverse interests. Now, taking those points upon which all agreed, wholly or substantially, and discarding disputed ones, such rules for the management of our coinage and currency should be framed as the sober sense of the nation thus expressed would indicate to be just, wise and acceptable to all.

The results of the conference should be published in the form of a convenient handbook for members and of various abridgments for public distribution. The entire proceedings should also be published, which would make a work too voluminous for distribution among the members, but which should be deposited in all the important libraries of the world.

As many as pleased could join the conference. A hundred thousand would probably do as well as any large number to tell all that the millions of us thought on each question; because any plan that a hundred thousand could agree upon would commend itself, with irresistible conviction, to everybody.

The expense of conducting such a conference would be large. The postage on each series of questions would be \$2,000. If there were only three series submitted they would cost \$6,000 for postage in addition to the expense of preparing, printing and addressing them. Many clerks would be required to get out these questions, to receive, arrange, compile and digest the millions of answers expeditiously, and to attend to the special correspondence, which might be considerable. And there would be millions of answers; for, if each member answered a hundred questions, that would make ten millions of answers. Printing the result in book form and mailing a hundred thousand copies to members would cost a great deal. Also the publication of abridgments for public distribution, and of the whole proceedings for deposit in libraries would be expensive.

All these expenses could be met with membership fees. Besides being necessary to defray the current expenses, a fee would improve the membership of the conference by confining it to those who appreciated its advantages sufficiently to pay for them. I estimate that the fee should be \$2, which would cover the entire cost to each regular member. Any person would be given a free membership as an associate member who sent \$10 for a club of five regular members. With a membership of one hundred thousand this would assure receipts of from \$170,000 to \$200,000, payable in advance.

The time is so ripe for holding such a conference that if its purpose were duly presented to the American people a full membership could certainly be obtained. But there is the preliminary expense of putting this plan before the public through the length and breadth of the land in order to secure the required membership. It might cost \$20,000—a very small sum, computed with the value of a revival in business this year. Only a ban is required. The money advanced would be returned with interest at the opening of the conference. Considering the critical state of business and the desirability of its revival, this sum ought to be raised by public subscription.

It is time to act. In June Congress adjourned, leaving the country apparently without any prospect of financial relief for a year. Are people, then, going to fold their hands and wait a twelvemonth to see what will turn up next year with another Congress and a new Administration? Suppose they do. It is expected by some that the next Congress, which will be elected in November, will be called together to revise the tariff, in a special session, within sixty days after the inauguration of the next President on the 4th of March, 1897. In a certain event the next Congress would probably meet immediately in March to restore the free coinage of silver. It is hardly to be expected that the next Congress, any more than the present one, will be able to settle the coinage and currency question. Some say the free coinage of silver would settle it. At best the free coinage of silver would be an experiment. With respect to settling the question of coinage and currency, the United States Government is inefficient. It does not possess in its legislative, executive or judicial branch any organ or function or jurisdiction capable of settling this question. The fruitless efforts of Congress after Congress, President after President, and term after term of the Supreme Court, show this. After twenty years of official discussion and experimental legislation, neither the Senators nor Representatives of the United States, neither the executive officers—neither the Justices of our Government, exhibit anything in regard to the question so clearly their failure to adjust it. To all appear some a dozen of Congresses, trying for next quarter of a century, could not settle it without assistance. And it is infinitely probable that, unless a remedy is found and applied, there will be hard times for several years longer in this country.

The Money Question in Utopia.

The above title, like that of the famous chapter on "The Snakes of Ireland," stands for a negation. There is no "money question" in Utopia. There is money there, as it seems to serve the uses of money, but it does not serve those uses without raising the troublesome "questions" by which we are so much troubled in connection with our legal tender "dollars" and other such arbitrary units. The coinage done in Utopia is simply the official stamping of a lump of gold or silver to certify, according to the fact, that it contains such a quantity of the metal of such a degree of fineness. The gold pieces are simply one or more actual pennyweights of gold of the standard fineness, while silver is coined also in ounces and fractions of an ounce. No contract is legally enforceable which does not by its own express terms determine what kind and quantity of material commodity it is—whether gold, silver or what not—that the purchaser is to pay. "Prices" are not stated in "dollars" or "pounds" or "francs," but in terms of the law to say—and, therefore, possibly to say differently at different times—how much of what material will satisfy the debt. Each party to a contract judges for himself, at the making of the bargain, of the probable value, at the time of settlement, of that which he agrees to give or to receive; and the one who is to receive, coins gets what he bargained for, precisely as the other party to the exchange has to content himself with what he got.

"Foreign" balances have to be paid in "gold," but a Utopian buys the gold for this purpose as an individual, and he finds it all the easier to do so because the demand for that material is not artificially increased by a system making gold indispensable for final payments in domestic business also. Under American law, from time to time, under contract obligation to deliver wheat or machinery or what not "in Europe" but nobody has inferred that that fact makes it necessary or desirable that our money shall consist of wheat, machinery, or what not!

Under this (Utopian) system there is, of course, no question of a "legal ratio" between the metals, inasmuch as contracts are enforceable only according to their terms (which are a matter of fact) and material of the quantity and material of that for which that price is payable, and one of the precious metals can no more be substituted for the other in settlement—except under express provisions which themselves fix the "pro hoc vice" equivalent—than boots can be delivered for hats under a contract calling only for the latter. When (for whatever reason) gold or silver, as the case may be, is, or promises to be, in very great relative demand, that circumstance makes people correspondingly unwilling and unable to agree, in new contracts, to deliver that particular metal, except in quantities reduced enough to offset the appreciation. This promotes the value of the other metal in fixing prices, thus increasing the demand for the latter, and diminishing the demand for its too expensive rival. The material and the value of money thus regulate themselves, and political "finance" is not allowed to play the devil with business, nor "fears of change" to perplex the people into "panics," and a disastrous "loss of confidence."

CHARLES FREDERIC ADAMS, 100 Broadway, New York, July 15, 1896.

A Fable of the Times. A Certain Horse had had eaten Grass for Many Years with Great Satisfaction found himself upon the Horns of a Dilemma.

The only Pasture just then Available had, Growing up to it, a Noxious Weed which was Extremely Distasteful. It seemed Almost Impossible to Separate the Grass from the Weed, and the Poor Horse, not knowing what to Do, asked the Hog, who said, "Why are you not Like Me? I can Eat Anything."

"What would you Have Me Do? asked the Perplexed Animal, Eager for Advice. "Do as I do," granted the Hog. "If the Grass is not to your Liking, Eat Husks." After Turning his Head to see how Seriously in His Mind, the Poor Horse came to the Conclusion that he had Better, perhaps, Change his Diet. But at the Last Moment, being a Thoroughbred Horse, his Soul revolted against the Husks and he Went Back to his Natural Food. The Hog found him Eating the Grass and Avoiding the Noxious Weed as Much as Lay in his Power. "Now," asked the Hog, in Anger, "did you not Do as I Advised, and Eat Husks?" "Because," said the Horse, with Great Dignity, "in Spite of there being Something with my Food to which I Object, I am Still a Vegetarian!"

An Objectionable Frank. A Political Platform should consist of a Democrat trying to Swallow Republicanism.

Doesn't Waste His Breath. [August Chronicle] One striding man in the fact that when Bryan speaks he says something.

