We repeat our expression of the Journal's National Policy: Annex Hawaii, secure bases in the West Indies, dig the Nicaragua Canal, build the finest navy in the world, and construct great national universities at West Point and Annapolis. And we reaffirm our declaration in favor of the Jeffersonian principle of national expansion.

THE ADMINISTRATION GIVES THE DEMOCRACY A WINNING ISSUE.

Secretary Alger has supplied what some Democrats have not hoped to see—an issue upon which the Democracy can appeal with confidence to the national judgment. By asking for over $166,000,000 for the support of the regular army in time of peace he has raised two questions that touch the heart and the pocket of every American citizen who does not profit by legalized injustice and oppression. These questions are:

Shall the United States be more heavily taxed for military purposes than any other country on earth?

Shall this unheard-of burden of taxation be carried almost exclusively by people of small means, while the wealth our armaments protect goes free?

If we spend $166,000,000 a year for the army, $150,000,000 for pensions and $50,000,000 for the navy, we shall be paying $366,000,000 annually for military purposes. That is nearly twice as much as any power in Europe pays for the same objects. It is more than we paid in taxes for the entire support of the Government as lately as last year. The amount Secretary Alger asks for the army alone is more than Germany pays for her army and navy combined. We have been accustomed to commiserate the European peasant, crushed under the intolerable burden of standing armies, and now we are asked, with no necessity whatever, to subject ourselves to a burden twice as great.

But the distribution of this burden of taxation is even worse than the load itself. Mr. Rockefeller, to take the most conspicuous specimen of a class, has a fortune of over $300,000,000. His power to accumulate, possess and increase this fortune depends upon the protection of the Government.

Mr. Rockefeller's income is over $20,000,000 a year. That is equal to the combined incomes of forty thousand families, each living on annual earnings of $500. Under the Republican system of national taxation, which is based not on resources, but on personal consumption, Mr. Rockefeller's income, if divided among forty thousand families, would be taxed forty thousand times; concentrated in his hands, it need be taxed only once. In other words, with forty thousand times the means of a workingman, Mr. Rockefeller is not obliged to pay more than a workingman's taxes.

In some respects he pays less. He uses no beer or tobacco, and so escapes the taxation levied on those humble luxuries. He does not play cards, and so does not pay for the revenue stamp on every pack. He does not live in rented rooms, and so is not taxed for his lease and his rent receipts. He does not borrow money on mortgage, subject to a mortgage stamp tax. He has his family physician, and so does not buy taxed proprietary medicines. He drinks no more tea than a sewing girl starving on four dollars a week, and if he used a quality as fine as that sipped by the Emperor of China he would still pay only the sewing girl's tax of ten cents a pound. He uses no more taxed sugar than is consumed by a day laborer, and wears little more taxed clothing.

Practically all of Mr. Rockefeller's gigantic income is absolutely exempt from national taxation, while every person of moderate means is taxed to the earth.

Is that right? The Democracy does not think so. It believes that incomes and not family expenditures should be the measure of taxation.

No extravagance in Government.

Necessary expenses to be met by fair methods of taxation.

There is an issue ready made to the hand of the Democracy, and it is a winning one.

ENGLAND AND THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

The fear that Great Britain will insist upon joint control of the Nicaragua Canal, under the warrant of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, is illusory.

England long ago made that compact of no validity by her encroachments on the Mosquito Coast. Long ago, also, it was declared by this Government to be not binding, the special conditions as to the canal which it was designed to cover having ceased to exist.

That is enough. The American Government having taken the ground it has, the British Government will acquiesce.

Diplomats and journalists over in England may posture and declaim, but when the time comes for building an exclusively American canal across the American Continent there will be no real opposition from England.

Remember Venezuela.

The Spanish war has been fought since that historic backdown, and the place of the United States among the powerful nations has changed. Our word now carries tenfold more weight than it did.

If when we were not deemed half as formidable as we have come to be, and when the construction of the Nicaragua Canal was merely a possibility instead of an immediate practical necessity, the United States served notice upon England that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty had lapsed, is it likely that now we shall permit her to revive it to our detriment?

Hawaii and the Philippines settle the question of the control of the Nicaragua Canal. We need that waterway in our national business and will tolerate no European partner.

The ruling men of England know this. They know that peace with the expanding Republic is to be maintained and its friendship secured by stepping out of the pathway of its irresistible progress. England, of all the nations of the world, is the one with which we are in most danger of clashing. She shares the mainland of North America with us, and American islands of great military value are hers which should be ours. She is here by sufferance. Destiny points to her ejectment. To delay the fulfilment of destiny she wisely avoids as best she may the strain of conflicting interest. She understands that a war with us would mean for her what it has meant to Spain—her elimination as an American power.

Hence Great Britain respects our Monroe doctrine. Hence she yielded when Venezuela's territorial integrity was in issue. Hence she will yield in the matter of the Nicaragua Canal. Rather than quarrel with us she would toss a dozen Clayton-Bulwer treaties into the dust-bin.

The Nicaragua Canal will be built by the United States, owned by the United States, fortified by the United States, and England will continue to be our very good friend.

A GRATEFUL DEPENDANT.

In the days when pirates infested the seas and highwaymen the roads gentlemen engaged in either line of business often sought popularity by being open-handed with their gains. The populace swore by these gallant marauders, whose consciences did not forbid them to rob the rich, but whose good hearts prompted them to be generous to the poor.

Human nature remains always the same. The average man cannot resist the personal bias. The rogue who is bad for others but good to him he will like, in spite of religion, morality and the frowns of the police. President William R. Harper, of the Chicago University, illustrates the vigor with which the feeling survives notwithstanding the higher education. The Irish peasant of long ago could no more resist giving affectionate admiration to bold Brennan who tossed him half a crown out of a recently taken judge's or bishop's purse than Mr. Harper can withhold his grateful devotion from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who has endowed the Chicago University with millions. Asked by a reporter what he thought of the economic and political significance of Mr. Rockefeller's piling fortune, which will soon make him a billionaire, Mr. Harper loyally replied:

"If Mr. Rockefeller continues to give his money away as wisely as he has done in the past, I hardly see why anybody should mind how much more he gets."

Or how he gets it, of course. Claude Duval and Captain Kidd took farthings where the Standard Oil Company takes dollars, and took them as honestly. And even as Mr. Rockefeller bestows largess on the college where Mr. Harper works, so Duval and Kidd now and again scattered a handful of silver for the ragamuffins to scramble for, and felt that they were better men in their own and heaven's sight for doing it.

Mr. Harper is not ungrateful, and that is to his credit, but the father who sends his son to the Standard Oil University over which Mr. Harper presides must have a queer notion of what sort of a moral education is good for his boy.

TOADIES TO WEALTH, sycophants to power, whether they call themselves Republicans or Democrats, naturally look with favor upon the intention of the Vanderbilts to send their man Depew to the Senate of the United States.

Livery is the proper wear for these lackeys of the press, who have lost their sense of American manhood, if they ever possessed it. Depew will represent them well.

THE DEMOCRATS IN CONGRESS.

The session of Congress which begins to-day will be memorable in history. Its influence upon the country's future will probably be great and lasting, for it will have to deal with the problems growing out of the war.

Though the Democrats are in the minority, they have it in their power to do much for the nation and their party. If they shall be as large-minded as their opportunity is great they will point the way for the Democracy out of the mess into which narrow and cowardly leadership has brought it. They will bring the party into line with the patriotism of the people, declare for national expansion, and give American support to all policies that are meant to secure the fruits of the war and broaden the Republic's future.

The Democrats in Congress, if wise, will vote to strengthen the navy by generous appropriations. They will vote to strengthen the army, too. They will vote cheerfully to defray the expense of governing our new possessions.

But while avoiding opposition for opposition's sake, the Democrats will, if they do their duty, ask questions and demand answers. They will refuse an increase of the army for which there is no real need. They will require the Republicans to say what the Administration's design is as to the form of government that is to be given the Philippines—whether they are to have military rule for a brief season only, and what permanent policy is contemplated there. Are the islands to be exploited as a conquered province, a field for spoils-hunting politicians and ravenous trusts and syndicates, or are we to have in view the protection of the people there until they are fit to govern themselves?

National expansion is one thing, imperialism is another.

Expansion which means a widening of the realm of freedom is Democratic; expansion which means tyranny and spoliation is Hannaism—imperialism.

It is easy to draw the line between useful criticism, intelligent opposition, and a partisanship that is hostile to proposals merely because they come from the other side.

That kind of Democracy is Balleyism, and the people regard it with the contempt it deserves.

No more of Bailey.

That is the first condition of Democratic rehabilitation. This small man from Texas aspires again to the leadership of the minority in the House. Were his ambition to be gratified it would be a notification to the country that the Democrats in Congress are without the brains and moral purpose necessary to lift their party, in so far as it is dependent upon them, to a plane of thought and action with which real Americans can sympathize. Bailey and what Bailey represents constitute a burden which the party must throw off if it is to prove itself capable of meeting the new duties of a new time as full-grown Americans should.

Little men have cursed the Democracy. It lies with the minority in the House of Representatives to bury one of the smallest of the lot in the person of Mr. Bailey. His strongest backer for the Democratic leadership is the Republican Speaker, Mr. Thomas B. Reed.

IN THE SHADOW OF FAME.

ARTHUR M'EWEN ON GREAT MEN'S WOES.

A FEW nights before the death of the late Henry George I talked with him on a theme as old as genius, as old as envious mediocrity—the honor that is refused a prophet in his own country. For George had only to become famous elsewhere in order to be the subject of detraction at home, in California, where, in his days of merely local reputation, he had been respected and frankly admired. After his death it was from California alone that sneers at his fame came. They knew him better there, you see, than the big admiring world outside. He had lived there, and who should know him if not his neighbors?

That table talk recalled a day in the pre-Klondike era when I sat with Joaquin Miller at The Heights overlooking San Francisco Bay, the perch that is to the poet what the pillar of Simeon Stylites was to the Syrian saint who dwelt on its top. There were others there, but Miller was accorded the chair of authority, since he had suffered, and suffering gives wisdom. The poet got no recognition as a poet until he had left Oregon and gone among strangers in London. Henry George had lived and written and spoken for a good many strenuous years in California, yet it was needed that he should depart in order to make himself known as he was. Mark Twain was merely a reporter in Nevada and a correspondent for a San Francisco newspaper. The very letters were published there without remark that when put together in a volume as "Innocents Abroad" gave him the laughing renown that ever since has been his. Bret Harte had a different fortune. He was not required to go abroad in quest of fame; it came to him from the East and took him away from the Overland.

But it was not this local blindness to exceptional powers that engaged the minds of the thinkers on The Heights. What they noted and deplored was that all these celebrated ones ever afterward had been spoken of despitefully by their neighbors. I testified that during a residence of some years in Virginia City I had seldom heard a good word spoken of Mark Twain, though I knew he had been a popular fellow while a reporter for the Enterprise there. Mr. Miller admitted that before quitting Oregon and obscurity he had thought himself rather well liked. Even Bret Harte had had friends in San Francisco when he lived there.

Froude was quoted to the effect that "our vanity is smoothed by evidence that those who have eclipsed us in the race of life are no better than ourselves, or in some respect worse than ourselves," and the quoter added:

"Froude wrote that with reference to the private scandals which have come down to us about Caesar, and we all know of the vile little stories that are preserved in Oregon about Grant when he was an army captain up there. I've no doubt if you go to Galena you'll hear others of the same kind. Lincoln's old Western circuit swarmed with tales that made it seem as if he had passed his youth and professional manhood in doing little but tell anecdotes for men only. Every great man that ever lived has suffered in the same way. Human nature is base and therefore envious of success."

"Vanity, I think, has more to do with it," said another, who, not being famous, had never felt the scourge. "The stranger comes reverently to the great man's village knowing of him only as a great man. The villager has his own desire to figure as an important personage and takes the readiest way of showing his superior knowledge of the great man—which is to tell stories. They are of a kind that imply intimacy with the celebrity's private life. That will impress the stranger with the villager's familiar association with the celebrity. The stranger may depart with a damaged estimate of the worth of the great one, but he must carry away with him memory of the villager. That is the villager's reward. He is not necessarily ill natured. A human being destitute of ability is quite as fond of distinction, of remembrance, as are his betters. The villager's stories, true or untrue, are referable to the same motive as that which impels rich nobodies to crowd the cemeteries with their pompous monuments. It's but a pitiful bid of the hopelessly obscure for rescue from oblivion."—Arthur McEwen in Munsey's.

Fable of the Young Person.

Once upon a time an earnest Purpose seized a young Person.

"Don't muss me!" cried the young Person, in much apprehension.

Forthwith was the Purpose abashed, and desisted.

This fable teaches how difficult it is to be fond of dress without being more or less frivolous.—Detroit Journal.

Comparing Notes.

"My family can't help feeling a little proud of having been carried over by the Mayflower," said the young woman who was visiting in Chicago.

"Is that so?" answered the young man interestedly. "None of our folks ever went into the florist business. What brought us through was wheat."—Washington Star.

His Presence of Mind.

"Mr. Updegraff, before I answer your question, allow me to ask you what part of a stewed chicken you prefer?"

"I never eat anything but the dark meat, Miss Primme."

"I will be your wife, Mr. Updegraff."—Chicago Tribune.

UNDER THE RED LIGHT.

A WOMAN'S TOUR THROUGH THE CAFES OF THE EAST SIDE.

CAPTAIN CHAPMAN has been very busy the last few days.

He's been down in "de Ate," putting out the "red lights."

I went through the "Red Light District" just before Captain Chapman began his raid. I wanted to see what it looked like. The "Red Light District" lies east of the Bowery, between Grand street and Chinatown.

It's made up of dirty, narrow, dark, ill-smelling little cross streets, that turn and twist and tie and untie like the tunnels in a rabbit warren. The houses on both sides of all these mean little streets are tenements—great tall, gaunt things, shutting out the light and the air. Every once in a while, three or four times in a block, on an average, there's a basement cafe—or an ugly little shed, with "coffee house" written in gilt letters on its window.

Just over this window there's a red lamp, like an evil, leering eye; a lamp which begins to gleam and flicker at the very first hint of dusk, and keeps on flaring and glittering until broad daylight. The Chinese who shuffle through the district on their way to Mott street call the lamp the devil's eye. It was 10 o'clock when we started to do the "Devil's Eye" district. The night was cold and there was a sharp wind screeching down the turn of the Bowery. We went past the little coffee saloon where the hungry men were arrested a few nights ago for "disturbing the peace" by standing in line waiting for a cup of coffee. Past a dozen blazing concert halls. Past "theatres" with posters out of a fat women's boxing match. Past "gardens," where the catch of a good German chorus followed us like a whiff of clear air in a close room. Past shivering men and reeling women—"There," said the Pilot, "there's our first red light."

Such miserable, poorly dressed, haggard people they were—with set, serious faces and restless, furtive eyes. Now and then a man lurched heavily through the crowd, full of a curious, dull ferocity. He was as serious as the sober men. There were many women in the crowded street. Young, pale, slender girls, with rouged cheeks and bleached hair; middle-aged women with shawls over their heads; young women with big, black feathered hats and slatternly gowns. There were children there, too, queer little pinched creatures twisting through the crowd like human eels—always carrying something and always afraid that they would spill it.

The first red light flickered over a wide, clean window, which had the words "Coffee" painted on it in huge black letters. We went down some steep, narrow steps and came into a long, narrow room set with oilcloth covered tables.

A sailor sat at the first table. He was a straight and sturdy lad, with an honest, kindly face. He was listening with painful intensity to a long story which a girl with bright yellow hair and a painted face was telling him. "I aint no use fer no one that aint honest, I aint," said the girl. "That's what I tell 'em all. Give me honesty." The sailor's face shone with pride and he looked at us, as who should say, "Am I not blessed by the company of such a one as this?"

While we were ordering our coffee two more women came in. They sat down at the table with us. One of them was as handsome and dignified a woman as I ever saw. Her really fine face was framed in iron gray hair. She was well and quietly dressed. The woman with her was a horrible caricature on humanity, with every vestige of intelligence and feeling wiped out of her hideous face.

People sat at little tables and watched them. All kinds of people—except happy-looking ones. I saw just one person laugh—it was not a nice laugh.

It came about in this way.

The girl who laughed was youngish and prettyish. She had a kind of delicate grace about her that set her apart from the others.

An old, old, haggard woman, with sunken, leering, peering eyes and a twitching mouth, was talking to her.

"They say they're going to begin raidling," she said. "Same old game—raid us and worry us and fret us, and then when they've got us good and scared hold out the big hand for the dough. Why don't they chase us all down to the docks and shove us into the East River while they're about it?"

The girl threw back her head and laughed.

"Gee," she said, "don't I wish they would."

Every one in the room started. The old, old woman threw her sinewy hand over the girl's mouth.

"Stop it," she whimpered. "Stop it. Don't laugh like that. They'll all say you aint right." The girl threw the old woman back against the wall.

"Well," she said, "I am right, aint I?" and she laughed again.

A broad-shouldered man caught the girl by the shoulder and pushed her out of the hall into the street. "She aint right," he said to the assembled company. The old woman threw her hands above her head and shrieked like a dozen bedlamites. "I told her," she said, "I told her"——

"W—a—ll, go tell her then," said the broad-shouldered man, and he pushed the old woman out of the door.

The people in the hall sat very still and stared.

"All waltz," said the broad-shouldered man. The piano jingled again and the two little girls turned solemnly round and round the room.

* * *

It was the same thing over and over—at all the Red Lights. Forlorn women and dull men—tawdry, ragged, out at elbows. Vice is not alluring.

* * *

Last night I went into the Devil's Eye streets again. Captain Chapman has raided them. All the red lights were out.

"To let!" "To let!" "To let!" "To let" signs on the windows where the red and black lettering had been. The dirty little streets were as empty as if the city had been struck by the plague and every house had held a corpse. We walked four blocks in what had been the most crowded street of all the crowded tunnels they call streets over there, and we met two people besides one policeman.

One of the people we met was the old, old woman, who had tried to make the girl stop laughing. She would not stop to talk to us.

"They'll run me in," she said, "We're all afraid to move. Come on in, and I'll tell you."

We went in and found her in a hovel she called a room.

"They're after us hard," she says. "It'll last a few weeks and then all the lights will be lit again—only we'll be ready to pay good hush money then. Oh, it ain't right, it ain't right. I feel like a rat choked up in here to die. I would die if it wasn't for Genevieve. Want to see Genevieve? She's awful cunnin'."

Genevieve was a baby about two years old. She was a buxom little thing, with great staring eyes. "My dog died a year ago," said the old woman, "and I couldn't stand being so lonesome, so I've adopted Genevieve. Ain't she cunnin'?"

"Where's the girl who was with you?"

"Oh, I dunno. Some say she's dead; some say she's gone to the Island. I dunno. Got scared bein' raided, I guess. She hain't been through these raids like me. I know just what they mean. Long's me and Genevieve can be company together, I don't mind 'em. Jest lay low and wait awhile. I tell 'em all, lay low and wait awhile.

"That's my motto, I tell 'em all!"

The hideous old creature chuckled and grinned and curtsied:

"I guess she has it about right," said the Pilot, when we were out in the clear cold again—"Lay low and wait awhile"—that's about all this famous raid means to the Red Light District."

I wonder if the Pilot and the dreadful old woman could by any possibility happen to be right.

WINIFRED BLACK.

THE CORSET MUST GO.

SHIRLEY DARE DISCUSSES THE RUSSIAN EDICT.

THE eternal feminine is represented as growing excited over the edict of the Czar's Minister of Education forbidding girls in the Russian schools to wear corsets. M. Bogolerow has been interesting himself unwarrantably in the length of Russian corset laces, and finds them drawn too tight for health and the welfare of future subjects. So, being of those whom the gods love not, he insists that corset laces shall be cut, and stays abolished throughout holy Russia.

If Anna Petronina and Nikita Anadyomene venture to wear stays the severest punishment threatens them—whether the knout or the water dungeons the report says not. But either is too mild for the creed of the corset abolitionist. Probably Anna will be strangled with knotted stay laces and Nikita pressed to death in an iron corset. The crime of a twenty-inch waist is not otherwise to be expiated in holy Russia.

M. Bogolerow has not evinced any originality in his decrees. Kaisers and popes have thundered against the corset before; bishops, priests and deacons have written and preached themselves out of breath against it. They have refused the rites of the Church to women who wore stays, and threatened them with the greater excommunication. And where are the bishops and other clergy? Are they here, or are corsets gone?

In the first place, it is perfectly well known that no woman in the world ever wears her corsets too tight. She can always put both hands between her waist and her corset when it is laced up. She only wears them for support, anyhow, not to lessen the size of her waist, and wears them perfectly easy. In the second place, she detests looking like a dowdy, with a thick waist. Men detest it, too, unless they are ministers of education on their promotion. If the Czar makes a point of the matter she is willing to drop the corset—to oblige His Imperial Majesty. If that slender and well built autocrat thinks he prefers to see the ladies of his court in thirty or thirty-six inch waists nothing is further from her mind than to be a disloyal subject. Forty-inch waists will be worn if His Majesty insists. All she desires is to know the will of her sovereign and obey it.

There she holds all the winning cards. If M. Bogolerow carries out his reform in the persons of Russian girls it will not take a very wise woman to foretell what will happen. The Russian youth will desert Moscow and St. Petersburg for Vienna and Paris, where stays and sylph waists captivate the age. Does not the devoted Kaiserin, the German Empress, bend her energies to the preservation of some elegance of figure, and does not the symmetry of her imperial bodice betray the perfection of a French corset beneath? The art of the supple, silken sheath preserves the poetry of the figure, the outlines which promise grace of movement, and, if czars and A B C ministers but knew it, the finest type of womanly health.

The Lancet a few years since took up the subject of wearing corsets, and smote it with a master hand. It contended with the force of penetrating science that the slender waist belonged to the highest type of womanhood, mental and physical. It was the expression of high nervous vigor, of the enduring physique, which perfectly disposed of all nutrition, so requiring the heart to sustain nature, and which vitalized thoroughly every cell of tissue, producing an activity of brain and body which burned out all superfluous material, leaving only the finest bones, the most supple muscle and most enduring nervous fibre.

The races which show slender women and spare men outlast and conquer those of heavier build. The rawboned, broad-waisted savage and Goth have promptly disappeared before the races of lighter, more nervous build. Nature herself gives us a lesson in this line when the stout waist of the girl of twelve or thirteen subsides into the symmetry of sixteen without the help of corsets. It is a mistake that corsets or belts or close-fitting boots or gloves are intolerable to the natural girl. A healthy girl delights in snug-fitting wear. It gives her a sense of having herself well in hand. It subdues superfluous tissue, whose cells disappear under the firm pressure of the corset.

When doctors put a child with a diseased spine into a plaster of paris jacket, which is a corset of manifold power, and draw it closer with each month and week to set the misshapen form aright, they cannot say very much against the corset ordinarily worn. Most corsets are too heavy, made of too thick twill and so render life a burden, as thick shoes and petticoats make it. A Rejane corset of ribbons, holding a few necessary light whalebones together by thin silken straps, is a vast improvement on the linen cuirass of Henri IV.'s beauties or the coutille worn under Alexander of Russia to-day. The common corset often presses too closely at the wrong points—over the heart, for instance—when its pressure should begin over the floating ribs. But that is no reason why women should go without corsets any more than a boot which pinches the toes should decree the total abolition of shoes.

As for the Minister of Education, he has taken too much upon himself, and he will shortly find himself a wiser man, with those corset laces twining about his neck more closely than is convenient. He invites calamity on himself.

SHIRLEY DARE.