

EDITORIAL SECTION

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DRAMA

"BY AND BY THE (BY JOHN J. INGALLS.) LAMP-POST AND THE TORCH."

THE gentleman who said the love of money was the root of all evil, either had the epigram habit, and was the unconscious dupe of his own exaggerations, or else he spoke without reflection and from insufficient data.

It was a hasty generalization which omitted from the catalogue of the generic causes of evil the love of power and glory, the hunger for fame, the passion for woman and the grape, the appetite for knowledge that is forbidden.

There was no money in Eden. Adam drew no checks. Eve ran no bills. Evil in plenty exists among those who are not disturbed by the volume or the ratio of their circulating medium. But even were the aphorism of the moralist true, which it is not, it would be no discredit to money. In a successful universe evil is quite as indispensable as good. It keeps the procession going. Without evil progress would cease.

It is the contest between the forces which would destroy and those that would uphold which keeps the planets in their orbits and hangs the constellations in the firmament.

Without temptation virtue would expire from lack of exercise. Were evil extinct there would no longer be any pretext for religion. Nor any throne for the sovereign of the moral kingdom. Singing psalms, waving palm branches and taking constitutional along the golden streets of the new Jerusalem would become monotonous if hell were abolished. To paraphrase Voltaire, were there no devil it would be necessary for man to invent one. But this is another story.

Perhaps by the love of money the polemic meant the sordid desire of wealth for its own sake, or for the purchase of guilty pleasures or the accomplishment of wicked designs.

But the utmost ingenuity of the glossarian cannot change the fact that among all sources of earthly power the most potent, palpable and beneficent is that which accompanies the possession of money honestly acquired and honorably employed.

Some care nothing for ambition or renown, but every one must have money—manhood may forget the joys of youth and age sink into an apathy which is indifferent alike to the allurements of pleasure and the intoxication of success, but no one is so young or so old as not to want money. The necessity for cash begins with the germand ends with the period at the end of the epitaph.

The praises of poverty have been pronounced by the rich. Seneca wrote the eulogy of poverty on a table of gold, but nobody wants to be poor. Some philosopher has said that the way to have what you want is to want what you have; and another, that it is better not to wish for a thing than to have it, but money still remains the universal object of chief desire. The reason is obvious. For the individual, money means education, travel, books, leisure, superiority to the accidents of life, comely apparel, in health the best cook, in sickness the most skillful physician, the happiness of those beloved, the luxury of doing good.

For society it means libraries, museums, parks, galleries of art, hospitals, universities,

comfort for the unfortunate, splendor for the rich, everything that distinguishes civilization from barbarism.

The aggregated wealth of the United States is estimated to be about seventy-five hundred million dollars. Divided equally per capita, each person would have in the neighborhood of twelve hundred dollars, and the idea seems to be gaining ground that every man who has more than this is to that degree culpable in that he is feloniously in possession of what morally belongs to some one else.

All questions in our system, except those of theology, are political, and come at last to the ballot box for decision. It is a government of numbers, and the majority have less than twelve hundred dollars apiece. As things are going now, the time is not far off when the man with a hundred millions may be required to show his title, and if there is any flaw, to make restitution.

Some with much less apparently anticipate the crisis and are already making contributions to the conscience fund of the nation, announcing that it is discreditable for any man to die rich. The millionaires are on the defensive. They are beginning to apologize. Some are expatriating, which is an involuntary tribute to public opinion. In different to statutes, human or divine, they dread the daily newspaper and the verdict of the people. They belong to that class, engendered by superfluous wealth, among whom education has degenerated into flippant pedantry; religion into shallow mysticism; politics into a vague passion for aristocracy; society into a languid mob of eycophants, the

parasites of English pederasts and French krisettes, with the spirit of Uriah Heep and the morals of Robert Macaire.

For whatever hatred and exasperation there are against wealth in the United States its possessors are directly responsible. They have brought it upon themselves by their senseless greed and folly and rapacity. Great rewards for great services is the law of our race. No genuine American grudges the fortune acquired by industry, courage, enterprise, forethought and genius in fair competition and honest rivalry, whether it be a million or a hundred million. He does not believe that any limit can be fixed for individual acquisition, nor that the wealth of the rich is the cause of the poverty of the poor, nor in taking from those who have and giving to those who have not. Least of all does he accept those vagaries of the impotent, which would deprive ambition of its incentive and labor of its reward, and instead of lifting all to the level of the highest, would drag all down to the standard of the lowest.

The Osage tribe of Indians, whose fertile reservation lies between Kansas and the Creek Country, is the richest community in the world. Their per capita of wealth is more than ten times greater than that of the most opulent civilized nation.

They number about 1,500. They have in the United States Treasury nearly eight million dollars, derived mainly from the sale of superfluous lands, drawing interest at the rate of 7 per cent. They own in addition nearly one million five hundred thousand acres of

woodland, farms and pastures, worth not less than ten dollars an acre.

Each Osage Indian, man, woman and child, is worth at least fifteen thousand dollars. Every family, upon a division, would possess on an average sixty thousand dollars. It is held and owned in common. All their industries are "nationalized." The Government takes care of their property, superintends their education and religion, provides food and clothing, protects the weak from the aggressions of the strong, and abolishes as far as it may the injustice of destiny. All have equal rights; none have special privileges. They toll not, neither do they spin. The problems of existence are solved for them. The rate of wages, the hours of labor, the unearned increment, the rapacity of the monopolist, the wrongs of the toiler, the howl of the demagogue do not disturb nor perplex them. They have ample leisure for intellectual cultivation and development, for communion with nature, for the contemplation of art, for the joys of home, but they remain—Osage Indians.

Socialism and communism are the prescriptions of those who have failed. They are the hallucinations of despair. They have been tried and found wanting. Instead of being novelties they are the refuse and debris of history. Civilization has been built on their ruins.

The action of the Window Glass Trust last week will not tend to allay the irritation between labor and capital, nor to mitigate public judgment when the day of reckoning comes. Window glass is the vehicle of light

and air; the indispensable minister of life in the hovel and the palace. Having a capital of thirty millions, it began its nefarious work by decreasing the price of glass until the independent concerns were crushed. Having thus cleared the field of rivals, it proceeded to restrict production so that the demand might exceed the supply, in order to advance prices and increase profit by grinding the consumer. The edict was issued a few days ago, and all the factories in the country with the exception of a few co-operative concerns were shut down simultaneously for an indefinite period, and 17,000 workmen, skilled and unskilled, representing through their families a population of not less than 50,000 men, women and children, thrown out of employment and left to shift or starve.

This trust is a public enemy. It deliberately raises the price of one of the staples of every community for the selfish purpose of increasing its unlawful gains. It destroys competition. It restricts trade. It menaces the life and health of its employees. It should be outlawed, so that its members and its property could be dealt with as we deal with the rattlesnake, the tiger and the mad dog.

The laws are ample for the destruction of such monsters, but their penalties are not invoked.

We all know why; as we know why Captain Oberlin M. Carter, a convicted felon, who disgraced the army and dishonored the flag, is still at large, drawing pay and rendering no service.

By and by the lamp post and the torch!
JOHN J. INGALLS.

NEWSPAPER STORIES WRITTEN BY KIPLING WHEN HE WAS A REPORTER.



UNDER the title of "From Sea to Sea" some of Rudyard Kipling's earliest and rarest writings will be published in two volumes this week by Doubleday & McClure. "The Smith Administration," which is a collection of racy letters of travel in India, written in 1887 to his newspaper, the Allahabad Pioneer, forms a part of the second volume.

These lively sketches of Indian frontier life have hitherto been so hard to get that small paper-bound pamphlets containing them, printed by a railway news company in India, have sold for hundreds of dollars apiece.

Mr. Kipling has now gathered these sketches together, and has had them published anew, under the mystic Hindoo sign of the Scastika, a sort of double cross, which is supposed to carry good luck with it.

Through the courtesy of the publishers the Journal reproduces one of these almost unknown writings of the famous Anglo-Indian author.

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE OF THE SMITH ADMINISTRATION.

Be pleased to listen to a story of domestic trouble connected with the Private Services Commission in the back veranda, which did good work, though I, the Commission, say so, but it could not

guard against the Unforeseen Contingency. There was peace in all my borders till Peroo, the cow-keeper's son, came yesterday and paralyzed the Government. He said his father had told him to gather sticks—dry sticks—for the evening fire. I would not check parental authority in any way, but I did not see why Peroo should mangle my sirris trees. Peroo wept copiously, and, promising never to despoil my garden again, fled from my presence.

To-day I have caught him in the act of theft, and in the third fork of the white Doon sirris, twenty feet above ground. I have taken a chair and established myself at the foot of the tree, preparatory to making up my mind.

The situation is a serious one, for if (Peroo be led to think that he can break down my trees unharmed, the garden will be a wilderness in a week. Furthermore, Peroo has insulted the Majesty of the Government. Which is Me. Also he has insulted my sirris in saying that it is dry. He deserves a double punishment.

On the other hand, Peroo is very young, very small, and very very naked. At present he is penitent, for he is howling in a dry and husky fashion, and the squirrels are frightened.

The question is—how shall I capture Peroo? There are three courses open to me. I can shin up the tree and fight him on his own ground. I can shell him with clods of earth till he makes submission and comes down; or, and this seems the better plan, I can remain where I am, and cut him off from his supplies until the rickis—sticks, I mean—are returned.

Peroo, for all practical purposes, is a marauding tribe from the Hills—head-man, fighting-tall and all. I, once more, am the State, cool, collected and impassive. In half an hour or so Peroo will be forced to descend. He will then be smacked; that is, if I can lay hold of his wriggling body.

"Bearer, bring me the tum-tum ki chabug (ear-rage-whip)."

It is brought and laid on the ground, while Peroo howls afresh. I will overawe this child. He has an armful of stolen sticks pressed to his stomach.

"Bearer, bring also the chota mota chabug (the little whip)—the one kept for the punnia kutta (spaniel)."

Peroo has stopped howling. He peers through the branches and breathes through his nose very hard. Decidedly, I am impressing him with a show of armed strength. The idea of that cruel whip-thong curling round Peroo's fat little brown stomach is not a pleasant one. But I must be firm.

"Peroo, come down and be hit for stealing the Sahib's wood."

Peroo scuttles up to the fourth fork, and waits developments.

"Peroo, will you come down?"

"No. The Sahib will hit me."

Here the goalla appears, and learns that his son is in disgrace. "Beat him well, Sahib," says the goalla. "He is a badmash. I never told him to steal your wood. Peroo, descend and be very much beaten."

There is silence for a moment. Then, crisp and clear from the very top of the sirris, floats down the answer of the treed dacot.

"Kubbi, kubbi, nahin (Never—never—No)!"

The goalla hides a smile with his hand and departs, saying: "Very well. This night I will beat you dead."

There is a rustle in the leaves as Peroo wriggles himself into a more comfortable seat.

"Shall I send a punkha-coolie after him?" suggests the bearer.

This is not good. Peroo might fall and hurt himself. Besides I have no desire to employ na-

tive troops. They demand too much batta. The punkha-coolie would expect four annas for capturing Peroo. I will deal with the robber myself.

He shall be treated judicially, when the excitement of wrong-doing shall have died away, as befits his tender years, with an old bedroom slipper, and the bearer shall hold him. Yes, he shall be smacked three times—once gently, once moderately and once severely. After the punishment shall come the fine. He shall help the mall (gardener) to keep the flower beds in order for a week.

"Sahib! Sahib! Can I come down?"

The rebel treats for terms.

"Peroo, you are a nut-cut (a young Imp)."

"It was my father's order. He told me to get sticks."

"From this tree?"

"Yes; Protector of the Poor. He said the Sahib would not come back from office till I had gathered many sticks."

"Your father didn't tell me that."

"My father is a liar. Sahib! Sahib! Are you going to hit me?"

"Come down and I'll think about it."

Peroo drops as far as the third fork, sees the whip, and hesitates.

"If you will take away the whips I will come down."

There is a frankness in this negotiation that I respect. I stoop, pick up the whips, and turn to throw them into the veranda.

Follows a rustle, a sound of scraped bark, and a thud. When I turn, Peroo is down, off and over the compound wall. He has not dropped the stolen fire wood, and I feel distinctly "jollish."

My prestige, so far as Peroo is concerned, is gone.

This Administration will now go indoors for a drink.



"I will go if you will. Do, my dear."



MRS. NICKLEBY.



THE GOVERNESS.

CURIOUS OLD ILLUSTRATIONS SUPPRESSED BY DICKENS.

AFTER lying unused for sixty years, a set of seventy Dickens illustrations now come to light. George Allen, of London, Ruskin's publisher, has just brought out this remarkable set of engravings of "Pickwick Papers" and "Nicholas Nickleby." These drawings, made by the artist, T. Onghyn, sixty years ago, when those books were first written, are now for the first time printed.

There is a curious story connected with these long-hidden pictures. They were made at Mr. Dickens's order, but when the captious author saw them he declared they didn't represent his characters rightly. Some he thought were too coarse; others he thought incorrect in costume. He threw most of them aside.

Mr. Allen, the English publisher, set to work several years ago to get together these discarded pictures. Some he got from Chapman & Hall, Dickens's publishers; others from the late Charles Dickens, Jr., and from Dickens's daughter, Mrs. Perugini. He has now issued these in two portfolios, one on "Pickwick Papers" with thirty-two engravings, and the other on "Nicholas Nickleby" with thirty-eight plates. They are India proofs and designed as extra illustrations, to be inserted in any editions of the books to which they refer.

T. Onghyn, the artist who drew and engraved these pictures, was a well-known illustrator in England sixty years ago. His style was similar to that of Cruikshank, who illustrated many of Dickens's works, and he frequently used the pseudonyms "Peter Pallett" and "Sam Weller."



"The young lady, who was a very lively young lady, seeing the old lord in this rapturous condition, chided the old lord behind a cheval glass, and then and there kissed him, while Madame Mantalini and the other young lady looked discreetly anxious."



"Weal pie," said Mr. Weller, soliloquizing, as he arranged the eatables on the grass. "Wery good thing is a weal pie, when you know the lady as made it, and is quite sure it ain't kittens; and arter all, though, where's the odds, when they're so like weal that the very piemen themselves don't know the difference?"



SMIKE.



KATE NICKLEBY.