

There is a cause for all this abnormal and distorted public sentiment in Chicago. There is probably no city in the world so thoroughly absorbed in and possessed by its own civic ideals. To a genuine Chicagoan his city is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the ideal and the real, the macrocosm and the microcosm. His ideas of heaven and eternity could not go beyond an apotheosized Chicago. In some respects Chicagoans seem broad and magnanimous, but in most essential characteristics they are provincial and narrow. Big as Chicago is, it is only a tiny fragment of the whole, and Chicagoans are conscious mainly of the fragment, while the great world to them is but the tail to their own Chicago comet. At Washington public sentiment is a light composed of numberless rays, each flowing from some internal section of the great Republic, and even from all quarters of the globe. In such an atmosphere the mind is constantly enlarged in the knowledge of and sympathy with the country and the world. In Chicago all is action rather than reflection. Corporate grandeur is the grand ideal to those who are capable of conceiving it, and personal aggrandizement, great wealth and sky-towering buildings are the motive power and inspiration to all personal ambition. Chicago has many railroads, but these are utterly valueless except as they serve to make the wealth of the country tributary to this great commercial center. She has some great men, but these come in for recognition only as they paint and gild the civic edifice. She has become a great monetary power, the depository of immense wealth, but this wealth with all the economic interests to which it is related is construed only in its relation to local welfare. The country as a whole is not considered. The South and West, the true sources of the city's prosperity, are completely ignored in the formation of Chicago public sentiment. It was stated in one of the papers here as coming from Lyman J. Gage, the most prominent banker of the city that Chicago is the greatest absorber of foreign capital of any city in the United States. This is largely a city of foreign born people, and its greatness is largely due to foreign investments. Its monetary life flows through an imbibical cord which ties it in sympathy and policy to the money marts and monetary interests of foreign lands. In so far as all this is true of Chicago she fails to be an American city, and to represent American life and interests in the better and truer sense. It is well for her to scout the silver men of the West and South, for her sympathies are un-American. She speaks the words and inspirations of an alien civilization.

In Chicago the people who advocate the money of the Constitution and seek to undo the world wide treachery that perpetrated a great wrong upon the debtor classes and producers of the country are called "silver lunatics" and "cranks," and to read their papers one would associate such parties with anarchy and socialism in their most offensive form. All this is but treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath. No man with American instinct and foresight can feel otherwise than that a great evolution

in social and economical affairs is going forward. Right here in Chicago the tempest is gathering. Classes are constantly growing wider apart. The streams of wealth are flowing into the coffers of a few by thousands and millions while the great bulk of the population are sinking lower and lower into the depths where life is destitute of all comfort, joy, decency, independence and self-respect. The hundreds of cheap lodging houses give shelter and miserable beds to thousands and tens of thousands for 10 to 25 cents per night. The cheap restaurants furnish a miserable provender for 5 to 10 cents. Young men by the thousand gather into these dens some of them very large buildings, and while away the dreary hours with inspired games amid fetid clouds of tobacco smoke. On some of the streets within a few minutes' walk of the city hall, in open day, the young women, sometimes very young, may be seen at the windows beckoning to the passers by to come in. I can but remember a handsome young girl, perhaps eighteen years of age, seemingly as fair a model for a silver statue as Ada Rehan, with a face more than comely, and as yet unmarked by the coarseness and grossness with which nature brands the angel in the woman's face as its womanliness is abandoned. She stood upon the steps of a decent-looking residence and asked attention for a moment. As it was but 3 o'clock in the afternoon a stroller could well afford to pause an instant. This handsome creature, who seemed formed and zitted for the better and nobler part of life, simply wanted a small sum of money, very small one would think. And in enumerating the compensations that were at her disposal one would be most surprised at the fact that no blush of shame and reproach should mantle her fair cheeks, that no tears should well up into those charming eyes, that no forgotten prayer of childhood should rise from her heart and choke her utterance. No; doubtless the demon of want had long since beaten down the tender safeguards of the womanly instinct, and once ushered upon the low plane of merely mercenary and heartless necessity, the sweeter and gentler notes of the woman life were hushed to silence, and the girl took her place in the cruel life about her, summoning to her assistance those physical charms which, although cast in the mold of an angelic beauty, had in her experience only a gross and mercenary value. The story of one is that of many thousands here in Chicago, and for all the years that have past, and throughout all the great cities of the past and present, such wholesale wreck of virtue is largely due to one great cause of human misfortune, the inhumanity of man to man, the inequality of social benefits, the unequal distribution of the material blessings of life, the inability of some to cope with the overreaching and grasping capability of others.

Here in Chicago everything is run under a high pressure. It is not thought, but action, that characterizes the community. Whatever the consummation of city life, its result will be attained here more rapidly than elsewhere, for the public pulse beats quicker; the fever is always on; and for

full eighteen hours of the twenty-four the turmoil and strain of the busy streets sends up a roar like the howling of a volcano. Soon there will be a few lords and potentates here of the commercial gulf. Each of these will have under them a few tenatory obseques. The middle classes will more and more disappear in the vast army of poverty-stricken serfs whose lives will become more and more a synonym of cheapness. What a glorious thing it will be when the mud sills of Chicago can live on say ten to fifteen cents per day? This will deepen and quicken the current of wealth that shall flow into the capacious vaults of the lordlings. Dives will build costlier palaces and taller buildings, and the beggars that lie at his gates will be multiplied a thousand fold.

Such is the tendency of the present order of things, and this evil tendency receives a mighty impulse from gold monometalism. It is as true as the sun in its course that the contest for silver and a broader basis of real money is a struggle against a money aristocracy, a struggle in behalf of a broader and truer humanity in our social institutions; and the forces that resist it are the same inhumanity of man to man that has fought human emancipation and progress from the beginning. C. R.

The U. S. marshal, says the San Francisco *Chronicle* of Saturday, sold 9800 contraband Manila cigars, which came from Mexico, at \$13 per thousand, including the \$3 for internal revenue, and fifty pounds of opium from Victoria at \$5.75 a pound. The opium brings in the market about \$19 a pound, the duty being \$12.

Dr. John Flutrock, who recently arrived from Wyoming, was found dead in his room at Boise, Idaho, on Saturday. Deceased was a prominent physician and had served with distinction during the war, and at its close was discharged as assistant surgeon in an Ohio regiment. He was a member of the Wyoming legislature and one of the regents of the state university.

A prospector and miner named Miller came very near adding his bones to the list of unknown skeletons now bleaching on the desert. He left Campo, Cal., a week ago for Yuma, and though an experienced miner, became confused before going far on the desert on account of the obliteration of trails by sandstorms. Within a few hours from that time he was lost and death stared him in the face in the form of thirst. With great will power and presence of mind he calmed himself and decided that the only way to save himself was to take the back track and try to reach Picocho on the western side of the desert. He retraced his steps as rapidly as possible, suffering terribly from thirst and occasionally in great peril from the hallucinations of delirium and the false attractions of mirages, which almost drew him from the trail to drink of imaginary springs. He finally reached the foothills and found his way to Campo badly used up, but with a wholesome respect for the desert. After recuperation and refitting he will again attempt the journey to Yuma.