

events in history. In our own day we have seen what stress the late Emperor William of Prussia laid on it. His cook, Dubois, was a Frenchman. When the war of 1870 commenced, Dubois resigned his place, determined to come home and fight for La belle France. The Emperor would not consent to this by any means. After the war the cook's native village was exempted from payment of any of the indemnity out of respect for the cook and his devotion to his native land.

That very interesting and observant correspondent of the *DESERET NEWS*, Mr. Ward, says of the pictures in the ruins of the Italian buried cities: "Some of these paintings indicate the various kinds of food and the manner in which it was served to these ancient inhabitants. Pictures of oysters served in various ways adorn the walls of these ancient dining halls." He then goes on to state that cookery was carried out among the ancient Romans much the same as it is in Chicago to-day. It is very probable that if we had more "Domestic Science" in Chicago we would have less anarchy and less socialism.

Speaking of socialism, I may as well state my experience of it here. Last Sunday afternoon I dropped into Waverley Hall, where a meeting was in progress. Professor Orchardson was reading a paper on "Speculation or peculation." He dealt severely with bankers and board of trade men. The merchant who advertizes a \$10 coat to be sold for \$1.50 is characterized as a "common liar and thief." The board of trade man who gambles on mythical wheat is denounced as worse than a Louisiana lottery man. The professor is a very mild-looking person. He speaks with an English accent. His head is aggressively bald. His face is intellectual. After his own style his discourse was well thought out, and if reported in full would be worthy of perusal.

After the reading of the paper, a collection was taken up towards defraying hall rent. Then the redoubtable Mrs. Parsons took the floor. She repudiated the lecturer and his socialistic scheme, and said that anarchy was what we wanted. Mrs. Parsons was listened to, though but a few accepted her views. This woman does not appear physically to be the terror that she is commonly supposed to be. She is slight, almost fragile. Her voice is soft and melodious. One could imagine a slight trace of the negro in it, though really in Mexico or in Texas Mrs. Parsons would pass as a half-breed Indian.

A man named Serrall next took the floor. He is an old man, with luxuriant gray whiskers, and long, flowing hair. He avowed himself an anarchist pure and simple. He denounced everybody and everything. After a long struggle he was shut off. "Dynamite Ducey" next spoke. His language was certainly explosive and ignominious. Several anarchist speakers had something to say. Finally a German named Buerk got up. His command of Chicago English was not very good, but what he did utter was emphatic.

He said: "It is time to sit on these anarchists. Their principles are not worthy of consideration. Their theory of government is that of fools. To get rid of the bed-bugs they would burn the house." This clinched anarchy. Buerk was applauded, and it was settled there and then that anarchists should find a hall of their own in future.

Prof. Orchardson replied to his critics, and he did it well. He defined the socialism which he represented as the direct opposite of anarchy, though both, he said, were commonly accepted as identical. He believed in State control of everything. Anarchism was nothing. It had no parallel among organism or organizations of any kind. Even the wild hogs and horses had leaders, and were governed by laws. The hall was full. I noticed many who were neither anarchists nor socialists, and who seemed eager to understand what socialism really meant. As I came away from the place I could not help thinking of what John Milton said about liberty: "Liberty hath a sharp and double edge, fit only to be handled by just and virtuous men! Neither is it completely obtained but by them who have the happy skill to know what laws are wanting, and how to frame them substantially, that good men may have the freedom which they merit, and the bad the curb which they need."

One cannot realize thoroughly the force and truth of these words until he has heard some of these pot-house orators and whiskey politicians. There are men holding high office in this country who know just as little about liberty as Mrs. Parsons does. Every man's idea of liberty here seems to be that one must push himself forward, and, once in power, to disregard the rights of all who are not his immediate friends and partisans. An honest religion is the only safeguard to an honest government. Without a religion to mould and chasten the wild and barbarous in mankind no amount of culture, no amount of science, can make a just and stable commonwealth. JUNIUS.

CHICAGO, Feb. 21, 1899.

The past week has been a very eventful one for Chicago. We had three conventions—the Tariff Reform, the National Electric Light and the Grass Widows. The last named was held in a dime museum, the first, though held in a theatre hall, yet for the time being was better than a dime museum. These tariff reformers, among whom Henry George was king, resolved that an American citizen should have the privilege of selling his labor or the product of his labor to the best advantage. I don't see why he should not have the privilege of giving away his labor if he so desires it. Henry George lauded President Cleveland as a model American; so did Sackville West. Cleveland is "all right," but he has had the misfortune to have more fool friends than any public man that ever America produced.

The Electric Light Convention was a success. From it we learned that fifty-three electric roads were in actual operation in this country. The grass widows were a homely lot. They assembled at the Museum and imparted bits of biography freely to visitors. Carlyle says, in his life of Goethe, that outside of the Newgate calendar there is nothing to be found so lugubrious, so wretched, as the biographies of authors and men of genius. According to the reports furnished by a congress of grass widows in Chicago, the Newgate calendar, the biographies of men of genius fall into insignificance beside the importunate women here mentioned. Visitors went to see them to have a laugh, but in their presence it was like laughing at incarnated misery, woe, wretchedness, misfortune, despair, calamity and insanity.

We had three murders, five deaths by gas asphyxiation, fifteen attempts at murder, burglaries, arsons, robberies and assaults innumerable. In addition to all this we had "La Tosca," a French play, and Verestchagin's Russian pictures.

We had also a Jew preacher in court for selling moonshine whiskey—Anglice poteen—and a Chinese grocer named Quong Wong, who decamped at night and beat his friends and debtors out of several hundred dollars. He is gone to Canada, while an Irish constable mounts guard over some dried herrings and desiccated birds' nests and sugar-cured rats, left behind as articles not merchantable over the border. We have the Annie Redmond case still on our hands and it is likely to be with us for some time.

New York tries to get a hearing because a Russian prince steals an overcoat, Brooklyn also, because a Portuguese marquis steals two coats, Baltimore, because our new President gets a cinder in his eye, St. Louis, because Mary Anderson's smothered venus (beefsteak with onions) was not cooked properly, Iowa with her Governor in quod; but what are these petty incidents compared with our Chicago double-breasted occurrences? Take the most serious of these, that of the cinder, and to us it is not of one-half as much concern as a jealous pang in the bosom of La Tosca or a headache in one of Mrs. Parsons' children. Chicago is ahead and will keep ahead, even if Lake Michigan empties itself into the Gulf of Mexico.

W. E. Curtis, Washington correspondent of the *Chicago News*, telegraphs to his paper as follows: "At 3 o'clock, or thereabout, General Harrison was closed for repairs, as one might say, for when he went out upon the platform of the car at Baltimore to witness his fellow citizens he got a large-sized cinder in his eye, and it has been troubling him a good deal ever since. All the family have been digging away at it without success, and if there is no relief in the morning a doctor is to be called." Probably Mr. Curtis thought that this alarming intelligence would create a sensation in Chicago, and possibly depreciate the