

"I Would Fain Die a Dry Death"

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

THE American public is patient,
The American public is slow,
The American public will stand as much
As any public I know.
We submit to be killed by our railroads,
We submit to be fooled by our press,
We can stand as much Government scandal
As any folks going, I guess.
We can bear bad air in the subway,
We can bear quick death in the street,
But we are a little particular
About the food we eat.

It is not so much that it kills us—
We are used to being killed;
But we like to know what fills us
When we pay for being filled.
When we pay the Beef Trust prices—
As we must, or go without—
It is not that we grudge the money,
But we grudge the horrid doubt.
Is it ham or trichinosis?
Can a label command belief?
Is it pork we have purchased, or poison?
Is it tuberculosis or beef?

There is really a choice of diseases
To any one, little or big;
And no man really pleases
To die of a long-dead pig.
We take our risks as we're able,
On elevator and train,
But to sit in peace at the table
And be seized with sudden pain
When we are at home and happy,
Is really against the grain.

And besides—admitting the poison—
Admitting we all must die—
Accepting the second-hand sickness
From a cholera-smitten sty;
Patiently bearing the murder,
Amiable, meek, inert—
We do rise up and remonstrate
Against the Packingtown dirt!
Let there be death in the dinner,
Subtle and unforeseen.
But O, Mr. Packer, in packing our death,
Won't you please to pack it clean!
NEW YORK CITY.



A Home Colony

BY UPTON SINCLAIR

[To the general public "The Jungle" is a lucky accident, like the sudden and inexplicable popularity of any novel that happens to create a sensation. But readers of THE INDEPENDENT understand the motives and purpose which has inspired the author in his struggle against adverse circumstance. More than three years ago he flung his challenge to the world in proud and bitter words, and made his boast that he would force the public to listen to him. To many readers the article seemed the empty mouthings of a foolish boy, soured because the world would not take him at his own valuation. THE INDEPENDENT was criticised for giving space to such idle boasts. It was said we were deceived by the pretensions of a charlatan. But now that Upton Sinclair has "made good," and has gained a hearing and exerted an in-

fluence in this country and abroad greater than almost any other modern novelist, his own frank statement of his ambitions becomes of especial interest.

The signed articles that have appeared from his pen in our columns are:

"A Review of Reviews," February 6th, 1902; "On the Teaching of Language," February 27th, 1902; "Language Study—Some Facts," June 19th, 1902; "Cunylums," July 31st, 1902; "The Confessions of a Young Author," November 2d, 1902; "My Cause," May 14th, 1903, and "Is 'The Jungle' True?" May 17th, 1906.

We republish the following extracts from his article entitled "My Cause":

"I, Upton Sinclair, would-be singer and penniless rat, having for seven years waged day and night with society a life-and-death struggle for the existence of my soul; and having now definitely and irrevocably consummated a victory—having routed my last foe and shat-

tered my last chain and made myself master of my own life; being in body very weak and in heart very weary, but in will yet infinitely determined, have sat myself down to compose this letter to the world, before taking my departure for a long sojourn in the blessed regions of my own spirit.

"I should not write a letter to the world for the purpose of setting myself right; being 'lord of a thousand dollars,' the world no longer exists for me. What people think of me is not whispered in the forests that I love, and I have read my last review, and waited upon my last publisher, and cringed before my last rejection. The sole reason for my writing is that in that world there are surely others, born to sing and to worship, as I was born to sing and to worship, but born less capable than I in the world's low way—less willing to fight the world with its own weapons—less cunning, less unprincipled, than I. For such there being in the place from which I have escaped no salvation, and no prospect, save to be stewed and mashed in misery for a lifetime, as I for seven long years, I could not greet my muse until I had flung my banner wide and declared myself to men:

"*My Cause!* You laugh at me, no doubt, but some day you will heed me; and meanwhile here and there may be one who will recognize this letter for what it is—the coming into the world of a new ideal. Nothing ever happens in this world that is of the remotest consequence except the coming into it of a new ideal.

"I knew that the hoax [the publication of 'The Journal of Arthur Sterling'] would cost me my reputation and the respect of all decent people; but that did not matter, for I have not been favored with the acquaintance of many decent people, and am obliged to hear what the world thinks of me. Besides, I would cheerfully have robbed a bank, or sandbagged a millionaire, had my task been possible in no other way. My one desire was to raise a sensation, first to sell the book, of course, and, second, to give me a standing ground from which to begin the agitation of *My Cause*.

"*My Cause* is the cause of a man who has never yet been defeated, and whose whole being is one all-devouring, God-given, holy purpose. And this Cause he will fight for while there is breath in his body and power in his soul; and if he cannot make the cultured and the wealthy support it, he will do it with the earnings of all his own life; and if they do not suffice, he will raise up sons and daughters of his own to go on with the task. It matters not to him if not one single man who reads this paper believes that he is right; this is his Revelation, and it is for the world to recognize it.

"You do not understand, for you have not the memory of the midnight hour when I knelt with a fire of anguish in my soul, and hot tears upon my cheeks, and registered my vow: So help me, Almighty God and His angels, if I come out of this torture-house alive, never will I rest in this world again until I have saved the man who comes after me! Until I

have made it impossible for a human soul to suffer the shame that I have suffered in this life! Until I have made it impossible for joy and tenderness and rapture and awe to be lashed and spit upon and trampled and mashed into annihilation as mine have been! Until I have made this world a place in which a young artist can live!

"I have talked about myself in this discourse, and I have told all my private affairs; you will show yourself but a poor fool if you think I have done it because I like to talk about myself, or because I like to have you talk about me. I have done it grimly, and with clear foresight. I design this article to sear itself into the hearts of men, good and evil. What I write may not please you, but at least it stirs you, and you will not soon forget it. And you may sneer at it now, but you will live to blush for the sneer, and then you will be in the mood that I wish, and will understand what I mean when I say that there is at present no means of existence provided in this world for a man who would seek the high: I am such a man, single-hearted, consecrated, and uncompromising; and I have been for years in this most enlightened society a tramp, and an outcast, and a wretch. And now I boast of a 'victory'—after endless waiting, a 'victory'; and that means that I have the price of a board shanty and of three years of bread and meat, and am free for that length of time to work sixteen hours a day."

As another part of the "Cause" to which he is devoting his life, Mr. Sinclair contributes the following plan for co-operation in the domestic industries. —EDITOR.]

I HAVE a problem to solve. I write an article about it for the reason that there are others troubled with it, and I believe that a number of people might solve it together where each would fail by himself.

In carrying out my purpose I am obliged to discuss what the world would call my "private affairs." So I explain at the outset that I am a Socialist, and consider that the private affairs of most individuals constitute the most important public affair now existing. I discuss my own because they are typical, and because they happen to be the ones with which I am most familiar.

The problem is the one commonly known as the "servant problem." I invite you to consider the situation of a man who is possessed of a small family and a small income, and wishes to be free to turn his attention to intellectual pursuits.

A few years ago the solution would

have been a simple one. Then all my wife and I ever dreamed of wanting was a one-room cabin in the country, solid enough to keep out the rain and the cold; and we should have eaten but one hot meal a day (and forgotten to eat that most of the time) and been blissfully happy. But now, for numberless reasons, this is impossible. We are no longer as strong as we were; we are no longer able to perform the office of cook and housekeeper with serenity. Also we have learned more about the world in which we live; we have been to Packingtown, which means that we can never again eat meat without a qualm; and in the same way we tremble at store bread and butter and milk, at canned vegetables and fruits—at nearly everything, in fact, that we ate when we dwelt in tents and shanties, and wrestled with indigestion. And then finally, of course, there is a little boy, who cannot be fitted into any such scheme.

For the past two years we have lived upon a farm; and a farm is the ideal place to bring up a child, you have read in the books. At the outset a hunger for companionship seized our David, and he found his way to a neighbor's and played with a little girl who stuttered. After a week or two we found that he was stuttering, too, and stopped the visits, but too late; and now, for all I know, he may continue to say every word three times over as long as he lives. And when he was not learning to stutter he was up in the pear orchard, stuffing himself; or behind the house, swimming the baby ducks and his shoes in the wash-tub; or out in the kitchen, mixing himself a pudding of pepper cruets, candle-sticks and milk. So it was found necessary to get some one to take care of him; so, little by little, the *problem* has arisen. For you must understand that it is not merely a question of finding a governess or kindergarten expert; it is a question of setting up and keeping under way a home for him—it is a question of an establishment, of servants!

I could take a whole article to tell what images the dread word "servants" evokes in my mind. The servants I encountered when I lived in my mother's home! The one who cut out the bottom of our fruit cake and left us only the hol-

low shell for Christmas! The one who took the Thanksgiving turkey home to her friends, and told us it fell out of the window! The one who went crazy—the one who got drunk and threw the salt box at my mother! And then our own, at the farm, all in a single year; the Irish lady who ate so much that she could hardly walk; the Hungarian girl who ate raw sausage, and wept and told us of her love affair; the angry looking personage who hid the eggs to save the trouble of cooking some for breakfast!

The mistake was in the beginning—you say—if you object to servants you ought never to have married. But is a man to be denied the privilege of parenthood just because he happens to possess an intellect? And is it for the best interests of the race that its future generations should be furnished exclusively by the ignorant and callous? And if authors, artists, scientists and philosophers are to reproduce their kind, what is to be done? Shall they have to marry their housekeepers? I have made many sacrifices for my art, but I confess that that one would have staggered me.

You see, the trouble is that we are Socialists, and do not believe in master and servanthood; it seems wicked to us, and we go about the world and see it, and our hearts bleed for the misery of it. And of course we cannot help pitying our own servants, even when they impose upon us; and we encounter their personalities, vulgar and egotistical, and we shrink from them—we cannot get up the courage to face them, but sit in the parlor and hold terrified consultations. "The potatoes are simply impossible," say I; "Mary *must* be told." "But she will be offended again," says my wife; "you tell her!"

Of course we can do it if we must. We can stick to the farm and raise all our own food, and keep our health, and do it all at moderate expense—but how pitiful it is! We cannot travel, we can never hear any music, or attend the theater; we can have only books and our own thoughts, winter and summer, year in and year out. We cannot send our child to a kindergarten, to school; he can never be with other children. Can a mere writer of original books afford a house in the city, or city prices for im-

pure food? And of course we cannot keep a wideawake boy in a boarding house or an apartment. I have had him two weeks in a New York flat and seen him turn four able-bodied adults into fit subjects for sanitarium treatment. And are we to go to hotels in the summer time and take our chances of typhoid and malaria, and pay huge sums of money to live in the same house with people less congenial than our own servants? No, we must have our own home, and in the country; so our thoughts come back from every flight. Let us make one desperate effort to try to get good servants, and then pay them anything and keep them; and when we get the machine running let us get a little house near by and keep it for our own and allow no one there, and go and live there and eat cold food and do our own work whenever we wish to be alone with our thoughts.

That was our plan, until I took the resolution to write this article. There are hundreds, and even thousands, in exactly the same plight, I said—and why should they all sink back and reconcile themselves to the monstrous absurdities of isolated housekeeping? Surely it cannot be that there are not a few men and women in this country with intelligence and initiative enough to come and find a rational and scientific way to live!

As a preliminary to explaining what I wish to propose, I shall state one thing that I do *not* propose. I am not dreaming any sort of self supporting colony, to set a new ideal and realize the Co-operative Commonwealth. I am a member of the Socialist party, and all the hopes of my life are there. I understand that the hope of humanity is not in any new machinery or process to be discovered or created, but in the opportunities already existing, and now owned and operated for purposes of exploitation; I understand that so long as the mines and the factories, the railroads and the governments of the world are held and run by capitalists, any colony of laborers, however wise its organization and however noble its ideals, must be a colony of wage slaves. What I am making here is a simple business profession, for an association of people who may possess a moderate income, to secure the benefits

of the application of the machine process to their domestic affairs.

Here am I on my little farm, living as my ancestors lived—like a cave man or a feudal baron. I have my little castle and my retainers and dependents to attend me, and we practice a hundred different trades: The trade of serving meals, and the trade of cleaning dishes, the trade of washing and ironing clothes, of killing and dressing meat, of churning butter, of baking bread, of grinding meal, of raising chickens, of cutting wood, of preserving fruit, of heating a house, of decorating rooms, of training children, and of writing books! And all these crowded into one establishment, in close proximity, and all jarring and clashing with each other! And all carried on in the most primitive and barbarous fashion, upon a small scale, and by unskilled hand labor. It takes a hundred cooks to prepare a hundred meals badly, while twenty cooks could prepare one meal for a hundred families, and do it perfectly. It costs a hundred thousand dollars to build and equip a hundred kitchens; it would cost only five thousand dollars to build one kitchen! But, of course, if you have large scale cooking at present, you can only have it under capitalist auspices; and so it is associated in your minds with uncleanness, and bad service, and high prices. It takes a hundred churns and a hundred aching backs to make a thousand pounds of butter; it would take only one machine and a man to tend it to make the same thousand pounds, and the cost of making it would be cut 95 per cent. But of course you cannot have large butter making except it is done for profit—and that means adulteration and poisoning! It takes a hundred ignorant nursemaids to take care of the children of a hundred families, and develop every kind of ugliness and badness in them; it would take only twenty or thirty trained nurses and kindergarten teachers to take care of them co-operatively, and bring them up according to the teachings of science.

One could show this same thing in a thousand different forms, if it were necessary; but it has all been reasoned out in Charlotte Perkins Gilman's book, "The Home," and any one to whom the idea is new may read it there. The purpose

of this paper is not to persuade any one, but to move to action those already persuaded. There must be, in and near New York, thousands of men and women of liberal sympathies, who understand this situation clearly, and are handicapped by its miseries in their own lives—authors, artists and musicians, editors and teachers and professional men, who abhor boarding houses and apartment hotels and yet shrink from managing servants, who have lonely and peevish children like my own, and are no fonder of eating poisons or of wasting their time and strength than I am. There must be a few who, like myself, have realized that it is a question of dragging thru life a constantly increasing burden of care, or making an intelligent effort and solving the problem once for all. To such I offer my co-operation. I am not a business man, but circumstances have forced me to take up this problem, and I am not accustomed to failing in what I undertake. I have said that "Socialism is not an experiment in government, but an act of will"; and I say the same of this plan. Having gotten the figures from experts and found out exactly what we can do, the one thing remaining is to go ahead and do it.

I suppose that the average professional man invests ten thousand dollars in a home (or else pays rent equal to interest upon that sum); and that he pays two thousand dollars a year living expenses for his family. Let a hundred such families combine to found a co-operative home, and there would be a million dollars for building and equipment, and two hundred thousand dollars a year for running expenses; I believe that for half the outlay five hundred people could live and enjoy comforts at present possible only to millionaires. I have, however, no intention of asking any one to risk his money upon such a guess. I write this to find out if there are people disposed to consider the project; and if there are enough, I will have the plan figured upon by architects, contractors, stewards and other qualified experts, and have prepared a definite business proposition, and a plan of organization for a stock company.

The following embodies my own conception of what such a "home colony"

should be. It would be located within an hour of New York, and would have one hundred families, and three or four hundred acres of land, healthfully located, near some body of water, and as unspoiled by the hand of man as possible. It should have an abundant water supply and a filtering plant; an electric light and power plant, and a large garden and farm, raising its own stock, meat, poultry, fruit and vegetables, and canning the last for winter use. It should be administered by a board of directors, democratically elected. For the management of its various departments salaried experts should be employed; machinery should be installed wherever it could be made to pay, and the best modern methods should be applied in every industry. All its purchases should be in bulk and tested for quality; and, so far as the preparation and serving of food is concerned, the processes should be kept as aseptic as a surgical operation.

We are accustomed to having our buildings for public purposes endowed by persons with a great deal of money and few ideals; and so we consume much space and material and accomplish little, exactly typifying our civilization. The buildings of this home colony should be of frame at the outset, of simple and expressive design, each structure exactly adapted to its specific purpose. The buildings should be conveniently grouped—those for the children in one place, those for cooking and eating in another, those for reading, for music and social intercourse, for recreation and exercise, in still other places. The greater part of the land would of course be given up to farm and woodland, and to the individual dwellings of the families. The ground available for this latter purpose should be divided into lots, priced according to size and location, and leased to stockholders for long terms. Each would erect his own home, according to his own taste—a home, of course, of a kind hitherto unknown, with no provision for the cooking of food, or the training of children, or other trades and professions. It would be a place where the family met, to rest and play and sleep. It might be large or small, anything that the owner chose to make it—my own would be a four or five room cottage, of rustic de-

sign, and it would cost from six to eight hundred dollars. Besides these there should be apartment buildings, owned by the colony, and dormitories with rooms for single men and women.

As to the public buildings, there should be a large and beautiful dining hall, and a modern, scientifically constructed kitchen. There should be separate tables for each family, or for congenial groups of people. The service should be unexceptionable, the food simple, but perfect in quality and preparation; there should be a vegetarian service for those who prefer this cheaper mode of life, and the charge for board should be based upon the cost of the service. As to what the cost would be, with a colony raising nearly all its own food upon the premises, I can only submit three experiences of my own: First, it cost me for my family of three to board in New York city, in one room and in the cheapest way, a thousand dollars a year. Second, it cost us, living in a three-room cottage in the country, doing our own work and buying our food from a farmer at wholesale prices, seven hundred dollars a year. Third, it cost us, living upon a sixty-acre farm, which represented a total investment of four thousand dollars, doing no work ourselves but the managing, paying a man and woman five hundred and forty dollars a year, having a horse and carriage, and feeding five persons instead of three, a total of less than six hundred dollars a year. Lest this statement should be unbelievable, I put it in another form—the total expenses of the farm, including labor, were less than twelve hundred dollars, the income was six hundred dollars, and the net loss, or the cost to us of a year's living, was less than six hundred. And these figures, it should be explained, included not merely board, but also household supplies and repairs of all sorts, items which would appear in other places in the community's accounts. I will probably be laughed at, but I believe that, granting the land, horses and machinery, buildings, equipment and capital, the members of such a colony as I describe could be provided with perfect service and an abundance of food of the best quality at a total cost of one hundred dollars a year per person.

So much for the co-operative prepara-

tion of food. And now for the caring for children. There should be two separate establishments, one for infants, who like to sleep, and one for children, who like to run and shout. Both should be scientifically constructed and ventilated and kept as clean as an up-to-date hospital; the food should be prepared under the general direction of a physician. No building for children should be over two stories high, and the upper windows should be beyond the reach of children; no matches or exposed fire should be permitted, and there should be a night watchman, fire extinguishers and an automatic sprinkling apparatus. These establishments should be under the supervision of a board of women directors; and the actual work of caring for the children, washing, dressing and feeding them, playing with them and teaching them, should be done by trained nurses and kindergarten teachers who live in the colony as the friends and social equal of its members. In other words, it is my idea that the caring for children should be recognized as a profession, and that servants should have nothing to do with it; it is my idea that it should be done in a place built for the purpose, with floors for babies to crawl where there is no dirt for them to eat, with playgrounds for children where there are no stoves and no boiling water, no staircases and wells, no cats and dogs, no workbaskets, lamps, pianos, sewing machines, jam closets, inkstands, and authors' writing tables. Instead, there should be sleeping rooms and bedrooms, and sun parlors for nursing mothers; a separate building for the sick; kindergarten rooms and indoor playgrounds for bad weather, and a big all outdoors romping ground, with sunny places and shady places, swings, rocking horses, sand piles, and all other accessories of a children's heaven. Of course, any mother should come and play with or care for her own children just as much as she pleased, or take them home, as she chose; tho I think that no one would care to assist this plan who did not believe that children should be cared for in accordance with the principles of science, and preserved from the corrupting influence of grandmothers and aunts. Of course, any mother who believed that her work in the world was

caring for children, and who wished to care for her own and others, according to the methods of the commonwealth, would be free to do so, and to earn her living by doing it.

I have already explained that I should not regard this as an experiment in Socialism; but I do think that those who undertook it would have to be in sympathy with the spirit of Socialism, which is the spirit of brotherhood and democracy. Whenever I have mentioned this plan to friends they have always said: "The great difficulty would be to get together a community of congenial people." It does not seem to me that this would be a difficulty at all. Every member of the community would have his own home, to which he would invite his personal friends as he chose; and the other members of the community he would meet in the same way that he meets acquaintances in business and politics, in theatres, restaurants and clubs. I myself am the most unsocial of human beings when I am busy, and have no idea of giving up my hermit's tastes. In a colony of a hundred families there ought to be persons of every kind of inclination, and it would not be in the least necessary for any one to associate with those who were not congenial. Of course there are people in the world whom we should not want near us at all; but such people, I think, would not care to join our colony. Vulgar and snobbish people get along very well in the world as it is, and do not find it a task to give orders to servants. Those who would be interested in such a plan would be men and women who wished to practice "plain living and high thinking"; and they would naturally wish to get as far as possible from every suggestion of ostentation and conventionality. They would establish the shirt waist and the short skirt as *en regle*, and would, I trust, allow me in without a dress suit. They would be all hard working people themselves, and they would not look down upon honest labor. This spirit, if wisely and earnestly cultivated, would solve the "servant problem" for the colony, and solve the health problem for its members as well. I know business and professional men who, when they need exercise, have to go down into the basement

and lift weights and pull at rubber straps; and they envy me my farm, where I can hoe the garden, or pitch hay, or pick fruit, and not merely benefit my body, but also put money in my purse. In this community every member would be credited for the time he worked; and it ought to become the custom for the men to help with the harvests, and the women with the preserving of fruit, and the children with the berry picking and the weeding of the gardens. I have no doubt that there are thousands of young men and women in New York city, students of art and music and the professions, who would be glad of a chance to earn their way in a community where class feeling did not make labor degrading. I appreciate the difficulties in the way of such a project; the chances at present against a coal heaver being a socially possible person, and I am not insisting that the day laborers should share in the privileges of the community. But I do think that this should certainly be the case with those whom we select to care for and teach our children, and also, if possible, with those whom we permit to prepare and serve our food; if I am not willing to shake a man's hand or sit next to him in a reading room, I do not see why I should be willing to eat what he has cooked. I personally know a young man who is studying art, and who earns his living by washing dishes in a downtown restaurant, because it takes only two or three hours a day of his time. In Memorial Hall at Harvard University, in the sanitarium at Battle Creek, and in many other places I might name, those who wait upon the tables are college students; and any one who knows the difference which there is in the atmosphere of such a dining hall knows what I should wish to attain.

I have so far only outlined the two main industries of the colony, the caring for children and the preparing for food; the nature of the other common opportunities would suggest themselves to any one. There would be a laundry, a boat livery and bath houses, a drug store, a general store, a refreshment room. There would, of course, be a complete telephone service, electric lights and hot water or electric heating throughout the buildings. There would be a resident

physician, and perhaps before long teachers of music and languages might find it worth while to join the colony. There would, of course, be a building for social purposes, with large piazzas for summer and sun parlors for winter; there would be a hall for lectures, concerts, theatricals and dancing; there would be a reading room and a circulating library of periodicals and recent books. It is your custom to spend say fifty or hundred dollars a year for these, and you could achieve your purpose co-operatively for a fifth of the expense. There would be a gymnasium and a swimming pool, and of course tennis and croquet and baseball grounds. There would be stages to meet all trains, and closed conveyances to convey people to and from the dining hall in bad weather. There would be a livery stable, at which you could hire or keep a rig for about one-fourth what it would cost you elsewhere.

I think that such a community should be planned for the accommodation of a certain number of members, and the necessary working force, and should be limited to these. Not all of the members need be stockholders of course; others might be admitted to the benefits of the association, but in that case the stock should pay dividends, and in any case the management of the corporation would have to be vested exclusively in the stockholders. For the administration

of the various industries there would have to be a superintendent, a man of first class executive ability, responsible to the board of directors; and there would be a corps of managers of departments, each a thoroly experienced man; a manager of the farm and stables, of the truck and flower gardens; of the purchasing department and the co-operative store; of the catering department, of the buildings and grounds, the power plant and the heating department. How many such men there should be and what they should be paid, how many employees of all sorts would be necessary, is one of the questions upon which expert advice is needed. As I said before, I am willing to get a complete set of figures for the enterprise I have outlined, provided that I hear from a sufficient number of people to make it worth while. I am perfectly and seriously in earnest about the matter, willing to give my time to it, for years, if need be. I hope to hear from one or two hundred people who are interested; but I am willing to undertake the enterprise with as few as twenty families. I wish to hear not merely from those who will invest as stockholders, but also from those who will rent or build homes; from men and women who are willing to contribute their labor, as waiters, cooks, nurses, teachers or managers; and from persons having business experience who would like to help me in working out this plan.

PRINCETON, N. J.



The Railroad Rate Debate in the Senate

BY ISIDOR RAYNER

[The Hon. Isidor Rayner, United States Senator from Maryland, as is well known, took a leading part in the Railroad Rate debates in the Senate. His speech on the Monroe Doctrine at the beginning of the session will also be recalled. Senator Rayner was chief counsel for Admiral Schley in the famous trial before the Court of Enquiry. His wide experience in the trial courts and appellate tribunals renders his opinions in the following article especially interesting.—EDITOR.]

IT may be asserted as a rather safe proposition that the people of the country are weary of listening to or reading any further prolongation of the Railroad Rate question that has occupied the Senate during the last few months.

I have, however, been asked to summarize some leading features connected therewith, and also the results that have been reached, which I shall proceed to do as concisely as possible.

The debate was perhaps as interesting