

"DIDN'T SHE HUG DAT LITTLE BALD HEADED BABY DAT YOU WAS SO PROUD OF UP CLOSE AN' CRY, 'HE'S DAID, HE'S DAID!'"

Em'ly. De Yanks jest got him an' he'll be home bimeby, didn't de tears ob joy come pourin' down an' wash de tears ob grief erway?

"Now, looky heah, Mars' Jim; my ole woman an' three pickaninnies is ober heah in er log cabin in de woods near Jim Wilson's pasture. Dey hain't got nothin' ter eat, en' when I comes by Sam Johnsing's hog pen, de yuther day, en' sees dat skinny little shoat dat, honest ter Gawd, was so poah dat you had ter tie er knot in his tail ter keep him from slippin' 'tween de palin's, I jest began foragin' ag'in. You can't call it stealin', nohow, 'case I'se gwine pay Mars' Johnsing back jes' es soon es my ole sow has pigs. You ain't gwine ter send yo' old body sarvint to de pen fo' dat, is you, Mars' Jim?"

There was silence in the court room for a moment. The old lawyers, who had at first laughed at what the old darky said, were now very quiet. The stern features of the old judge had relaxed. There was something moist in his eyes, and he wiped them furtively. Finally he said: "The court has considered the motion for a new trial, and the same is hereby granted. The prisoner is released upon his own recognizance. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court. Jim, you come up to the house with me."

And these were the words which I entered the court room in time to hear.

*Clay Branch.*

#### BREAD AND BUTTER.

FIFTH AVENUE was glittering in the November sunlight. In her tailor made gown, built by the best man in London,

Grace was a consonant atom in the picture, but her thoughts were an impertinence to Murray Hill: she was hungry; there was nothing left to pawn or sell; she had swallowed nothing but a sob today.

Delmonico's came into view. There were tulle hats and women's profiles at the windows; glimpses of flowers and the flash of silver within. The world of fine linen and soft velvet was lunching there.

In a moment Grace changed from a well bred young woman, temporarily penniless, to a primitive human, conscious only of an elementary hunger which demanded satisfaction as a right. A sudden thought drew her to the door.

"It's worth trying. Just some bread and butter. I must have it," she resolved.

The warm, orris scented air was like a summer breeze in a garden. Velvets and furs, chiffons and spangles, made gleaming patches of color in the subdued light. The monotone of conversation was like the humming of many bees.

"They'd give me some bread if I could ask for it," she thought, seating herself, her knees trembling; "but I can't beg. I'll be an unbidden guest."

An impassive faced waiter paused beside her.

"I'm waiting for a friend," she managed to say. "Service for two, now, please—we'll be in something of a hurry."

Would she succeed? What if the ruse failed?

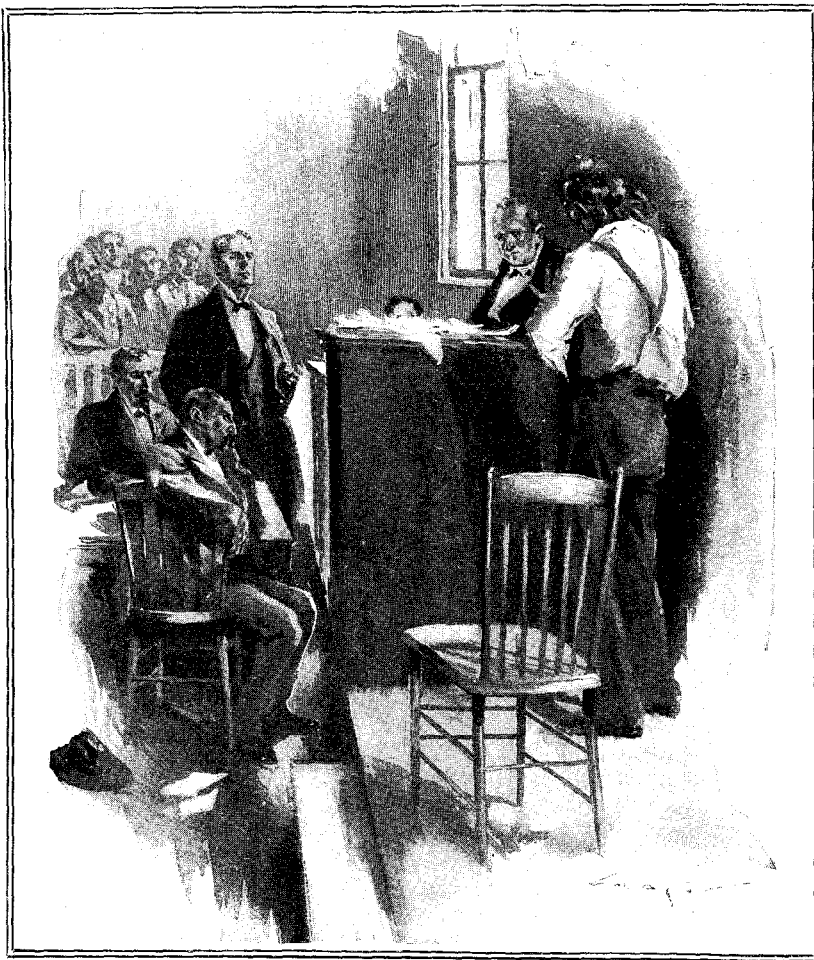
But her misgivings vanished, for, be-

She had disappeared. So had all the rolls and butter, the olives, the radishes.

On the three days following Grace made these entries in her memorandum book:

Tuesday: No letter yet. Same ruse for luncheon at Waldorf.

Wednesday: No letter. Landlady impertinent. Same ruse for luncheon. Feeling weak.



"YOU AIN'T GWINE TER SEND YO' OLD BODY SARVINT TO DE PEN FO' DAT, IS YOU, MARS' JIM?"

sides china, glass, and silver, the waiter brought brown, crusty rolls, pats of pale, unsalted butter, olives shining under crushed ice, and Southern radishes as pretty as half blown buds.

Twenty minutes later, having poured the last glass of frothing champagne at a big table where six débutantes laughed in shrill gusts under the eye of a chaperon, the waiter bethought him of the young lady "waiting for a friend," and turned to see if he were yet wanted.

Thursday: Dreadful headache. *No letter.* Mrs. V. has asked for my room on Monday. Distracted. Same ruse for luncheon at Plaza.

On Friday she went into a restaurant on Fifth Avenue near Madison Square. Was it she or some ghost beside her who framed the usual but now faint remark to the waiter, "I'm waiting for a friend"?

When the bread and butter appeared with the service, she ate without disguising her hunger, until the waiter handed her

the morning paper folded so that her eyes rested on one black head line:

BREAD AND BUTTER.

Under it in smaller type she saw:

WHO IS SHE? PRETTY, WELL DRESSED YOUNG WOMAN LIKES BREAD AND BUTTER, BUT OBJECTS TO PAYING FOR IT. HAS WORKED THE GAME AT SEVERAL OF OUR BEST RESTAURANTS.

In an article following, a full description of herself and her methods was facetiously given. Seized with a frantic desire to get away, she hurried to the hall. The head *garçon* was there. He touched her arm with the pointed nail of his little finger.

"Step zis way, if you pliss," he said, looking into her frightened eyes, a covert sneer in his own.

"No—no," she muttered miserably.

"If you pliss, madame; you haf played ze little trick once too often."

She became inert, numb, until roused by a low, distinct voice over her shoulder:

"How dare you?"

She turned and saw a young man who had just entered.

"How dare you speak to this lady as you have done?" He turned to Grace, looked commandingly into her eyes, yet with a smile, "You grew tired waiting for me, Cynthia?" he said with emphatic clearness.

She felt all at sea, yet like a gleam above a wreck an intuition shot through her terror.

"Yes, I thought you were not coming," she said, and marveled at the words her own tongue spoke.

By this time the waiter had buried the sneer and drawn in the impertinent little

finger. Oh, if only monsieur would stay and let him prove his regret by service from his own hands!

Monsieur stayed. Grace walked by the side of this stranger to the table she had just fled from. She was bewildered, ashamed, and very near tears.

"Well, Cynthia, I think I know just what you'll like;" and her companion permitted himself one amused flash of understanding as he glanced up at her pale face from the menu. "There;" and he pushed the slip to the waiter.

When they were alone his manner changed.

"I saw—I understood," he said gravely. "In fact, I had been reading about—the matter—in the paper as I came up town. You realize, don't you, I did the only thing possible?"

"You did a wonderful thing. I don't quite realize it yet," she said, her lip quivering; "I don't know why you did it, either."

He thought that much of the reason lay in her gray eyes, but did not say so.

"Don't cry—please don't."

"I mustn't," and she winked her lashes obediently.

"Let me see what sort of an actress you'd make;" and he laughed softly. "The

waiter is coming with the oysters. Suppose we adjust our relationship now. You are Cynthia from—say, Baltimore, and I'm your New York cousin——"

"What name?" asked Grace, feeling suddenly at her ease.

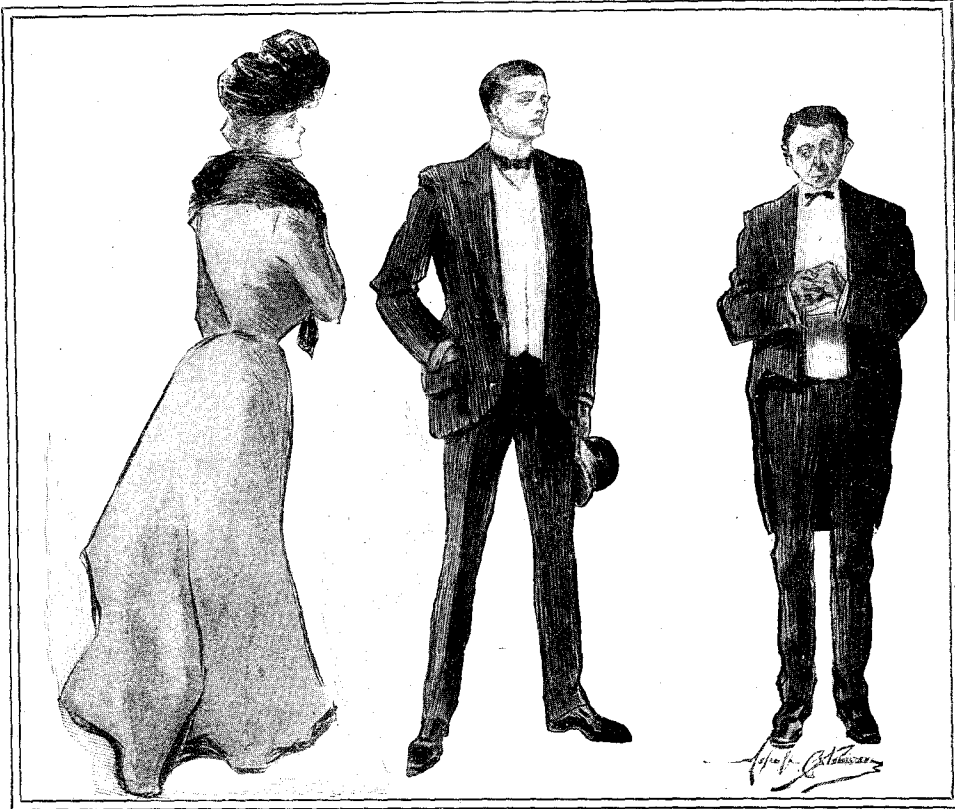
"Tom," he said gravely; "let me be Cousin Tom."

Grace was amazed at her own audacity. She made the most of the experience.



IN HER TAILOR MADE GOWN.





"HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO THIS LADY AS YOU HAVE DONE?"

Despite her dire need and the black to-morrow which threatened her, she felt this was the most exciting happening of her life—yes, and the most delightful. She felt that no sonnet could fittingly have described that luncheon.

"How do you know I'm not an adventuress?" Grace asked suddenly, when the waiter had left them to linger over their coffee.

"An adventuress would not have risked so much for bread and butter."

"Are you not curious about me?"

"Very. Besides being curious, I am anxious," he said. "Where will you lunch to-morrow?"

"Perhaps—nowhere."

He waited, looked at her, and then said with a respect not to be misunderstood:

"You know nothing of me, but I am sincere when I say I want to help you in some way—just as if you were indeed my Cousin Cynthia."

"I wonder if you can," she said as sincerely; "at any rate, I'll tell you about it. I am English——"

"I knew that."

"My father is James Moreland, a ship owner of Liverpool. He believes that women's lives should be spent within a triangular area, between the fireside, church pew, and nursery. A woman with an ambition seems to him not quite normal. I loved the theater. He hated it. I was wild to go on the stage. For years my mother and I tried to win him over to let me have my way. No use. Oh, my cage was certainly a pretty one, with seed and water galore, but the bars were cold and the prospect ugly.

"Well"—her tone grew graver—"I think I became a little mad with it all and ran away to this wonderful, golden America, where I thought—but no matter what I thought. I am quite cured. I shall never again mistake the footlights for sunshine. I failed even to get a hearing. From economy and hopefulness I came at last to downright terror of my situation. The letter of forgiveness I've watched for has not arrived. For a week I've been literally destitute; that's all."

"That's all"? Poor child!" he said impulsively.

There was a deep sympathy in his eyes when he spoke again.

"I know what I'll do. I'll send my sister Madge to you."

"How good of you!" said Grace, with her pretty air of dependence.

"And your name—your own name? We must get that right."

'The New Evangeline.' Don't you see what a chance this gives me of relieving my conscience a bit?"

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Two notes passed between Miss Moreland and her champion that afternoon:

On arriving home I found the letter. Father has been generosity itself. I sail on Wednesday. I hope to say good by to you, but I will not thank you again. No words can do that.



"HOW DO YOU KNOW I'M NOT AN ADVENTURESS?"

"Grace Moreland. And yours?" she asked with a touch of shyness.

"Rodney Blair."

"The painter! Why, we have one of your pictures in the gallery at home."

"Yes, I remember;" and he smiled. "We are not such absolute strangers."

Grace nodded, and then added quickly: "By the way, you must let me pay for half this luncheon—when my letter comes. That's only fair."

"Not at all. It would be most unfair," and he leaned toward her, smiling. "I charged your father far too much for

I am delighted for your sake, yet sorry, too—for this takes you away so soon. My sister will call today, nevertheless, and she may induce you to leave town in the morning and spend Sunday with us in Tuxedo.

Late though it was that afternoon, Grace bought the prettiest afternoon gown in a Fifth Avenue shop, besides a lot of minor finery. She brought them all home in a cab, her radiant face above the bundles glowing like a rose.

"When I get to know him well enough," she thought, shaken by a little laugh, "I'll call him nothing but 'Cousin Tom.'"

*Kate Jordan.*

# THE TRUST QUESTION.

- I—FREE COMPETITION *versus* TRUST COMBINATIONS. By Senator William E. Chandler.  
II—THE TRUST AS A STEP IN THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION. By Arthur McEwen.

## I.

SENATOR CHANDLER RECORDS HIS OPINION THAT TRUSTS TEND TO DESTROY COMPETITION, CRUSH OUT INDIVIDUALISM, AND PUT THE CONTROL OF SOCIETY INTO THE HANDS OF OPULENT OLIGARCHIES.

**C**ONCERNING trusts, four points suggest themselves:

First, what is a trust, as the term is used in present discussion?

Second, what are its alleged benefits?

Third, what are its evils?

Fourth, how and by whom should they be suppressed?

A trust is an association of separate individuals or corporations having in view the control of the production of some article of merchandise, and the increase of its price to the consumer by preventing competition in the sale of the product. Such a trust is usually made up of a combination of corporations, because neither individuals nor partnerships of individuals are willing to invest sufficient capital in individual or partnership enterprises to accomplish the monopoly of production and the suppression of competition. In addition to trusts composed of various corporations, there is another species of trust, namely, a single corporation of sufficient magnitude to take control of the whole production of the article of merchandise, crush out competition, and keep up the price.

The alleged benefits of trusts are that production on a large scale allows the adoption of improved and cheaper methods, and that the resulting economy of cost will enable the producer to lower the price of the product to the consumer.

But trusts do not in fact lower the price of the product to the consumer. They may do so temporarily, but in the end it is a just judgment to say that they will result in higher prices than will be charged if trusts are suppressed. The economies resulting from improved and cheaper methods of production undoubtedly lessen the cost of the article to the

producer. What will he do with the gain thereby made? He may give it to the consumer, if he chooses; or he may pay it out in inordinately enlarged salaries to the managers of the business; or he may pay it in large dividends to the capitalists, and thus build up their millionaire fortunes. What in all probability will the trust managers do with the saving they make in the cost of production? They are under no compulsion to give it to the consumer through a reduced price, because there is no competition to force them to do so. Necessarily, as human nature is constituted, they will pay it out in enormous salaries to their managers, or in huge dividends to themselves. It must be considered a sound conclusion that if trusts multiply as they have during the last two or three years, and go on unhindered to full ascendancy, they will raise the prices of all commodities higher than they would have been under the influence of free competition.

## COMBINATION VERSUS COMPETITION.

Here, now, we come to the fundamental and fatal objection to trusts, and that is, that they are intended to destroy, and will destroy, competition in business pursuits in the business world, throughout human society. The great foundation of human progress is the right of private property. The best condition of human society is equality of opportunity in the business world. Individualism, the struggle of each man to create and acquire property, has helped forward civilization and prosperity as no other agency has done. This topic might be enlarged upon at any length, but it is sufficient now to assert that the opposition to trusts is based upon the certainty that if they are allowed to flourish unrestrictedly, they will destroy competition as a business principle, crush out individualism, and put the control of society, its property, its politics, and its government, into the hands of opulent oligarchies.

How are trusts to be suppressed? In