

not think they have enough to eat. His recommendations are good. Can you not write to President —, at — College?

"Here are letters from Miss I., in Torrington, who wants work. Look at the letter from Mrs. K. at once. Neither she nor her daughter has employment—and they do not know how to be poor. I am sometimes afraid they are starving now. Miriam would be an excellent music-teacher, if the schools will ever open again. So pleasant and nice."

There is the exact report of one day—in one office—in one city—exact but that I have changed the names, have left out what would identify people, and have severely condensed the last paragraph. That is not in the words of the "chief of staff." The rest is.

She goes on with plans and possibilities.

This letter shows very well that "everybody" is not "out of town." The people who cut off coupons are out of town, and the people who receive dividends. But there are other people—some of those who do their daily duty so that dividends may be paid, and that coupons may be good for anything—who are still *in* town.

Among other agencies, the Church of Christ never sleeps. It is its business to take care of the exceptions, and to provide for the extraordinary contingencies. The Church of Christ is not "out of town," though some of its members are.

And I—who am one of these out-of-town members—have just now footed up the "needful"—as my chief of staff calls it—for the duty of the one day here described.

Will Grattan—the consumptive boy—July to October,	
seventeen weeks at four dollars a week, \$68,	
minus \$15 which we have for him, . . . . .	\$53 00
Five weeks' vacation school at seven dollars a week, .	35 00
The "working-girl's" holiday has been provided for	
by Mr. Ross, . . . . .	0 00
Mrs. Marcelline's stranger, at the Temporary Home,	
must pay, say, . . . . .	5 00
Does nobody want her if she can take care of chil-	
dren; or if she writes a decent hand? And who	
wants Miss Miriam as a music-teacher?—"so	
pleasant and nice." And before we can place the	
many-languaged Professor we shall want twenty	
dollars to take that silver out of pawn, . . . . .	20 00

This foots up . . . . .	\$113 00
But as I read this letter to Harry, who is on the piazza	
beside me, he hands me eight dollars for Will	
Grattan (that is not his real name). Subtract eight	
dollars, . . . . .	8 00

The remainder is . . . . . \$105 00

Do you know, it occurred to me that this is just the amount of that extra dividend of William's. Or was it Huldah's?

Matunuck, R. I.



## Industrial America

### II.—The Liquor Traffic in South Carolina<sup>1</sup>

From a Staff Correspondent

In South Carolina the election of Governor Tillman by the Reform party three years ago was a political revolution. "Ten families," the State School Commissioner told me, "had filled the Governor's chair for a hundred years." So arrogant was the aristocracy of blood in its assumption of a hereditary right to rule, that when Governor Tillman was nominated he and his associates were publicly taunted as men without ancestry. Ridicule of this sort—such as no Northern newspaper for two generations would have dared use against opposition candidates—was poured forth so continuously by the Charleston "News and Courier" that South Carolina seemed to at least one Northern reader

<sup>1</sup> The first article in this series was entitled "Work and Wages in Southern Towns," and appeared in The Outlook for July 8.

of that journal as thoroughly isolated from the political life of the rest of this Nation as Bourbon Spain from the intellectual life of northern Europe. The results of the election, however, showed that Bourbonism in South Carolina was but a shell, and that the mass of the voters, so far from retaining the political ideas of the Old South, had espoused the political ideas of the New West. Outwardly the change was sudden and violent, but it had been made inevitable by a slow and silent industrial revolution, which had set in with the downfall of slavery.

There is no longer any wealth in South Carolina, but what property there is is chiefly in the hands of self-made men, who, by plain living and hard working, have accumulated it since the war. In ideas, as in interests, these men are at one with the farmers of the New West, and it is hardly likely that another Presidential campaign will find them voting different tickets. In the last election these South Carolina Reformers did vote for Mr. Cleveland on a Populist platform, but the cry of negro domination can hardly bring about a repetition of this anomaly.

So much by way of introduction to the political situation in South Carolina. To-day the two parties, Conservative and Reform, are divided upon a question not at issue in their earlier campaign. In 1892 the question of State prohibition was submitted to the Democratic primaries. It was not, as has been said, a party issue. Yet, as a matter of fact, the vote for prohibition came always from the same districts and generally from the same men as did the vote for the Reform candidates. Charleston and Columbia gave overwhelming majorities against the proposition, but the majority in the State was more than ten thousand in its favor. When the Legislature assembled, the great majority of its members belonged to the Reform party, and had pledged themselves to abide by the decision of the Democratic primaries. A bill was promptly introduced establishing dispensaries at which liquor should be sold for medicinal purposes only. This would probably have become law, in spite of the fact that the liquor majorities in the cities promised a ridiculous fiasco at those points, had not Governor Tillman in his message proposed as a feasible compromise the suppression of all bar-rooms, while permitting at State agencies the regulated sale of liquor not to be drunk upon the premises. This plan proved acceptable to the Reform legislators, nearly all of whom are in sympathy with the Farmers' Alliance ideals of extended State control of business enterprises. On the part of most of the members of the Legislature the acceptance of this plan implied no disloyalty to the principle of prohibition. "For a dozen years," the editor of the "Cotton Plant" told me, "there has been prohibition in South Carolina outside of the incorporated villages, and the prohibition sentiment among the legislators has been so strong that it long since became difficult for any village to secure incorporation unless the charter prohibited the retailing of liquors. Since the carpet-baggers were driven out, the legislators in this State have always been a respectable body of men; and since the Reform movement began they have been an extremely moral body of men." For them to accept State control of the liquor traffic in lieu of complete prohibition meant that the great body of Prohibitionists in the State accepted it.

The detailed provisions of the South Carolina law have already been published in The Outlook. More interest, therefore, attaches to the men who are to carry the law into effect. On my arrival at Columbia I called upon Governor Tillman, and found him, as I was told I should, not at the Governor's office, but at the State dispensary. He was working there day in and day out, and it was evident at a glance that if the law proved a failure it would not be for want of earnest and efficient support on the part of the Chief Executive. "Nothing under God's heaven," he afterwards told me, "can prevent this law getting a fair trial for the next eighteen months, unless a Federal judge can get hold of it." Governor Tillman is not a prepossessing man, but he does impress one strongly with his strength and his will-power. He is by no means a typical reformer. There is apparently but little idealism in his nature, and he is not at all the man to lead a forlorn hope in a struggle

for an unpopular principle. But he has executive ability, and by sheer main strength and fearlessness made himself the head of the movement that overthrew the old régime. If he fails at all, he will fail in a way in which typical reformers never fail—by too great concern for what seems practical and too little concern for the moral ideals of his constituents. In talking with me of what the new experiment contemplated, he laid stress upon the revenue it would bring to the State. He also dwelt upon its moral advantages—the suppression of the loafing and treating places, where the great bulk of the drinking is done and nearly all the drunkenness is created—but he came back to the point that the revenue wrung from “women’s tears” ought not to enrich private individuals, but should go to the public to pay for the expenses of the crime and pauperism which the liquor traffic entailed upon it. He saw immense advantages for restriction in the elimination of private profit, but no disadvantages in the presence of public profit.

In talking with one of Governor Tillman’s ardent supporters, a man in touch with people from all parts of the State, I was told that Governor Tillman stood “practically alone” in his desire for revenue from the State dispensaries. “I am not a Prohibitionist,” this gentleman said, “and when in the Legislature did not hesitate to oppose it. But what the Reform party in this State wants is the greatest possible suppression of the liquor traffic, and not revenue from it. If there should be half a million of revenue from the dispensaries, the biggest protest would come from our people. . . . The moral sentiment of the State is not in favor of the revenue feature, and if we lose hold of the moral sentiment there is nothing left of our movement.” I believe that this man told the truth about the feeling throughout the State, and that Governor Tillman runs the risk of wrecking the experiment of State control through his partial isolation from the temperance sentiments of his constituents. Already the Conservative papers are attacking the law from the standpoint of the Prohibitionists as well as from the standpoint of the liquor-sellers and liquor-drinkers. The combination of arguments is a bad one, and few of the Prohibitionists have as yet joined the Conservatives in expressing hostility to the experiment. Yet there is a strong feeling, even outside of Prohibition circles, that the State of South Carolina ought not to be engaged in the liquor business for any other purpose than its restriction.

The revenue feature of the law exposes it to another danger quite distinct from the moral prejudices of the Prohibitionists. No liquor is to be sold for less than three dollars a gallon. Yet when I visited the State dispensary, a force of young women and men was busily engaged in bottling new whisky, which cost, by the tank-load, only one dollar and fifteen cents a gallon—ninety cents for the internal revenue tax, and twenty-five cents for the whisky itself. The difference between the purchase and selling price of this whisky is not all profit, inasmuch as the expenses of bottling, sealing and labeling, and shipping and handling have to be paid out of it. Yet when all of these are paid the margin is still a handsome one, and the temptation to engage in the illicit sale is consequently strong. The State dispensary seems to be capitally managed as a business enterprise, and if prices were graded to cover cost only, private liquor-dealers could be driven out of competition by the destruction of all possible profits. A profitable State monopoly, however, cannot be maintained without a strong police force and the frequent punishment of unlicensed dealers.

Such, then, are the internal dangers to the experiment upon which the Prohibitionists and Populists of South Carolina have united as the solution of the liquor problem. Its external dangers are also many, for in the cities even the most cultivated and moral people are so intensely hostile to the Farmers’ Alliance and the Tillman régime that there will be next to no opposition to any effort to make the law ridiculous. Furthermore, the leading newspapers are all against anything approaching prohibition, and the correspondents of the Northern press may be relied upon to belittle the experiment in the same reckless fashion in which they belittled the Reform movement, until the elec-

tion proved that it had swept everything before it. Nothing, therefore, can be judged from the reports that are now coming from South Carolina cities. In Charleston the law may prove a farce. One Charleston Reformer told me that nearly every grocer in Charleston sold liquor, and that it had been almost impossible to collect money on Monday since liquor-selling on Sunday had been prohibited. The ten dispensaries allotted to Charleston may fail to supply the demand for liquor in that hard-drinking, conservative stronghold, while one dispensary easily supplies the entire demand in all the rural counties where the local officers are bent on the enforcement of the new law. Before the end of the year The Outlook proposes to publish an impartial article covering the workings of the law in the entire State. Even in Kansas the writer found that Prohibitionists were watching the South Carolina experiment with the greatest interest, as it seemed to them to furnish a method by which bar-rooms could be suppressed in the worst cities as well as the best, while in city and country the entire liquor traffic could be controlled and restricted as rapidly as the awakening moral sentiment of the public demanded. Every Populist is instinctively in favor of State control of the liquor traffic, just as nearly every Prohibitionist is instinctively in favor of State control of monopolies. If the South Carolina experiment succeeds, we may look for a union of the reform forces in demanding its extension to every part of the Nation.

C. B. S.



## The Essay

By Tudor Jenks

Is there not reason to believe that all mankind loves the essay? Before the appearance of “Obiter Dicta” the question might have been asked with hesitation. Since Augustine Birrell became the friend of the world of readers, one need not fear to ask whether any other form of composition could have won him so many hearts. The poet’s work is treasured, the novelists are gratefully remembered, the historian and the scholar are admired, but the essayist becomes our own friend.

Other writers show what they can do; the essayist shows us what he is. The essay, indeed, is autobiography disembodied of the entangling facts. We know Montaigne; but Shakespeare is behind the scenes. Charles Lamb is a dear friend; Coleridge, a man of whom we have heard. Charles Reade seen through his novels is a bowing acquaintance, but Readiana is a card of invitation to his house—we taste the very grapes of Naboth’s vineyard.

Enter the circle of auditors grouped about the story-teller. When the lovers are united and the paternal blessing is a memory, we may pronounce upon the plot, but what do we know of the story-teller? Until we have sought him out as he lights his *post fabulam* pipe, and have awaited his thawing, we cannot really approach the man. If he talks then, and opens his heart to us, he talks essays. He does not tell us what has happened to himself or to others; he tells us what he thinks—or else we never know him.

The writer of fiction is the painted clown in the ring. Until he is at home and the paint is all dissolved away, we shall not know one clown from another. But it is to be remembered that in some cases the paint is indelible, and then there can be no essay—which brings us to a distinction.

The sermon is not the essay, though cut into lengths and labeled. Neither can essays be made from encyclopædia scraps at first or second hand. The essay rightly so called is the world viewed through the prism of individuality, and thrown into the spectrum that exhibits the dark and light lines of personality. The essayist is the man who can converse entertainingly though the auditor is imaginary.

The ability is necessarily rare. Few are the writers of humanity so broad that they can not only exploit their own ideas but at the same time note and follow every tendency