

The effects on the consumer would be more clearly apparent if a successful trust could be formed in purely agricultural products, whose increase of production comes regularly with a more than proportional increase of effort and a consequent increase of price; it would very soon be seen that the consumer was paying the full natural increase of price, and something more. It would be still more evident if salt, for example, were an article of limited supply, and coincident attempts were made to form a salt trust and a wheat trust; the wheat trust would fail, unless it were a successful wheat-corn-and-oat trust, for any increase of price in wheat would drive a proportionate number of consumers to the use of corn-flour or oat-flour; the salt trust would be successful, if properly managed, for the consumer can and will use nothing instead of it, even at an increased price. In all cases, increased price is the essence of the successful trust, though it may be disguised in those cases whose natural tendency is to decrease of price; the trust's increased dividends are and must be paid by the consumer in a higher than the competition-price.

If, however, we should grant that the claim of the trust is fairly based, and that its limitation of produc-

tion and abolition of competition are for the benefit of the consumer, wherewithal shall we answer Socialism when we meet it in the gates? If an unofficial combination of producers is able to benefit the consumer by abolishing competition, why should not government agencies do the same thing, secure the same benefits to the consumer, and at the same time appropriate the trust's dividends for the additional benefit of relieving all consumers of just so much taxation? The argument offered on behalf of the trust runs on all-fours with the argument offered on behalf of Socialism; and any criticism of the former shows it to be even worse than the latter, for it really aims to benefit the producer, while the latter at least professes to aim at securing the benefit of the consumer.

The consumer can very well take care of himself, without the paternal care of the government, the Socialist, or the trust, provided only that competition be full, fair, and free. Whenever competition begins to be anything but full, fair, and free, it is high time to look up the legal defects which have produced that result, rather than yield tamely and weakly to the semi-Socialist argument advanced for the necessity and advantage of the trust.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Teacher's Vacation.

A GREAT deal is said and written for teachers upon subjects pertaining to their work, but very little concerning their vacations or hours of rest. The educational journals are filled with dissertations on the teaching of certain subjects and on methods of work. The result is that many teachers know better how to work than how not to work. They know better how to keep up a restless, worrying, unprofitable activity than how to rest in a manner conducive to the health of body and spirit. Most teachers are confined in the close air of their school-rooms for almost ten months of the year, and during this time are subjected, by the nature of their work, to severe nervous tension. They have not learned the first requisite of the good teacher, if under such circumstances they do not care for their health with the scrupulous watchfulness of the miser guarding his dearest treasures. Fresh air, exercise, regular hours for sleep and plenty of it, and wholesome food ("society" only in homeopathic doses) are indispensable. Where this regimen is not strictly observed, pellets, tinctures, tonics, plasters, powders, and, worst of all, the "substitute" teacher, must come in to supply the deficiency. Then the tired heart and brain must be goaded up with a tonic and the rebellious nerves chained down with an opiate, or the weary system cannot drag through to the end of the year. Some people are fond of quoting the saying, "It is a sin to be sick." This will admit of modification, but not in cases where plain natural laws, where common physiological rules, which all may know and understand, are violated. To the teacher who has just managed to "tonic" through to the end of the year, the vacation is a welcome haven; it is an oasis in the

desert of existence. It becomes the Elysium of the pill-taker, the Paradise of the headache fancier, the Nirvana of the nerve-shattered dyspeptic and rheumatic. If all teachers obeyed the laws of health strictly, if the needless worry, the waste of effort and the waste of emotion were eliminated — if, in short, teachers but served their consciences and better judgment with half the zeal they serve their whims and desires, many aches and pains and much sorrow and sighing would flee away. These words are not for those teachers who have expended much of their vitality in long years of public service. When such teachers are sick — it rarely happens — all know what it means. Much of the large measure of health, strength, and energy which was once theirs has been given out for years into the currents of public life. It has passed into the counting-room, the press, the pulpit, the bar; into the channels of trade and labor with the boys and girls for whom they have toiled.

Many teachers would be glad if there were no vacations. They are inclined to look upon these as periods of enforced idleness.

But it cannot be doubted that the vacation is far more valuable to teachers than the work and the money. The vacation and how it may be profitably spent are matters of importance to teachers whether they fully recognize it or not. Happy, thrice fortunate and happy, is that teacher who has friends, hospitable, generous friends, who insist upon a visit, and who will rescue her from heat, dust, and high brick walls. Much to be desired is the cool retreat by lake or wood, where good friends cheer with words and acts of kindness, where bracing breezes are laden with life-giving oxygen, and where the fresh, plain, savory fare of the farm and garden and orchard put new color into the cheek and new blood into the veins. Tonics and cordials will

not be needed until teaching, "society events," progressive euvre, and progressive physical derangement begin again. But there are teachers who must stay in the city and catch no glimpse of green fields and shimmering waters. Those who are thus penned up in the city often have resources which the migrating teacher cannot appreciate. They certainly have release from school work and have occupation for the mind, and this is great gain. For rest is not mere vacuity, it is not mere cessation from activity, it is not sheer idleness and utter release from responsibility. It is well, perhaps, that some teachers should have the leisure of vacation to live at home and perform more of those sacred duties that are enjoined by affection and family interest. What one teacher may gain in flesh and color among the green hills and flashing waters, another may gain in patience and devotion, in power of thought, in sweetness of spirit and depth of character in the home circle.

In whatever way the teacher's vacation may be spent, the prime object to be kept in view should be to store up, by change, rest, and pleasant recreation, the greatest amount of physical and mental energy. These things conduce to the teacher's happiness and efficiency. They contribute to the well-being and success of the pupils. Where the teacher has vigorous health and reserves of mental energy, there are enterprise, life, and industry in the school. There are found patience, justice, sympathy on the part of the teacher; obedience, confidence, and affection on the part of the pupils. With most teachers the sole capital which they have invested is their body. They draw interest, not on stocks and bonds, but on their brain, nerve, and muscle. Whether this may continue depends primarily on how the heart does its pumping, and how the stomach does its work. The manner in which these physical functions are performed governs largely the power to sleep, the disposition of mind and heart, and the capacity for work and study.

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H. W. Compton.

More Anecdotes of Father Taylor.

THE admirable portrait of my old minister, Father Taylor, in *THE CENTURY* for February, 1887, brings him before me again most vividly as I have seen and talked with him in his house; but nothing less than a series of instantaneous photographs can convey an idea of his face when in the pulpit, under the power of his own matchless eloquence. It was at one moment a terror to evil-doers, and perhaps at the next it drew the sympathy of his audience as streams of tears coursed down his cheeks; and again, the tempests and the rain subsiding, a smile would come over it like the sunlight upon a peaceful sea.

Both writers in *THE CENTURY* have acknowledged their inability to portray his eloquence. It was truly something as much beyond the attempts of essayists as the representation of the man in all his attitudes was beyond the skill of a painter.

Mr. Whitman was correct in speaking of Father Taylor as an orthodox preacher. He was orthodox, "sound in the Christian faith," but he was not orthodox as the term is conventionally applied. He was a Methodist, and he had his own methods in spite of all conferences and bishops. They would have disciplined any other brother who indulged in such liberal ideas

and practices, had he been a country minister; but it is greatly to the credit of this austere sect that they recognized his innate goodness and his peculiar adaptiveness to the pulpit of that Bethel Church. They knew that no other preacher could take his place, and so they "let him have his full swing." He would not be bound by any iron-clad law of exchanges. He often exchanged with Unitarians, and when he got into a Unitarian pulpit, if the mood came over him, he would boldly proclaim his theology. But he was seldom a theologian unless it became compulsory for him to show his colors.

I remember once listening to a heavy Calvinistic discourse in the Bethel Church from a distinguished Boston clergyman. Father Taylor sat in the pulpit, and it was a study to watch the ill-disguised expressions of contempt upon his face. At last the sermon came to its end, and the preacher stepped aside to give Father Taylor the opportunity to make the closing prayer. Instead of that, he tapped the Calvinist on the shoulder, and looking down on the audience said with a calm smile, "Our good brother means well, but he don't know. I guess there's time enough for another sermon, so I'll just take his text and preach from it."

It was like a cloud-burst. Half the time he turned his back upon us, and rained down torrents of argumentative eloquence upon the brother upon the sofa behind. We all enjoyed the scene immensely. At last Father Taylor subsided and, extending his hand to the clergyman, said, in his most gentle tone and in his most winning way, "Brother, forgive me if I have hurt your feelings, but I did not want you to come on this quarter-deck and kick up a mutiny against Divine providence among my crew."

I could relate many anecdotes of Father Taylor, some of which Dr. Bartol will call to mind.

When he began to preach around Boston (he told us this himself), he visited Duxbury. In those days there was only "the old meeting-house" in country towns. It is a pity that there are more meeting-houses in some of them now. One minister was all that the town could well support, and by common consent he was the head of the church and of the village.

When the young Methodist, full of ardor and enthusiasm, by the dictate of natural politeness called on the dignified Dr. Allen, the latter asked him what was his business. "To preach the gospel to every creature, as my Master has commanded," replied Taylor. "Is n't that what the Bible tells us?"

"Yes, it tells us that," answered Dr. Allen, "but it does n't say that every creature can preach the gospel. I preach all the gospel that is wanted in Duxbury." Taylor was obliged to look elsewhere for an audience.

In the year of the Irish famine the Government, at the instance of Commodore de Kay, placed the United States sloop-of-war *Macedonian* at the disposal of the merchants of New York. The *Jamestown*, which was loaned to Boston, was commanded by Captain R. B. Forbes, and its cargo of corn and flour was chiefly contributed by the venerable Thomas H. Perkins; the *Macedonian*, under the command of Commodore George Coleman de Kay of New York, formerly a volunteer in the Argentine navy, sailed about the same time on a similar errand of mercy. Father Taylor was supercargo and chaplain of the *Macedonian*. On his return from this benevolent embassy we gave him an ovation at the Bethel. He was always fond of re-