

PUSHING THE TARIFF

THE DINGLEY BILL THE CHIEF SUBJECT OF INTEREST.

Working Men and Farmers Arguing Its Passage—Importers and Foreigners Fighting It—A Great Boon for the Working People.

The only persons who are expressing dissatisfaction with the new tariff bill are the foreigners and importers. Germany, Canada, England and other foreign countries are scolding about the Dingley bill; so is the Reform Club of New York, which is made up principally of importers. The chief objection offered to the bill is that it is a bill. The people want it to become an act and that very promptly.

Capital Awaiting Investment.
Millions of capital is now awaiting the action of Congress on the tariff bill. Its enactment will be a signal for activity among the factories of the east, and the beet growing sections of the west, in the cotton fields and factories of the south, in the manufacturing establishments of the Mississippi valley and on the fertile fields of the Pacific slope.

Earnings Already Increasing.
One hundred thousand dollars a day is a neat sum to add to the earnings of the working people of one state in six months' time. The Labor Bureau of Pennsylvania reports one hundred thousand more men employed in that state today than were so employed prior to the election of McKinley. This means one hundred thousand dollars a day increased earnings by them, to say nothing of the increased wages paid to those who were employed, or working on short time. Multiply this by the number of states or by their proportionate populations and you get a practical demonstration of the improvement going on in business since the election of last November, which assured a protective tariff and increase in employment.

The Free Coinage Democrats Depressed.
Ex-Candidate Bryan, who has been in Washington the last few days, admitted to his friends that the silver developments of the past few months have been very damaging to the cause. Had they occurred in the five months preceding it, the collapse of their silver proposition would have been much more complete and crushing than it was. Japan, Russia and China, to which they constantly referred as the chief props in support of their silver theories, have all, since the election, announced their desertion of the silver standard. This leaves Mexico and South American countries about the only ones now maintaining the standard of the white metal and several of these are making preparations to go to the gold standard as quickly as possible.

It was a mean thing on the part of the people of the empire of Japan to let the people of the United States go all through the agonies of the campaign, looking to them as a great silver people, when they had already made up their minds to adopt the gold standard. The latest advices from that country show that the proposition for the adoption of the gold standard had been under consideration for two years and that the officials of the nation had practically determined to adopt it during the very time that the people of this country were looking upon them as the most ardent advocates of silver. A hint as to their plans would have saved much of the worry and speech-making in the late election in the United States.

Mad Importers.
The importers of the country are mad as so many wet hens. They expected to make millions out of their excessive importations prior to the final enactment of the Dingley bill, but the retrospective clause introduced at the last moment and passed by the house has upset their plans completely. Their hope of being able to import hundreds of millions of dollars worth of goods during the discussion of the bill in the senate is gone, and they will not be likely to add materially to the enormous stocks of goods which they had already brought in to escape payments of increased rates of duties.

The South for Protection.
No tariff bill ever passed in Congress received as many southern votes as did the one which has just passed the house. Twenty-five republicans, five democrats and one populist, from the south, supported the Dingley bill in the house, and the other populists from that section declined to vote against it. Protection in the south has made wonderful strides in the last few years and will continue in the same line.

Factory smoke breeds republicanism.
The springing up of factories throughout the south has been followed by a growth of protective sentiment and republican membership in congress from that section. More than thirty votes from the south were cast for a protective tariff measure in the house and the southern states had thirty-three republican members in last congress, while in no preceding congress had the party been represented by more than half that number from that section. When Democrats from North and South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas joined with the republicans in supporting protective views and a protective tariff bill, there can remain no doubt of the growth of republican principles in that section.

Prosperity Is Restoring.
Properly cannot be restored to this country in a day, in a year—or perhaps for several years. To understand this fully, we should consider the great obstructions which lie in the pathway of those who have undertaken the her-

culean task of restoring the country to its normal conditions. The pathway to success in this effort is rendered almost impassable by the wreckage of our industries; the arteries of trade and commerce are choked up with foreign and deleterious substances; the very life blood of the nation is poisoned with poisons administered by alien enemies.

We stand at the dead line of national bankruptcy and general demoralization. True, we have retraced our steps, under the guidance of a wise and skillful leader. But it is always easier to descend than to ascend a hill. It is a long and tedious road to the summit of Mount Prosperity. It was a good deal easier for the Israelites to get into Egypt than to get out again. So it was a good deal easier to ruin our industries than it will be to rehabilitate them. Yet we have a Moses who will lead us safely through the Red Sea, and although the journey to the promised land may be attended with many dangers and hardships, and though a silver calf may be set up to seduce people away from the true way, or brazen serpents may be set up to avenge disobedience, our intrepid leader will smite the rock for the thirsty, and, if we are guided by the light of faith and intelligence, we shall eventually reach the land of corn and wine.—Cleveland World.

Japan and Silver.
In adopting a monetary system which will keep both gold and silver in circulation, Japan has destroyed the frightful proportions of the scare which the advocates of free silver coinage had prepared by representing that by being on a silver basis Japan would capture our markets if we did not adopt silver monometallism, which Mr. Bryan mistakes for bimetalism. A year ago quite a number of people were mystified by the story of the great prosperity of Japanese manufacturers under a silver basis, and it was said that the same prosperity would come to us if we should legislate so that silver would be the monetary standard. Japan was paying much less wages in silver than was being paid in gold in the United States. Under such conditions there could be no mystery in the statement that the manufacturers of cotton goods in Japan could make very much more money to each thousand spindles than was being made by manufacturers paying more wages on the gold basis. It was not the mysterious potency of silver which caused manufacturers to thrive in Japan, but the plain fact that in paying wages in silver they paid in money of half purchase power. The manufacturers who have a market and pay only a quarter as much wages as their competitors will make money where the others will fail. And that was the reason for the prosperity in Japan for the limited number having capital invested in cotton mills. But for the thousands who worked in the mills nothing was said, but people were left to infer that they shared this prosperity when, as a matter of fact, they worked for very low wages and subsisted on rice and on otherwise scanty diet.

All this has been changed. Japan has declared for the coinage of both metals on the ratio of 33 to 1. The value of the silver wages of a year ago has been doubled.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Dingley Tariff.
The punctual passage of the Dingley tariff by a solid republican vote is something more than mere proof of the excellence of the party discipline. It is more than proof of admirable party leadership. It is a token of the splendid unity of purpose of the republican congressmen, who, differing, perhaps, as to some details of the Dingley bill, are one in their loyal approval of its great principles and purposes. This absolute unanimity in support of a measure so complicated and so important is extraordinary in the annals of legislation.—Boston Journal.

In the Interests of Honest Manufacture.
To build up the American manufacture of woollen goods has been one of the hardest tasks met in all the thirty-six years of protection. It is the judgment of the ablest and most experienced men, after many years of only partial success, that there has never been a tariff on woollens which had not weak and vulnerable points. A duty of 50 per cent on steel rails cannot be evaded. But a duty of 10 per cent on many kinds of woollen cloths is of no effect whatever. If the foreign maker can produce what appears to the ordinary consumer the very same cloth, by use of shoddy, at half former cost. It is the deliberate purpose of the Dingley bill to make impossible this destruction of American manufacture by importations of swindling products of shoddy.—New York Tribune.

It Guards Great Interests.
In the arrangements necessary to secure sufficient revenue the committee, it is gratifying to know, has not lost sight of the relations of a wise tariff system to the attainment of the highest possible material life of the nation. The framing of a tariff in one sense is the building of the nation. A bill of this kind should be so constructed as to secure the nation in times of war, both in its means of defense and of industrial independence. It should consider its position among other nations. It should endeavor to encourage all the arts which fortify, enrich and adorn, give employment in skilled labor and extend in every possible way the comfort and welfare of all the people. To show how momentous to these interests are the questions involved in such a tariff revision as that just completed by the ways and means committee I have prepared a statement of the productive industrials of the country for five de-

cadres, all of which are affected in some way by the bill under consideration. The sudden revulsion of our industrial progress, soon after the advent of the free trade administration, March 1893, our industrial advance had been as follows:

Year.	Number Employed.	Wages Paid.	Value of Product.
1850	2,571,053	\$ 236,753,464	\$1,019,106,616
1860	3,111,246	378,578,986	1,886,801,626
1870	3,653,996	716,384,343	4,232,325,442
1880	4,238,950	947,919,674	5,369,667,706
1890	4,476,834	2,171,750,183	9,056,764,398

Nearly five times as many employees in our industries and nine times the annual wages paid and value of product is the measure of the forty years of progress.—Robert P. Porter.

England Don't Like It.
The soul of the London Times is harrowed up because the United States is about to make "a long backward stride." What we are about to do is going to result in "serious annoyance and derangement of business for exporters, as well as a corresponding loss for Americans themselves." This is what makes it so bad, we are all going to ruin together.

The trouble is that we are about to enact another tariff law on protective lines. We have done this before and always have stirred up the British lion by doing it. Not to go very far back in our history, when the McKinley law of 1890 was passed, the London Times and other free trade interests foresaw destruction of this great republic. Our history tells that the McKinley tariff act did not destroy the country; on the contrary it was under that law that we saw the very best times in the history of the country.

It is easy to understand what is the matter with John Bull. He is nursing an acute case of disappointment. The Democrats have disappointed him some by not going the full length of the tether, but he consoled himself with their promise to go further the next time. They promised him to carry the election of 1896, after which they were going to give him some more big slices of the large American loaf.

In the making of the Republican tariff bill, which has a good prospect to become a law, John Bull realizes the full measure of his bitter disappointment. The hand of Dingley is not the hand of Wilson, nor does President McKinley share the tariff views of President Cleveland.—Wheeling Intelligencer.

All Industries Ask Protection.
For the first time since 1816 every employment of the American people is united in a common recognition of the importance and value of a reasonable discrimination by our laws in favor of our own people—the farmer, because nearly everything that he has for sale must be sold here or not sold at all; the manufacturer, because he has found it impossible to sell home-made goods in a market place that has already bought itself poor at the "bar-gain counters" of Europe and Asia; and commerce, because a nation like this that goes past the closed doors and broken window-panes of its own factories to the end of the earth for what it buys, is in a condition that is completely fatal to all commerce, domestic and foreign.—Congressman Dilliver in House of Representatives.

The Will of the Mugwumps.
The Mugwump press profess great indignation over the Republican program to pass a new tariff law. Those gentlemen who are too good to unite with any political party say that Democratic McKinley votes were won by false pretenses, that they were swindled, etc. These assertions are without the least foundation. The platform upon which McKinley stood declared most emphatically for protection. Not another plank in the platform was more distinct and emphatic. That platform declared emphatically and unmistakably in favor of "the policy of protection."—Youngstown Telegram.

Democratic Tariff a Failure.
The Democratic party which is criticizing the Dingley bill could do so with some effect perhaps if it had ever framed a tariff bill which brought either revenue or protection. The trouble with Democratic tariffs is they are good for neither one thing nor the other. Nobody can tell what they were framed for. It is a difficult task to devise a bill which will produce both revenue and protection, but intelligent, unbiased persons will be apt to accept the Republicans' opinion that this measure will do both these things.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Turn the Thumbscrews on the Senate.
It is on the senate that public attention must now be concentrated. The inherent, exasperating procrastination of that unwieldy body must be overcome by the irresistible pressure of popular sentiment. The effort of the rabid free trade opposition will be to prolong the debate on every conceivable pretext and postpone the return of the general prosperity which is sure to deal the final death blow to the free trade propaganda.

Why the Germans Kick.
The Germans in Germany are not in favor of the Dingley tariff bill, which is the expression of the protective policy of the McKinley administration. Why this opposition? Simply because the German manufacturers prefer to have us for customers, and are sharply against our management of our own affairs so as to give our manufacturers protection against foreign labor and our farmers' markets at home. Come to think of it, it is very simple.—Standard Union.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A RESURRECTION MISTAKE" EASTER SUNDAY SUBJECT.

From the Text: "She, Supposing Him to Be the Gardener, Saith Unto Him: Tell Me Where Thou Hast Laid Him and I Will Take Him Away"—John 20:15.



HERE are Mary Magdalen and Christ, just after his resurrection. For four thousand years a grim and ghastly tyrant had been killing people and dragging them into his cold palace. He had a passion for human skulls. For forty centuries he had been unhindered in his work. He had taken down kings and queens and conquerors, and those without fame. In that cold palace there were shelves of skulls, and pillars of skulls, and altars of skulls, and even the chalice at the table were made of bleached skulls. To the skeleton of Abel had been added the skeleton of all the ages, and no one had disputed his right until one good Friday, about eighteen hundred and sixty-seven years ago, as near as I can calculate it, a mighty stranger came to the door of that awful place, rolled back the door, and went in, and seizing the tyrant threw him to the pavement and put upon the tyrant's neck the heel of triumph.

Then the mighty stranger, exploring all the ghastly furniture of the place, and walking through the labyrinths, and opening the dark cellars of mystery, and tarrying under a roof the ribs of which were made of human bones—tarrying for two nights and a day, the nights very dark and the day very dismal, he seized the two chief pillars of that awful palace and rocked them until it began to fall, and then laying hold of the ponderous front gate he boisted it from its hinges, and marched forth crying, "I am the Resurrection!" That event we celebrate this Easter morn, Handel and Beethoven miracles of sound added to this floral decoration which has set the place ablaze.

There are three or four things which the world and the church have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ. First, our Lord in the garden's attire. Mary Magdalen, grief-struck, stands by the rifled sarcophagus of Christ, and turns around, hoping she can find the track of the sacrilegious resurrectionist who has despoiled the grave, and she finds some one in working apparel come forth as if to water the flowers, or to set reclimbing the fallen vine—some one in working apparel, his garments perhaps having the sign of the dust and dirt of the occupation.

Mary Magdalen, on her face the rain of a fresh shower of weeping, turns to this workman, and charges him with the desecration of the tomb, when to the stranger responds, flinging his whole soul into one word which trembles with all the sweetest rhythm of earth and heaven, saying, "Mary!" In that peculiarity of accentuation all the incognito fell off, and she found that instead of talking with an humble gardener of Asia Minor, she was talking with Him who owns all the hanging gardens of heaven. Constellations the clusters of forget-me-nots, the sunflower the chief of all, the morning glory and the midnight aurora, flaring terraces of beauty, blazing like a summer sun with coronation roses and giants of battle. Blessed and glorious mistake of Mary Magdalen. "She supposing him to be the gardener." What does that mean? It means that we have an every-day Christ for every-day work in every-day apparel. Not on Sabbath morning in our most seemly apparel are we more attractive to Christ than we are in our every-day work dress, managing our merchandise, smiling our anvil, ploughing our field, tending the flying shuttles, mending the garments for our household, providing food for our families, or toiling with weary pen, or weary pencil, or weary chisel. A working-day Christ in working-day apparel for us in our every-day toil. Put it into the highest strain of this Easter anthem, "Supposing him to be the gardener."

If Christ had appeared at daybreak with a crown upon his head, that would have seemed to suggest especial sympathy for monarchs; if Christ had appeared in chain of gold and with robe bediamonded, that would have seemed to be especial sympathy for the affluent; if Christ had appeared with soldier's sash and sword dangling at his side, that would have seemed to imply especial sympathy for warriors; but when I find Christ in gardener's habit, then I spell it out that he has hearty and pathetic understanding with every-day work, and every-day anxiety, and every-day fatigue.

Roll it down in comfort all through these aisles. A working-day Christ in working-day apparel. Tell it in the darkest corridor of the mountain to the poor miner. Tell it to the factory maid in most unventilated establishment at Lowell or Lancaster. Tell it to the clearer of roughest new ground in the western wilderness. Tell it to the sewing woman, a stitch in the side for every stitch in the garment, some of their cruel employers having no right to think that they will get through the door of heaven any more than they could through the eye of a broken needle which has just dropped on the bare floor from the pricked and bleeding fingers of the consumptive sewing-girl. Away with your talk about hypostatic union, and soteriology of the Council of Trent, and the metaphysics of religion which would freeze practical Christianity out of the world; but pass along the gardener's coat to all nations that they may touch the hem

of it and feel the thrill of the Christy brotherhood. Not supposing him to be Caesar, not supposing him to be Socrates, but "supposing him to be the gardener."

Oh, that is what helped Joseph Wedgwood, toiling amid the heat and the dust of the potteries, until he could make for Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture. That was what helped James Watt, scoffed at and caricatured, until he could put on wheels the thunderbolt of power which roars by day and night in every furnace of the locomotive engines of America. That is what helped Hugh Miller, toiling amid the quarries of Cromarty, until every rock became to him a volume of the world's biography, and he found the footsteps of the Creator in the old red sandstone. Oh, the world wants a Christ for the office, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the shop, a Christ for the banking-house, a Christ for the garden, while spading and planting and irrigating the territory. Oh, of course, we want to see Christ at last in royal robe and bediamonded, a celestial equestrian mounting the white horse, but from this Easter of 1897 to our last Easter on earth we most need to see Christ as Mary Magdalen saw him at the day-break, "supposing him to be a gardener."

Another thing which the church and the world have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ is that he made his first post-mortem appearance to one who had been the seven-devil Mary Magdalen. One would have supposed he would have made his first post-mortem appearance to a woman who had always been illustrious for goodness. There are saintly women who have always been saintly, saintly in girlhood, saintly in infancy, always saintly. In nearly all our families there have been saintly aunts. In my family circle it was aunt Phoebe; in yours saintly aunt Martha or saintly aunt Ruth. One always saintly. But not so with the one spoken of in the text.

While you are not to confound her with the repugnant courtesan who had made her long locks do the work of towel at Christ's footwashing, you are not to forget that she was excoriated of seven devils. What a capital of demology which has set the place ablaze. There are three or four things which the world and the church have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ. First, our Lord in the garden's attire. Mary Magdalen, grief-struck, stands by the rifled sarcophagus of Christ, and turns around, hoping she can find the track of the sacrilegious resurrectionist who has despoiled the grave, and she finds some one in working apparel come forth as if to water the flowers, or to set reclimbing the fallen vine—some one in working apparel, his garments perhaps having the sign of the dust and dirt of the occupation.

There is a man seven-devil devil of avarice, devil of pride, devil of hate, devil of indolence, devil of falsehood, devil of strong drink, devil of impurity. God can take them all away, seven or seventy. I rode over the new cantilever bridge that spans Niagara a bridge 900 feet long, 850 feet of chasm from bluff to bluff. I passed over it without anxiety. Why? Because twenty-two locomotives and twenty-two cars laden with gravel had tested the bridge, thousands of people standing on the Canadian side, thousands standing on the American side to applaud the achievement. And how ever long the train of our immortal interests may be we are to remember that God's bridge of mercy spanning the chasm of sin has been fully tested by the awful tonnage of all the pardoned sin of all ages, church militant standing on one bank, church triumphant standing on the other bank. Oh, it was to the seven-devil Mary that Christ made his first post-mortem appearance.

There is another thing that the world and the church have not observed in regard to this resurrection and that is, it was the morning twilight.

If the chronometer had been invented and Mary had as good a watch as some of the Marys of our time have, she would have found it was about half-past five o'clock a. m. Matthew says it was in the dawn. Mark says it was at the sunrise; Luke says it was very early in the morning; John says it was while it was yet dark. In other words, it was twilight. That was the o'clock at which Mary Magdalen mistook Christ for the gardener. What does that mean? It means there are shadows over the grave unlifted, shadows of mystery that are hovering. Mary stooped down and tried to look to the other end of the crypt. She gave hysterical outcry. She could not see to the other end of the crypt. Neither can you see to the other end of the grave of your dead. Neither can we see to the other end of our grave. Oh, if there were shadows over the family plot belonging to Joseph of Arimathea, is it strange that there should be some shadows over our family lot? Easter dawn, not Easter noon.

Shadow of unanswered question! Why were they taken away from us? why were they ever given to us if they were to be taken so soon? why were they taken so suddenly? why could they not have uttered some farewell words? why? A short question, but a whole crucifixion of agony in it. Why? Shadow on the graves of good men and women who seemed to die before their work was done. Shadow on all the graves of children because we ask ourselves why so beautiful a craft launched at all if it was to be wrecked one mile outside of the harbor? But what did Mary Magdalen have to do in order to get more light on that grave? She had only to wait. After a while the Easter sun rolled up, and the whole place was flooded with light. What have you and I to do in order to get more light on our own graves and light upon the graves of our dear loved ones? Only to wait.

After Christ's interment every cellular tissue broke down, and nerve and artery and brain were a physiological wreck, and yet he comes up swarthy, rubeunced and well. When I see after each mortuary silence such radiant ap-

pearance, that settles it that whatever should become of the bodies of our Christian dead, they are going to come up, the nerves retraining, the optic nerve reilluminated, the ear drum a-vibrate, the whole body lifted up, without its weakness and worldly uses for which there is no resurrection. Come, is it not almost time for us to go out to meet our reanimated dead? Can you not hear the lifting of the rusted latch?

Oh, the glorious thought, the glorious consolation of this subject when I find Christ coming up without any of the lacerations, for you must remember He was lacerated and wounded fearfully in the crucifixion—coming up without one. What does that make me think? That the grave will get nothing of us except our wounds and imperfections. Christ went into the grave exhausted and bloodless. All the currents of His life had poured out from His wounds. He had lived a life of trouble, sorrow, and privation, and then He died a lingering death. His entire body hung on four spikes. No invalid of twenty years' suffering ever went into the grave so white and ghastly and broken down as Christ, and yet here He comes up so rubeunced and robust she supposed Him to be the gardener.

Ah! all the side-aches, and the head-aches, and the back-aches, and the leg-aches, and the heart-aches we will leave where Christ left His. The ear will come up without its heaviness, the eye will come up without its dimness, the lungs will come up without oppressed respiration. Oh, what races we will run when we become immortal athletes! Oh, what circuits we will take when all earthly imperfections subtracted and all celestial velocities added we shall set up our residence in that city which, though vaster than all the cities of this world, shall never have one obsequy!

Standing this morning round the shattered masonry of our Lord's tomb, I point you to a world without hearse, without muffled drum, without tumult, without catafalque, and without a tear. Amid all the cathedrals of the blessed no longer the "Dead March in Saul," but whole libretti of "Hallelujah Chorus." Oh, put trumpet to lip and finger to key, and loving forehead against the bosom of a risen Christ. Hallelujah, Amen. Hallelujah, Amen!

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

The Junior Society of Christian Endeavor was thirteen years old on March 27. On March 20 there were enrolled on Secretary Baer's books 11,537 societies, with 346,110 members. The first society was organized in Tabor, Iowa, by Rev. John W. Cowan. The first signer of the Junior pledge is now a clergyman.

"She hath done what she could." The members of the Christian Endeavor society in the Indiana state prison at Michigan City have no money to contribute toward state Christian Endeavor work, but the other day the state treasurer received from this society fifty-two stamped envelopes. One of these envelopes is issued to each prisoner every two weeks and an extra one is given instead of a ration of tobacco. By abstaining from the luxury of correspondence, and from the use of tobacco, the men were enabled to fulfill their pledge.

An endeavor after apostolic fashion is recorded of a native Christian Endeavor society in Shalngay, West Africa. The young men of the society set out, two by two, to preach the gospel throughout all their district, a region forty by seventy miles in extent. They held 238 services and reached 4,572 hearers, and all without a penny of expense. The young men had many interesting experiences. One of them philosophically remarked, when deterred from crossing a river by the alligators in the stream, "The Lord sent us to preach the gospel, not to feed these fellows."

A company of Endeavorers from the Broadway Baptist church, Cambridgeport, Mass., hold weekly meetings in a rescue mission in Boston, providing a free lunch for the men, in opposition to a free lunch saloon in the neighborhood. These meetings have resulted in many conversions, and in several accessions to the church. The Endeavorers make it a practice to secure employment for the converts when possible.

The Endeavorers in the State of Washington have made earnest efforts to secure temperance and Sabbath observance legislation. A temperance bill was recently before the legislature and the Endeavorers prompted prominent representatives to personally visit the capitol, while about five hundred telegrams were sent from all parts of the state to the senators and representatives. Mass meetings were also held in many districts, all with the aim of properly influencing legislation.

The first year of Christian Endeavor in Tremont Temple Baptist church, Boston, has been a fruitful one. Several members of the society have united with the church. One of the first deeds of the society was the publication of a sermon on baptism by Dr. Lorimer. Two more of the pastor's sermons were published during the year, a total of eight thousand copies. The instruction committee of the society has maintained a Bible history class under the direction of the assistant pastor, and it has also provided two courses of university extension lectures. Since Tremont Temple is very peculiarly situated in the business district, the society has made every effort to apply business enterprise to its methods, and at the beginning of the year it issued for general distribution a beautiful calendar, advertising the church and society and time of meetings.

As a recognition of the good work done by the Salvation Army in Detroit in relieving distress among the poor, the citizens have contributed \$5000 to purchase the building used by them as headquarters.