

Wave not your wings as you sail aloft,
For you are the landlord's prize!

And you, the antlered king,
Who proudly rear your crest,
You live to fall to a landlord's gun
With the warm blood wet on your
breast.

Ye remnant of the brave!
Who charge when the pipes are heard,
Don't think, my lads, that you fight for
your own,
'Tis but for the good of the laird!

And when the fight is done
And you come back over the foam,
"Well done," they say, "you are brave
and true,
But we cannot give you a home.

"For the hill we want for the deer,
And the glen the birds enjoy,
And bad for the game the smoke of the
cot
And the song of the crofter's boy."

Oh! land where the heather blooms,
And the salt spray splashes the beach,
Where only the wind and the starry sky
Are out of the landlord's reach.
—MacKenzie MacBride, in the London
Scotsman.

**UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN
BULL.
HE IS SICK OF BEING A WORLD
POWER.**
Printed from the original manuscript.

Dear John: I am humiliated! I have been complainin' a little of your acts bein' a leetle off color; of your shootin' prisoners of war, John, and the like, barbarities; but, I swan! I never expected to eat humble pie for doin' the same thing, and worse, myself.

Fact is, I didn't believe the stories. Altgeld and Billy Bryan, and a lot of fellows, said things in the Philippines were all wrong; but I thought they were tryin' to get silver reinstated, and didn't believe 'em; I set store by the old republican party too—didn't believe I could go wrong. And now, what do I hear! that the orders went out, and seem to have been obeyed, to shoot all Filipinos over ten years of age; that I've been guilty of murder and arson and treachery; that I have executed 'natives without trial; that I have abolished free speech; deported editors, and overthrown a republic.

I own up I am in the dust, and it is my fault.

I was a decent man once; had the foremost country in the world, good name and credit and a beautiful flag that people looked up to and blessed.

Then a syndicate with Hanna at the head, arranged to sell me a gold brick; and I bought! I did! after all my experience!

They would make me a world pow-

er, they said. I was a world power then—was already runnin' one hemisphere, and had the other all lookin' up to me—was head and shoulders above everything under the canopy. And I bit! and now what is the result? Why, that my name is placed with that of Jenghis Khan and Tamerlane, Cyrus and Alexander, as one of the scourges of God!

Why, my men own up! And the thing that makes me sicker than all else was, they shot the water buffalo; killed the men, burned the homes, drove the women and children into the towns or pens, Spanish style; and shot their only draft animals—the water buffalo—so they would have to walk, and carry their children, and poor little goods.

Some of my common soldiers had the grace to be sorry. When I first heard that, I was a little off. I vowed I would dismantle West Point, and officer my army from the infernal regions direct; but where'd be the difference? Hell can't beat what I've been a doin'!

And the worst thing about it is they have soiled the flag; the pretty flag!

The ballot I cast for the Philippine war had blood on it; and—the thing is on my hand!

You remember how old Mrs. Macbeth swore when she found it wouldn't come out?

There are more of us.

There is one thing certain: This hand will never vote that ballot again; and my army's got to come back from the Philippines, and be set to hoin' corn.

UNCLE SAM.

**ARE WE GETTING OUR SUGAR TOO
CHEAP?**

For The Public.

To the Editor: De Jones asks me to enlist your sympathy for the suffering beet sugar industry.

De Jones thinks he is not paying enough for his sugar and fears there is something in this Cuban reciprocity bill that might reduce the price.

De Jones works for a big corporation and gets a dollar and a quarter a day when he works. He works most every day except Sundays and holidays and in stormy weather, and comes pretty near supporting his wife and family. In fact, with odd jobs at house cleaning and washing, on the part of his wife, and with the picking up coal around the railroads and coal yards by the children, to assist him, he does support his family, and sends the children to the public school, when

they are not too busy picking up coal. He also wears a white starched shirt on Christmas and the Fourth of July. A man that can do all this would naturally have a level head on him and object to getting his sugar too cheap.

He seems to go on the theory that cheap sugar makes the cheap man, and don't want the industry disturbed. My head is not as clear as De Jones', and I can't see the fine points that seem to influence his mind; but always feeling willing to aid the suffering, I will try to say a word in favor of the beet sugar industry.

By way of digression I want to say that there is a great deal in calling things by their right names. I think if we would persistently call safe-breaking an industry, and continue to do so for a sufficient number of years, that we would lose our prejudice against that kind of business, and perhaps be able to get some sort of protection for it from Congress. It's worth thinking about, anyway.

But De Jones don't want the sugar business disturbed because he thinks there is some sort of connection between the high priced sugar and the dollar and a quarter that he gets from the big corporation. He has the proper idea in regard to being contented with his station in life, and knows it is the business of the rich people to furnish work for the poor.

He admits that we may be under some obligations to Cuba, but would prefer a direct appropriation for the island to any reciprocity tariff tinkering. He says that this prosperity we have now is built upon a pretty solid foundation of "you tickle me and I'll tickle you" sort of business, and if we stop tickling the beet sugar men for a minute, they will turn around and help pull out all the rest of the foundation. So if we destroy the foundation of the prosperity, of course that goes, and with it goes De Jones' dollar and a quarter a day.

I may not be putting this proposition correctly, but as near as I can get to it, it seems that the beet sugar men and the other sugar men can't do business without some help from Congress, and that the beet sugar boys are yet in the infant industry stage.

If this is the correct idea of the matter it does seem to be wrong for the President and Congress to pitch into the infant and let the full grown industry go unmolested.

It may be that De Jones is right, and that it is a dangerous thing to allow the people to get anything cheap. If we make a tariff reduction to Cuban sugar and sugar goes down, the peo-

ple that want cheap things may turn against the tariff and overturn the present structure of prosperity. The people do not all know as much as De Jones. Most of them do, but the glittering idea of cheapness may undermine their integrity and cause them to go wrong.

I hope that you may see this matter in a proper light, and feel sufficiently impressed to help the weak and suffering in this matter. Yours very truly,

JACKSON BIGGLES.

RESOLUTIONS IN MEMORY OF JOHN PETER ALTGELD.

Resolutions adopted at the John P. Altgeld memorial meeting at Cooper Union, New York City, April 3, 1902.

Whereas, On the 12th day of March, 1902, death called our distinguished fellow citizen, John Peter Altgeld; and

Whereas, We, working men and other citizens of New York, are met to do honor to his memory, to which end we recite the following events and achievements of his life:

That he was born in poverty in Germany, December 30, 1847;

That while a child he was brought to this country as to a land of promise;

That he had but little schooling;

That he was doing a man's work at a plow in Ohio at 13;

That when the civil war broke out he enlisted on the northern side as a common soldier, though but 16;

That after the war he educated himself and then taught school;

That later he went west, but, having no money, he walked the whole distance;

That he read law and began practice in St. Joseph, Mo.;

That he was elected to the superior bench in Chicago, sitting from 1886 to 1891, when he resigned, bearing a distinguished and spotless record;

That he was elected the twentieth governor of Illinois, and served from 1893 to 1897;

That during his gubernatorial term he incurred the wrath of the privileged class by liberating from prison certain anarchists convicted of implication in the death of eight policemen at Haymarket square, Chicago, Gov. Altgeld taking the ground, which has never been disputed, that their trial and conviction had not been fair and by due process of law;

That he increased the enmity of the privileged class by opposing the destruction of the constitutional safe-

guards of the people, and protesting against the invasion of the state of Illinois by federal soldiers at the order of a president of the United States during the great railroad strike of 1894;

That he intensified to implacable bitterness this enmity of vested rights by his vigorous denunciation of the action of a United States court in superceding the regular and immemorial forms of law by arbitrarily taking to itself powers of government by injunction;

That he added fire to fury in the hearts of those living on the toil and sweat of others by using his conceded great abilities to make increasingly vigorous war upon all forms of privilege, in the endeavor to establish in fact, as well as in words, those inalienable rights named in the immortal Declaration of Independence—the rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;

That through fair weather and through foul, through good fortune and through bad, during sturdy health and during years of sickness, he dauntlessly and unwaveringly bore on his course, until, worn out with strife, and at the comparatively early age of 55, he died in a last supreme effort for natural rights; therefore,

Be it Resolved, That we, workingmen and other citizens of New York, assembled in public mass meeting in the Cooper Union hall, where Abraham Lincoln raised his voice against chattel slavery, and which has since been many times consecrated to the struggle against industrial slavery, do now pronounce our most profound respect for the memory of John Peter Altgeld, as one who fought valiantly and died gloriously in the greatest of all causes—the cause of humanity. In our hearts and the hearts of generations after us he will be cherished as an upright judge, a patriot governor, a high-minded publicist, a vigilant citizen and a straight man; and we believe that the great mass of his fellow citizens composing this proud nation will hold his name dear as that of one who did his utmost to make life better and brighter.

A HISTORY OF THE BOER WAR BY A LITTLE BOY.

There has recently been privately published in Washington, D. C., a little book of 31 pages entitled "The Boer War." We are informed in the preface, which is evidently written by an adult, that the author of the book, Allen Welsh Dulles, is eight years old,

and that he has been, since the war began in South Africa, an ardent admirer and partisan of the Boers, and this in spite of the fact that all his immediate family favor the British cause. Two months ago he determined to write a history of the war, with the avowed purpose of sending the money which he should receive from its sale, to the Boer relief committee, for the benefit of the Boer women and children in South Africa, and for the Boer prisoners in the Bermudas. "Since that time he has industriously gathered his facts, and day after day for nearly two months he has written out what he has read and heard, together with his own opinions and conclusions." What he wrote has been printed exactly as written, without alteration of spelling or language, or arrangement.

The book is now in its second edition. All money received from its sale is devoted to the purpose the author designed to aid. The price is 50 cents a copy. The copy which is quoted from here, was obtained by sending to the author, Allen Welsh Dulles, Care Hon. John W. Foster, Washington, D. C.

The extracts which follow this introduction, show that this little American boy has the ideals of the republic in his heart, and that he can think straight.

A. T. P.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE BOER WAR."

There would not be any quarreling if it was not for the gold. It was not right for the British to come in and get the land because the Boers came first and they had the first right to the land. If Britian had got there first then they could have the land. But it looks now as if the Boers were being driven out of the land. It is not because there is not enough room on the earth for there is room for every body to be comfortable, but the reason is that every nation wants more land than each other even if they have not enough people to cover the space. There is not very much gold but England wants to be richer so she will not loose much money by the war. (From Chap. I. The Boers and British in South Africa.)

The British did not know at first that the Boers were going to be so hard to conquer or they would not have started the war but now they have started they think that they cant surrender to such a little country. England will gain very little by the war for it will cost a gret deal to run the mines and the war has already cost England 1,000,000,000 Dollars and the war may not be near an end yet. (From