

Change His Mind Overnight?
 Daily Democrat (dem. Dem.),
 President Taft broke a promise
 of Congress on the Statehood
 explained. In the early days
 the members of the committee
 the President and laid before
 resolution admitting New Mexico
 as States. The resolution
 all proposition should be sub-
 Arizona and that the majority
 it would be wise to retain it
 tion or not. The bill was so
 Congress nor the President
 record as to the merits of the
 Taft gave every Congressman
 he would sign this bill. The
 as and Democrats alike, left
 a definite understanding to
 ers made the statement on the
 at the President had agreed to
 was passed by both houses of
 President changed his mind and
 as not yet explained why.

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Tribune (Rep.) Sept. 28.—The
 at Attorney General by which
 report of the Vice Commission
 ought not to close this inci-
 application of the statute
 tried and upheld by the court,
 e amended so as to permit all
 character to be mailed. There
 Bible that come within the lit-
 section 211. Is the Bible mail-
 ing does not stand by itself. It
 ings by the Post Office Depart-
 e an un-American bureaucratic
 y, if not worse. It is a serious
 eration when a people will not
 ry liberty of expression and
 ntenment. The post office hith-
 itself by ruling out the pamph-
 emists or radical thinkers upon
 Because these men were with-
 ecause American public opinion
 hither such obscure oppressions
 ed no recourse. But the refusal
 should teach us. Here is no ob-
 t an official document, approved
 vers and citizens of the highest
 e to have censorship in America
 means, and let us see that intel-
 not the benighted brain of a po-
 or the mechanical judgment of
 ll decide what may pass current.

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covering "boy wanted" ad): "Shure,
 hful he wudn't tell a lie for any-
 afraid he wudn't do."
 Well, sor, Oi hov another bhoy that
 if ye'd maybe loike to see 'm."—

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

A HERITAGE—A TASK.

Flora Bullock in Nebraska State Journal.

Honor and praise we give them—those of old,
 Who clear upon a sacred parchment graved
 A world's new creed,—no longer thought enslaved,
 No heart's hope crushed, no gleam of freedom sold
 For all earth's jeweled treasure. More than gold
 Their legacy; more than life they saved.
 Aye, glorious, when the new-born banner waved,
 A truth upsprang, too great for words to hold.
 A race of kings must live it, must proclaim
 Its power in action, and its grace in deeds
 Of all-world brotherhood. Only so
 We guard the trust they gave us, earn the name
 They nobly honored, keep the course that leads
 Safe past false harbors to the morning glow.

This be the word we leave them—those whose light
 Shall yet be kindled in the far-off years—
 That Deed of Rights, thrice proved, safe from fears;
 Tried in hot battles; by the silent might
 Of peace tempered and tested. Still we fight
 For justice, hurl our gage at kings and peers;
 But know within ourselves the curse that sears
 A nation's power, and dims the mounting light
 Of Freedom. Patriots, wake! Again declare
 That men are free and equal in this land;
 Cry "On!" though every flag in peace be furled.
 Oh, tell your children's children that they bear
 No trivial message, but a high command
 To make God's justice regnant in His world!

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THE MISER.

Gilbert K. Chesterton in the London Daily News.

It is a sign of sharp sickness in a society when
 it is actually led by some special sort of lunatic.
 A mild touch of madness may even keep a man
 sane; for it may keep him modest. So some ex-
 aggerations in the State may remind it of its own
 normal. But it is bad when the head is cracked;
 when the roof of the commonwealth has a tile
 loose. . . .

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The modern miser has changed much from the
 miser of legend and anecdote; but only because
 he has grown yet more insane. The old miser
 had some touch of the human artist about him
 in so far that he collected gold—a substance that
 can really be admired for itself, like ivory or old
 oak. An old man who picked up yellow pieces
 had something of the simple ardour, something of
 the mystical materialism, of a child who picks out
 yellow flowers. Gold is but one kind of colored
 clay, but colored clay can be very beautiful. The
 modern idolator of riches is content with far less

genuine things. The glitter of guineas is like the glitter of buttercups, the clink of pelf is like the chime of bells, compared with the dreary papers and dead calculations which make the hobby of the modern miser.

The modern millionaire loves nothing so lovable as a coin. He is content sometimes with the dead crackle of notes; but far more often with the mere repetition of noughts in a ledger, all as like each other as eggs to eggs. And as for comfort, the old miser could be comfortable, as many tramps and savages are, when he was once used to being unclean. A man could find some comfort in an unswept attic or an unwashed shirt. But the Yankee millionaire can find no comfort with five telephones at his bed-head and the financial world changing every five minutes. The round coins in the miser's stocking were safe in some sense. The round noughts in the millionaire's ledger are safe in no sense; the same fluctuation which excites him with their increase depresses him with their diminution. As the miser gathers gold he cannot eat, the millionaire counts figures he cannot buy or sell. The miser at least collects coins; his hobby is numismatics: the man who collects noughts collects nothings.

It may be admitted that the man amassing millions is a bit of an idiot; but it may be asked in what sense does he rule the modern world. The answer to this is very important and rather curious. The evil enigma for us here is not the rich, but the Very Rich. The distinction is important; because this special problem is separate from the old general quarrel about rich and poor that runs through the Bible and all strong books, old and new. The special problem today is that certain powers and privileges have grown so world-wide and unwieldy that they are out of the power of the moderately rich as well as of the moderately poor. They are out of the power of everybody except a few millionaires—that is, misers. In the old normal friction of normal wealth and poverty I am myself on the Radical side. I think that a Berkshire squire has too much power over his tenants; that a Brompton builder has too much power over his workmen; that a West London doctor has too much power over the poor patients in the West London Hospital.

But a Berkshire squire has no power over cosmopolitan finance, for instance. A Brompton builder has not money enough to run a Newspaper Trust. A West End doctor could not make a corner in quinine and freeze everybody out. The merely rich are not rich enough to rule the modern market. The things that change modern history, the big national and international loans, the big educational and philanthropic foundations, the purchase of numberless newspapers, the big prices paid for peerages, the big expenses often

incurred in elections—these are getting too big for everybody except the misers; the men with the largest of earthly fortunes and the smallest of earthly aims.

There are two other odd and rather important things to be said about them. The first is this: that with this aristocracy we do not have the chance of a lucky variety in types which belongs to larger and looser aristocracies. The moderately rich include all kinds of people—even good people. Even priests are sometimes Saints; and even soldiers are sometimes heroes. Some doctors have really grown wealthy by curing their patients and not by flattering them; some brewers have been known to sell beer. But among the Very Rich you will never find a really generous man, even by accident. They may give their money away, but they will never give themselves away; they are egoistic, secretive, dry as old bones. To be smart enough to get all that money, you must be dull enough to want it.

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Lastly, the most serious point about them is this; that the new miser is flattered for his meanness and the old one never was. It was never called self-denial in the old miser that he lived on bones. It is called self-denial in the new millionaire if he lives on beans. A man like Dancer was never praised as a Christian saint for going in rags. A man like Rockefeller is praised as a sort of pagan stoic for his early rising or his unassuming dress. His "simple" meals, his "simple" clothes, his "simple" funeral, are all extolled as if they were creditable to him. They are disgraceful to him: exactly as disgraceful as the tatters and vermin of the old miser were disgraceful to him. To be in rags for charity would be the condition of a saint; to be in rags for money was that of a filthy old fool. Precisely in the same way, to be "simple" for charity is the state of a saint; to be "simple" for money is that of a filthy old fool. Of the two I have more respect for the old miser gnawing bones in an attic: if he was not nearer to God, he was at least a little nearer to men. His simple life was a little more like the life of the real poor.

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She was a good servant, was Jennie, and Mrs. Wanderfarr never wished for better. But in the matter of pictures Jennie was weak. There was one in particular, which showed the leaning tower of Pisa. Every day Mrs. W. hung it straight, and every morning Jennie put it crooked.

So Mrs. W. watched.

"Now, look here, Jennie," she said, "you've hung that picture of the tower crooked again! Just look at it?"

"That's just what I say mum," returned the domestic dolefully. "Look at it! The only way you can get that silly tower to hang straight is to hang the picture crooked!"—New York Mail.