

The world knows the result. The colonies repudiated the act as an unwarranted usurpation of power, declared that "taxation without representation is tyranny," and fought one of the fiercest wars of history in defense of the principle that all men are entitled to self-government.

By a series of acts, culminating in the recent decision of the supreme court, the present administration and the court have approved the action of a tyrannical parliament; cast aside the declaration of independence; asserted that one race may govern another without that other's consent; denied the right of all men to self-government; declared that men may be "subjects" of America, yet not be entitled to the protection guaranteed by the constitution.

By these acts they have "drawn the black bar sinister of tyranny" across the national escutcheon. Vandal hands have desecrated the graves of the nation's noblest dead.

Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless in thy fate!

The fatal word has been spoken; the order has been given; the ship of state has been turned adrift upon an unknown sea. The anchor has been thrown overboard; the chart has been left in port; the compass, no longer deemed of any importance, is broken in fragments, which lie scattered upon the deck.

A dark and awful storm is gathering, yet not a sail has been furled; the masts seem ready to break as they bend before the fury of the storm; the maddened wind howls through the rigging; the ship reels and plunges; she seems to be sinking. Where is the crew in this hour of peril? We hear their voices—oaths and blasphemy—and yonder in the fore-castle we look upon a vile scene of drunken revelry, as they stake their all upon the turn of a card.

We seek the captain; with hurried steps we fly to the wheel; near it he stands, but his hands do not grasp the spokes; they hang listlessly by his sides. We hear his voice; breathlessly we listen; we hear the words:

"Manifest destiny! Plain duty! Conquest!"

By the dim light of a lantern hanging near we can see that his restless eye scans the distant horizon. We follow his gaze. In the distance we see a faint light which seems to rise and fall upon the dark, heaving sea. He sees it; his hands grasp the wheel, and, with a mighty effort, the bow is turned toward the new-found light. It

seems to be a vessel in distress, and as our ship speeds on we shout: "Bravo!" for she is surely going to the aid of the stranger ship. How grandly she defies the storm, one moment in the trough of the sea, the next plowing majestically through the angry waves, but ever nearing the struggling vessel!

Again we hear the captain's voice in measured, solemn tones:

"Duty! Destiny! Conquest!"

We come nearer. We see her signal of distress. She is almost under our bow, oh, horror! Will there be a collision? She strikes. There is consternation and alarm on the stricken ship, but the shock brings every one of our sailors to the deck, and involuntarily we applaud, for they have surely come to aid the unfortunate crew.

But above the storm's roar the voice of the captain is heard as he shouts:

"Is there any valuable cargo aboard?"

"Yes," comes the answer; when, to our dismay he gives the order:

"Lash the ships together; spring upon her deck; kill or capture every sailor that resists! The ship is ours by right of conquest. Fate has brought us here. Our manifest destiny is to rule. Take everything of value." Then in lower tones, as if speaking to himself:

"Benevolent assimilation! Plain duty! Destiny! Conquest!"

A vivid flash of lightning reveals what we had not seen before. Above the stars and stripes floats a black flag, and the hull of our ship has been painted the same somber hue.

The awful truth dawns upon us. Our once noble craft, the hope of humanity, has become a pirate ship; with no destination but that determined by the storm of fate; with no mission but pillage and murder, and no code of morals but might.

Bravely the strangers defend their sinking vessel, but they read their doom in the greater number and superior equipment of the pirate crew. Still they fight on, shouting:

"Liberty or death."

The rattle of musketry, the saber's stroke, the shriek of the wounded and the groans of the dying are mingled with the roar of the pitiless storm as we turn away from the scene of awful carnage, and are greeted again by those incoherent mutterings like a funeral dirge:

"Ours by right of conquest! Benevolent assimilation! Destiny! American empire!"

J. A. GILKEY.

Montesano, Wash., June 10, 1901.

MR. PINGREE THE RADICAL.

Some two years ago, when the late Hazen S. Pingree was endeavoring to bring about the sale of the Detroit street car lines, to the municipality, I spent a week with him studying the conditions for and against municipal ownership in Detroit. It was just before the governor's now well-known address at Cooper institute, New York, on the trusts, and was while Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, was with him. I had an excellent opportunity to know the governor as he was, to measure him better than cartoons or interviewers ever had. Johnson was stopping at the Russell house, and the governor came there almost every evening to consult and talk with him. One evening Mr. Johnson was so busily engaged with the appraisers who were valuing the property of the street railway lines that the governor had to sit quite a time in the anteroom awaiting him. It chanced that I was waiting for Mr. Johnson also, so I stretched my legs alongside those of the discoverer of the "potato patch" and waited for him to speak.

He started sledgehammer-like on Grover Cleveland. He exclaimed:

"Grover Cleveland had the greatest opportunity of any president since Lincoln to do great things. But he got fat on the brain. Prosperity hurt him as much as it has McKinley. Both men had desperate struggles with poverty before they got into the white house, and when they suddenly found that they were certain of three square meals a day and a change of linen twice a week they simply couldn't stand it. They got right away from the people and began to be chummy with the men who have no use for the people except to bleed them. Before Cleveland left Buffalo all his companions were fellows that swore by the vox populi, but after he got to Washington all his companions were men who think the United States is a purse to be picked. The Ohio country didn't contain a bigger radical than McKinley before he got the right dip into politics. He was for everything that means reform and greater democratic powers. Well, he ain't now. He got scared of the people, and it's the trouble of everybody that gets into too much politics that they begin to duck from the people. I never did, but I didn't have to, and I've never been afraid to be on the people's side of a proposition whether it was popular or not.

"They call me 'old Pingree,' 'demagogue Pingree,' 'crank,' and a lot of other things, but if you'll scratch the back of the fellows that are hollering the most about me and against me you'll find that what I'm doing or advocating is hurting some property right of theirs that isn't exactly on the square. You can go up and down the streets of Detroit, in all the stores and houses, and where you find a man that calls me all sorts of mean things, you'll discover that he is interested in some property or some political job that my reforms would make over; would correct abuses in. I was over in Chicago the other day and I stopped at the Annex, and Mr. — came to me, and while we were talking (we're old acquaintances) he said to me:

"Ping, why are you making all this muss about municipal ownership of street railways? Why don't you let well enough alone?"

"Sam," said I, 'how much street railway stock do you own in the companies in the United States?"

"He got red in the face and wouldn't answer me—said that had nothing to do with the question.

"Yes," said I, 'it has a great deal to do with the question. If you didn't own a share and was a thinking man, instead of a money-maker, you wouldn't call my efforts a 'muss.' You'd use a better term; you'd be complimentary and would help me along. But you've got stock in these companies, you know it's watered, you know you have a thousand privileges that ain't right, and you're sore when I come along and urge the people to make you be square. You call me a fool and the people anarchists.'"

The governor thought this a capital story, and he laughed long over it. Then he took a new tack. He said:

"Most men can't get a great deal of money on hand without becoming selfish and cowards. In war times few men had money, and there was bravery on every side; the idea that money was better than honor wasn't very strong in those days. But during our little trouble with Spain I saw more middle-aged men get white at the prospect of having to go to the front than I supposed were in existence. Why? They've got money-fat on the brain, and that's a form of paresis that kills all courage.

"We're getting too much money in the hands of the few in this country. I don't believe our governmental system causes this or that it's any fault of the republic. It's due to selfishness—greed—the desire to have every-

thing and boss everything. We're going to be badly hurt by this selfishness some day if we are not able to reach it by legislation, because it will breed violence, riots and destruction of property. You can't steal from ten people with one hand and give to two people with the other hand, and square your conscience.

"That's the trouble with the republican party to-day. It's got a ham-fat brain, and money is its curse. The young, the independent, the free-thinking, can't stand for it, and if the democrats ever get any sense and put forth a good platform they'll give the republican machine just such a jolt as it got when Tilden ran and after Blaine was defeated."

Mr. Johnson came into the ante-room just then. Later that night I wrote this interview or talk out, and asked the governor's permission to print it. He read it, then laughed, and said as he handed the manuscript back:

"You don't want that until I'm dead."

He is now at rest.—H. I. Cleveland, in Chicago Record-Herald of June 23.

MAYOR JOHNSON'S WAY.

THREE-CENT FARES.

A special to the Plaindealer from Lorain last night said:

Tom L. Johnson will put his Lorain street railroad on a three-cent fare basis on and after the 21st of the present month. In a notice to the public the officials of the line say they desire to put in force the three-cent fare because it is more nearly adjusted to the requirements of its patrons than existing rates. The new rate of three cents will carry patrons anywhere within the corporate limits of either Lorain or Elyria, but a nine-cent fare will be charged between the two places.

"This is the road to which I referred recently when I said that a three-cent fare line would be in operation in Ohio within a few days," said Mayor Johnson last night. "I own only one share in the line, however, and the directors of the road are entitled to all the credit if there is any credit to be given.

"I believe I am on the board of directors, but requested that my name be dropped some two weeks ago. What action has been taken concerning the request I have not as yet been notified.

"It was decided about two weeks ago by the directors to place the line on a three-cent fare basis. The result will be watched closely, as the matter is somewhat in the nature of an experiment in so small a town. The directors can change back to the old basis

at any time, as there is no ordinance compelling a three-cent rate. This will be the first line in Ohio to operate on such a basis.

"A large part of the stock of the line is held by the old Johnson company, in which I have holdings, but by no means a controlling interest. Stockholders in the old Johnson company include members of the Dupont family, and a number of Cleveland, Louisville, Wilmington and New York parties.

"While the action to put the line on a three-cent basis was taken exclusively by the directors of the road, many of the stockholders in the old Johnson company were fully aware of what was going on." — Cleveland (O.) Plaindealer of June 20.

GAMBLING MUST BE SUPPRESSED.

Orders for a strict enforcement of the laws relating to gamblers and gambling were issued by the mayor Wednesday after a conference with police officials and other city officials. Police Judges Fiedler and Kennedy were present, as were also Chief Corner, Deputy Rowe, Police Director Lapp, and Director of Law Beacom.

The conference lasted about two hours. Those present refused to give out anything for publication at its conclusion, but it is known that the mayor insisted on gambling being suppressed and told the police officials that he would hold them accountable. The police judges said they would do all that they could when the cases reached their courts to dissuade gamblers making their home in Cleveland. The mayor was particularly insistent on the suppression of slot machines.—Plaindealer of June 20.

THE SLOT MACHINES MUST GO.

Four owners of slot machines waited on the mayor as a committee, yesterday afternoon. They had been given a hint that the mayor would like to see them in his office at five p. m. and they were on hand to the minute. The men in question own perhaps half of all the slot machines that are in operation in Cleveland.

"Gentlemen," began the mayor, "I am informed that among you you control a great many of the slot machines of the city. I want to know whether you will put them out of business or whether you prefer to have the police do it. I am aware that these machines are of considerable value and that it would mean quite a loss of money to you if they were destroyed. That is why I have