

Author," was written by George H. Broadhurst, and appeared in *Munsey's Magazine* a few years ago under the title "To the Vanquished."

A REBEL OF THE VELDT.

Saddle and bridle and girth,
Stirrup and crupper and bit;
Man on the top of a little horse,
Shaggy and strong and fit.
Rugged and bearded face,
Ragged old hat of felt,
Rifle that kills at a thousand yards,
And a tight-crammed cartridge-belt.

CHORUS.

Oh, it isn't by turning out your toes,
You can beat the foe in a fight,
Or by learning to march like a marionette,
Or by keeping your buttons bright,
And it isn't the way that you crook your arm

When you shut your eye to shoot;
But it's taking to cover at every chance,
Hillock and rock and root.

He doesn't know how to dress,
And he doesn't know how to drill;
But he met the smartest troops in the world,
And fought till they had their fill;
He's a slovenly, awkward chap;
He's a lubberly farmer man;
But he lay on the veldt, from dawn till dawn,
And shot till they broke and ran.

CHORUS.

For it isn't the way that you keep the touch,
Or the way that you wheel about,
And it isn't by pulling your waist belt in,
And by padding your tunic out;
And it isn't by cocking your forage-cap,
Or by gluing a glass in your eye;
But it's knowing the way to shoot like—
And it's learning the way to die.

They have gathered his kith and kin
In a prison beyond the sea;
But they can't imprison a daring soul,
That lives in a bosom free;
They have shattered the calcined walls
Which sheltered his child and wife;
But they can't extinguish the flame they've lit,
Till it dies with his dying life.

CHORUS.

For it's never the heat of a burning home
That has softened a foeman's heart;
And it's never the reek of a lyddite shell
That has riven his ranks apart;
And it isn't money; it isn't men,
When the guns' loud song begins;
But it's feeling your foot on your native land,

And it's being right—that wins.
—Bertrand Shadwell, in *Chicago Evening Post*.

SLUMS UNDER THE SHADOW OF PALACES.

Through a bold assault on George McGovern, of 248 Rush street, by five rough characters which occurred in front of the residence of William H. Cade, 331 Chicago avenue, last evening, the existence of a gang of thugs known as the "Garey alley gang" was exposed to the police.

The discovery of the gang led to an investigation of the whereabouts

of Garey alley, a street that has seldom been heard of in the criminal incidents of Chicago. It is an interesting thoroughfare, located almost under the eaves of the mansions of the millionaires on the Lake Shore drive, running from Walton place to Delaware place. The homes in the alley, directly behind the mansions, are like the tenements of the ghetto. It is there that the "Garey alley gang" has been reared.—*Chicago Chronicle* of August 3.

NATIONS ALSO ARE SUBJECT TO SPIRITUAL LAW.

Nations should be judged as we judge men. Thomas Jefferson said the same thing. Franklin elucidated the same truth, when he said a nation is only a great gang. We must apply to nations the same principles as to the individual. I believe it to be right for men to be ambitious to be great and influential. There are two ways. One can try to make his neighbor think as he does. A quarrel may result. So much time will be spent in coercion that there is no good done. There is a better way—and that is to live so well, to do so well that the neighbor cannot find anything better to do. I'm going to show how as a nation we should apply this principle. I am going to give you a text for our national life. It is this:

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." I know of no other way of exterminating evil. Then "Let your light so shine." I know of no other plan for overcoming save with good, letting your light shine. There is no philosophy outside of the Bible that will take its place. It is proper for a man to be great. But how shall he be great? You republicans cannot get around the Bible. In the contention in the Bible as to who was to be chief, the answer was that he who was to be chief of all must be the servant of all. Service is the measure of greatness.—Wm. Jennings Bryan, at Galesburg, Ill., July 29.

TAX MONOPOLIES OUT OF EXISTENCE.

The tariff is not the chief source, or the only source, of the trust's power. In his recent testimony before the industrial commission at Washington President Schwab said: "The great advantages which the new company enjoy start with the ore, embracing the well-known ranges in the northwest—80 per cent. of which the United States steel corporation own or control." These ore fields, monopolized by the trust, are, as President

Schwab testified, extremely valuable, for the reason that they contain only a limited supply of ore, a supply which cannot "last very long, perhaps 60 years." He continued: "We own something like 60,000 acres of Connellsville coal. You could not buy it for \$60,000 an acre, for there is no more Connellsville coal. I believe that Connellsville coal will be exhausted in 30 years."

That monopoly control of the raw materials, without which there can be no industry, furnishes the trust an impregnable fortress against which the hosts of labor cannot hope to prevail with their present methods of warfare.

It is contrary to public policy to permit such a gigantic monopoly of raw material provided by nature.

To prevent such a monopoly there are but two courses open. One is socialism. If we were to try to cure the evil of private monopoly by taking the remedy offered by socialism we should probably be like the Irishman who said that, on account of the awful medicine prescribed for him, he was sick a long time after he got well.

The other course is that suggested by the platform of the Ohio democracy, the most radical anti-plutocratic platform ever adopted by the democratic party. Mr. Schwab says the Connellsville coal is worth \$60,000 an acre and declares that the ore fields of the northwest are of almost inestimable value.

The employe of the trust, if he saves enough to own a house, will pay taxes on 60 per cent. of the full value of that house. Would it not be interesting to know how much taxes the trust pays on its 60,000 acres of coal fields?

President Schwab says the value of the great ore fields of the northwest is more than equal to the entire capitalization of the United States steel corporation.

Why does the trust acquire property in all those fields?

Certainly not because it has any present use for them, but because it wants the legal power to keep others from using them, so that it may command a monopoly price for this raw material.

The way to destroy that monopoly power is to tax it to death. Let the trust pay taxes on the true valuation of its property and it would not find it so profitable to hold idle the raw materials without which competition is impossible.

The power to tax is the power to destroy. With that power intelligently used, the people could eliminate the

element of monopoly from industry, increase the security of all legitimate forms of property and increase the opportunities for remunerative employment for both labor and capital. But no one is going to drive them to freedom. Until they gain wisdom we must expect their blind protests to end in failure.—Editorial in Columbus (O.) Press-Post of Aug. 12.

MAYOR JOHNSON'S WAY.

Capt. Charles J. Holmes, of the ill-fated yacht *Idler*, is again a free man. Mayor Tom L. Johnson yesterday afternoon, with John Curran, a real estate dealer of the West side, signed the \$1,000 bond that released him from jail. It is needless to say that Capt. Holmes was the most surprised man in Cleveland when late yesterday afternoon he was taken to the office of the United States circuit court clerk. Mayor Johnson and Mr. Curran were there.

"Mayor Johnson and this gentleman have agreed to go on your release bond," said the clerk.

Capt. Holmes was at a loss what to say for a moment and the tears were ready to spring forth when he turned and thanked the men who had voluntarily taken such an interest in his welfare. The bond was prepared and duly signed. Mayor Johnson shook hands with the captain, remarking: "I have been watching your case. I think you are an honest man, and I didn't want to see you in jail any longer."

Again the captain thanked the two men and hurried back to the jail, a burden lifted off his heart. At the jail there was general rejoicing among the officials, as well as the prisoners, when it became known that the captain was free.

"Who signed your bond?" asked the sheriff when the captain said he was to leave the jail.

"Mayor Johnson and a man by the name of Curran," replied Holmes. "I didn't have any idea that men who were perfect strangers to me would treat me so kindly."

The prisoners crowded around Holmes when he entered the corridor to get some books and other belongings. "Glad to see you free, old man, but we are sorry to lose you," exclaimed several in chorus.

"Well, I am sorry to leave those who have treated me so kindly, but, of course, I am glad to get my freedom again."

Bidding the sheriff and all the deputies good-by, Holmes, who has been a model prisoner, walked out to take a car for his home on Abbey street.

"There goes the nicest man we have

had in jail for a long time," said Sheriff Barry, as Holmes walked away. And the deputies all agreed to the statement. During his incarceration he has always been the same pleasant, modest, unassuming man, never grumbling, never uttering a word of complaint and always disposed to make the best of a bad case.

Capt. Holmes, it will be remembered, was indicted for manslaughter by the federal grand jury over a year ago. He was let out on bond and failed to show up for trial at the last term of court. Just as Uncle Sam was about to declare his bond forfeited the captain showed up and told a strange but evidently truthful tale of having been shipwrecked on a far-away island, unable to get back in time for trial. He was sent to jail and has been there for over three months, no one offering to go his bail until yesterday morning, when Mayor Johnson sent word that he would sign it with Mr. Curran, who had also interested himself in the captain's behalf.—Cleveland Plain Dealer of August 18.

The Johnson administration has taken its turn at holding up garbage company bills. During the past week over 100 complaints have come to the city hall about garbage wagons that are so loose the contents are scattered over the streets and others that make a deafening noise owing to the loose iron covers.

Yesterday the mayor issued orders that no more of the company's bills should be paid until the company put its wagons in proper shape.—Plain Dealer of Aug. 21.

A Labor day proclamation was issued by Mayor Johnson yesterday as follows:

"In conformity to the custom of my predecessors, I call public attention to Monday, September 2, proximo, as Labor day, ordained by the governments of the United States and state of Ohio in honor of labor and in celebration of its dignity and blessings. The people are admonished that labor is the corner stone of the republic and of individual character. It is this fact which makes our political institutions the last, best hope of earth.

"Let the day be observed by relaxation from daily toil, by innocent pleasures, individual rejoicings and by recognition of the human brotherhood."—Plain Dealer of Aug. 21.

"Philadelphia slow?" said the railway magnate. "Why, we got our franchise grab through in the quickest time on record!"—Puck.

KIPLING AT HIS WORST.

The London Times, in its issue of July 29, published a poem by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "The Lesson," embodying the idea that Great Britain has learned from the war that her military system is all wrong, and has had, "All her most holy illusions knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite." Following are the cabled lines:

It was our fault, and our very great fault,
and not the judgment of Heaven;
We made an army in our image on an island nine by seven,
Which faithfully mirrored its maker's
Ideals, equipment and mental attitude,
And so we got our lesson, and we ought to
accept it with gratitude.

We have spent some hundred million
pounds to prove the fact once more
That horses are quicker than men afoot
since two and two make four.
And horses have four legs, and men have
two legs, and two into four goes twice,
And nothing over except our lesson, and
very cheap at the price.

It was our fault, and our very great fault,
and now we must turn it to use,
We have forty million reasons for failure,
but not a single excuse.
So the more we work and the less we talk
the better results we shall get.
We have had an imperial lesson; it will
make us an empire yet.

But yesterday and the publication of a Kipling poem was an international literary event, an occasion for an almost unanimous chorus of praise. To-day, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, "The Lesson" is received with "groans and hisses." The parodists and paragraphists fell upon it with intent to kill. The Commercial-Advertiser printed the following:

It was all our fault and our very great
fault—we praised him in the beginning.
So it isn't his fault, not all his fault—he's
as much sinned at as sinning.
We worshiped his face and sang his songs
from a page just 9x7ly;
So we got our lesson and got it good, till
the task was far from heavenly.

For 9 times 9 makes 81 and 2 plus 2 is 4.
And horses are quicker than messenger
boys, and a Briton runs quicker than
a Boer,
And bikes are quicker than bob-tailed cars,
but the quickest of all that class
Is the blubbering automobilly goatee, pe-
troleum, steam, or gas.

So it was our fault, our terrible fault; by
the Great Horn Spoon!—Who knows?
Had we jumped on him with a Saxon vim,
his verse might'n't now be prose.
So the more he works' and the less he
prints, 'twill be better all round, you
bet!

We have had an imperial lesson, and we'll
profit—lest we forget!

The New York World thinks that
"The Lesson" Kipling might have