

some who are politically facile and subservient, and some others who are mere speaking tubes for the party managers. There are some who consent to have all the places under them, from the position of bailiff to the important office of master in chancery, filled by the "machine." If there is no other way of getting at men who have been or will be, if elected, timorous and unfaithful public servants than by defeating the whole ticket it is the way that should be adopted. Republicans who do not look upon politics as an avocation or a delight are heartily sick of the spectacle presented in Republican conventions, when Lorimer and his assistants take charge and declare who shall and who shall not be candidates of the party for important offices.

## MISCELLANY

### THE ROAD FROM DUTY TO DESTINY.

An Epigram.  
For The Public.

This road leaves duty: leads to destiny.  
We tread on bloody corpses as they lie:  
With burning villages we light the sky:  
To time our steps, our tortured prisoners cry;

And, at the road's end, waits us—Destiny.  
BERTRAND SHADWELL.

### PATRICK FLYNN HAS HIS SAY.

Hidden away in a press dispatch last week there was a slight allusion to an episode that deserves to be taken out of its obscure setting. How many who happened to read the report of the recent Dublin meeting of the United Irish league stopped to consider the full import of the interruption and protest of Patrick Flynn, of the Cork branch?

Here is the account:

Patrick Flynn, of the Cork branch of the United Irish league, a man of great girth, with a shillalah in one hand and a broad-brimmed hat in the other, then mounted the platform. His appearance created laughter.

"I did not," said Mr. Flynn, "travel 160 miles to be laughed at."

A few seconds later Mr. Flynn held the convention spell-bound by the extraordinary eloquence with which he insisted that the present occupiers of holdings which formerly belonged to peasants should themselves be evicted.

This peasant orator worked up a storm against "grabbers," but Mr. O'Brien's more moderate counsel prevailed.

As students of the Irish problem know, England is at present engaged in applying a fresh poultice to Ireland's sore. Some of the peasants are to be helped to buy some of the land of their native country—the land that has been stolen and fleeced by absent lords. The absentees are, of course, to be paid, and they will, of course, be paid ultimately by the peasants themselves.

But the new measures seem better than nothing, and most of Ireland's leaders are supporting them. Not so

Patrick Flynn, and it is well for the sake of truth and justice that at least one voice has been raised in protest. He, with his great girth, his shillalah, and his broad-brimmed hat, has perhaps somewhere heard the words that "nothing is settled till it is settled right." Here's to you, Mr. Flynn. May you live long and prosper, and come back to the next meeting. There are, perhaps, more than you think, as you journey back to Cork, who are glad that you had your say.

J. H. DILLARD.

### JEFFERSONIAN DEVOTION TO DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES.

A portion of an address delivered in Seattle, Wash., April 13, by the Hon. George Cotterill.

Literally and politically the democratic principle is summed up in its first dictionary definition, "government by the people." When the superstructure of society and government rises by equal rights squared with this foundation, it is firm as a rock; when it leans to the pressure of special privileges it threatens and totters. To Thomas Jefferson at 33 fell the duty of master-mason at the laying of the cornerstone of the American republic. A patrician son of the old dominion, ripe in the scholarship of his age, schooled in seven years of statecraft under the colonial system, Jefferson knew full well what it meant when he inscribed on that cornerstone the fundamental principle of democracy:

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

And to-day, thanks to that devotion to democratic principle manifested by Thomas Jefferson and his revolutionary colleagues whose names are immortalized with the Declaration of Independence, it is our American right and democratic duty to point to that cornerstone and demand that the standard of the republic, whatever may be its growth, shall square with that foundation.

Through a century and a quarter of history this nation has been realizing the hopes and dispelling the fears of its founders. Material advance has been marvelous. Prosperity, as the term is ordinarily employed, seems unbounded. But there is no thoughtful American so blind as not to see the danger signals of the hour. Neither those who enjoy, nor those who are denied,

the fruits of prosperity, are ready to proclaim or admit its permanent establishment. There is no solid structure of justice, such as will safely stand. It is builded with props of special privilege, monopoly and discriminating taxation—a shaky scaffold of injustice in danger of collapse from every storm that strikes. But, thank God, the foundation of democracy is beneath, and the basis of real revival and just prosperity is at command.

Lincoln, the great Democrat-Republican, always ascribing his inspiration to Jefferson, the great Republican-Democrat, voiced both a tribute and a prophecy when he said in 1857:

The assertion that "all men are created equal" was of no practical use in effecting our separation from Great Britain; and it was placed in the Declaration, not for that, but for future use. Its authors meant it to be—as, thank God, it is proving itself—a stumbling block to all those who in aftertimes might seek to turn a free people back into the hateful paths of despotism. They knew the proneness of prosperity to breed tyrants, and they meant when such should reappear in this fair land and commence their vocation, they should find left for them at least one hard nut to crack.

We have the prosperity—and we have the tyrants! It is for democracy—a democracy broader than any party significance—to present to tyranny that "hard nut to crack."

What a message for to-day is given us in the words of Jefferson himself:

Men, by their constitutions, are naturally divided into two parties. First, those who fear and distrust the people and wish to draw all powers from them into the higher classes. Second, those who identify themselves with the people, have confidence in them, cherish them and consider them as the most honest and safe, although not the most wise, depository of the public interest. In every country these two parties exist, and in every one where they are free to think, speak and write, they will declare themselves. Call them therefore liberals and serviles, Jacobins and ultras, whigs and Tories, republicans and federalists, aristocrats and democrats, or by whatever name you please, they are the same parties still, and pursue the same object—the last appellation of aristocrats and democrats is the true one expressing the essence of all.

What shall be done in 1904? There is but one democratic answer. Make the Jeffersonian alignment and hew to the line! Is "reorganization" necessary? Yes, the reorganization of the government of the United States of America, the state of Washington and the city of Seattle on the democratic basis.

Listen again to the words of Jefferson in his first inaugural. He has pictured the great resources, the wonderful opportunity, the assured advance

which endow the future of the republic:

With all these blessings what more is necessary to make us a happy and a prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens, a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread that it has earned. This is the sum of good government, and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

What a text for twentieth century good citizenship!

#### STEEL-TRUST METHODS.

Shortly after this giant trust was formed in 1901 its officers decided that the corporation laws of New Jersey should be materially changed. The change was made unostentatiously and quickly.

Then the trust wished to dispose of several hundred million dollars' worth of its stock. Soon the bank officials all over the country were quietly advising depositors to buy "Steel preferred" at 100, and "Steel common" at 50. Many newspaper articles, including some in religious journals, were suggesting the excellent opportunity for investment in these steel stocks—the preferred paying 7 and the common earning 15 or 20 per cent. Of course this talk and these articles were mainly inspired. But at least 50,000 of the 58,629 people who purchased stocks did not know this. They had faith in their bank officials and newspaper editors, and did not know that the iron and steel men in the East were not only unloading their steel stocks, but were selling these stocks "short," being fully convinced that, in spite of apparent great earnings, stocks would decline—as they have done to the extent of 15 points, or \$160,000,000.

Again, we find but little unfavorable criticism of this devastating monster in the newspapers. Why? It would not be proper to say that this trust has bribed nearly all of the leading newspapers of the country. It is not at all probable that it has done so; and yet it is likely that it has even more effectually headed off criticism than if it had spent millions in bribes. It simply inserts full-page advertisements in all of the leading newspapers and the trick is done. The following are some of the newspapers in which the writer found the full-page advertisement of the last annual report of the Steel Trust:

Boston Herald, Boston Transcript, Boston Globe, Springfield Republican, Providence Journal, New Haven Regis-

ter, New York Evening Post, New York American, Philadelphia Public Ledger, Pittsburg Dispatch, Pittsburg Post, Baltimore Sun, Baltimore American, Baltimore News, Washington Post, Washington Star, Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune, Detroit Tribune, Indianapolis Journal, Indianapolis Sentinel, Indianapolis News, Chicago Tribune, Chicago Inter Ocean, Chicago Journal Chicago Evening Post, St. Louis Daily Globe, St. Paul Pioneer-Press, New Orleans Times-Democrat, Montreal (Canada) Gazette.

It is almost certain that this advertisement appeared in practically all of the other great newspapers, which the writer did not see. If this advertisement, with the prospect that it will be repeated every year or every quarter, does not entirely prevent criticism, it will, at least, greatly tone down and soften criticism in the great majority of cases. The long-headed officers of this trust never made a better investment than when they put a million, or so, in advertising in a hundred or more of the leading newspapers. Not only will it add millions to the market value of its securities—which is very important, until all of the surplus securities are marketed—but it will keep the people quiet and stave off, perhaps for years, the radical reform of the tariff on trust products, which is sure to come when the people cut their tariff-wisdom teeth.

The methods of the Steel Trust are harsh and cruel to both competitors and customers; yet we see almost nothing about them in the newspapers. In hundreds of ways this trust deserves the severest of criticism, yet it gets but a small portion of its just deserts. Take one instance:

Who has read any comment on the comparative smallness of its taxes? Its report shows that it paid taxes to the amount of \$2,397,465 in 1902. This is less than 2 per cent. of its net earnings and less than 2 mills on the dollar of the value of its property, according to its capital and to the sworn statements of its president. Is there any sound reason why this protected billion-dollar trust should pay in taxes 18 cents on every \$100 when the unprotected common people pay \$2 or \$3 on every \$100 worth of property?

It is probable that this trust pays less than \$1,000,000 of taxes on its iron and steel lands, valued at over \$1,000,000,000. This is less than one mill on the dollar. The taxes on ordinary farm lands worth \$1,000,000,000 are about \$15,000,000. Why are the great and influential newspapers not calling attention to this gross injustice and favoritism?

Farmers and mechanics should study this steel trust report carefully and do

some tall thinking over it. They may get ideas from it about low, as well as about "high finance."

BYRON W. HOLT.

#### THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Written by Jos. Dana Miller, and read by Miss Grace Isabel Colbron at the Jefferson Dinner of the Manhattan Single Tax Club, Hotel Vendome, New York City, April 13th.

Clear-eyed he was—seer of our common aim,

To whom the nation, ever more and more,  
Shall look for guidance from his wisdom's store,

And grow the freer with his growing fame.

The People were his trust—and his desire  
Saw them enfranchised and untrammelled—free;

Free each to will, to fashion and aspire,  
And not a slave in bond from sea to sea.

All masters—but the masters of themselves;

All servants—servants of the Commonweal;

Where each man works, or plans, or plows,  
or delves,

Where all are crowned, but none as subjects kneel.

In him the spirit of the new land woke,  
Not Southland's voice alone—he turned his back

On those who bound the shackles for the Black,

On those who held that color made the yoke.

He knew not Black nor White—he saw men free,

And Freedom's star he followed through the night;

He bore the Dreamer's share of obloquy,  
He marched, unflinching, toward the dawning light.

Scorn followed him, but still he lifted higher

The People's standard—how his words ring out

In these our times of gathering cloud and doubt,

Of hesitation, dreams and wild desire.

While only those wise in Oppression's trade

Find unity of purpose—only those;

While here in squalid ranks stand who oppose,

Without a Captain, broken and dismayed.

Yet on the heights, not hopeless, but serene,

Democracy awaits and bides her time,  
Star-eyed, with heart that aches above the scene,

For slow the people climb—so slow they climb.

Call now our Freedom's muster—call and call;

Close up the lines; then shall his simple creed

Be inspiration to united deed,

Till dread Oppression's sullen ramparts fall,

Justice, so long dethroned, her seat regain,

And all the rights of man made into law  
Make of the land the wondrous land he saw—

The hope of Monticello wakes again!