

OLD AMERICA.

No more of this, no more.
I have fought many battles in my time
That shine on history's eternal page.
Behold these volumes ranked upon the
shelves,
As marching to my glory, tell the tale
Of my life's labors and my bloody wars.
I live victorious and my banner floats
Over the fields that tyranny has lost,
And never, while I'm Old America,
Will I oppress the weak of other lands,
Or pawn my soldiers' lives in distant wars,
Whence few of them can ever be redeemed.
I am content to love my freedom well
And to preserve it, which is one step more
Than any people ever climbed before.

FIRST DOCTOR.

And very wise is your benevolence,
And yet a little of this medicine (He opens
his bag.)
I think is well for you. It cures a pain
Like magic, I am told.

OLD AMERICA.

As you say, doctor. (He drinks and falls
back in his chair.)

What's this you've given me?

FIRST DOCTOR.

Only a pleasant tonic.

OLD AMERICA.

It burns me. Tell me the ingredients.

FIRST DOCTOR.

It's thus compounded: Extract of Expansion,
Tincture of Empire and the Oil of Wealth.

OLD AMERICA.

Then I am lost. It's deadly to me.
That pang that well nigh robs me of my
heart
I know is death; my living days are done.

FIRST DOCTOR.

It can't be true.

OLD AMERICA.

Ring for my servants. There's no time to
lose. (He rings.)

(Enter Servants.)

SERVANT.

Did you ring for me?

OLD AMERICA.

Go with all speed; summon my Justice
to me. (Exit Servant.)

And you, sir, hasten to my clergyman
With all dispatch. Tell him a dying man,
For such I am, begs him to come in haste.
(Exit Second Servant.)

FIRST DOCTOR.

I'm sure your fears are false, my good old
friend.

You'll soon be easier. That alternative
Works finely in you. You'll be better soon.

OLD AMERICA.

Never again; my life is running out.
Old forms, old customs, virtues, all must
pass.

This head must fall, this speaking tongue
be still.

(Enter Justice.)

JUSTICE.

You summoned me?

OLD AMERICA.

My wise old Justice, I am near to death,
Almost within hail of the other shore,
In all things unprepared and no will drawn.
Call in three servants. (He calls.)

(Enter Servants.)

Do not question me.

Draw me the form, and let the form be
short.

And, servants, gather round me and attend
To my last mortal will and testament.

JUSTICE.

I am ready, sir.

OLD AMERICA.

Then as I dictate write the items down.
To Young America, my only son,
And to his children who come after him,
I give, devise, bequeath, my native land;
Namely, from the Rio Grande del Norte
All northward to my boundary the Lakes,
And from Atlantic to Pacific west.
Also to them I give my coaling ports
And my possessions in the great Antilles.
The latter subject to the promises
I made their people, but not yet conveyed
In form of treaty nor secured by law.
And all the Philippines which I now hold
In trust to the inhabitants thereof
I hereby give, with all therein, to them.
(Enter a Servant.)

SERVANT.

Here is a letter from the clergyman.

OLD AMERICA.

What! will he not come?

SERVANT.

He said nothing, but sent this.

OLD AMERICA.

Open and read it to me.

SERVANT (reads).

My Dear Old Friend: I regret that I can-
not give you any consolation in your pain-
ful predicament, but other affairs require
my present attention. I shall pray for your
recovery, and if you follow the advice of our
worthy doctors I shall have no doubt of it.
I suspect, my dear friend, that your illness
arises from your stagnation. Rouse your-
self to your duty; cast off your isolation;
rest not content; go forth to conquer; seize
islands and distant lands while yet a few
are left; though the ninety and nine are
safely hurdled together, go forth and
search till the lost lamb shall be found and
brought into the fold to be sheared.

Your friend in prayer.—Rev. I. Imperialist.

OLD AMERICA.

Can this be possible?

SERVANT.

Shall I answer it?

OLD AMERICA.

Tear it in pieces. I'll not send again.

JUSTICE.

What is your pleasure as concerns the will?

OLD AMERICA.

A moment; you will find upon my desk,
Nearest my right hand where I sat at work,
A well-worn volume. Bring it to me.
(A servant brings it.)

This is the Declaration of my Rights
That in my humble early life was drawn.
This I have followed, and in tempting times
Have held up to the mirror of my thoughts
To show me justice. It has served me well.
I leave it for the guidance of my son.
After these doctrines I have used my foes,
After them also let him use his friends,
For justice turns an unchanging face to all.

JUSTICE.

Shall I set that down?

OLD AMERICA.

The light is falling. What do I see?
Strange shades of midday; sure the night
comes fast.

Make haste! the sunlight in my eyes grows
dim.

Give me the pen and witness that I sign.
(They all sign.)

This done—if all is done—when all is done,—
All is well done—with a stout heart I die.
(He dies.)

JUSTICE.

Hold up his head.

SERVANT.

His life is gone, sir, he has breathed his last.

SECOND DOCTOR.

That isolation was the death of him.

FIRST DOCTOR.

It must have been. The medicines I gave
Worked well, but I was called too late to
save him.

(Enter Mr. Monopoly and his servants.)

MR. MONOPOLY.

What's this? Who's dying without my
consent?

FIRST DOCTOR.

He's passed on. Old America is dead.

MR. MONOPOLY.

Then let him die. It's time that he was
gone.

There wasn't room enough for both of us
In this whole country, and sometimes of
late

He jostled me, sometimes I jostled him.

But tell me, Justice, did he leave a will?

JUSTICE.

He summoned me in haste before he died.

I drew a will, and just as he expired

He set his name beneath it.

MR. MONOPOLY.

Is this the last will? Let me look at it.
(He reads:)

To Young America, my only son,
And to his children who come after him,
I give, devise, bequeath my native land,
Namely, from the Rio Grande del Norte
All northward to my boundary the Lakes,
And from Atlantic to Pacific west.

Also to them I give my coaling ports
And my possessions in the great Antilles,
The latter subject to the promises
I made their people, but not yet conveyed
In form of treaty nor secured by law.
And all the Philippines which I now hold
In trust to the inhabitants thereof
I hereby give, with all therein, to them.
To them, your honor.

That is, I take it, to his son and heirs.

JUSTICE.

Oh, no, I think his clear intention was—

MR. MONOPOLY.

Just think again, and then you all can see
The will reads, To my son and heirs—to
them.

JUSTICE.

Why, surely, it might be construed so.

MR. MONOPOLY.

Isn't it plain enough?

JUSTICE.

It seems to be.

FIRST DOCTOR.

Upon my soul, I think it is.

SECOND DOCTOR.

Of course it is.

SERVANTS.

Of course.

MR. MONOPOLY.

Then let us search for Young America
And tell him the good news. I like the boy,
And I believe I'll let the youngster have
My daughter for a wife. That's a fair trade.
I give a daughter and I get a son,
Who keeps the daughter. I get two for
one.

A. W. SANBORN.

A CRITICISM OF OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

For The Public.

Press dispatches are telling of a
recent address by President Eliot, of
Harvard university, in which he is said
to have "made startling statements"
in criticism of the results obtained

from the past 50 years' work of the public schools. According to the reports of the address, Dr. Eliot finds little satisfaction in the progress we have made in grappling with the social evils which should have been, he thinks, more effectively checked by our half-century of schooling. Gambling, crimes of violence, the purchase by the people of tons of ephemeral reading-matter which is not good in either form or substance, the popular taste for trivial stage spectacles, vulgar vaudeville, extravaganza and melodrama, are some of the evidences of the shortcoming which he charges to American education. By and by we shall all probably become convinced that we have been expecting too much from our system of "intellectualization," as Herbert Spencer calls it.

J. H. DILLARD.

LAND MONOPOLY IN MEXICO.

Mexico's complete development will never be attained as long as the agricultural land of the country is retained in the hands of so few people. Recent statistics show that the haciendas in Mexico number only about 8,000. Many of these great estates count their acres by the millions, and only a small portion of them are cultivated or utilized to anything like the full capacity of production. The growing home markets and the opportunities that better means of transportation and local factories offer for a diversity of crops are facts that are inducing many of these old land owners to put a larger share of their haciendas under cultivation. It is doubtful, however, if they will be voluntarily broken up, as they are retained intact as a matter of family pride and tradition against every effort to buy portions of them. Their division will probably only be accomplished when the government finds it necessary, for the fuller development of the country, to tax the land that a man owns rather than the product that he sells.—"Modern Mexico" for August.

SPORT.

A report in the Richmond Times of a meeting of the Virginia Trap Shooters' association.

On account of the sparrows being cooped up for several days they were very weak and exhausted, and frequently when the trap was opened the bird would not start, and when he did finally start he moved so slowly that his death was a foregone conclusion, and his downfall caused not a little laughter, which

was, of course, directed at the gunner, and not at the little bird.

When the bird failed to leave the trap on its being opened, the score-keeper called "No bird," and when the "nigger" started to open the trap the sly little sparrow, who had refused to budge, would make a desperate dash for freedom, showing, as some declared, that he appreciated fully the situation. One or two of these birds turned and flew directly towards the cages in which his hundreds of companions were confined, and one of the gunners declared that they were trying to warn their followers and give them the secret of immunity from death-dealing shot.

The annual meeting was pronounced by everybody a brilliant success, and the committees who have had the matter in charge have been warmly congratulated on the splendid manner in which they made preparations for the occasion.

THE BLESSINGS OF CIVILIZATION.

We hear much of "the inestimable blessings" of civilization. Especially since the Anglo-Saxon nations have discovered that it is their destiny to civilize inferior peoples, has this expression become a by-word with us. In view of this fact, would it not be well to state what kind of civilization we have in mind when we enlarge upon its "inestimable blessings"? But supposing we dismiss from our consideration all civilizations barring the highest kind, which, I presume, is the Anglo-Saxon brand of the article. What, then, are the inestimable blessings of Anglo-Saxon civilization? What are the great advantages of this civilization which Anglo-Saxon nations believe it to be their destiny to force upon Boer and Filipino? Is vast wealth for a few and poverty for the many an inestimable blessing? Is the right to toil from ten to twelve hours a day, year in and year out, at soul-destroying labor in factories, an inestimable blessing? Are the thieves, the prostitutes and cutthroats which infest our cities inestimable blessings?

No. Clearly these are not blessings, and I doubt if our most strenuous Anglo-Saxons will consider them such.

But what are the blessings? Is the church a blessing? Let us assume that it is. But Boers and Filipinos are Christians and have as many churches as they need. Is education a blessing? No doubt it is, but it is not wanting among Boers and Filipinos, and they probably have as much of it as is necessary for their simple modes of life.

Then there are the arts and the sciences. Surely these are blessings. But if they are so essential to the well-being of humanity why not let our toiling masses enjoy them before endeavoring to forcibly cultivate a taste for them in alien races?

No. Civilization is a mixed blessing to say the least. I know no race which has been made happier by having it forced upon it. To accomplish its object, civilization must be a slow, spontaneous growth, and it is better for a race to acquire it by gradual process, even if it takes a thousand years, than to have it foisted upon it by brute force. Perhaps I ought not admit it, but I really believe that the savage is far happier than the proletarian of any civilized land. The savage is his own master. He needs no wealth, for he knows that a little toil will secure him his daily bread. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" is his motto, and he does not worry about the morrow with its cares and troubles. He is free in the most complete sense of the word, and he enjoys life because he is free. Is not his lot incomparably more happy than that of the civilized proletarian who toils wearily for six days each week, year in, year out; who is haunted by the awful fear that on the morrow he may not be able to provide for himself and his family; who knows not what it is to be free, and who has no opportunities to enjoy the inspiring beauties of nature?

Civilization may be an inestimable blessing to the wealthy classes, although this is open to argument. But to my mind there is absolutely no doubt that the savage is happier than the civilized proletarian, and inasmuch as the latter constitutes more than one-half of our population, I claim that savage races are happier than civilized ones. When I speak of savage races I mean those which have not yet been tainted by civilization, for the sorriest spectacle before God and man is the savage who has acquired the vices of the white man. For him my heart bleeds, and he is truly the most wretched of mortals.

The most "inestimable blessing" is individual freedom, and a civilization which does not guarantee it will sooner or later have to yield to a better order of things.—The Whim, for July.

"You don't seem, my dear Marius, to be so much disturbed over your affairs as formerly."

"No, my dear Aurelius; I have discovered that it is better to have the thing happen than to worry about it."
—Life.