

our form of government may not succeed. But until the time arrives when each party, whether large or small, has no more and no less than its due proportion of every legislative body, republican government will not really have been tried, much less proved a failure.

In the summer of 1902, President Roosevelt in his tour of New England, charged his hearers over and over again not to expect much from legislation. The burden of his discourses was: The government can do little for you; you must depend upon your own exertions. It has been my experience that government can do a great deal for favored individuals. It can and does by special legislation convert United States senators and many others into multi-millionaires. It is within the power of the party of the people to call a halt to the creation of rich monopolists and their correlatives, tramps, strikes, involuntary poverty and recurring periods of commercial depression.

The enormous wealth produced by the people of this country should be more equally distributed. All that the masses need is fair play. All that the American people want is fair play; and that they ought to have. That the government should assure them. That it is the duty of a constructive Democracy to demand and work for. **The energies of this great people should be bent, not to the exploitation of other peoples, but to the amelioration of the condition of our own people.**

WHEN CLEVELAND TALKS.

For The Public.

When Cleveland talks, get down the Un-
abridged,
And diligently try to learn what mean
The turgid words that ponderously spout
To make his lengthy, puzzling sentences.
And when he has concluded, look with care
For "moonshine," "nill," for "nothing,"
"emptiness,"

For "nullity," and other kindred words.

G. T. EVANS.

"Alas!" moaned the plain, or garden poet. "I put my most soulful thoughts on paper, but my messages fall before the eyes of the unthinking canaille. They laugh at everything I write."

"Alas!" moaned the humorous poet, "I wish I had your luck!"—Judge.

The tenderest of men has expressed the value of a human soul in that parable of the loving shepherd who leaves the ninety and nine that are safe in the fold to find the one that is lost. Who can

see those human hives where poverty and misery dwell without thinking how rare in our civilization is that true Christian spirit which looks with pity upon each saddened and repressed life that languishes upon the earth.—H. S. Bigelow.

BOOKS

TROOPER PETER HALKET—A BOOK OF GENIUS.

Now and then, in the midst of the multitude of more or less useful books of the day, comes a work of real genius, one that irresistibly rouses the soul of any reader, however lethargic it may have grown to be. Such a book, if it be true—and it must almost necessarily be true, since truth is three-fourths of its power—is a genuine refreshment to the human soul. No matter how painful its revelations may be, it has in it a real delight; for the soul of the dullest of us, unless it be well-nigh dead, rejoices in being quickened into fuller life by the stirrings of another soul filled with the passion of a great theme. Such a quickening book is Olive Schreiner's Trooper Peter Halket (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, \$1.25). Its dedication will tell to many the quality of the book—

"To a Great, Good Man,
Sir George Grey,

Once Governor of the Cape Colony, who, during his rule in South Africa, bound himself to the Dutchmen, Englishmen, and Natives he governed, by an incorruptible justice and a broad humanity."

There is not much story, but no one can start the book without the wish to keep on with it, and if one is compelled to put it down, he will be drawn back at the first spare moment. The book has the attractive force of a genuine, positive passion for righteousness, which is all the stronger because it is free from wildness and raving. The quiet scene on the veldt, the trooper by his lonely fire, his dreams of exploitation and wealth in the path of Barney Barnato and Cecil Rhodes, the appearance of the stranger, their conversation, the gradual awakening of the trooper—all this, as told in the first half of the book, is hardly to be surpassed in modern literature. The latter part, showing the completeness of the trooper's conversion and the low aims, the degradation, of petty officers engaged in the spread of "civilization," is quite as strong and striking, though not so thoughtful and suggestive as the first part.

There are two classes of people that ought especially to read this little book, preachers and soldiers. Preachers, because it discloses the new conscience, which is yet as old as the time when cannibalism began to cease. Soldiers, because it would help them to see themselves as some others see them,

in their dealings with those who are in their power.

J. H. DILLARD.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

—"Drifting, or the Romance of an Octopus." By Sub Rosa. Chicago: Elysian Fields Publishing Company. Price, \$1.50 To be reviewed.

PAMPHLETS.

Mr. William Lloyd Garrison's brief address accepting the secretaryship of the American Free Trade League is a genuine, stirring pronunciamento. Whoever believes in free trade, and is doing nothing (not even a dollar a year) to bring it forward, ought to read this paper as a tonic. The pro-tariff people are alert enough. "No camel's head," says Mr. Garrison, "gets into their tent, and the mild tariff reformer meets with the same rugged and inimitable resistance that greets the radical free trader. I take off my hat," he continues, "to the Home Market Club and to Mr. Albert Clarke. For alertness, for solidarity, for weaving defenses of triple steel around their opulent wards, where shall their match be found? Certainly not where a like spirit is wanting, and men attempt to drive horses of which they are afraid. It is a human mystery why advocates of justice take the proverbial attitude of petitioners standing humbly, cap in hand, while spoilsmen have no hinges in their knees." The address is published in Bulletin 8, of the Free Trader, which also contains an appeal and various reports. Copies may be had by addressing the secretary of the league, 808 Pacoedock building, Boston.

The pamphlet of Dr. David J. Doherty, of Chicago, on conditions in the Philippines (printed as Senate document 170 of the Fifty-eighth Congress, second session), begins with an acknowledgment by the author, a prominent anti-imperialist, that he has changed his views in some respects. He has "become convinced that Mr. McKinley was actuated by the loftiest principle; that there was no other prudent course open to us except to take the islands from Spain; that the Filipino people, while perhaps capable at this time of conducting a government on the level of a South American republic, will be benefited, and they themselves concede that they will be benefited, by a reasonable period of American tutelage; that the use of English in their schools has not been a violence but a blessing to them; that the civil government of the Philippines is a justifiable expedient permissible because temporary, and most praiseworthy on account of its broad and high aims, its self-sacrificing devotion to its duties and their interests; and finally that my friends, the anti-imperialists, ought to be its supporters, both for the work it has done and for the enemies it has made." If Dr. Doherty ever believed otherwise than as he here states, and based his opinions upon the essential principles of the Declaration of Independence, the reader of his pamphlet may not unreasonably wonder how the facts therein reported could have caused him to change. They tend to confirm rather than to weaken the anti-imperialist position.

PERIODICALS.

"Why" for June has some excellent editorials on current affairs, and continues its interesting account of John Z. White's single-tax lecturing tour.

The modern decriers of Macaulay as a historian will be surprised to read in the Independent Review the following story said to have been related by the late Lord Acton: "I was once with two eminent men, the late bishop of Oxford and the present bishop of London (Stubbs and Creighton). On another occasion I was with two far more eminent men, the two most learned men in the world. I need hardly tell you their names; they were Mommsen and Harnack. On each occasion the question arose who was the greatest historian the world had ever produced. On each occasion the name first mentioned, and on each occasion the name finally agreed upon, was that of Macaulay." J. H. D.

There is something needed in the literary, or rather in the reading, world, which might also pay. It would be most interest-