

Bryan! Bryan picks bigger game than that from between his teeth after each meal. And they are going to conduct a "campaign of education." They don't mean education; they mean misrepresentation, hypocrisy, vilification, nonsense, falsehood and fraud. That aromatic bunch is not capable of conducting any other kind of a campaign.

THE LIBERAL (DEMOCRATIC) PHILOSOPHY.

The (London) Speaker (Lib.), July 1.—No people more persistently assume that all the ordinary governments are bad than do all the ordinary socialists, who wish to make government omnipotent. But the real Liberal philosophy about freedom is quite different. The Liberal does not say that the government will choose badly. He does not say that the man will choose well. He says that up to a certain point it is a good thing that the man should choose. In certain matters, as the choice of a wife or the choice of a walk before breakfast, the Liberal declares not that the man's act is good in every point, but that it is good in one point—in that it is the man's act. The Liberal doctrine about freedom can be indicated in two sentences. It regards every man as, in a certain degree, a god. It therefore desires every man to be, in a certain degree, a creator. It desires him to make good things, not merely to have them. It is not satisfied that the life of the community should pass through him, as if he were a pillar-box. It desires him to bear his own fruit, as if he were a tree.

MISCELLANY

BABE OF THE TENEMENT.

For The Public.

Babe of the tenement,
Born but to die,
Through the cathedral choir
Wails your weak cry.
What though our wealth afford
Hirelings to praise a God;
If this should find reward—
'Tis not of Christ.

Babe of the tenement,
How can they feel
Who would your hope of life
Carelessly steal?
What though the landlord sits
Nursing his crafty wits,
Bloated with benefits—
'Tis not of Christ.

Babe of the tenement,
So you must die;
Some churchman bars your place
Under God's sky.
How should they choke who sing?
Can this coarse cruel thing
Flourish where Christ is King?
'Tis not of Christ.

Babe of the tenement,
He named you heir,
Who to the sparrow's fall
Stooped with his care.
What is this steeple high
Where they have let you die?
This is St. Property;
'Tis not of Christ.

CHARLES HOWARD FITCH.

Suppose that for the word soldier we should always use the word man-killer: how would it affect the repute of the profession?—The Crown, Newark, N. J.

MAYOR JOHNSON'S WAY.

A MAYOR WHO DOES NOT "FIX HIS FENCES."

Mayor Johnson yesterday signed the ordinance accepting the report of the Glenville annexation commission fixing terms and conditions for the annexation of that city to Cleveland. Mayor Johnson assured the council last Monday night that he would sign the ordinance, not because he did not think the terms were as good as ought to be secured, but because the people of the two cities had overwhelmingly voted for annexation.

Notwithstanding this declaration Republican members of the council and many residents of Glenville feared the Mayor would veto the ordinance because it would add to Cleveland a large voting district that is considered Republican. Mayor Johnson acted promptly in order to dispose of this rumor.—Cleveland Plain Dealer of June 24.

CLASS DISTINCTIONS IN MORALS.

Rev. Quincy Ewing, in the Age-Herald, of Birmingham, Ala.

I read in a local paper yesterday a rather gleeful account of how two "posses" of deputy sheriffs were sent out to different points in the county last Sunday to corral Negro crap-shooters; how the two posses found "something doing" at Johnsonville and Ensley, "drew into their dragnet" 24 "festive sons of Ham," and lodged them behind the bars of the county jail.

Surely this is somewhat of a remarkable proceeding—"posses" of deputy sheriffs sent out to hunt up crap-shooters! Are we getting so very moral and clean in this district that posses must go after crap-shooters who need to be hunted and spied upon in order to be discovered? Twenty-four in the "dragnet"—and in dungeon cells, charged with "violating the Sunday law!"—and they had to be hunted by posses in order to stand revealed in their Sabbath-breaking iniquity!

I find myself asking, and I cannot but ask aloud: Will posses of deputies be likely to go soon on a Sunday hunt for crap-shooters who have white skins? And how long will it be before posses will be sent out by the sheriff to corral men of wealth, and social standing, and votes, in this community, who appear to find poker absolutely necessary to relieve the ennui of living through Sundays?

Probably posses on the hunt might have found as many as 24 of them last Sunday not as far from the sheriff's office as Ensley or Jonesville!

What is to become of the two dozen

"festive sons of Ham" who were drawn into the dragnet by the hunting posses and locked up in wretched cells?

Why, they will be convicted, of course, and sent to somebody's mines, to be worked for all they are worth on the abominable "convict lease system;" or they will be put in shackles and set to work on the streets or roads, in full view of the public gaze—including that of our refined women and our little children! And all because they committed an offense no graver than dozens of "nice gentlemen" are guilty of in this city every Sunday that dawns. They were playing "come seben, come leben," so peaceably—so much after the manner of "nice gentlemen," that they had to be hunted by posses!

July 18, 1905.

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

Printed from the original MS.

Dear John: Some jokes are so faint you have to tell 'em loud, or print 'em in big type to give 'em any bite. Here's one that didn't come out of the almanac:

Once upon a time there was a corporation organized for its own good, called the Standfast Oil Company. It had a Junior Clerk who was new to the business and fresh to this faded world. The Junior Clerk got twelve dollars and fifty cents a week, and he got it prompt, for the oil company was solvent as the government, and had an easier cinch on revenue, for whereas the government collected when due, the oil company collected in advance.

Well, one day the Chief Clerk of the Standfast Oil Company says, says he: "Go to! There's mighty little do'n' to-day; suppose you take the rebate-book, Junior, and go out and collect rebates."

Then the Junior Clerk takes the rebate book under his arm, lights a cigar, and says: "What is a rebate, anyway?" says the Junior Clerk.

"A rebate, Sonny," says the Chief Clerk,— "a rebate is where you pay one hundred dollars freight on a car-load of oil, and get fifty dollars back from the railroad as conscience money," says the Chief Clerk. "Go on!" says the Chief Clerk; and the Chief Clerk looked at the Junior over the end of his nose, "Go on!"

Well, the Junior Clerk went on; and at noontime came in, his eyes bulging.

"See here!" says he, "this rebate business is a peanut with three beans! Why, I got 'em every shot! The railroads paid on every car as soon as