

The Judges, who expounded equal laws;
The Common People, humming like glad
bees,
And pouring forth their patriot melodies;
These all arose and sweet confusion made,
Between the tunes the sportive brass-bands
played.

But now the Constitution seems to fail;
The Declaration is a "played-out tale,"
An "academic thing of empty phrase,
Not meant for active use in 'strenuous
days,"

No Presidents now the Lincoln pathways
tread;

The Party Lincoln knew and loved is dead,
And in its place there stands a ghastly
thing

More hateful to his thought than Czar or
King—

"Imperialism," that seeks, with olly cant
Of plans "benevolent," or as sickening
rant

Of "army honor," to crush out the hope
Of weaker people that for freedom grope;
And while thus throttling liberty abroad,
Kill it at home by reasonable fraud!

Near yonder Capitol, where Funston
blows,

The old-time preacher's honest pulpit rose;
A man he was to all the country dear,
Who spoke God's truth with ringing voice
and clear;

Unskilful he to fawn and seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying
hour;

Or to divide, with heathenism foul,
'Twixt God and Party, his devoted soul;
Nor to bow down and worship at the shrine
Of any man, as though he were divine;
He scorned to teach that torture, lies and
fraud

Done by Republicans were works of God;
Or that a tyranny unjust and cruel
Was quite harmonious with the Golden
Rule.

Alas! the old-time preacher's all but lost,
And a time-serving heeler holds his post;
A man who God and Mammon seeks to
serve,
And from the latter, anyway, won't
swerve.

Beside the church the schoolhouse used to
stand,

The "old red schoolhouse"—glory of our
land!

And there the Scholar taught his little
brood

That Washington and his brave men with-
stood

The tyrant who presumed to take away
The liberties of young America;
He told them that the starry banner waved
Above a land that would not be enslaved;
"Nay, but that flag," said he, "throughout
the world

In Freedom's name shall ever be unfurled;
Man has, as man, inalienable rights,
And liberty is one—for which he fights
If he is really man, what'er his race,
And whatso'er the color of his face;
And should such patriots ever call for aid
Upon our Free Republic, undismayed
We'd front the world in arms to serve their
cause,

And win their right to make their country's
laws;"

The Master who so taught our youth is
dead;

The "Scholar" now's "In Politics" instead,
And sneers at the old-fashioned minute-
men,
Saying that things are different now and
then;

Adams and Jefferson deserved no thanks
That he knows of, for they, indeed, were
cranks,

And not to be compared, for strenuous
zest

With Roosevelt, Spooner, Hanna, and the
rest;

As to this rot about the Filipinos
Having a right to rule themselves, why, he
knows

"Benevolent assimilation" is the thing
They really need—that is, they need a
King,

Or better still a thorough-going Czar,
And Teddy is the man—on with the war!

Throughout the land we sadly note to-day
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's de-
cay;

A score of nabobs owning everything;
A million tramps upon the tattered wing;
Our seats of learning abject 'neath the heel
Of proud monopolists of oil and steel;
The right of trial by jury oft uprooted,
The "sweat-box" and "injunction" substi-
tuted;

Free speech prohibited where it offends
The corporations, or obstructs their ends;
The press snuffed out, if so it suits the whim
Of Third Assistant P. M. G.'s so grim;
The right of miners to a decent wage
Refused with smile of scorn or growl of
rage,

And if to force their plea they go on strike
Monopolists may shoot them if they like.
The Christ of Pilgrim Fathers thrust aside,
And the Barabbas Dollar deified;
The Gospel of the Brotherhood rejected,
And that of Grasp and Get alone respected;
A banner once the symbol of the free
Now the shamed badge of heartless perfidy!

As Goldsmith mourned o'er his Deserted
Village,

So may we, viewing this wide wreck and
pillage,

Of teachings mocked and grand ideals per-
verted

Speak of our loved Republic as Deserted;
Deserted, that upon its glorious site
An Empire may be built defying Right!
But shall it be? Shall this mere party rab-
ble

That at the heels of Roosevelt quack and
gabble,

To serve their selfish schemes of pelf and
"glory"

Quench Freedom's torch in barbarism
gory?

Shall ten score traitors to our land's tradi-
tions

Impose on seventy millions their condi-
tions?

No! not unless the cancerous decay
Has made us all as vain and vile as they!

J. W. B.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE WAR GAME.

"D'ye think a foreign fleet cud capture
this country?" asked Mr. Hen-
nessy.

"Not unless it was op'rated be a
throlley," said Mr. Dooley. "Supposin'
ye an' I had throuble, Hinnessy, an'
both iv us was armed with bricks an'
ye was on roller skates an' I was on
th' top iv a house, how much chanst
wud ye have again me? Ships is good
to fight other ships. That's all. I'd
sooner be behind a bank iv mud thin
in th' finest ship in th' wurruld. A

furrin' inimy thryin' to get up to New
York wud be like a blind burglar at-
timptin' to walk on th' top iv a hot-
house with all th' neighbors an' th'
neighbors' dogs waitin' f'r him. Th'
war game is all right. It don't do any
harm. But it's like punchin' th' bag,
an' I'd jus' as soon thrain a man f'r a
fight be larnin' him to play th' man-
dolin as be instructin' him in bag
punchin'. It's a fine game. I don't
know who won, but I know who lost."

"Who's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Th' threasury," said Mr. Dooley.—
F. P. Dunne, in Chicago American of
September 21.

A TRUTH THAT IS GAINING WIDE
RECOGNITION.

Henry George, Jr., in Chicago Record-
Herald of September 21.

God Almighty, the All-Father, made
the coal mines as he made all nature,
for the use of his creatures. He did
not hand down a coal mine title to Mr.
President Baer and his associate rail-
road presidents, and before the bar of
heaven the smallest child in the arms
of the poorest mine laborer's wife has
as much natural right and title to those
anthracite mines as has this exalted
railroad magnate.

This is the indisputable and ever-
lasting truth. What has dimmed or
hidden it is that men have fallen into
the habit of confusing the works of
man with the works of God and of
supposing that because a man has an
indisputable title to the things his
labor produces he therefore has a title
as sound to the things that God pro-
duced, but which he appropriates.

Mr. Baer and his associates and their
companies are justly entitled to all
that they can by their separate or
combined efforts produce. But they
never did and never can make one cubic
inch of coal land.

In the nature of things it was not in-
tended that human beings should
create things; it was intended that
men should apply their labor to nat-
ural elements, should change or modi-
fy the things that Omnipotence has
created.

But what Mr. Baer in effect says is
that "God, in his infinite wisdom, has
given" not only the fruits of their toil
to the railroad companies in question,
but the control of nature's storehouse
of coal as well. Such a doctrine is
monstrous, and by its enunciation on
top of this paralyzing coal strike thou-
sands upon tens of thousands of men
have come to realize that it is mon-
strous.

Doctor—What kind of food do you
eat?

Patient—Substitutes.—Puck.