

## MISCELLANY

By an oversight we stated Dec. 22nd that the admirable poem entitled "The Question," by Townsend Allen, was written for The Public. As a matter of fact it had already appeared in the Boston Courier of August 18. We apologize to the Courier and the author.

## A CENTURY POEM.

The following poem was read by Edwin Markham at a dinner given on the evening of December 31, 1900, at Arlington hall, New York city, under the auspices of the workmen of New York, as "Labor's Greeting to the Twentieth Century." Ernest H. Crosby was toastmaster. The other speakers were John Swinton, A. J. Boulton, Bishop Potter, George E. McNeill, Henry George, Jr., R. Fulton Cutting, John Ford, Joseph Barondess, Bird S. Coler and M. A. Fitzgerald. Mr. Markham's poem closed the exercises.

We stand here at the end of mighty years,  
And a great wonder rushes on the heart.  
While cities rose and blossomed into dust,  
While shadowy lines of kings were blown  
to air—

What was the purpose brooding on the  
world,

Through the large leisure of the centuries?  
And what the end—failure or victory?

Lo, man has laid his scepter on the stars  
And sent his spell upon the continents.  
The heavens confess their secrets and the  
stones,

Silent as God, publish their mystery.  
Man calls the lightnings from their secret  
place

To crumble up the spaces of the world  
And snatch the jewels from the flying  
hours.

The wild, white smoking horses of the sea  
Are startled by his thunders. The world  
powers

Crowd round to be the lackeys of the king.  
His hand has torn the veil of the great law,  
The law that was made before the worlds  
—before

That far first whisper on the ancient deep;  
The law that swings Arcturus on the  
north

And hurls the soul of man upon the way.

But what avail, O builders of the world,  
Unless ye build a safety for the soul?  
Man has put harness on leviathan  
And hooks in his incorrigible jaws,  
And yet the perils of the street remain.  
Out of the whirlwind of the cities rise  
Lean Hunger and the Worm of Misery,  
The heartbreak and the cry of mortal tears.

But hark, the bugles blowing on the peaks;  
And 'hark, a murmur as of many feet,  
The cry of captains, the divine alarm;  
Look, the last son of Time comes hurrying  
on,

The strong young Titan of democracy;  
With swinging step he takes the open road,  
In love with the winds that beat his hairy  
breaat,

Baring his sunburnt strength to all the  
world,

He casts his eyes around with Jovian  
glance—

Searches the tracks of old tradition; scans  
With rebel heart the books of pedigree;  
Peers into the face of Privilege and cries,

"Why are you halting in the path of man?  
Is it your shoulder bears the human load?  
Do you draw down the rains of the sweet  
heaven

And keep the green things growing? Back  
to hell!"

We know at last the future is secure;  
God is descending from eternity,  
And all things, good and evil, build the road.  
Yes, down in the thick of things, the men  
of greed

Are thumping the inhospitable clay.  
By wondrous toils the men without the  
dream,

Led onward by a something unawares,  
Are laying the foundation of the dream,  
The kingdom of fraternity foretold.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY MUST  
REMAIN RADICAL.

To say nothing of the absurdity of two great parties, both doing homage to the God-of-Things-as-They-Are, it must be evident that the only reason for the existence of a democratic party at this time is the urgent necessity for an organized movement that shall sweep away the outworn wrongs and abuses that, in the very nature of things, attach to the continuance under any system or laws for more than 30 years. Note that I say "laws," not political administrations. It is true that since 1860 we have had eight years of an alleged democratic president, and democratic fourth-class postmasters, but the web and woof of our institutions have been republican.

In his "Physics and Politics" Walter Bagehot points out the inevitable tendency of human society to form a crust of conventional forms, opinions, codes, laws and systems, which stifles healthy growth, and prevents the free development of social activities into a complete and harmonious whole. And it is to this conflict between the ever-growing, ever-changing spirit of progress and advancement, and the reactionary forces that ask only to be let alone, now that society has been molded into forms that work for their aggrandizement at the expense of the less favored, that the democratic party owes its vital force to-day.

Mr. Bryan's statement of the central issue of the recent campaign, made in a speech delivered a few days before the election: "We assert that the workers who produce the wealth of this country do not get their fair share of the wealth they create, and that some men who do no work get an unfair share of the wealth produced by the workers," is an absolute and unquestionable truth. Under this sign the democracy can conquer.—Whidden Graham, in St. Louis Mirror.

Jimmy—What time do yer have ter get ter work?

Johnny—Oh, any time I like as long as I ain't later than seven o'clock.—Harper's Bazar.

## CURRENT POLITICS IN AUSTRALIA.

For The Public.

In this colony of South Australia we have just succeeded in getting through the legislative council (corresponding to your senate or the English house of lords) a bill, which has been blocked by a single vote for three years, which gives municipalities the power to levy all rates from unimproved land values. The measure has yet to receive the sanction of the lower house, but it has passed there again and again, and is perfectly safe in their hands.

This means a great victory for us.

We have also beaten an attempt made by the Westinghouse company to get control of our street tramways. The single taxers stood practically alone, against all the municipal authorities and great, powerful vested interests. They stirred up the people, held meetings in the leading suburbs, filled the Adelaide town hall to overflowing by a great enthusiastic meeting, and compelled attention from the political trimmers. That the government will now nationalize the lines is practically assured.

The issue of our first federal elections, which occur about March next, turns upon the tariff. In America you can hardly credit the strength of the free trade movement in Australia, and the weakness of protection. The Rt. Hon. G. H. Reid, former premier of New South Wales, delivered a magnificent address in Melbourne (the stronghold of protectionism) last week, and worked up his audience to such a pitch of enthusiasm that only two hands were held up in favor of protection.

He also spoke here in Adelaide. The town hall was packed and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Of course we shall have to fight, but the victory is, I think, absolutely beyond question for free trade. We will send in a majority of free trade representatives; so will New South Wales, Tasmania and West Australia. Queensland is doubtful, but the labor party are mostly with us there. Victoria is said to be strongly protectionist. Calculating on these lines, we have a substantial majority for free trade. Of course it isn't real free trade; but it isn't protection, and we can knock out the revenue tariff afterwards.

Reid, of course, is a democrat, and favors a mild dose of land value taxation. Barton, the leader of the protectionists, is an admitted conservative. Barton will probably be sent for