

or wrong," is an egoistic criminal, they readily admit, but when they themselves proceed to act upon the parallel maxim: "Our country, right or wrong," they fancy they must be altruistic heroes. Accordingly, they do not hesitate to annex even civilized states by force and call it imperialism. At the same time they denounce as traitors those of their fellow countrymen who prefer justice to unscrupulous patriotism.

Truly, the patriotic bigotry which prompts aggressive war, is, to any nation calling itself civilized, an unmitigated curse. It squanders human lives and money earned by human energies, only to bring not glory but dishonor, not progress but degeneration.

Tantum . . . potuit suadere malorum.

THE SOON-ER AND THE MAN FROM YES-TER-DAY.

The Man from Yes-ter-day had learn-ed the old-fash-ion-ed vir-tues. So he work-ed in-dust-ri-ous-ly. But the Soon-er, having pre-empt-ed the land on which the Man from Yes-ter-day must work, charg-ed him rent every time he was in-dust-ri-ous.

E-vent-u-al-ly, when the Man from Yes-ter-day had raised all the po-ta-to-es the Soon-er could eat, the Soon-er gave him no-tice to quit.

The Man from Yes-ter-day took up ed-u-ca-tion in order to in-crease his op-por-tun-i-ties; where-up-on the Soon-er bought up all the land a-round him and held it for a rise, which he in-tend-ed to take out of the Man from Yes-ter-day.

The Man from Yes-ter-day, see-ing that the Soon-er was get-ting more pos-ses-sions than he could man-age, rea-son-ed with him-self that if he could show his de-vo-tion to his em-ploy-er's in-ter-est, he would be more val-u-able; so he be-came very hon-est. This de-creased the Soon-er's ex-pense of man-ag-ing his prop-er-ty, so it in-creas-ed in val-ue, and he took up more land.

Seeing that his share of his own pro-duct would bare-ly keep him, the Man from Yes-ter-day stud-ied e-con-omy, where-up-on, see-ing that he could live cheap-er than before, the Soon-er cut down his wages; and when the Man from Yes-ter-day ob-ject-ed, the Soon-er told him that if he was not sat-is-fied he could quit work—and quit living.

The Soon-er en-dow-ed a coll-age to teach the Man from Yes-ter-day that it was all right and when the Pro-fess-ors said that Hon-es-ty, Indus-

try and Per-sev-er-ance were the ways to raise the rents, they were dis-miss-ed for in-sub-ord-in-a-tion.

Then the Soon-er, see-ing that the Man from Yes-ter-day was be-com-ing rest-less en-gag-ed a clergy-man to point him to the sky for the sat-is-fac-tion of his wants.—Bolton Hall, in Life, of New York, of July 4.

WHY THE HOBO AVOIDS THE KANSAS HARVEST FIELDS.

Editorial in the Chicago Record-Herald of July 10.

The Record-Herald has received from an indignant hobo of Carl, Mich., a spirited defense of his tribe for preferring the shady park benches of northern cities free to the harvest fields of Kansas at princely wages. He professes to speak from experience, and says that the offers of labor agencies of three dollars per day and free railway fare to work in Kansas are a delusion and a snare—springes to catch woodcock. He says that he could recruit 5,000 men in a week to accept these terms if the Record-Herald would guarantee that they are in good faith.

This, he assures us, they are not, but that if a hobo applies for a three-dollar-a-day job in Kansas he has to put up so much money for his ticket and two dollars to the agency, and, continues:

Then you are loaded into an emigrant coach and shipped west to some little town on the prairie. You get off to start your three-dollar-a-day job, but right here is where the hobo goes up against it. The train pulls out and the farmer comes over the fence and offers you \$1.25 per day. You refuse it and try another. But they are all the same. They have all agreed to pay \$1.25 and no more. You go over to the little store and try to buy something to eat and they refuse to sell it to you, thinking to starve you to it, and in many cases they succeed.

If you go to work for them you are called at 3:30 in the morning from your bed in the barn (usually a pile of corn husks) to a breakfast of sour belly and corn bread. You are in the field at work by 4:30 and work until 8:30 in the evening.

After the harvest comes pay day. By the time the farmer takes his extras out you have usually less than one dollar a day. Well, you think that you will go back east, and you see the railroad agent. He tells you it costs three cents per mille to ride on his road. You wait for a freight. You give up a dollar for the shack and get ditched in the first town, where the marshal is waiting for you. He will either rob you outright and kick you out of town or take you in, and they will fine you all you have made. When you get back east you have nothing but a sore head.

This, we are assured on the word of a hobo and a traveled gentleman, is a true story. It is said to be based on the experience in Kansas of our

correspondent and 10,000 others. It presents the reverse of the picture of thousands of acres of yellow grain in Kansas and the Dakotas waving in the sunshine and crying to the idlers in the cities of the east: "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

Printed from the original manuscript.

Dear John: I notice one of your Boer prisoners got away from Bermuda, swum three miles to a ship and was brought into New York, nearly dead from exertion and exhaustion. A boy of twenty-five years, he was, and deserves to get away for his pluck. It's a tough man who wouldn't let a rat get away who had swum three miles for liberty, let alone fightin' like a Boer. But my administration is holding him up and considerin' if they shall send him back to you. They are! Considerin' it! My administration!

I wish Dan Webster was Secretary of State again!

Do you mind Dan? Well, Dan couldn't be President, but he could say a thing about as well as any boy I ever had. And while he was Secretary of State it happened that Kosuth, or some one of those foreign fellers, came over. Well, it never occurred to Dan, or the President then, to send him back. This was America—Land of the free—Home of the brave, etc.; and we were a little proud of ourselves, and jaunty about it, and truckled to nobody.

And so the people yelled and whooped for the patriot, till the Emperor—of Austria, I think it was—got mad and complained to the President. Then Dan got hold of his pen to reply.

Now there never was an Emperor since the world began, knee high to Dan Webster in usin' words; and Dan jest slaughtered him. I forget his lingo; it's in the state papers; but Dan told him that we had no special objection to kings and emperors so long as they stayed at home and attended to business in a modest way; but when any people wanted a republic, this nation was with 'em heart and soul.

And it was! Why, I believe in my soul that Ohio would have tarred and feathered McKinley in '61 fer holdin' a patriot republican as McKinley holds that Boer.

But about every thirty or forty years a lot of toadies get in, and go into the slave catchin' business.