

great plant that such a happening can be recorded. It is the usual thing to wind up the fiscal year with a deficiency. Public Printer Donnelly is a member and former president of the International Typographical Union.

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What is the Matter with Spokane?

The Sacramento Bee, Dec. 18.—That there may be no mistake upon this subject, this paper desires to declare that it has no sympathy with the Industrial Workers of the World as an organization. It does not believe in many of the principles they enunciate, and it has no faith in the tenets they put forth. . . . It is not, therefore, from any fellow feeling that The Bee took up the cudgels in behalf of the rights of each and every man and each and every woman belonging to that organization. It did so simply and solely because it believes thoroughly in freedom of speech and in the liberty of the press. This paper holds that the Industrial Workers of the World, through their journals, have the same right to demand justice, have the same privilege and authority to appeal for the principles which they consider just, as has the New York World, the San Francisco Chronicle or The Sacramento Bee to battle for those tenets and to exploit those doctrines to which it attaches its faith. It is not a question at all of the Industrial Workers of the World; it is one of eternal right—of the same justice being granted to all men alike. It is a fight along the line of the basic principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence and sanctified by the Constitution of the United States. . . . If the Industrial Workers of the World write or preach the propaganda of murder, it is righteous, it is just, and it is within the law that they be suppressed. But so far they have preached nothing of the kind. They have bitterly denounced the county authorities of Spokane, and they were thoroughly justified in such denunciation. They did not denounce them severely enough. . . . There is absolutely not one shadow of right, under the law or even in common decency, to seize the newspaper organ of these men and these women solely because it printed certain startling accusations against the jail authorities at Spokane. And surely, as a matter of public policy, if these accusations are not provable the authorities acted in a most foolish manner. For the method they took to meet their accusers adds strong circumstantial evidence that these accusers told nothing but the eternal truth in the beauty of its nakedness. . . . The Bee will ever battle for the rights of men—for the rights of every man—no matter who he is. It will fight just as strongly for justice and right to the Industrial Workers of the World, in whose doctrines it does not believe, as it would for justice and right to William J. Bryan, or Senator La Follette, or Theodore Roosevelt, if the Government of the United States dared to seize the Commoner, La Follette's Weekly or the Outlook, in which the editorials of these men are prominent. And the Government of the United States has just the same right, exactly, to suppress those organs of public opinion, if the Administration does not like their editorial tone, as the authorities at Spokane had to suppress the organ of the Industrial Workers of the World—and that right is absolutely no right whatever.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

THE STAKE OF BATTLE.

Jas. Blackhall in the London Daily News of January 18, 1910.

I saw a land, fair set, and pillared fast
Amid the seas of God;
Atlantis, lifted to the sun at last;
Where men as angels trod.

And in her streets the music of her toil,
In sweeter songs than strife,
And fearless men at one upon her soil,
As gods returned to life!

And ancient castles mid her pastures stood,
Unhid of wild or waste,
Where lord and tenant vied in brotherhood,
And envy stood disgraced.

It was a land magnificent in might,
Of tyrant wrongs undone;
Well-homed in town and plain and rugged height
With God, and man, and sun.

Free-fronting all the world, as if to keep
Brave habit with her shores,
Forever challenging the baffled leap
Of oceans at her doors!

While nations, larger limbed, but lesser souled,
Stood as a panting flock
To see this miracle of Earth unfold,
Too strong to hate or mock!

So be my native land! if for the years,
We fight this battle day;
So freemen, strike! and spring the tyrant's tears
O'er Dagon's shattered clay!

Today! for such a land! and years unborn
To fame and victory!
Strike as ye smote before! with freemen's scorn
Of shame and tyranny.

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"THE HUNGRY FORTIES."

A Welsh Campaign Meeting: Condensed from a Report Made for the London Daily News of Jan. 18, by E. Morgan Humphreys.

The little village is hemmed in by the mountains. The one straggling street was unlit, save for the oil lamps outside the local post office and the principal draper's shop. . . . The lighted windows are the windows of the Calvinistic Methodist chapel schoolroom. The village does not possess a public hall, and all meetings, whether political, social, or competitive, must be held either in the Council school or in some of the buildings belonging to the

various chapels. It is election time, the Liberal candidate is being opposed, for the first time in fifteen years, and the electoral fever is already high. . . . Everything, of course, is in Welsh, and an Englishman could sit the meeting out without hearing a word of English from beginning to end.

The speeches are numerous, and some of them vary considerably, but all of them sound the same note—loyalty to the flag Wales has upheld so long, and deadly enmity to the House of Lords. At last the chairman calls a name which is received with loud cheers, and an old farmer stands up by the reading desk. He has often stood there before, to open a prayer meeting or a "seiat" with prayer, but he is quite at home, too, when it comes to making a speech. His clothes are rough and worn; he is white-haired, and his face is wrinkled and weather-beaten. There is a twinkle in his eye as he looks from under bushy eyebrows at the expectant audience. And then, in a deep, penetrating voice, he starts. It is not easy to convey all the quaintness and effect of that speech in English. It is quite impossible to transmit the various turns of phrase, but this was the gist of what he said:

"You mustn't expect me to be short, Mr. Chairman," he said with a glance at the chairman, and another look at the clock. "I am going to talk about these Lords. They tell me there are six hundred of them, but I don't like their name. (Laughter.) I have another name for them—I call them blackthorn bushes. (Loud laughter.) Now, boys, can you tell me what grows on blackthorn bushes?"

The audience shouts the Welsh name for sloes, which literally rendered means "choking plums."

"Yes," continued the orator, "that is the fruit. Now what are the fruits of these Lords? What did they do with the Education Bill?"

"Choked it!" shouts the audience, roaring with laughter.

"What did they do with the Licensing Bill?"

"Choked it!" came the reply again, from every throat in the room.

"And what have they done with the Budget, if you happen to know?"

"Choked it!"

"Ah, there you make your mistake!" said the speaker, with a gleam of laughter in his eyes. "You know the blackthorn looks very fine, and white, and soft in the spring. It is in full blossom then, and you would think you could sit down on it comfortably. But if you did—if you did, you would soon feel the thorns. (Laughter.) The Lords have thrown the Budget to the country, and they are trying to delude you and me, but the thorns are there under the flowers, you may be very certain." (Loud applause.)

Then the speaker's voice deepened, and all at once the meeting seemed to become more serious.

"I am going to tell you a little of my own history," he said: "I remember when bread was taxed in this country. We were a large family—father, mother, and eight children—there was no work to be had, and there was no food for any of us. And one day my father had had a job at nine-pence a day. He got up very early to go to his work, and mother put a big pot on the fire to boil him some potatoes before starting. That was all we had to give him—potatoes, and a bit of onion, and some salt. I remember it as well as if it was yesterday—and afterwards mother put some potatoes in his little box for him to eat during the day.

"When he had gone, mother started out to try and get two shillings' worth of flour. She walked all day—there wasn't a bit of bread, or a piece of meat, or a dust of flour in the house—but she got no flour. I remember her coming home and sitting down in the chair and crying, and we hungry children gathered round her and cried too."

The old farmer's voice was deep and penetrating. There was complete silence as he went on with his speech, but when he paused, another old man broke out, the tears rolling down his face, saying, "Yes, yes, Morris bach, it's quite true. That's how it used to be—it's quite true!"

The speaker went on. "If mother had had flour, do you know, boys, how much she would have had for two shillings? I'll tell you. You could only get two pounds of flour for a shilling then. And so when my father came back in the evening potatoes and salt was all we had for him. I never had any schooling. I was working on the fields at a penny a day as soon as I was big enough. That is how things were then." . . .

Thus ended a typical Welsh speech and a typical Welsh meeting. It was at such meetings and with such speakers that the Chancellor of the Exchequer started his career.

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"OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US."

From the London Nation of January 15, 1910.

We have forgotten, else it would be impossible they should try to befool us. We have forgotten the terrible years when England lay cold and starving under the clutch of the landlords and their taxes on food. Terror is soon forgotten, for otherwise life could not endure. Not seventy years have gone since that clutch was loosened, but the iron which entered into the souls of our fathers is no more remembered. How many old laborers, old operatives, or miners are now left to recall the wretchedness of that toiling and starving childhood before the corn-tax was removed? Few are remaining now, and they speak little and will soon be gone. The horror of it is scattered like the night, and we think no more of it, nor imagine its reality. It seems very long ago, like Waterloo or