

critical condition of affairs to be reached that public opinion, under the spur of a great practical necessity, will ripen in a day from an unduly conservative position to an extremely radical one, when it will demand some form of intervention by the state that will hereafter protect the public from the embarrassments, losses and perils of the present situation. Just such a change God may in His infinite wisdom bring about, for He has done this many times before, counting the "Christian men" in power as but stubble before the flame of His purpose about to be accomplished; or as the thin bank of earth when the long-stored, silent, peaceful water becomes the raging and destroying flood. It may all come very quickly. The final truth to remember is that the permanent rulers of this country are the people. The men in power are only its temporary rulers.

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.  
HE GOES TO WHEELING WITH THE PRESIDENT.

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Dear John: Sorry to see that you have adopted slavery. I had to get rid of it myself once, in the 60's, but it cost a pile of money. You used to brag, John, that a slave could not exist on British soil; but your tax of ten dollars a head on the blacks in South Africa is slavery, John, placed there to enslave them. We shall see whether the slaves can exist.

It's a good sample of British fair play. You would not dare put the tax on the Canadians, John. They would join me. You would not dare put it on the defeated Boers even. They would dig up enough guns to shoot more than ten dollars' worth out of anything British they saw. But when you get a helpless black or brown man at your mercy, John, I don't notice that you are any better than Americans and Spaniards. Who would have thought, John, when you used to abuse me about slavery, that you, with your India and Africa, would become the greatest slave driver on earth. Well, "we are all poor creeturs."

Just now I am having all I can do at home. Been tryin' to find out Theodore's way to end the trusts. The end of a trust that Theodore seems interested in is the front end—the money end—the contribution part; the latter end of a trust looks mighty remote to him.

But it is all a mistake about Theodore being strenuous and fierce. He's

a changed man since his Minneapolis and West Point speeches. He's a mellerin' down. And gentle! He's as gentle as Knox. When he confronts a wicked combine now he is conservative, respectful, pitying. "Don't harm her," says he.

"Take her up tenderly  
Handle with care."

When the trolley car ran into him it riled him, though. "Why, confound your carelessness—!" says the President.

"Hush! Theodore," says I, "it is a corporation."

"Yes, I know," says he. "Well, all right, but for about a minute I was a Bryan man!"

Now, when New England began to run into us with her trolley cars, we took it as a hint to move on, and so we went down to Wheeling, and made another great speech, from the balcony of McClure's hotel.

There are some people still living in Wheeling who remember when McClure's hotel was built, but most of them have moved away.

"The trusts are like the Mississippi," says the President.

"Muddy," says I.

"You cannot dam them," says he.

"Oh, yes, you can, Theodore," says I. "You have not had your ear to the ground lately, or you'd have heard it."

"If you dam the corporations, cities like Wheeling will go out of business; remember that!" says he.

"Besides, the Bible says swear not at all," says I.

"We never were so prosperous before," says he.

"And never liked it so little," said I.

"We must not accept less than the possible," says the President.

"What's that?" says I. "That's pretty mild, Theodore!"

"We must have a kindly determination not to wrong others," says Theodore.

"That's Christianity! That's it! Christianity applied to the trusts! That'll fetch 'em!" said I.

"Babylon," says Theodore, goin' right on, "Babylon, Nineveh, Mesopotamia, Thebes, Memphis, Valley of the Nile, Greece, Rome, The Netherlands, changed conditions—"

"The Dingley tariff! Hurrah!" said I. "Hot buttered beans! Now you are gettin' warm. Changed conditions. The McKinley-Dingley tariff is the old mother of most of 'em. Hurrah!"

"There is no uniformity in state laws. They are no good," says he. "Our present national laws are bein' enforced with all the power of the general government."

"Hurrah! and Sheridan 20 miles away! Knox is in Paris, but he must be a comin'! Hurrah!" says I.

"What we need first is power—a constitutional amendment."

"That will take seven years," says I.

"And then the labor is not ended; only just begun."

"What next, Theodore?" said I.

"Self-restraint," said the President. "When you get the power don't use it; appoint a sovereign or king to make the carpers mind."

"But, see here, Theodore," said I, "is that exactly American?"

"Then we must have good citizens. You must set your teeth and stand the strain," said the President.

"I'd rather make the corporations stand the strain. I've stood it over long now," said I.

"Don't use any black-powder musket. The best weapon is none too good for Uncle Sam."

"I don't want any weapon, Theodore," said I. "I got along first-class for 50 year without 'em! It's havin' a navy, and wantin' to try the guns that got me into two wars, and this Philippine disgrace."

"Honesty first, then courage," says Theodore.

"Billy Bryan! Tom Johnson! Herbert Bigelow! You're called! Step forward!" said I. But nobody cum, and so we run along South.

UNCLE SAM.

AN OPEN LETTER TO GEN. GOBIN.  
For The Public.

Dear Gen. Gobin: Let me congratulate you on your masterly efforts in behalf of law and order. Persevere in well-doing, and you will soon have our turbulent striking workmen back to their submissive subjection. As an evidence that we propose upholding your efforts in our behalf, I append extracts from text of a legislative measure which we will enact at next session. The passage of this act will ratify your recent edict against the unmannerly and disloyal jeering at our brave soldiery, and will disarm the critics who seek to censure you for making a novel—if much needed—law on the subject. I prefer your style of law-making to the more cumbersome methods prescribed by the constitution. However, we must yield something to popular clamor, if only to demonstrate how law-abiding we can be when it does not cost too much. We may be even constrained to secure legislation to legalize modern and beneficent injunction pro-

ceedings. This may cost more, as congress comes higher than the Pennsylvania legislature; but we will not cross that bridge till we are up against it. Let me have the benefit of any suggestions you can offer about the bill outlined below.

Gratefully yours,

HERMAN KUEHN.

A BILL to Prevent the Clamor of the Gastric Juice in the vitals of persons of the Feminine Sex from Inciting to Disrespect to the Uniform, Equipments, Accoutrements, Trappings, Persons or Impediments of the Militia of the Commonwealth.

BE IT ENACTED, etc., etc.—It shall be unlawful for any person of the feminine sex within the state of Pennsylvania to look upon, witness, see or behold any of the militiamen of the commonwealth, whether said militiamen be in or out of battle array, while said persons of the feminine sex are in the condition of hunger, said condition being calculated to disturb the serenity, placidity, self-satisfaction and complacency of said militiamen, in that it is calculated to incite said persons of the feminine sex to jeer, scoff, ridicule, belittle, annoy and molest said militiamen.

Any person violating the provisions of this act by looking upon any militiaman or militiamen without having first partaken of provisions sufficient to fully appease and allay the clamors of the gastric juices, shall be subject to the penalties hereinafter set forth; provided, however, that no conviction shall be valid under this act unless same be approved by the second sergeant or the third corporal of the command toward which, or any member of which, said offense may have been committed.

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[The other sections of the bill are briefly synopsisized below, in order, my dear general, to avoid troubling you with the full text.]

Section 13 provides that any fines are to be worked out by the convict in any of the collieries of the state at the rate of 90 cents per week; provided, however, that no offender under six years of age shall be required to work more than 144 hours in any one week; and that the proceeds of said fines, to be paid by the operator employing such convicts, shall be paid into the state treasury to be held as a fund to be paid as a prize or prizes to any person or persons who shall discover a method of depriving working people of the sense of hunger without interfering with their ability to perform manual labor.

Section 14 provides the following penalties:

For shouting, vociferating, ejacu-

lating or in anywise saying to any militiaman while wearing the uniform of the Pennsylvania national guard, or any part of such uniform, "Aw, go soak your head!" a fine of \$1,000, to be worked out in the mines as heretofore provided. A like fine for any modification of said jeer, jibe or invocation in which the verb "to soak" is employed in any of its moods or tenses.

The use of the term "scab" within the hearing of any militiaman is punishable by a fine of \$2,000.

Section 15 provides that any terms of opprobrium, reproach or comment that may be regarded as distasteful or unpleasant to, or that shall in anywise shock the modesty or tranquility of any militiamen, shall subject the offender to a fine of \$1,000.

Section 16 provides that any militiaman feeling himself insulted by unfavorable comments upon his person, such as, "Get onto his bow-legs!" or, "Say, cock-eye, are you goin' to shoot where you're looking?" may shoot at such offender; provided, however, that if such shot or shots prove fatal any fine or other punishment incurred by such offender may be remitted.

Under section 17, 60 per cent. is added to aforesaid penalties where officers are insulted.

Women over 84 years of age escape, under section 18, with one-half the above penalties; provided, however, their offenses have not been committed against the commander in chief.

The act shall be in force from and after the passage of the troops.

#### A PREACHER IN POLITICS.

Speech of the Rev. Herbert S. Elgelow, pastor of the Vine Street Congregational Church, Cincinnati, made at the Democratic state convention at Sandusky, O., September 3, 1902, in accepting their nomination for Secretary of State of Ohio, as published in the Cleveland Plain Dealer of September 4.

Fellow Democrats: I thank you for the honor of this nomination. In accepting it I have misgivings as to my merits as a candidate, but I shall enter upon the duties of the campaign without any doubt as to the righteousness of our cause.

It is so unusual for a clergyman to enter the field of politics that a word of explanation may be in order.

The world has never had but one political issue. The struggle between the rights of the many and the privileges of the few—that is the eternal issue. That issue is not always apparent. There are long intervals in politics when the chief contest is over the offices; when there seems to be little choice between the parties. But about

once in the life time of each generation there comes a period of awakening, such as we are experiencing to-day, when men, startled by the bold assaults that are made upon their liberties, break away from their old party lines, and with a fresh enthusiasm unite to resist the aggressions of a common enemy.

Like the struggle of our forefathers to make the doctrine of divine rights a heresy on American soil; like the struggle of our fathers to put an end to chattel slavery upon this continent; like the struggle of Cobden and Bright to repeal the laws which taxed the bread of English labor for the benefit of English lords—our struggle, like these, is a contest between monopoly on the one hand and popular rights on the other; it is a struggle between the few who have grown powerful by the aid of unjust laws, and the many upon whom recreant legislators have laid burdens grievous to be borne.

At such a time as this politics is more than a contest for offices. At such a time the moral forces of the nation rally for the impending struggle, and men find in politics not a "career, but a crusade." At such a time the line between religion and politics is lost sight of, for the reason that political aims become distinctively humanitarian and hence truly and deeply religious. When human rights are at stake you cannot keep politics out of the church, neither can you keep preachers out of politics. When the times are ripe for the overthrow of some great wrong, rightfully enough pulpits are turned into political platforms and politicians become preachers. Politics and religion have got so mixed of late that even Senator Hanna has taken to preaching. (Laughter.) In his Chautauqua address he declared that he and his associates of the Civic Federation remembered the golden rule and tried to live up to its principle. He concluded this address with an exhortation which would have done credit to any preacher. These were his words:

I hope that you will remember that there is an individual responsibility that calls for each and every one who has the means and the opportunity, to do what he can to help this cause of the Golden Rule along.

That sounds well. Now observe how the deeds of Mr. Hanna compare with his words:

Here is a girl working for five dollars a week. In going to and from her work she spends 60 cents a week for car fare. We will add another dime for church. Now Mayor Johnson has found capitalists who are