

Perhaps he knew it was right also, but I ain't chargin' George with anything undiplomatic. Well, you don't have statesmen any more, only grabbers who think that annexing a country of Boer sharpshooters means strength in future wars, and long ago forgot George Canning. His monument is just beyond Westminster Hall; the sparrows nest in his marble elbow and are the only things British that have any use for George Canning. Strange how a man will be forgotten and yet how his acts will spring up again like a seed in out of the way places! In Chicago once I had a boy, John Altgeld, who led a forlorn hope against the mayor in an election for municipal ownership. Forty-five thousand men followed his standard to defeat. Altgeld died, but the leader's cry was a good one and the mayor, the man who defeated him, took it up, yelled municipal ownership and was elected and came to much honor in the clothes of the great leader, and on the same question he had opposed. It's a queer thing, politics; but Altgeld cast the seed! So I say "sow;" the wrong man will get the honors anyway, most likely, but the people may reap something some time.

How is your money, John? Mine's unsartin'. I've got lots of prosperity, but there was a time when I didn't have to take the children from school and put 'em to work to pay the rent. My financiers ain't none too well satisfied, neither. It tickles me a little to see the straits they have got into, fer I knew all the time they was wrong. They turned heaven and earth till they got one of the good old money metals thrown out; and now they haven't any basis and are a goin' pell mell, brakes off and throttle valve wide open, for "wild cat" currency—"asset currency." I remember it well—same thing we had before the war, when if a fellow got a dollar bill he had to tote it over to the store and look into the "Bank Note Reporter" to see if there was any assets behind it. They do say they expect me to back the notes to make 'em good; but I dunno. I'm on a good deal of security now, and I'd rather back a farmer's note than a financier's, anyway. You see, there is a cyclone cloud of paper a restin' on a little funnel point of gold, and nobody knows when the rip-roarin' thing gets started whose fences and trees will be pulled. That's why the financiers are a lookin' backward over their shoulders as they drive. That's why the silver fellows are a sittin' on the fence and grinnin' to see 'em go by.

What do you think about this lynchin' of niggers? I'm ashamed of it; and I vum, I believe it's a mistake! Anybody can see the crime against white women is increasin' under it; and severity of punishment always did increase the crime. When you, John, hanged men for stealin' 20 shillin', as you used to, there was more stealin' than now. Cause why? It advertises the crime. Look at it! The spectacular appeals to the nigger anyway. Here is the fire and the kerosene and an audience of 5,000 and the howling death of one of the old martyrs. Then next day 5,000 newspapers print it, and 500,000 young negroes read about it and learn that here is a crime so seductive that men will be burned at the stake for it. The spectacular strikes him. He remembers it, and when he has a grudge, or feels ugly, or ornery, he recalls it. Where is the good of advertisin' this crime? If the fool men have no more sense, the women of the country should take it up themselves and stop it. Let every woman say to her husband, "No more lynchin' of niggers! No more advertisin' of me. Your act puts me in danger. Stop it. Let the law take its course!" And it would stop.

Another gentle persuader to virtue would be a State law that every county whose citizens lynched a man should pay \$5,000 to his next of kin. Then, at the suggestion of lynchin' every man in the county would have palpitation of the pocket-book. The suggester would get a dash of cold water. The virtuous citizen would say: "The nigger is worthless, but man! you touch the dollar in my pocket! You are meddlin' with sacred things! You touch vested rights! Hush! Let the jury attend to him!"

I notice the Jews are urgin' the president to send their petition on the Russian massacres to the czar; and I guess Theodore is a tremblin' on the verge of doin' it. I wonder if the Jews would sign a petition to the president to stop doin' the same thing in the Philippines. The Jews were sound money and voted almost to a man with the Republicans for the Philippine massacres. They don't enjoy their principles when applied to hum. Hard money, hard hearts, hard times! That's my Republican party—short as Caesar.

UNCLE SAM.

"But I thought salvation was free."
"Well, sir, it's free to some, because others are kind enough to pay for it."—Puck.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

Speech of John Herbert Quick, Ex-Mayor of Sioux City, as temporary chairman of the Iowa Democratic State convention at Des Moines, Iowa, June 24, 1903.

This convention is evidence that its members are not entirely satisfied with the prevailing conditions in state and nation. We are here both protesting against things which we condemn, and demanding remedies. Unless there are governmental conditions deserving of our denunciation we might better have remained at home, and joined in the paean of prosperity so loudly sung by the republican press and platform. Our presence here is proof that there are wrongs of which we know. Such being the case, unless we can offer to the people remedies, our deliberations will end in failure; for, however useful may be the office of the physician who points out diseases, that of the healer who brings cure is the only one which a great political party should emulate. The party which lays bare its opponent's mistakes does less than half its duty. It must be for things as well as against things, if it would be called to power or retained in it.

What, then, are the conditions against which we protest? Is not the nation prosperous? It is true that all over the land labor seems discontented and labor disturbances agitate the people. Capital is arrayed against labor, and labor against capital. But, strange to say, we have grown to regard these strifes as something to be expected, and it may be said by some that their existence is no proof that we are not prosperous.

It is true that in many occupations wages are lower than ten years ago, and that where they have seemed to advance, the cost of living has advanced still more. Yet, employment is more easily obtained, the mills and factories are running, the railways are gorged with traffic and all the processes of production are going on, pouring out golden streams of wealth.

Of what, then, do we complain? Against what public foe is it our duty to unfurl the banners of democracy? Where is the adversary against whom a Jefferson would lead the hosts of the people, and on whose armor would be rained the ringing blows of a Jackson? If these mighty ones of the past were with us to-day where is the evil at which they would bid us strike? In what respect do we Americans of to-day in our personal and national life fall short of the Americans of the day of Jefferson and Jackson? The answer must come spontaneously to the mind of every man present. Within the past few years

we have all become conscious of a great and ominous change in the conditions under which we live, a change which fills every thoughtful man with regret and foreboding, a change which has crept across the spirit of American institutions and cast over all a sinister shade of doubt and fear, dimming the bright sunlight of freedom which we once regarded as our inalienable birthright. This change has not come about by violence and bloody revolution, but by the insidious advances of secret usurpations of a class of powerful men, a class constantly narrowing until it is now scarcely more than a group. It has not been accomplished by open and avowed attacks upon the rights of suffrage, of freedom of speech or of the press, or upon any of the express rights upon which we have been taught to look as the safeguards of liberty, but it has come with the gradual cornering of our mines, our coal and oil fields, our highways, the great original sources of production, the means of transportation, the avenues of employment, until the time has arrived when the once free born American is born into a monopolized and fenced-up world, in which he must walk in the mighty shadow of the owners of his country and ask of them the right to labor, to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Here lies the wrong at which the spirits of Jefferson and Jackson bid us strike. This issue we must meet. If the democratic party has any mission to-day, that mission is to set itself in battle array against these industrial Caesars for whom we have coined a new name—the trusts.

Do I exaggerate this evil? Let him who thinks so look about him. I see before me many farmers and the representatives of farmers. The Iowa farmer is the synonym of independence. Yet he sells at prices fixed by the grain and meat trusts, buys at prices made by iron, steel, lumber and other trusts, and reaps that the railways may garner in. He is fortunate (if he owns his farm) in having a living assured, but as to whether or not he shall earn profits, the lords of the factory, market, mine and highway determine for him as absolutely as czars. But how is it in America with the man who has no farm, with the young man going out into a world in which he has no possessions? Where are the avenues of self-employment, which opened so invitingly to his father? To him is left scarcely more than the one single chance, to enlist in the service of one of those corporations by which the trust barons do their work. He may think with sorrow and

envy of his ancestors who went forth with gun or ax, or plow or level—each his own man—and worked out each his own independent fortune. But he cannot expect to do the same. The American is fortunate and exceptional now, who is his own man. He finds himself immeshed in a new feudalism where the lords of soil and highway are not, as of old, proud nobles zealous of glory, but invisible corporations, greedy of power and out for the stuff. Such conditions ought not to exist in a democracy. In any democracy where the people have not been led away from the truth, such conditions cannot exist. In any nation where such wealth and power are permitted permanently to be so concentrated, democracy cannot exist. The trust principle and the principle of popular government are so exactly opposed to each other that where both are in the field, they must fight, and one must fall.

This convention should go down to history for its fearlessness in recognizing this battle and placing itself upon the fighting line. I have no fear that we will commit any great error, if we keep our eyes fixed upon the north star of democratic principle and steer our course by that. There will always be found some timorous and venal souls who will prefer any course which promises an easy campaign and success at the polls. But I say to you that success at the polls won at any sacrifice of true democracy will be more disastrous than any defeat. There are those who say with great plausibility, that by making peace with Wall street we might make sure of winning in 1904. Such gentlemen hold out promises of much fatness in the honors and emoluments to be won. The temptation is disguised under specious words, but essentially the thing proposed is a bargain, in which a campaign fund and offices are offered as the prize of the Morganization of the Democratic party. I do not know the extent to which such views are held here, but as for me, I pray we may not be led into such temptation, but be given defeat with honor rather than so shameful a victory.

But those who dream of such a departure from the straight path, are, I am persuaded, few. Moreover, their reasoning is plausible rather than sound. Our party is strong where it is moved by the deep swell of opinion from the people. It is weak when it listens to the voice of the tempter of plutocracy. In 1892 the platform offered by the committee to our national convention was a rehash of the victorious one of 1884. But there sprang to the platform

a man who knew that the people were weary of paltering with protection, and demanded a tariff plank which would mean something. "My God," said he, "must we now, in 1892, go back to the straddle of 1884?" The convention said not, and the Neal tariff plank was adopted. There followed a tariff campaign on free trade lines, and free trade principles won. Democracy was strong at the polls because it was true to its convictions.

But the leadership of the party saw fit to abandon the issue on which this victory was won and pushed to the front questions alien to those on which the party had been called to power. The result was such disaster as we had never known. Victorious in 1892, and in full possession of all branches of the government, we met in 1894 such defeat as was never met before or since.

The party was corroded and eaten away by the feeling among the rank and file that it had abandoned the principles of Democracy at the behests of plutocracy. And when its convention met in 1896 its former leaders had lost power over it and the so lately victorious Democracy of America stood, like a leaderless army, awaiting the sound of some voice calling to battle in the name of the people. That waiting was not in vain. In that convention a democracy as deep and basic as Jefferson's found voice, and when the circling standards of the states at last clustered about the standard of Nebraska, those who saw and understood, knew that real democracy had found words to express its thoughts and a general to lead it in the field. Under that leadership the beaten, disorganized, discouraged army took the field against the exultant hosts of plutocracy and waged a conflict which carried consternation into the very throne rooms of modern feudalism. They trembled because the platform of 1896, in what it implied, even more than in what it said, was a declaration of war upon every special privilege, every legalized robbery, every vested wrong. Had the policy of 1892 and 1894 been indorsed in that convention the Democratic party would have sunk to the rank of a third party. Vitalized by the new leader, and the new defiance of aggregated wealth, we polled almost a million more votes than ever before, and a larger per cent. of the total vote than in 1892. We won back nearly forty congressmen lost in 1894, and cut down the Republican majority by two-thirds. And this in the face of the most desperate campaign of corruption and intimidation ever known.

In 1900, in spite of the administra-

tion's successful foreign war, in spite of the spirit of militarism, notwithstanding the full dinner pail argument, and in the face of the Republican party's becoming a guarantor of prosperity, by marching on the same path, and appealing to the people to discard the evil policy of imperialism, we cut down the Republican majority in the house to twenty, and while defeated, still held the ground gained since 1894.

I cite this history to show how fallacious is the argument of those who think that our party can win by becoming like the Republican party. There was never a greater mistake. The more unlike the Republican party we become the better our chances to win. The policy of imperialism abroad, and of shameless subserviency to the demand of monopoly at home must in time bring destruction to the party in power. We as a party, must stand for the reforms which they oppose. We must not be afraid to speak out for the things in which we believe. In 1892 we moved up from the platform of 1884 and won. In 1896 we advanced from the position of 1892, and saved the party from destruction. In 1900 we added that noble appeal for righteousness against imperialism which raised the party to a moral altitude superior to that of the churches. And now let us take counsel as to how we shall apply the eternal principles of liberty and democracy to the new conditions of 1903.

For that there are new conditions who can deny? Let us not now make the mistake which the convention of 1892 so narrowly avoided—the mistake of worshipping the verbal expressions of former platforms as fetishes. Therein lies the backward road to ruin.

The chief issue of 1896, in the form then put forward, is dead. To attempt to galvanize it into life is to be false to the spirit of 1896. The spirit maketh alive, but the letter killeth—let this text shed light upon your deliberations. The paramount issue of 1900 must wait. The consciences of men were and still are wrong by our arguments against imperialism, but the fancied welfare of their pocketbooks prevailed on the day of election. And now the new feudalism of the trusts so overshadows all else in men's minds that they will not shape their political course by considerations of our foreign or colonial policy. The issue of to-day was implied in every past platform, yea, in the declaration of 1776, in Magna Charta, wherever right has striven against might. But it awaits expression at our hands. All forms of oppression have been bound into a single sheaf and named the trust. In it

is slavery for the producing masses. In it is the tariff wrong. In it is the currency monopoly, reaching out for the banking business of the world. In it is government by injunction invoked by corporate employers of labor. In it is imperialism seizing the homes of weaker people for the exploitation of capital. At the trust we may aim our blows, confident that when the Goliath falls, down will go all the hosts of Philistine evils at which we have been hacking.

The problem was simple if it were as easy to do as to know what to do. Three roots bear up the dominion of the trusts. These are the highway monopoly, tariff monopoly and land monopoly. Land monopoly in the form of ownership of mines and forests has so far come forward as to have been made an issue by the Democrats of New York in a platform denouncing the anthracite trust. This great evil demands the attention of all who hope to see industrial wrongs set right.

The tariff monopoly alone seems to me insufficient to account for any of the great and powerful trusts. They rose under its shelter, but, controlling as they now do, our mines, forests and railways, most if not all of them could still live though trade were free. Yet, any movement towards free trade is in itself good, and how can we better serve the cause of truth than to couple the name of such industrial giants as the trust with the ancient and absurd lie "protection to infant industries." Furthermore, while free trade might not kill the trusts it would establish a line beyond which their robberies could not extend. Hence, we should renew our war on protection, unfurl again the tariff reform flag, and demand free trade in trust made goods. Of the very essence of liberty is the right to move from place to place and to transport property. He who is bound to the place where he was born is a serf. He who controls the highways by which we must move and transport goods holds us in a sort of serfdom. The third great bulwark of the trusts is highway monopoly. It appears in every city in monopoly of our streets by the public service corporations, and everywhere in the privately owned steam railway lines, controlled almost exclusively by the same group of industrial potentates who own the other trusts. Whether private individuals could under any circumstances successfully compete in business with the trusts may be questioned, but it may be taken for granted that, as long as the stock of the railways and the trusts are owned by the same interests, no one can compete with

either. There are those who seem to believe that proper restrictive statutes vigorously enforced will cure this evil. I am not in agreement with these optimistic views. There is no force in law to compel the single owner of two railways to compete with himself, nor is it possible by statute to prevent men as railway owners from granting favors to themselves as shippers. Against a combination so fortified all the Quaker guns of mock strenuousness will be pointed in vain. So long as this concentration of ownership exists there can be but two kinds of business in this country, that done by the trusts and that done by consent of the trusts. So long as this condition exists government of the people, by and for the people must remain a theory only and not a condition. Be not deceived; there are two horns to the railway dilemma. We must choose between railway ownership and the operation of government and government ownership and operation of railways. And in the resumption by the people of the control of their own highways will be found the most simple and practicable way toward depriving the trusts of their power for evil.

It lies with you, my friends, to make this day great. You may do so by a brave recognition of the stupendous questions to which I have referred, and an intrepid attempt to do the utmost thing needful. As a party we have marched far, but we must march on. There will beset us the temptations to retreat to pleasant fields long since passed over, but we must march on. To some it may seem best to linger on last night's camping ground, but if we are true to our duty, we must march on. To halt is to retreat; retreat is rout and ruin. The forward march is not only the road to honor, but the way of safety.

The people are ready for issues adequate to meet the needs of this great crisis. They will greet with acclamations him who will speak the word for the hour. Have the greatness to speak that word here and now. Take counsel, not of your fears, but of your courage. Be guided, not by your doubts, but by your convictions. Speak out the uttermost thing in your hearts and the people will rise to it. Nay, I wrong the people: Give utterance to all the democracy which is in you, that you may rise to the level of the common man. Turn to the future and not to the past. Never did the great world spin so swiftly down the ringing grooves of change. With our eyes upon the pole star of principle, let us shape our course with reference to where we stand to-day. Give us a platform and a ticket expressive of

these truths, and in the history of our State and our party this day will be forever memorable.

NOBODY KNOWS.

Nobody knows when de col' winds am blowin',
 Whar all de po' little chillun am a-goin'.
 Nobody knows when de night time's hoverin'
 How many little ones am dest'tute ob coverin'.
 Nobody sees, but de Lo'd done see 'em,
 An' bime-by de Lo'd 'll tell humanity ter free 'em.
 Nobody knows jes' how many am in rags,
 A-sleepin' in de hot blocks an' roun' on de flags.
 Nobody sees all dis poverty an' woe,
 A-livin' on de emptyin's an' not a place ter go.
 Nobody sees, but de Lo'd done see 'em,
 An' bime-by de Lo'd 'll tell humanity ter free 'em.
 Nobody knows whar dis poverty all comes—
 How many po' folk am sleepin' in de slums.
 Nobody knows jes' how few am befriendin',
 But de good Lo'd knows dar mus' soon be an endin'.
 Nobody sees, but de Lo'd done see 'em,
 An' bimeby de Lo'd 'll tell humanity ter free 'em.

—Ben King.

Hamberton—Yes, poor fellow, he stepped on a dynamite giant torpedo Fourth of July.

Crashworth—Did you attend his funeral?

Hamberton—Some of them.

G. T. E.

The Fulanis fought with fanatical bravery.

Thirty chiefs, gathered about the emplr's great white flag, were defiant to the last, and their corpses were found hedging the standard.—Press Dispatches.

Just how fanatical the bravery of the Fulanis was is made clear by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who rises in his place in Parliament to say that the discomfiture of these heathen has added 100,000 square miles to the domain of Merrie England.—Life.

BOOKS

MRS. GASKELL'S NOVELS.

The dollar edition of these novels (Smith, Elder & Co., London) ought to be welcomed by all lovers of surviving nineteenth century fiction. The print is black and clear, and the volumes are tastefully bound—entirely worthy of a place in any book-lover's library.

Of course the best known of Mrs. Gaskell's novels is "Cranford," which has become a classic. I am inclined to think, however, that two or three others are fuller of modern interest. "Mary Barton," for example, and most

of all, "North and South," are admirable social studies. In the latter book there is an account of a strike in the north of England, which occurred fifty or more years ago, and yet is as modern as one of yesterday.

Those who care to read Mrs. Gaskell nowadays must be prepared to make some allowances. She had certain social and religious limitations that were well within the lines of present orthodoxy, and the classifications of English society are naturally dealt with as matters of course and not of criticism.

But granting these concessions, the novel reader who harks back to Mrs. Gaskell will find himself in an atmosphere of thought, sincerity, earnestness and refinement of feeling that are all too rare in most of the novels of today. He will find, too, a very clever and careful study of character, done in the most delightful way. She has the rare ability of making her characters really live for us, not, indeed, by too much description and analysis, but by showing concretely their ways and conversations. Take, for example, Mary Barton herself, or Mr. Hale and Mr. Bell in "North and South," how well we come to know them.

No mention of Mrs. Gaskell, however brief, can fail to include the great biography which she wrote of the Brontes. It has a uniqueness among such books that will make it live for all time in English literature. It is one of the best specimens we have of biographical writing, and it tells with the vividness of truth one of the saddest stories ever written.

J. H. DILLARD.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

—Unfrequented Paths. Songs of Nature, Labor and Men. By Geo. E. McNeill, author of "The Labor Movement; the Problem of To-day," "Eight Hour Primer," etc. Boston: James H. West Co. Price, \$1.60. To be reviewed.

PERIODICALS.

It would be interesting to know whether the artist of the front page of the Saturday Evening Post in the issue of June 6, the "College Man's Number," was intentionally drawing a clever satire or not. The College Man is standing with bulldog pipe in his mouth and with a real bulldog by his side. He has '06 on his front and a self-satisfied air on his face. Whether the artist meant him as satire or not, is he not an interesting spectacle, worthy of serious

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consideration on the part of promoters of higher education? J. H. D.

In the Young Men's Journal for June Mr. John S. Crosby contributes an article of singular force and clearness on the Meaning and Purpose of the Single Tax. Apropos of the thought that we need to go to other continents for land—as Dr. E. E.



The Souls of Black Folk

By W. E. B. DuBois

A REMARKABLE BOOK that is provoking much discussion because of the wonderful eloquence with which the author pleads for right and justice to his people. In these days of increasing agitation over the "negro problem" this passionate human document can neither be overlooked nor ignored. Aside from its remarkable presentation of facts it holds the reader—prejudiced or not—by its fascination of style and overpowering pathos.

Some of the Chapter Headings follow:

- OF OUR SPIRITUAL STRIVINGS.
- OF THE DAWN OF FREEDOM.
- OF MR. WASHINGTON AND OTHERS.
- OF THE MEANING OF PROGRESS.
- OF THE TRAINING OF BLACK MEN.
- OF THE BLACK BELT.
- OF THE SONS OF MASTER AND MAN.
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