

The broad conflict lies between the privileged on one side, and the unprivileged on the other. And the new Democracy must mass its assault on the principle of privilege; destroy, beat down, undermine privilege, and all the evils of privilege will cease to be.

The friends of privilege are wiser in their way than the children of light; it is entirely to their satisfaction to fight a campaign, or a series of campaigns, on any one of the outposts, on a false issue, against a divided opponent. Let the opponents of privilege in all its forms unite. Let there be no lurking reservation or compromise. Let privilege, of whatsoever breed, be exposed and driven into the open, there to justify or perish.

The issue should be the Trust—not the Borax Trust, but the Trust. It should be Railroad Discrimination—not the Vanderbilt Lines, or the Goulds', or Hill's, or any other lines, but Railroad Discrimination. It should be Franchise—not the Union Traction, or People's Gas, but Franchise. It should be the Tariff—not the Tariff on Hides, or Iron, or Coal, but the Tariff.

And within and behind all, the impelling power of the New Democracy must be the realization of the moral value of ideals. Expediency, policy, bog and quicksand of perishing parties from immemorial time, should not longer lure upon false ground the hosts who stand for the rights of man.

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

Printed from the Original MS.

Dear John: I am having a good deal of trouble with these ladrones. You see, John, I shot their water buffalo, and the Filipinos can't raise rice, and it changed them into ladrones. So I gather from my man Taft's report, and it makes things so disagreeable there that Taft's conscience won't allow him to desert and be a justice of the supreme court—which he'd rather. It's too bad! You notice Taft is needed on the supreme bench. When the judges had constitutional law, he didn't catch it. It never took—never struck in on Taft. He is immune to constitutional law, Taft is; and I need him on the supreme bench to pass on Filipino business.

You know yourself, John, how annoying it is. Do you mind the ladrones of Bunker Hill, and Stony Pint and Eutaw Springs? They give

ye a mighty sight of trouble, John, in '76. I see now it was wrong, but I was right smart of a ladrone myself in those days. I'm sorry I bothered ye, but you'd shot my water buffalo (burned my farms) and I was too young to know any better, and I swiped ye from Cape Cod to New Orleans. I see now we'd all ought to a been hanged; but there was a whin of us. Th' was Hancock, and Sam Adams, and Is Putnam, and Paulding, and Van Wirt, and a lot of uneasy blades down South—Sumter and Francis Marion—and even the women. Why, there was one Southern woman—I forget her name—when you drove her out of her big house and quartered red coats in it, brought an Indian bow and arrows and rosin and fire, and had us shoot arrows from the woods tipped with burnin' rosin, onto her roof, and burnt down her own mansion-house about your ears. And—well, the Imperialists had to cut away to Canada them times. They weren't runnin' the Senate then, and sendin' over a little man in knee breeches to help ye put yer hat on. No, we were a kickin' the hat; and we made ye pick your feet lively, John, from the lemon to the pine. You sent over Cornwallis, too, I remember, with, I fergit how many men—ten thousand, I guess—I tell that joke every time I think of it. It's a hundred year old, maybe, but good yit. The boys said they shelled the corn off Cornwallis, and sent him back Cobwallis. Do you get it, John? Some day the Daughters of the Revolution will be a sendin' their keards to the Daughters of the Philippine Ladrones, may be on manila paper, but they worry me now.

I'm still troubled with trusts, John, and don't know what to do. When you had your troubles with the Dragon in the early days, there was a strenuous young fellow on a prancing horse to help you out; but while I've lots of strenuous men at the treasury, I have no fighter. My dragon has come, and I hain't got any Saint George.

Sometimes I have hopes of Theodore, and then again I misdoubt. He's taken a sudden streak of bein' very democratic and fair, and givin' offices to colored people, not forgettin' the women. If it's color he favors why not give a post office to Aguinaldo, say I? And if he wants to be gallant to the sex, there's Miss Taylor that Root threw out; why not give a post office to her? I'll men-

tion it to Theodore and I guess he'll do it. It will show he is sincere.

THE MODERN ST. GEORGE.

Oh, the modern Saint George he is fine,
With his lance and his capering steed;
It's, "Oh, for a foeman I pine;
The people may trust me indeed.

"I will 'shackle the cunning' of might;
I will win the applause of the fair,
And full in the popular sight
I will press the foul foe to his lair."

But the Dragon he came down the pike
A eating of babies in glee.
Said he: "Master George, don't you strike,
Or I'll cut off your fine salarree."

Then Georgie reined up where he stood,
And he said: "I am sure it is sad;
But some of these Dragons are good,
And only a few of them bad.

"The way for a Dragon to wax
So we'll not all to limbo be sent,
Is—commissions to sit on his tracks,
And actions of Par-li-a-ment."

UNCLE SAM.

A DREAM.

For The Public.

Bion used to say that the way to the shades below was easy; he could go there with his eyes shut.—Diogenes Laertius.

Scene—The domain of him who thought it "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

Time—Present, or a little later.

Characters—Satan.

His First Assistant.

Satan—Well, how now, sirrah?

Assistant—Your Most Worshipful Majesty, a courier has just returned from earth, and reports a great revolution in progress.

Satan—Indeed! Who's hungry now? All revolutions are stomach troubles.

Assistant—A nation, your Highness, which has been sending us many subjects of late. They have a mischief called "expansion," the chief symptom of which is that they think they are soaring aloft, when they are falling hitherward as fast as—your Worship will pardon the presumption of a personal allusion—as fast as your August Self when you came to establish this, your kingdom. I was in Nero's oven three firings ago, and he asked me if the ruling politicians of this nation were intending to colonize here.

Satan—And this nation is—

Assistant—Chastise my ignorance, Sire! I know not what it is. They themselves call it The United States of America; and it used to be a republic when I was on Earth. I understand now that they contemplate changing the name to "The United Trusts of America," and making dollars ballots. They are a "republic," with individuals who "owe allegiance but are not citizens." I hope I shall

not offend your Serene Potency if I remark that it seems to my humble insufficiency that this beats anything Hell has ever devised.

Satan—Tut, tut! "We could an if we would!" Egad, though, there is a sulphurous humor in it that likes us much. But to business. What brings you into our August Presence?

Assistant—I was coming to that, Most High. This revolution explains why we have been so busy of late. I have now to report that every niche is full.

Satan—Ah! The next time you go down Mercy Corridor tighten up the screws on that calamity-howler who doubted our prosperity and questioned our census returns. And, mark us; publish forthwith a ukase informing our subjects that henceforth when their superiors are prosperous, they are also, and that any expression of doubt thereof shall, by our royal edict, be punished as the worst of heresies.

Assistant—So is it on Earth. They go to the stock exchange to see if the people are hungry. They believe if the House is prosperous the Gaming Tables *must* be.

Satan—Peace! The idea was mine. They merely copied it in advance of me.

Assistant—I was about to say so, Sire.

Satan—What did you say caused the trouble up in the United Trusts of America?

Assistant—The courier, your Worship, reports that 16 men got control of everything in this republic with subjects, and began to starve and freeze everyone at their mercy. And, as your Lordship had led the masses to believe a few had a right to own the whole earth, practically everyone *was* at their mercy, or would have been had they had any of that commodity. Your messenger confided to me that when the coal fiends—the word was his, Most Exalted—began to freeze the innocent and guilty alike, he grew so homesick for your august, just and merciful government, that he descended hither post-haste. He explained how those who run this so-called republican Oilgarchy—I think that was the word he used—thought they had stamped, starved and frozen all the spirit out of the people, and so blindly, thanks to your masterly subtlety, pushed the down-trodden to the ever-fatal point where any change is a change for the better; and then—well, history simply repeated itself.

And now we have coal barons, robber fuel dealers, captains of industry, college political economists, franchise thieves, subsidized editors—Dante's lowest pit is already full of them—practicers of the water cure, murderers in epaulets and buttons (shining, brazen examples of that old joke of your majesty's, that bon mot called on earth "military honor, or the ethics of murder"), and money worshipers and parasites too numerous to mention. Sire, I am at my wits' end to know where to put them.

Satan—Your wits' end! Egad, what business has your wit to have an end! Methinks you will be sent to study political economy in a certain university maintained by the Oilgarchy whereof you spoke. There will you learn to think and reason in a circle, and we shall hear no more of your wits having an end. That's a joke. You may repeat it to your associates with discretion as an illustration of our democracy—joking with our inferiors! You may let it "leak out" on all sides. We can't show our democratic tendency by opening our own doors, because when the hinges got so hot on that oft-quoted occasion we burned our royal fingers and at once appointed a porter with asbestos mittens. We could, for a need, eat in our riding boots, or eat out of them, for that matter, so democratic are we; but burned leather is not an appetizing odor, therefore it pleases us to show our great belief in absolute equality by joking with our underlings. We like the joke, and the tale loses its moral unless it begins with an admission that they *are* underlings. See, therefore, that it is duly advertised—it will divert the attention of some who otherwise might begin to think for themselves.

Assistant—But the newcomers, your Highness, what can be done? I have no place for them. Even now a coal baron entered who said he was the Agent of Providence, and the thick-eared clerk booked him as "a gent from Providence;" whereat every Massachusetts applicant in waiting insisted that the record be erased. That ledger is getting to be a sight, if your Worship will pardon a colloquialism. This Agent of Providence—this coal baron—had wings fully grown, and every feather was so carefully preened and so white that I marveled. Then a great light dawned within me as I noted the harp he tried to conceal under his spotless robe, and I realized that he had expected to take the other ele-

vator, the one going *up*. I can't bear to put that immaculate robe and those pretty wings where we burn soft coal. He'll look like a raven in ten minutes. If it were a vulture now—

Satan—How about the reverberatory pits reserved for captains of industry?

Assistant—All full, Sire. I just now had to move over Capt. Kidd, Dick Turpin, Bob Macaire, Capt. Macheath and Claude Duval to squeeze in a Standard Oil captain. Your majesty should have heard their indignant remarks. I felt warranted in raising their humidity two points. Kidd said the whole groove would feel the disgrace; and Dick Turpin snarled out: "I was a bit sporty, and relieved an occasional one of his spare change; but I call the whole pit to witness that I never nearly doubled the price of oil in a fuel famine in the midst of a hard winter." Then Macheath flung out: "Take him over to the boiling lake, and let him pour his double priced oil on its troubled waters!" With this Jack Sheppard, Jonathan Wild and all the other captains of industry started an uproar. I reached for the blast valve, and in the quick hush that followed I heard Machiavelli say in a loud stage whisper to Lucretia Borgia (those two are always plotting): "Let's start a round robin, Lu. Here's where we make a stand, or lose the last remnant of respectability. I don't want our groove socially ostracized." And the Borgia whispered back: "Do you suppose any of the coal tar products would touch him? Say, a shovelful of phenacetine?" Sire, I blushed green at such remarks. If this sort of thing continues the hospitality of Hell will be loudly questioned, and people will not be so ready as now to consign their associates to us.

Satan—Tush! Tush! Don't be too hard, sirrah, on the boys. Consider the provocation. Go back and tell them how full and prosperous we are, and quote them that little saying: "Prosperity makes strange bed-fellows." We've a thin memory for quotations. If that isn't right, change it. We don't care what it is so long as it's a quotation.

Assistant—Yes, your Majesty. And the white-winged coal baron?

Satan—How about the frozen lake?

Assistant—Your Worship could not see the ice for heads.

Satan—So good as that! Hum! He froze the widow and the orphan, and sought to subsidize the Record-

ing Angel through pious professions. Ah! What say you to the Sisyphus boulder?

Assistant—It is already bespoken, Sire. A Mr. Morgan, from the United Trusts of America, is rolling it all over your Excellency's kingdom. He thinks it is a snowball, and that the whole world will stick to it. It's the most harmless of all his delusions, so I humor it.

Satan—Blow him about a bit with Francesca di—

Assistant—Sire! Don't say it! You forget! Most of his earthly transactions were that kind of water which on earth is called wind. He would think himself alive and in Wall Street.

Satan—Condemn him then to keep a fire with soft coal—

Assistant—Sire! Sire! Mercy! Have mercy! Remember this is only Hell!

Satan—Peace! I have spoken!

MELVIN L. SEVERY.

AN ANTIMONOPOLYMONOPOLIST.

For The Public.

Do you want to know precisely how the men of millions get
A share of almost every product of our toil
and sweat?

Would you like to trace the courses and
the channels all unseen
Which fill their coffers fuller while our
purses grow more lean?

If you want to know Monopoly, its secrets
great and small,
Inquire of Tom Johnson, for he understands
them all.

He's an expert on Protection and its work-
ings, every one;

How it coolly scoops the credit of the very
rain and sun,

And shields the wholesale "robbery which
takes all that is left,"

By charging up to freedom the evils due to
theft.

Tom understands these juggleries of greedy
power and pelf,

And what's behind the curtain, for he's
been in there himself.

The ways that franchise holders have to
levy monstrous toll

Wherever go their pipes and wires, wher-
ever car-wheels roll;

How groundless their assumptions are,
their boasts and threats how vain,

If the people only knew their rights and
knowing dared maintain;

All this Tom Johnson understands as plain
as two and two,

And how to make it clear to common men
like me and you.

The "kings" and "barons" who our coal
and iron claim to own,

Whom even revolution scarce can promise
to dethrone,

May be shelved without disturbance, in the
plainest humdrum way,

Through the simple taxing methods prac-
ticed from the earliest day.

Tom Johnson understands it, where he goes
it's always heard,

"Home Rule and Just Taxation," there's
the secret in a word.

The plous Mr. Baer and his designs benevo-
lent

Have of late been made the subject of un-
seemly merriment;

But they're of a piece with all the talk that
rich men may not use

Their riches in just such a way as they
may freely choose.

The "trusteeship of wealth" to Tom is rank
absurdity,

The plan of nature being: Every man his
own trustee.

"Tom Johnson's way" is not like that of
most good millionaires

Who feel they never rightly earned the
fortunes miscalled theirs;

Carnegie gives the people books to fill their
public shelves,

While Johnson shows them why those
books they cannot buy themselves.

With unearned wealth which robber laws
are giving him to spend

He works to bring those very laws forever
to an end.

JAY HAWKINS.

Little Bob—My Aunt Debby is a
mighty queer woman!

Little Willy—She looks all right.

Little Bob—She is all right; that's
what makes me say she's queer. Why,
if anything bad happens to you she
don't hope it will be a lesson to you.—
Puck.

Of Gladstone, Henry Labouchere
once remarked: "I do not object to
Mr. Gladstone's occasionally having
an ace up his sleeve. But I do wish
he would not always say that Provi-
dence put it there."—Argonaut.

BOOKS

OUR BENEVOLENT FEUDALISM.

The happy title of Mr. Ghent's book,
"Our Benevolent Feudalism" (Macmil-
lan), tells its own story, and is in itself
the gist of the author's clever contri-
bution to the social discussion. Ever
since his striking article in the Inde-
pendent, allusions to his phrase have
been frequent, showing that it met a
"long-felt want."

Readers of The Public will remem-
ber that the article was made the sub-
ject of an editorial, at the time of its
appearance (p. 68), and the book,
which is but a development of the
former argument, does not therefore
call for an extended review in these
columns.

We may say, however, that in our
opinion no book on social problems has
appeared recently which is more worth
reading. Many statistics are given
which could not be included in a brief
article, and there is fuller scope for
clever illustration and apt quotation.
The chapter on "Our Molders of Opin-
ion," with its quotations and com-
ments, is alone worth the price of the
book.

Mr. Ghent has two very pretty in-
struments in his style—a fine edge of

satire and an air of convincing con-
fidence. Speaking of single-taxers
and the "Neo-Jeffersonians," he says:
"Their general notions of the coming
society do not differ greatly from the
notions of the orthodox economists."
This off-hand statement is a mislead-
ing half-truth. It does not follow be-
cause two "general notions" are alike
in some particulars that they may not
differ greatly. Mr. Ghent's point of
similarity between the two—free com-
petition—reminds us of the old conun-
drum: "Why is an elephant like a
piano?" Except that the answer to
the conundrum is true, whereas the
orthodox economist's idea of free com-
petition is quite different from the
single taxer's idea, we might put
the conundrum for him this way:
Why is a single taxer like an ortho-
dox economist? Because neither is in
favor of state socialism.

We hope and believe that the book
will have a wide circulation. There is
nothing more important for the Amer-
ican people just now than an under-
standing of what the "benevolence"
of our modern magnates really means,
and this understanding no reader of
the book can miss.

J. H. DILLARD.

IN THE COURT OF HISTORY.

It is indeed rare that the public is
treated to such an able bit of histo-
rical writing as is to be found in this
pamphlet of 70 pp. (Wm. Tyrrell &
Co., Toronto), in which Mr. Goldwin
Smith makes an apology for Canadi-
ans who were opposed to the South
African war. Let no one think that
it is "ancient history," for the issues
involved in the discussion are eter-
nal; and the argument of the story
unwinds to its ruthless conclusion,
that there can still be committed un-
der the sun great deeds as vile as
ever darkened the pages of history.

If any one will read the closing
chapters of Mark Twain's "Following
the Equator," and then read this
pamphlet, he cannot avoid the conclu-
sion that the destruction of the Boer
republics was a deep-laid scheme,
that all the official and colonial and
war department parleyings were so
many idle words, and that the ques-
tion of suffrage was a hypocritical
subterfuge. "Was there," says Gold-
win Smith, "such a lack in the world
of refined plutocracy, with its social
inequalities and its liabilities to lux-
ury and corruption, that Canada must
needs lend a hand in the destruction
of these two little pastoral common-
wealths with their social equality,
their simplicity of life, and their fair
hope of development into healthy na-
tions?"

It is hardly necessary to add that
the author's well-known clearness
and strength of style have not been
better shown in any of his writings
than in this little pamphlet, in which
he is writing from the fullness of
mature convictions. There are, it is
true, scholars and critics who seem