

er districts of the great cities the state of affairs seems to be about the worst on earth.

The poorest boy in the land still has the happy knowledge that he may some day be President, but the recent great changes in industrial conditions make it practically impossible for those at the bottom to ever get up hereafter, except through miracles. Everywhere I find contentment and subdued murmurs of hatred for the ruling classes. The working people go about with happy, smiling faces and an eager longing to throw a few rocks just for luck. It is very interesting and instructive. Every man, however poor he may be, feels that he is a part of the body politic and fully realizes that the machinery of the government is run by a few bosses in the interests of those who have money to pay for such legislation as they want. The result is a united and homogeneous people rapidly drawing toward a bloody revolution.

Trusting that I have been fair to both sides, I beg to remain as ever your obedient servant.—Theophilus Fitzmaurice Garmoyle, Benson, Iowa.

WORDS OF CHEER FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

A letter written from East London, Cape Colony, South Africa, under date of August 26, by A. Kirkland Soga, editor of "Izwi Labantu," a Kaffir-Sesutho English weekly, published in East London.

The accompanying lines are my tribute of esteem for William Jennings Bryan, and also to those Single Tax men and women, white and black, everywhere, who are striving for the cause of human freedom, and the social emancipation of all.

Personally I am satisfied that as far as it is within the power of human effort to accomplish the amelioration of the social condition of the white people, and thus through them the Negroes and other colored races who are less advanced on the highway of progress, the solution politically lies along the lines of true democracy.

There is a true democracy, and there is also a false and spurious article which is masquerading under that title at the present time, much to the inconvenience of the Stalwarts, and the masking of the real issues, which are struggling against many adverse conditions to assert themselves. Like all great causes, true democracy has a long pull before it; but it also has a strong and most encouraging party espousing its principles, which, because of their transparent truthfulness, must overcome in the long run.

Your cause may not be hopeful for the next Presidential election, but what of that? It is not for Presidential elections that this battle is being fought, but for the election of Man to his proper place in the existing order of things. How soon, or how long, therefore, appears to me insignificant, the platform being what it is, and the men being willing and able to advance it at all times and seasons.

The American Negroes, in whom, being an Afro-Anglican, I am of course especially interested, are being led by a sentimental regard for old associations in the Republican party, to support what was once but is now no longer, able to fulfill their ideals. But that is a long story, and it does not alter my high regard for President Roosevelt who would, if he could, but unfortunately cannot, and never will be able to grant the Negroes as a race the full social and political amelioration they seek.

My opinions count for nothing, nor do I desire to force them on anybody, but I ask the opportunity of expressing them with the liberty involved in freedom of the press, by your good will. There will probably come a time in politics when the Negro will call a halt, and will reconsider the whole position. That time is not yet, but there are already Negroes of prophetic insight who look far ahead; men like Bishop Henry Turner, of Atlanta, who can see a little further through a brick wall than some of his countrymen are prepared to give him credit for; and he is not alone, either. Time, sir, time and patience—much against our will, perhaps—but yet again patience, and those sun-glints of which Macaulay speaks, which touch the tops of the highest mountains first, will break out in their full effulgence, overspreading hill and valley with the fullness of light.

HAIL TO THE STALWARTS.

Ho! for the Stalwarts who swear by the soil,
For the Gallants who labor, and struggle and toll;
True patriots, and freemen, who fear not the frown
Of tyrants, who seek but to trample them down.

The powers of Misrule shall yet quake at the tread
Of the hosts of the army of Liberty's cause;
And Anarchy struck by the panic of dread
In vain seek to shelter 'neath Tyranny's laws.

Ho! for the Stalwarts, the pride of the bold,
The hope of their country, the strength of their race,

Who scorn to be bought, sold, or tempted with Gold
And sternly resist the foul taint of disgrace.

Who scorn to cry—Hold! who disdain to surrender
To the haughty demands of proud kinglets uncrowned;

But whose shout of defiance shall peal forth like Thunder,
Or the blast of the Trumpet of Victory's sound.

Hail! to the Stalwarts who lead in the World
'Gainst the strongholds of avarice, drink and despair.

The curses of Sin from their thrones shall be hurled;
And man shall rejoice in his freedom from care.

Brutality's chains shall no longer enthrall!
From the wrists of the Bondsman, the shackles shall fall.

And Afric! whose Sorrows cry loudly to Heaven.

Shall "stretch out her hands"—and be Blessed and Forgiven.

Our wives and our children shall break forth in Song

In the fullness of joy at the End of the Days;

And mankind released from Oppression and Wrong

Shall "sound the loud timbre!" in peans of praise.

Ho! for the creatures of envy and greed;
Ha! for the Plutocrat's merciless rod!
From the curse of oppression the Helots are freed;

Jehovah shall Triumph! Hosanna to God!
A. KIRKLAND SOGA.

CUBAN RECIPROCITY.

President Roosevelt has determined to call Congress in extraordinary session November 9th for the express purpose of ratifying the Cuban reciprocity treaty. When the last Congress adjourned without ratifying this treaty, although the President had used all the great power of his office to force it through, he declared in one of his speeches that the treaty would be ratified, "as sure as fate." The fated day will soon be here, and the forces of the rival factions of the Republican party are buckling on their armor for the fight. The ground work of the squabble is sugar and the Sugar Trust. Whatever reduction the treaty finally contains on the tariff on raw sugar, is an increased profit to the Sugar Trust, except any slight advance the Cuban sugar grower may obtain over the price now paid by the trusts. The Trust wants to have Cuban sugar on the free list, but is willing to take any discount that it can get Congress to allow. The present duty on raw sugar amounts to \$36 per ton; and as the Cuban crop is about 900,000 tons, which would give the trust the enormous bonus of \$32,400,000 annually, if the Cuban treaty should only allow a dis-