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Always have an open mind, but don't keep it open at both ends.

Some irreverent punster, impressed with the efforts of the Outlook to sanctify imperialism, compares it with Outing, which he says makes religion of sport, while the Outlook makes sport of religion.

A peculiarly ignorant criticism of the American declaration of independence is the one now so often heard in plutocratic quarters, that it falsely asserts that all men are created equal. This is false—so the criticism runs—because men are not created equal in stature, nor in weight, nor in mental or physical ability, nor in health, and so on. The criticism would be beneath notice if it were not so common. But it is common, and the thoughtless are often fooled by it. In considering it, it should be observed at the very outset that the declaration of independence is not a treatise on physiology. Its declaration of equality cannot, therefore, be assumed to relate to physical proportions or strength. Neither is it a treatise on mental philosophy. Consequently the equality assertion cannot be assumed to refer to mental qualities. The document is altogether political; that is, it deals exclusively with rights. It is to be assumed, therefore, that in asserting the equality of men the declaration refers to equality of rights. In other words, that it means that men are created equal politically. Nor does this eminently sane construction rest wholly upon assumption. The assertion of human equality is made not only in a distinctly political document, but specifically in a paragraph, and even in a sentence, in which "rights" is both the dominant idea and the dominant word. What the declaration means is that men are created with equal rights with reference to each other. If this assertion is false, its falsity must be proved by something more worthy of the human reasoning faculty than trifling references to differences in height, strength, mental qualities, weight, and so on. It must be shown that some men have a title by birth to rule over their fellows. Otherwise the assertion of the declaration of independence holds good.

Some of the magazines are renewing discussions of the theory that according to the religion of Christ in its purity only the poor can be saved. Naturally enough, objections to this theory are abundant. We see too much individual evil among those whom we call the poor, and too much individual good among those we account rich, to like the idea of salvation for the one class and indiscriminate damnation for the other. But does it follow that Christ's condemnation of riches was without religious basis? Must we soften the rigor of his words into allegory, or repudiate them altogether? To us it seems not. There is an explanation which, without doing violenec to any really good impulse of the human soul, accords with Christ's merciless condemnation of riches. This explanation requires in the first place that we consider salvation and damnation not as judgments pronounced by some heavenly police court, but as the natural and necessary spiritual results of certain kinds of spiritual life. In the next place it requires a recognition, such as Henry George made in his posthumous book, of a scientific distinction between riches and poverty. Mr. George distinguished riches as the power a man may have to get more than he earns, which in its last analysis is a power to extort unrequited labor from others. In that view of riches it is not very difficult to believe that the rich cannot be saved. The man whose income is unearned, be it great or small, and who likes that kind of income so well as to demand the perpetuation of the social conditions that make it possible and to use his influence to that end, is a rich man in the Christian sense—in the sense in which riches are condemned. Such a man cannot love his fellow man. Insisting as he does upon social institutions that rob them, he must be regarded not as loving but as hating his brother. How, then, can he possibly enter into the so-called heavenly life, which, if it means anything, means above all things else a life of brotherly love? There is a profound rational truth in the idea that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

Chinese news does not yet afford a basis for fair judgment as to either the merits of the difficulties or the duty of foreign governments. That foreigners have been murdered, and that foreign representatives are among the victims, are reasonably well-assured facts; but it is by no means clear that the Chinese government has participated in any outrages, or encouraged them, or been indifferent to them. On the contrary, all the news from the Chinese side which reaches us, and some from the other side, indicate that it has tried to perform its foreign obligations faithfully. There is no evidence thus far of any assault upon foreigners by Chinese soldiers or officials, or of any concert of action between Chinese soldiers and the mob, except in defense

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of the country against military invaders.

That the foreign naval authorities in the Gulf of Pechili undertook to order the Chinese commander at Taku with reference to his military movements, threatening him with bombardment if he should fail to comply within a prescribed period, has been conceded by the foreign powers from the beginning, though it was at first explained that he opened fire upon the foreign ships before the ultimatum had expired; and now there appears to be no doubt that the foreign fleet not only issued this ultimatum but began the firing. To the honor of the United States, be it said, Admiral Kempff refused to be a party to that assault upon the Chinese. If, after this attack upon the Chinese government, the Chinese military resisted the advance of Admiral Seymour upon the capital of their country with a foreign military force, it cannot fairly be said that the government was guilty of a breach of any obligation to foreign powers.

What we of this country must consider with reference to the situation in China is that the government there cannot protect foreigners against anti-foreign mobs if foreign governments insist upon stirring up native prejudices against foreigners. Our government could not do it in this country. Imagine a great Know-nothing excitement here, which, like the Boxer uprising in China, was carried to the extent of mobbing foreigners. What chance would our government have of putting down these mobs if foreign governments undertook to help by bombarding our coast forts and sending troops through the country to our capital? Instead of contributing to quelling the Know-nothing mobs, wouldn't that turn every American into a Know-nothing to the death? And why should we expect the Chinese people to be more docile under similar circumstances? A little reflection upon this point will convince any fair-minded American that the requirements made of foreigners by the vice-roys in southern China, namely, that they shall avoid displays calculated to excite native prejudices, are wise. If the powers do not acquiesce, it will be apparent that what the powers are trying to do is not so much to suppress Boxer riots and protect foreigners in China as to make excuses to invade the empire and carve it up among themselves.

At the annual meeting of the Peace society in London last week the burden of the speeches was a denunciation of the American war in the Philippines and the British war in South Africa as "twin specimens of national hypocrisy." That is a true characterization. In each country the jingo, with a wave of his country's flag and a prayer to his nation's God, pretends that he is bent upon a career of civilization, when in truth his heart's desire is simply to make the God a universal boss and the flag a valuable commercial asset. Hypocrisy! Hypocrisy to the core! From lords and commons and chancel, from white house and senate and pulpit—the whole thing is hypocritical; except with men like Rhodes and Hanna, with whom it is barefaced devilry. Thus it is on either side of the Atlantic. "Twin specimens of national hypocrisy" accurately describes the tory-jingo governments of these two recreant nations.

In seconding McKinley's nomination, Roosevelt revealed a phase of his own character which has hitherto not been prominent. He said of the democrats of the nation that—

> they have raved, they have foamed at the mouth, in denunciation of trusts, and now in my own state their foremost party leaders, including the man before whom the others bow with bowed head and trembling knee, have been discovered in a trust which really is of infamous and perhaps criminal character—a trust in which these apostles of democracy, these prophets of the new dispensation, have sought to wring fortunes from the dire need of their poorer brethren.

It is not to the reckless language about raving and foaming at the mouth that we allude when we say that an unfamiliar phase of Roosevelt's character is here revealed. In that respect he is hardly up, or down, to his normal level. Neither do we allude to his uncandid insinuation that Tammany Hall is in sympathy with democratic principles, nor to his equally uncandid concealment of the fact that the New York ice trust was exposed and prosecuted not by republicans but by democrats. In these respects, also, he plays in familiar role. What we do allude to is the fact that in a public speech he should have thus mentioned a case which was at that moment pending before him in a judicial capacity. For at the time of his speech Roosevelt had under consideration, as governor of New York, the question of removing Mayor Van Wyck from office upon charges which required him to pass judicially upon the acts and one of the men that he thus stigmatized as infamous and perhaps criminal.

The New York ice trust, which Roosevelt has characterized as infamous and perhaps criminal, was not exclusively a democratic affair. Among other prominent republicans who were in it was Gov. Roosevelt's republican predecessor as governor of New York. That fact is, indeed, of no importance with reference to the guilt of the democrats; but it is of great importance in that it exposes the low partisanship of Roosevelt's speech. But even if there had been no republicans in this ice trust, Roosevelt could not blow away the trust issue by exclaiming at the fact that certain Tammany Hall leaders have been caught in a trust. It makes no difference who profits by trust management. That is not the question. The question is, who makes trust management possible? And the answer to that question is, the party of McKinley and Roosevelt. Their party has been delivered over, tied hand and foot, to the great combination of trusts. How childish, then, to meet the trust issue with the retort, "You're another!" It is comical to hear the vice presiden-

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tial candidate of the great Hanna-Rockefeller-Armour-Vanderbilt-Morgan combine virtuously denounce Mayor Van Wyck as a partner in an infamous and perhaps criminal trust. It could be done with so much composure only by a dupe or a demagogue.

The St. Louis strike, with the violence attending it, is a mere external manifestation of conditions which the classes that are most ready to resort to official violence have themselves brought on. It may be likened to skin eruptions caused by impure blood. The street car system had been consolidated, all but one line, upon pretense that this would enable the companies to render better service. What it did enable them to do was to water their stock enormously and encourage them to oppress their employes. The employes met the movement against them with the strike. It was quickly settled, so far as it affected the one line which had not been consolidated with the others; but the consolidated lines arrogantly fought the men in ways that are more exasperating and more dangerous to the public peace than labor riots, but which have an outward appearance of legality. Then came sporadic acts of violence on the part of the strikers and worse violence on the part of some of their friends. But the violence has not been at all what the press has represented it to be. The stories about stripping women, and the like, were grossly exaggerated; and the only disorder worthy the name of riot was brought on by a so-called posse comitatus. The governor had been urged to order out the militia. He very properly declined to do so. His motives for refusing are impugned, but it is not his motives that are in question. The important considerations are that the true use of the militia is not to exasperate and cause disorder and destruction, but peace when there is rioting that cannot be controlled by the civil power, and that no such condition has existed. The sheriff was less particular than the governor. Called upon to order out a posse, he organized instead, though under that name, an impromptu military force, composed of a class of men who live in an atmosphere of contempt for people who earn their living with their hands, who were hot with a passion for the man-hunt, who were armed with military weapons, and were organized and officered as a military force. This unlawful military force wantonly caused the only real riot of the strike; and in that it did all the shooting. While strikers should be held accountable for the breaches of the peace of which some of them are unquestionably guilty, it is by no means an indication of a law-abiding state of mind to denounce their unpremeditated outbreaks while ignoring the deliberate though secret lawlessness of the monopolists whose grasping schemes were the real cause of all the trouble.

Before the industrial commission at Washington not long ago, Secretary Thompson, of a southern industrial organization, which carries on industry by proxy, made an onslaught upon labor unions for interfering with the right of nonunion men to work. Mr. Thompson proposed as one remedy that a law should be enacted which would—

> make it justifiable homicide for any killing that occurred in defense of any lawful occupation, the theory of our government being that anyone has a right to earn an honest living in this country, and any endeavor to deprive one of that right should be placed in the same legal status with deprivation of life and property.

We doubt if Mr. Thompson would stand by his proposal to its logical end. Here, for instance, is a coal miner out of work, not because trade unions stand in his way, but because the owners of coal mines refuse to employ him. Here also is a coal field that no one is working. It is held out of the market, as many acres of coal field are, in order to lessen the supply of coal. Now coal mining is a lawful occupation, and this miner goes to work taking coal out of that field and selling it. But the owner of the land endeavors to deprive him of his right to earn an honest living in that way; and, acting upon Mr. Thompson's suggestion, the coal miner thereupon kills the obstructive land owner. In harmony with the principle propounded by Mr. Thompson, this deadly act should be accounted justifiable homicide, because committed by the miner in defense of his right to earn an honest living. And as with that landlord, so with all landlords who shut men out from the only opportunity for earning a living that nature ever thought it necessary to provide; to kill them should be justifiable homicide!

We understand, of course, that Mr. Thompson would immediately retort that trespassing upon another's land is not an honest way of getting a living. But how does unused land come to be the land of anybody in particular? Why has the man who doesn't use it himself and forbids its use by others a better right to it than the man who tries to use it? Nature gives no such right. The only basis of the right is municipal law—mere human enactment. Would Mr. Thompson rest his case for landlords upon nothing more substantial than that? Would it be murder, in his estimation, to shoot a landlord for preventing your earning a living by working unused land to which he had only a legal title, and justifiable homicide to shoot a labor union "picket" for preventing your taking a job? Would the mere legal title make all that moral difference? If it would, then it would be murder to shoot the "picket" if he had a legal right to keep others away from a job he had struck himself. All the "pickets" need do, then, to avoid the penalty Mr. Thompson prescribes, would be to use their political influence to secure an act of the legislature giving them the same right to monopolize jobs that legislatures heretofore have given to landlords to monopolize land. The essence of it all is that while Mr. Thompson's moral

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principle of the right of everyone to earn an honest living is sound, it is a principle that applies with no more moral force to a labor "picket" than to a land monopolist. Both interfere with the right of others to earn a living. But the land monopolist is by far the greater offender. For every man that labor "pickets" deprive of a job, land monopolists deprive millions of jobs.

An example of one of the characteristics of imperialism, censorship of the press, when it is in smooth working order and not too drastic, is afforded by Russia, that model empire, which, with fire and sword, would carry its standards of civilization and Christianity to the inferior peoples, just as we are urged to carry ours. The example we refer to is the press instructions issued by the Russian minister of the interior to guide newspapers of Russia with reference to the Chinese situation. They are given by the American Associated Press in these words:

1. No reference to the movement of Russian troops or warships.
2. Papers must bear in mind that the czar is actuated only by a desire to maintain peace and good-will among the nations.
3. No gossip about differences among the powers that would be displeasing to the government.
4. No criticism of Russian diplomacy or of military or naval strategy.
5. Editorial writers should recollect that Russia is predestined to predominate in Asia.
6. Comparisons may be made between Russian and foreign troops and seamen when unfavorable to foreigners.

In reading these instructions an American must experience a crawly feeling. Yet to such press censorizing the imperialists are bringing this country. Don't smile incredulously. The American censorship of the press in the Philppines for the past year has not been one whit less autocratic and mendacious. Nor has it been confined to military secrets. Our press censorship in the Philippines has been distinctly political. What is worse, administration republicans assert the right to make it so in perpetuity; for, while they insist that the Philippine islands must be American territory, they declare that the liberty safeguards of the constitution do not protect the people there. Freedom of speech and of the press, then, should Mr. McKinley's colonial policy be sustained, is to be a mere matter of the grace of the sovereign power. It is even so in Russia.

When Mr. McKinley stated that he did not believe in "imperialism" it is evident to all that he was standing upon a definition. At the time he made the statement no dictionary, with the exception of Stormonth's, had added anything to the ancient and classical meaning of the term, though the citation from Pearson: "Roman imperialism had divided the world into master and slave," was not without instruction. But Stormonth, published in 1895, contained an addition, which is worth considering even from the McKinley point of view, as follows:

Imperialism, or Caesarism, as a party name, denotes the supposed government of a ministry, or the personal government of a minister of a constitutional country, hardly within the limits of the constitution; the supposed exercise of such a power as belongs to a despotic government.

The important connection made in this prophetic sentence between "imperialism" and "Caesarism" should not be lost sight of, nor the importance of the latter definition as implied in and logically proceeding from the former. But a still more authoritative signification is to be had from one of the recently issued parts of the Oxford dictionary, the only word-book in English which may be called international in the full sense of the term. The secondary meaning of "imperialism" is there defined to be—

the principle or spirit of empire; advocacy of what are held to be imperial interests. In recent British politics, the principle or policy (1) of seeking, or at least of not refusing, an extension of the British empire in directions where trading interests and investments require the protection of the flag; and (2) of so uniting the different parts of the empire having separate governments as to secure that for certain purposes, such as warlike defense, internal commerce, copyright, and postal commuication, they shall be practically a single state.

With this goes the further and more directly applicable American definition:

In the United States, "imperialism" is similarly applied to the new policy of extending the rule of the American people over foreign countries, and of acquiring and holding distant dependencies, in the way in which colonies and dependencies are held by European states.

That is what "imperialism" is generally supposed to mean; but then everybody was supposed to know just what "plain duty" was supposed to mean. What Mr. McKinley means is probably different, with phrases concerning "confidence in the American character," "belief in an overruling Providence," and "benevolent assimilation to the ideals of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln," to make it clear to the plain people.

In a recent issue of the Engineering and Mining Journal, a publication which cannot be fairly accused of having free trade sympathies, there appears an item that protectionists might reflect upon very much to their enlightenment. After reciting the fact that of the 661,669 tons of coal imported last year into Chili, only 3,200 tons were from the United States, this item observes that "we ought to furnish a very much larger proportion, but we will hardly do it unless we become buyers of ores and other products from that country." The item indicates that its writer's mind is only in the early stages of economic development. He evidently supposes that profitable commerce consists in exchanging goods with this, that and the other country, by direct trade between those countries respectively and our own; whereas it really consists in exchanging domestic goods for foreign goods, regardless of the particular country or countries to which the domestic goods may go or from which the foreign goods may come. It is immaterial, that is, whether the United States sends

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coal to Chili and gets back Chilian ores and other Chilian products by direct trade, or sends the coal to any other country and through the world's network of exchanges gets back the ores or other things from many other countries. The question is one merely of economy, and the respective buyers and sellers will take care of that for themselves.

The principle of international trading is the same as that of individual training. Individuals do not prosper most by the direct trades they make — as when the hatter swaps hats with the shoemaker for shoes, or with the tailor for clothes; but by their indirect trades—as when the hatter sells hats to all buyers, and with the money, check or other certificate of barter he gets for them, buys shoes or clothes or whatnot from whomsoever will serve him best in those respects. It is by that principle, also, that nations prosper most; or would, if tariff tinkers and other meddlers would leave their people alone to trade in freedom. But if the Engineering and Mining Journal writer has not advanced far enough to see this, he at any rate has got his eyes turned in this direction. In saying that if we would export to Chili we must import from Chili, he does see, however densely — like seeing men, may be, as trees walking—that importing is as vital to trade as exporting. And that is a long way in advance of the absurd notion, now embalmed in the republican platform, that excessive exporting is the only profitable commerce.

On the question of the value of customhouse statistics of trade balances in showing the prosperity of a country we beg to refer to a comparison of the American with the British statistics. The trade balance of England is what our astute statisticians call "unfavorable"—that is, it shows a continuous excess of imports. Yet the British do not appear to be troubled by it. The more it is so, the better they like it. For they understand that excessive imports mean excessive profits, and that excessive exports mean excessive loss. We append a comparison of the statistics for ten years, the American figures being taken from the official "Statistical Abstract" for 1899 and the British from the "Statesman's Year Book" for the same year:

	United States.		Great Britain.	
	Exports.	Imports.	Exports.	Imports.
1889.....	$730,282,609	$745,131,652	£248,895,185	£427,637,596
1890.....	945,293,328	789,310,409	263,530,535	420,691,957
1891.....	872,270,233	844,916,198	247,235,150	435,441,264
1892.....	1,016,722,011	827,402,462	227,216,389	422,793,862
1893.....	831,100,785	866,400,622	218,269,718	404,898,173
1894.....	869,204,937	654,994,622	216,005,637	408,344,810
1895.....	793,392,590	731,969,965	226,128,246	416,689,658
1896.....	863,200,487	779,724,474	240,145,551	441,808,904
1897.....	1,032,007,603	764,730,412	234,219,708	451,028,960
1898.....	1,210,251,913	616,049,294	233,390,792	470,694,198
	$9,062,707,046	$7,620,630,968	£2,355,066,861	£4,300,729,446
Reduced to dollars at $4.87 to the £1.....			$11,469,176,197	$20,944,552,402

Comparing these totals we find that during the ten years ending with 1898 the following were the balances of trade upon the customhouse returns, respectively, of the two countries:

U. S. exports.....	$9,062,707,046
U. S. imports.....	7,620,630,968
"Favorable" balance.....	$1,442,077,078
British imports.....	$20,944,552,402
British exports.....	11,469,176,197
"Unfavorable" balance.....	$9,475,376,205

Could greater violence be done to language than to call Great Britain's excessive income of $9,475,376,205 during the past ten years an "unfavorable" balance? Yet that is what it must be called if the excessive outgo of the United States of $1,442,077,078 during the same decade is to be accounted a "favorable" balance. For one is the antithesis of the other. Oh, ye protectionists who account men and nations the richer the more they give and the poorer the more they get—go to, go to!

It is to be read in the papers of the day that the economic saving already effected by the trusts in the United States equals $6,000,000 daily. In that form, the statement seems to imply that the people of the country are growing rich at a most rapid rate, since $6,000,000 saved usually means $6,000,000 earned. But in this case, unfortunately, that is exactly what the statement does not mean. The words "economic saving" signify that labor has been dispensed with. With natural opportunities for employment in other directions restricted, that kind of saving implies a heavy loss to the working people. Incidentally, too, it would mean that the producers of America have a home market of enormously less value. As the home market is averred to be worth more than any foreign market, and is certainly worth vastly more than any possible tropical market, it seems that present "economic saving" and eventual economic loss may come to much the same thing. Possibly this is one of the instances in which trade follows the flag—downward.

DOES TRADE FOLLOW THE FLAG?

"Does trade follow the flag" is a question opportune at a time when men under the pretext that our trade must be increased, advocate the adoption of a policy of colonization and imperialism by the United States. Leaving out the moral principles involved in imperialism, is it a factor in determining the volume of a nation's trade? In other words, will imperialism pay?

I make the proposition that while tariff and navigation laws affect the commerce of a nation to such an extent that they may almost totally destroy it, imperialism does not affect it at all.

Several countries of Europe and especially Great Britain have many large colonies and dependencies. If trade follows the flag these countries ought to prove it.

Great Britain has been engaged for centuries in developing India and her

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neighboring possessions in the Indian archipelago, countries whose population certainly amounts to 300,000,000. The annual trade of these countries with Great Britain amounted in 1897 to only $350,000,000, while the annual trade of Great Britain with the United States, having a population less than one-fourth that of India, amounted to over $700,000,000—some twice as much. Considering the whole trade of Great Britain we find that the annual value of the imports from the colonies to Great Britain was during 1896 and 1897 less than $450,000,000, and in the same years the annual value of the exports was $440,000,000, while the annual value of the exports from Great Britain to foreign countries during the same years was about $990,000,000, and of imports considerably over $1,500,000,000. A fair estimate of the population of the world would be 1,400,000,000, and of the British empire 400,000,000, and using this estimate we find that the annual value of the trade—imports and exports—between Great Britain and her colonies is $2.22 per capita for the persons engaged in it, while the value of the trade between Great Britain and foreign countries is $2.49 per capita. When we consider that Great Britain expends many millions of pounds annually on her foreign possessions and many more millions on the army and navy with which she defends and keeps them in check, we can see in Great Britain's case at least that trade does not follow the flag and that imperialism does not pay.

France has been engaged for the past 50 years in forming an empire, the trade of which with the mother country is so small that the colonial expenditure alone amounts to more than its whole value.

Germany, too, has such a slight trade with her colonies that her colonial expenditure also exceeds the total value of the imports and exports involved in it.

Italy spends annually for the defense and development of her one colony, Eritrea, more than ten times as much as the whole value of the imports and exports of that colony—notwithstanding the fact that its trade is largely a matter of handling and transhipment.

It seems to me axiomatic that the best goods at the lowest prices will always be bought, no matter where they come from nor who sells them. If this be true, then trade does not follow the flag; it follows the line of least resistance like everything else in nature.

It is perhaps true that if we were, for example, to put a heavy tariff on the imports of the Philippines from the rest of the world, and allow our own goods to go in free, we should increase our commerce with the Philippines. But such a policy is now followed by Portugal alone of all the European countries; while if we levied such a discriminating tariff other countries with colonies would in all probability follow suit. This would counterbalance a hundredfold any possible increase of our trade with the Philippines.

Great Britain herself, involved more than any other country in imperialism, does not defend her course on the ground that it is necessary for her trade, but on the ground that it is her duty to carry her civilization to less civilized peoples. Great Britain's trade, then, is not due to her colonies. And since she has no special natural advantages over other nations for commerce, it must be due to some institutions or laws differing from those of other countries.

Now, Great Britain has largely abolished restrictions on trade, the two principal of which are tariffs and harassing navigation laws. Certainly no one can deny that tariffs and laws which deny ships not built in the country the protection of its laws, are restrictions on trade. As restrictions on trade they necessarily hinder the development of trade.

Great Britain formerly had high protective tariffs. Feeling that her trade was hindered by these tariffs, in 1846 she abolished the principal duties provided by them, retaining only a few, such as those on tobacco and spirits. Notwithstanding the dire predictions of British protectionists, Great Britain's trade grew enormously. The very reverse of this process has taken place in the United States. Up to the time of the civil war our tariffs were comparatively light and our carrying trade was only second to Great Britain's and was growing rapidly. Then came the civil war, which destroyed our commerce by destroying and rendering inactive our ships, which did not dare to put to sea when it was alive with confederate cruisers. The war over—under successive administrations — heavy tariffs were levied; and since then our merchant marine has been insignificant.

Great Britain once had a set of the most stringent navigation laws ever enforced; but these, to the great advantage of her trade, were repealed in 1852. In America by comparatively recent enactments it is rendered practically impossible for a ship not built in the United States to fly the American flag. These laws were passed in order to increase the ship building industry. What is the result? Competition with Europe having been taken away, the prices of ships were increased while their quality was lowered. This caused American merchants to give up their business, European merchants taking their places. The result has been to destroy those interests it was purposed to foster, and to assist the tariff laws to ruin our commerce.

If we would increase our trade, let us abolish restrictions on trade, instead of securing unprofitable colonies at an enormous expense.

EDWARD EAGLE BROWN.

Chicago.

NEWS

Rumors of a serious nature and of an alarmist hue have followed in quick succession from China during the past week, each succeeding one painting the situation in darker colors. These reports, which were carried from Peking to Tientsin and Shanghai by native runners, doubtless reflect the excited and panicky views of their bearers, and should not be accepted without reserve. Two of these reports, however, may be considered authentic—the usurpation of the supreme power by Prince Tuan, the leader of the Boxer element, the assassination of the German minister and the extreme peril of the ministers and foreign colony in Peking.

Prince Tuan, who is the father of the heir-apparent, has long been the leader of the anti-foreign element in China, and as the commander in chief

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of the imperial army connived at and fostered the "Boxer" movement. The latest advices would indicate that he assumed control of the government and undertook the issuing of imperial edicts shortly after the capture of the Taku forts by the European allies. These edicts, which have been sent out by runners to the various provinces, order the enrollment of Boxers and the complete expulsion and extermination of the "foreign devils." Whether this usurpation of the supreme power was connived at by the dowager empress and what the fate of the deposed emperor, Kwang Su, may be, cannot now be ascertained, but the fact remains that Tuan is in complete control of the situation in Peking and northern China.

The viceroys of the central and southern provinces, which extend from Hoang-ho or Yellow river on the north to the British and French frontiers on the extreme south, have, however, refused to recognize Tuan's usurpation and are actively preparing to resist his authority, at the same time endeavoring to maintain friendly relations with the foreign consuls in their provinces.

At the time of closing our account last week of the mysterious situation in China word had just come of the relief of Admiral Seymour, of the British navy, with his force of allied naval troops. This report was accompanied with information to the effect that Seymour had not succeeded in reaching Peking, the object of his expedition, but that he had rescued the foreign ministers and had them with him. It is now known, however, that Admiral Seymour did not succeed in rescuing the ministers, nor did he get to Peking, although he himself was relieved. In his own report to the British admiralty on the 27th he tells of engagements on the 13th and 14th, in both of which the Boxers were repulsed, and of the destruction of the railway on the 16th, which prevented his farther advance. On withdrawing to Yangtsun, on the Peiho river, he found it necessary to abandon the Peking expedition altogether and to follow the river down to Tientsin. During the return march he encountered opposition at nearly every village and did not succeed in reaching the vicinity of Tientsin until the 24th, where he captured the armory, with all its supplies, and then sent in to Tientsin for a relieving force, which arrived on the 26th. He burned the armory before quitting it. Admiral Seymour's losses during his expedition were 62 killed and 206 wounded, the British loss being heaviest—27 killed and 75 wounded. His force consisted of British, Russians, Germans, French, Italians, Austrians, Japanese and Americans. The American loss was four killed and 25 wounded.

Of the position of the foreign colony and ministers besieged in Peking nothing authentic can be added to the report received by the navy department from Admiral Kempff on the 2d. This report was brought to Tientsin by a native runner who left Peking on the 24th and is as follows:

"Runner from Pekin reports legations are besieged, provisions nearly exhausted, situation desperate. German minister going to tsung-li-yamen murdered by Chinese soldiers. American, Dutch and Italian legations burned. Twenty thousand Chinese soldiers inside, and 30,000 outside Peking."

This dispatch has been corroborated by a similar one from Shanghai a few days later, which says that all the foreigners have taken refuge in the British legation and are defending themselves against the repeated attacks of an infuriated mob of Chinese soldiery and Boxers. As the last runner left Peking ten days ago, at which time both provisions and ammunition were running low, and as the European allies have abandoned, for the present, any plan of relief, the horrible rumors, as to their fate, which fill the newspapers as we go to press, may well be true.

Fighting still continues at Tientsin, and with the Chinese investing forces receiving constant reenforcements the situation grows more serious daily. On the 4th came a report that once more the railroad between Tientisn and Taku had been cut and communication completely cut off, and accompanying this the report that Admiral Seymour had been wounded.

Reenforcements of the allies continue to arrive at Taku, the Russian and Japanese being represented with the largest quotas, although the other countries are making preparations to largely increase their forces. Germany, which is especially wrought up since the confirmation of the murder of Baron Von Ketteler, is preparing to take vigorous measures and is forming a volunteer corps for Chinese service, and four battleships have been ordered to Chinese waters.

This country, which on the 3d formally notified the foreign powers that

"the United States does not recognize a state of war to exist in China and that it has not sent troops to make war upon China, but to look out for Americans and their interests and to assist the legal government in establishing and maintaining order,"

has nevertheless ordered two more regiments in the Philippines to prepare for service in China, in addition to the one already sent.

Another appeal has come to the powers from Chinese viceroys in southern China (the first one is mentioned at page 185), asking them not to send troops to China, or at least not to the southern provinces, lest the native population there, which is now quiet, be stirred by fears of a foreign invasion. In answer, the American government has instructed American consuls in China to confer with the viceroys and obtain protection for American interests, agreeing not to send troops so long as the local authorities comply with the requirements of the consuls and keep the peace. It is understood that the other powers have given similar instructions. Accordingly the consuls at Shanghai of the various nations have entered into an agreement with the viceroys of Nankin and Hankow, in which the viceroys agree to protect the properties of the missionaries and foreign merchants in the valley of the Yangtse-Kiang and in the ports of Foochoo and Hankow, upon condition that sailors on board foreign warships shall not go ashore; that foreign warships shall not be sent to the Yangtse-Kiang without the consent of the viceroys, nor anchor near the Woosung forts or those in the valley under any pretext whatever, nor in the neighborhood of the Shanghai arsenal, and that missionaries and foreign travelers shall not go to places unprotected by Chinese troops. The agreement has not yet been signed by the consuls, who await specific authority from their respective governments.

To turn from affairs in China to the war in South Africa, it does not appear that Lord Roberts's enveloping movement in the Orange Free

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State, the beginning of which was described at page 185 last week, has yet been completed. Some fighting has occurred, and British casualties within one period of three days are said to have amounted to 100; but there is no other news of moment. The belief prevails in London, however, that Lord Reborts is really now about to end the war by a master stroke in which he will surround the Boer force in the Free State.

The chief interest of the week in England with reference to the South African war was excited by charges of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, tory member of parliament for Westminster, that the British hospital arrangements in South Africa have been a disgrace to the service. The matter was the subject of acrimonious debate in the house of commons on the 29th. It is probable that these harrowing disclosures of Burdett-Coutts will result in the appointment of a commission of inquiry, and that a scandal not unlike that which attended the Alger investigation at the close of the Spanish-American war will attach to the British war office. The parliamentary secretary, Mr. Wyndham, in replying to the hospital charges upon the floor, admitted that the sick and wounded had been neglected to a lamentable extent, but insisted that this was due to no stinting of supplies, but to the insuperable difficulties of distributing supplies. The extent of the neglect may be inferred from the statements of war correspondents and others that British soldiers are infinitely better nursed in the Boer hospitals than in their own.

The British war office on the 3d issued the following report of British casualties since the outbreak of hostilities:

Killed in action	21,657
Died of wounds	680
Missing and prisoners	2,689
Died of disease	4,337
Invalided home	19,277
Total	48,640

The Boer envoys, Messrs. Fischer, Wolmarans and Wessels, who have been in this country for several weeks advising the American people of the merits of the Boer cause, sailed for France on the 29th on board the steamship L'Aquitaine. They were accompanied by Montagu White, formerly the representative of the South African republic in London. Mr. White is to return the latter part of this month.

There is no news this week from the American war in the Philippines except a report from Gen. MacArthur on the 2d that Gen. Aquino had surrendered with a few followers at Tarlac on the 29th, and that fighting still continues in northern Luzon. The amnesty proclamation has had little effect apparently, as the insurgents still continue active.

American casualties in the Philippines since July 1, 1898, inclusive of all current official reports given out in detail at Washington to July 3, 1900, are as follows:

Deaths to May 16, 1900, (see page 91)	1,847
Killed reported since May 16, 1900,	22
Deaths from wounds, disease and accidents reported since May 16, 1900	100
Total deaths since July 1, 1898	1,969
Wounded	2,179
Total casualties since July, 1898	4,148
Total casualties reported last week	4,099
Total deaths reported last week	1,931

Russia has advanced much farther, not to say much more peaceably, in the work of Russianizing Finland than either the United States or Great Britain in their kindred work in the Philippines and South Africa respectively. The story of this subjugation may be followed in detail by reference to The Public, No. 48 page 9, No. 57 page 6, No. 61 page 10, No. 75 page 10, and No. 77 page 10. The latest step in the process was the issue on the 27th by the czar of a manifesto directing that after September next all reports of the Finland senate must be made in the Russian language; that after New Year's day, 1903, only the Russian language shall be spoken in the senate, and that two years later it must be used in all government offices and departments. The official language now, which this manifesto is to supplant with the Russian, is the Finnish, which, as we have heretofore explained, has a high order of literature of its own. Besides thus forcing an alien language upon the Finns, Russia is suppressing freedom of speech and of the press. A Swedish paper published in Helsingfors, Finland, has been peremptorily suppressed, and four others, one published in Finnish, have been warned. while the dismissal of the editor of another has been ordered. The effect of this drastic assertion of Russian sovereignty is indicated by data just published which show that in 1899 the emigration from Finland was nearly four times what it was in 1898.

In American politics the leading event of the week is the assembling of the democratic national convention at Kansas City, Mo. Up to the hour of this writing but little business had been done. The convention was called to order at 12 o'clock on the 4th by Gov. Charles M. Thomas, of Colorado, as temporary chairman, who made the opening address. After Gov. Thomas had finished speaking the declaration of independence was read amid great enthusiasm. A bust of William J. Bryan, the work of Richard George, the son of the late Henry George, was then presented to the convention by Tom L. Johnson, of Ohio, and once more the great convention hall shook with cheers. After the roll of the delegations had been called the convention adjourned until eight o'clock. At the evening session ex-Gov. Altgeld of Illinois made a forceful address and urged the convention to take no backward step on the money issue. James D. Richardson, of Tennessee, was then elected permanent chairman. His scathing arraignment of the republican administration was well received, but at the mention of Bryan's name a scene of wild enthusiasm, such as has never been equalled before at a political meeting, unless perhaps at the great convention in 1896, when Bryan himself captured the nomination by a wonderful speech. The convention then adjourned, but the committee on resolutions after an all night session decided, on the morning of the 5th, upon a specific declaration for 16 to 1, by a vote of 26 to 24, thus ending by this action the movement against the specific reaffirmation of the 1896 plank.

The principal state convention was that of the republican party of Michigan, which was in session and at a deadlock as we went to press last week. On the 28th, upon the nineteenth ballot, Aaron T. Bliss, of Saginaw, was nominated for governor. The Minnesota republican convention on the same day nominated Samuel R. Vansant for governor. Between the socialist labor party and the social democratic party, which have not yet come together on the presidential ticket, a complete fusion on state nominees

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has been effected in New York. The candidate for governor is Benjamin Hanford. The Alabama republicans have nominated John A. Steele for governor. This is the faction that was recognized as regular by the national convention. It is believed that the opposing faction will nominate an independent ticket.

One of the most thrilling disasters of modern times occurred at New York on the 1st, when a fire swept the North German Lloyd docks and shipping at Hoboken, N. J., opposite New York city. At least 250 lives are known to have been lost, the majority of the victims being of the crews and stevedores, together with cluded in the property destroyed are the three great ocean steamships the Saale, the Bremen and the Maine while all that remains of the immense docks are a few blackened piles. Only 80 bodies have been recovered to date, and these are charred beyond recognition.

NEWS NOTES.

—Cuban teachers to the number of 300 arrived in Boston on the 1st and have since been enrolled in the Harvard university summer course.

—Gov. Theodore Roosevelt attended the Rough Rider reunion in Oklahoma City on the 3d as the guest of honor. Two hundred survivors were present.

—Rear Admiral John W. Philip died at the Brooklyn navy yard on the 1st from heart disease. He was in command of the battleship Texas at the battle of Santiago.

—Dr. Jameson, of the famous "Jameson raiders," has been elected a member of the Cape Colony parliament from the Kimberley district, without opposition.

—Sepido, the young Belgian who made an attempt on the life of the prince of Wales last March, was placed on trial at Brussels on the 2d, with several of his youthful accomplices.

—Hawaii celebrated her admission to the United States as a territory, with inaugural ceremonies for the new territorial government on June 14, when Gov. Dole took the oath of office.

—Leon Hornstein, a prominent single tax advocate of this city, was nominated for congress on the 30th by the democrats of the First Illinois district. The nomination was made by acclamation.

—The battleship Oregon, which ran ashore off the island of Hookie, in the Gulf of Pe-Chi-li, China, on the 28th during a fog, was successfully floated off on the 3d, and will be towed to Nagasaki, Japan, for docking and repairs.

—The Lafayette equestrian statue, the funds for which were collected from American school children, was unveiled in Paris on the 4th. Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, made the presentation address. President Loubet and his cabinet were present.

—A statue of Washington was unveiled in Paris on the 3d, a gift of American women to France. Ambassador Porter made the presentation speech, and M. Delcasse, the minister of foreign affairs, the speech of acceptance. The statue was the work of Daniel French.

—An Indian uprising is threatened in the Rainy lake region of northern Minnesota. Troops, however, have been dispatched to the scene of the trouble by Gov. Lind, and Gen. Wade, of the department of the Northwest, has been ordered to investigate the causes leading to the trouble.

—During the sessions of the American Association for the Advancement of Social Science, held at Columbia university, June 29, Lawson Purdy read a paper on "Trusts," which was well received. As the solution of the natural monopoly problem Mr. Purdy advocated public ownership and operation.

—An extensive shut-down, involving a majority of the metal mills of the country, was put into effect on the 1st. The reasons generally assigned are a rearrangement of the wage scale, repairs, and a lack of orders. The men thrown out of employment aggregate nearly 100,000. Illinois is particularly affected by the shutdown.

—College rowing enthusiasts enjoyed two magnificent races during the past week. In the first race, at New London, Conn., on the 28th, Yale defeated Harvard after a hard struggle, while, on the 30th, at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, Pennsylvania defeated a field composed of Wisconsin, Cornell, Columbia and Georgetown, winning from Wisconsin by a short half-boat length.

—The Indiana supreme court on the 28th handed down a decision which forbids land owners to pump gas from the natural gas wells, and holds that, according to the rights of common domain, the land owner has only a right to so much of the gas as flows naturally to the surface. This decision particularly affects the pipe line companies which are engaged in pumping gas to Chicago, Indianapolis and other cities.

—A German nobleman, Count Von Zeppelin, has solved the problem of aerial navigation. In a trial of his airship, made at Lake Constance, Switzerland, Von Zeppelin and four companions made a successful trip of more than 35 miles. The ship obeyed its rudder perfectly and sailed both with and against the wind. The ship is a series of balloons joined to an aluminium framework, and is more than 400 feet long. The motive power is a benzine motor.

—The great St. Louis street railway strike was ended by an agreement between the striking employes and the railway companies on the 2d, after a duration of 56 days. Compromises were made by both sides. The new employes of the company will be retained, and on the other hand the traction companies pledge themselves not to discriminate against union men in the future. The old employes are to be taken back as fast as needed. The strike caused the death of several persons, a great deal of violence, and the loss of millions of dollars in trade to the city of St. Louis.

MISCELLANY

INDIA.

For The Public.

"Give alms to us, we starve!" they cry:
"Give alms!"
And oily Opulence to soothe its qualms,
And fond Compassion for her dear Lord's sake,
From ample stores their hasty off'rings take;
And soon on Eastern seas is swiftly borne,
Within the rescue-ship, the saving corn.

Then babes that mouth a mother's shrunken breast,
And babes that in no mother's arms are pressed,
Taste food again, and feel life's warm, sweet flush
Steal through their veins. And then their wailings hush;
And stars from Oriental night-watch peep
To wink the little starveling eyes to sleep.

Those famished babes may grow to famished men,
And often stretch imploring hands again,
When famine fills anew their life with woe,
And flaming skies—the only heav'n they know,
A hell of blazing suns—reel through their brain
In scorching drought and searing, blinding pain.

And this is charity's too slight reward;
To see the wretched and the weak restored
To some poor remnant of a lost estate—
To see joy glimmer, but to see grief wait
Like cavern darkness round a taper-light
That, passing, leaves behind it blacker night.

How better than all alms would justice be!
To feed no man, but set the unfed free;
To point to each man's hands and then to earth,

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And say: Within the soil there is no dearth.
For if no blighting rent-curse comes between,
Then years of fatness feed the years of lean.

Give back their land! It is their birthright still!
It is the land they love, the land they till!
And then when monsoons blow, and fields of grain
Wave in the harvest breeze, theirs be the gain,
The bountiful supply for every need,
That God has promised as the toilers' need.

Is all the gold that lies in coffered rooms
A fair exchange for lives that famine dooms?
Go, weigh the treasures of the world's rich mart
And say if they be worth one anguished heart.
The love you wage yields love's eternal joys,
But earth reclaims in haste your tarnished toys.

E. J. SALISBURY.

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

The war extended the nominal area of freedom far enough to include the black man, but it did not make him free; nor will he or his white brother ever be free until they are permitted under the laws of this country to accumulate in their own pockets the wealth which they produce by labor. The battle for the freedom of labor is yet to be fought in this country. Because the corporate power, the money power in this country, gained by that war all that the slave power lost and tenfold more, and the real battle for the freedom of labor will have to be fought against the corporate slave-driver and the money power.—Wendell Phillips.

MOTIVES OF THE BOXERS.

The present war in China is not anti-missionary, but anti-foreign. The Chinese do not hate the missionaries as such, but hate them as foreigners. Nor do they hate the foreigners as foreigners, but as land grabbers. Russia, Germany, France and England are responsible for the outbreak. If those nationalities, looking on the domain of the United States in the hour of our weakness, should say, one after the other: 'Boston is a good looking city. I'll take Boston, if you please;" "Charleston has a fair harbor. I'll appropriate Charleston, if you have no objection;" "the Mississippi valley is quite productive, I'll accept that as my 'sphere of influence.'" If these nationalities should thus speak it would not be long before there would be some "Boxers" in America, and the scenes of the stamp act and other atrocities of freedom witnessed in 1775 would be reenacted.—Louis A. Gould, of Shelbyville, Ind., formerly missionary in China, in Chicago Record.

HANNA'S FRANKENSTEIN.

Four years ago the republican convention was described as the last great convention of the party, by that clear-eyed man who has been called "the prophet of San Francisco." The prophecy was true. The meeting in Philadelphia the other day was the meeting of a board of directors.

Where was the fiery zeal of the men who nominated Fremont? Where was the moral earnestness of the men who put forward Lincoln? One does not find these things in a board of directors. Even the pinchbeck patriotism of Blaine's time, the brassy jewelry of jingoism, was lacking.

There was only one theme for consideration—dividends. There was only one subject for applause—dividends. There was only one notion of progress—more dividends.

The board of directors unanimously renominated McKinley for president and unanimously chose Roosevelt for vice president with as much showing of enthusiasm as may be looked for in the board of directors of a prosperous concern.

The body remains but the life has gone out of it. Lofty purpose, kindling aspiration, fierce desire of freedom, all that made the soul of the republican party, is gone. There is left only the board of directors.

The party doesn't know it, but it is dead, intellectually dead, morally dead, spiritually dead. Of its faculties there is nothing surviving but the appetite for dividends.—Goodhue Co. News, of Red Wing, Minn.

MILITARISM IN MANILA.

If there is any city wherein the civilian is made aware of his two-by-fourness that city is Manila. The soldier is all of it. The lowliest sentry holding down a street corner at night rejoices in an authority which is absolute. He is the master of all who come his way. The plain, undecorated trader and the humble tourist must take orders without parleying or go slap-bang into the guardhouse.

The martial law was: "Everybody under cover at 10:30." Anyone found in the street after that hour had to beg off or be locked up.

In the daytime the shoulder straps held dominion. If you were a civilian every second lieutenant looked down at you. In the hotel lobbies, at the restaurants and on the street corners—white duck, gold braid and khaki. The man who couldn't talk army and navy "shop" regarded himself as an interloper and had to admit his pitiable ignorance. When he met the military men he was made to recognize the fact that they were talking down to him.

Suggestion—If you have an opinionated friend who believes that he is a person of some importance and is entitled to respectful consideration; if he is accustomed to treat his fellow men with easy and patronizing familiarity, send him to Manila. In Manila he will be a civilian, nothing more. A civilian may be an American, an Englishman, a Chinaman, a Tagalo or a Spaniard, but he cannot escape the withering fact that he is a civilian.

He has been a civilian all his life without knowing the unworthiness of it. In Manila the second lieutenants, the ensigns and the volunteer captains will bring him to a realization of his utter cheapness. They will prove to him that he is of the same relative importance as the hackman at the wedding or the charity boy at the barn raising. He is present and that's all you can say for him.

If you have a friend who thinks supremely well of himself, by all means send him to Manila and let him learn the ways of humbleness.

I would rather be almost any old thing in Chicago than be a civilian in Manila.—George Ade, in Chicago Record.

THE SHADOW OF A CRIME.

Precisely how clear a title we have to call ourselves civilized is just now being searched by the abstract office, upon whose report the supreme bench of posterity will pass. Vandals whose god is their belly are moving to cut down the Calaveras grove of Big Trees. If we permit them, we are as base as they. Savages, of course, are never such brutes. They take what food they need to keep warm, and no more. It takes the camp followers of civilization—the men who have grown up within reach of schools, churches and art—even to conceive of such a barbarity as turning this grove of the noblest trees in the world into boards, to be peddled at $17.50 per M.

Now the Big Trees may be "on some one's land;" but they belong to California. They belong to every man in the United States who has risen above the mind and conscience of a razor-back porker. And if the men who "own" them are of the stuff to sell them for slaughter, we ought to be of

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the stuff to stop it. There is some proper way to avert this crime. Government is simply a machine to work the will of the people—and there is enough machine to do the work. Mostly it is engaged in labor which could be deferred. It is time for Gov. Gage to wake up, for our legislators to wake up, for the people to wake up. The petty intrigues will keep till day after to-morrow, but if the Calaveras sequoias are cut down it will take 7,000 years to replace them—and for 7,000 years the California which let them be cut down would be a byword. If it is found the state hasn't legal strings to trip up these barbarians, then the state must go to the national government for redress—and with the impetus to get it. Senator Perkins and Senator Bard and our congressmen are good and useful representatives; but in all their lives they will never have a chance to do work so enduring unto the ages as if they preserve these trees. —The Land of Sunshine for March.

INORDINATE AND SPECULATIVE WEALTH HAS CONTROL OF THE NEWSPAPERS OF THIS COUNTRY.

There is no longer room for Horace Greeleys and Thurlow Weeds. The editor with a mission or principle is almost a thing of the past. The millionaire comes into possession of large newspaper estates as mere playthings or as a means of satiating his vanity, even as he formerly maintained racing stables and fast horses and blooded stock, and palatial yachts and pleasure outfits. The up to date man of millions nowadays is not noted for owning a winner at the sweepstakes or a fast yacht; he is noted as the owner of a metropolitan newspaper—and perhaps two. He hires men to run them as pleases his fancy, as he used to hire drivers to track his fastest trotters. He knew little or nothing about horses, but he could employ men who did. He knows little or nothing about the newspaper business, but he can hire men who do. He has no great principle of government or human rights to advocate, but he knows some political party in which he may shine as the owner of a great newspaper. The real editor has disappeared; the millionaire proprietor and publisher has come to the front. Newspapers are beginning to be operated like railroads, and have become, in many instances, more soulless than corporations. A dictatorship of prejudice, party bias and personal vindictiveness has succeeded a conscientious sincerity in great questions of statecraft and the unselfish devotion to eternal principles of justice and human rights. The Hearsts and the Pulitzers and the Bennetts have crowded out the Greeleys and the Prentices and the Raymonds, and have seized the reins of American journalism for the baser use of selfish and personal and egotistical ends. Higher journalism has been killed and its ashes used to fertilize a field of richer vanities, which has brought a rein of prostitution to the editorial sanctum.—Oshkosh Northwestern of June 9.

MR. TRUSTLEY BACK FROM THE CONVENTION.

For The Public.

"Did you have a nice time at the republican convention, papa?" said little Eddie, as his father, decked with badges and tiny flags, burst into the house.

"Nice, my son? I had a magnificent time; and I had a glorious opportunity for witnessing a manifestation of the proof that patriotism still exists abundantly in this land of liberty, Porto Rico and Luzon."

"But, papa, did you get any records for our kinetoscope and phonograph machine?"

"I got some productions that are exceedingly valuable; and, though I am very much fatigued by my long journey, I know, Edward, that you are anxious to see the reproductions of the soul-uplifting scenes that it was my fortune to gaze upon in the original, and to hear the records of the speeches that made my heart throb with pride and joy; and because of your interest, I feel that it is my duty to give the exhibition without delay, and I shall, therefore, be pleased to begin just as soon as the dark room is put in readiness."

"The room is ready now, papa. I have had it darkened all the time, and you can begin right away."

"That is encouraging, Eddy. I am extremely gratified to have you so enthusiastic over the events that mean political salvation for our nation, and it gives me parental happiness to be assured by the interest which your preparations indicate, that the historical instructions I have given you were not thrown away. I shall begin with a view of the meeting as it appeared just after it was called to order. Look at the noble specimens of manhood, my son. The world has never seen a gathering of more mighty men. Look intently at them; let the features of each delegate be burned into your memory, so if it should ever be your privilege to meet one of those patriots you will recognize him as an unconquerable foe of disaster and Bryanism!"

"Say, papa, who is that fat man?"

"That fat man? Don't speak so disrespectfully. That somewhat fleshy gentleman, Edward, is the Hon. Mark A. Hanna, the trustworthy leader of us all. He, my son, has done more for the great republican party, and, logically, more for the American commonwealth, than any other man that has ever lived. In 1896, when the people of this country were being ruined by the actuality of democratic free trade and the possibility of democratic free silver, Mr. Hanna came to the rescue of the unfortunate, and by a superhuman effort he raised such a stupendous sum to carry on the campaign that the hosts of virtue were victorious and were enabled to install in the white house the beloved, the Lincoln-like McKinley!"

"Will Mr. Hanna have to raise much money this year, papa?"

"I fear that he will, Edward. There are, even now, strange though it is, some people who do not know they are prosperous unless they are enlightened by the eloquence of our orators. And our orators are extremely expensive."

"But will the orators use all the money that Mr. Hanna will raise?"

"Not quite all of it. A portion of the amount will be needed to tangibly persuade the citizens who are unmoved by the most fervid presentation of facts, figures and even fiction, and who comprehend the straight path only when they hear the crackle and the clink of honest money. But, here you may listen to the Hon. Edward Wolcott, and I want you to give full ear to the gems of thought that he will give expression to. He is one of the brave men that acknowledges himself to have been wrong on the financial question. Listen! Do you hear what he is saying about imperialism? You will realize now how wicked it would be for us to forsake the savage Filipinos, leaving them free to kill one another. What a blow to civilization and benevolent assimilation would our retreat from those poor people be! How they would flock to the shores as we departed, and entreat us to return and rule over them! But, Edward, let us be thankful that such a betrayal of our destiny-given trust as our abandonment of those degraded natives would be, shall never come to pass. In November the people of this exalted nation will say with their ballots to our

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transcendent president: 'William, go forth! Let the new Christianity have full swing; we stand ready to pay for the guns and the shovels!'"

"Another man is speaking now, papa."

"Yes, Eddie; that is Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge. He is telling us that prosperity is a state of happiness possible only under a republican administration. And he is most emphatically right in his assertion. The misguided adherents of Bryan cannot point to a democratic era when a Carnegie, not working full time, was able to earn $40,000,000 in one year by hammering armor plates. They know that during no democratic administration was John Rockefeller able to spare even one-third as much of his deep drawn wealth for the endowment of truth-teaching universities as he spares now. They know— But we must hurry. Here is Roosevelt! What cheering! He will be our next vice president, Eddie."

"But, papa, how are you so sure?"

"So sure? The exhibition will go no further! Turn on the light and help me put away the machine. I am ashamed to have you ask such a foolish question after my strenuous endeavors to make you conversant with the political situation of the present! Don't you understand that Mr. Roosevelt is to be on the same ticket with Mr. McKinley? Come! Up with the light!"

G. T. EVANS.

"A REPUBLIC MEANS A GOVERNMENT OF THE WHOLE PEOPLE."

An extract from an address on "Democracy's Insidious Foes," delivered by William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, before the meeting of Progressive Friends, Longwood, Pa., June 15.

Doubters of democracy affect to believe that the wide extension of the suffrage is the chief cause of our partial failure. Those who accept and trust the principle of self-government are equally convinced that its unjust limitation lies at the bottom of the trouble. . . .

This issue needs to be faced at the outset. A republic means a government of the whole people, not of a part. It includes all within its borders, regardless of race or sex, subject to its laws. Otherwise it has no right to the name. To make laws and deny the governed a voice is simply despotism.

The most dangerous foe of democracy is he who, in its holy name, seeks to make it an oligarchy. Profession of belief in repudiated truths has cultivated that insincerity of speech everywhere apparent. Never did deed seem more divorced from creed than now. Never did more men speak with double tongue.

Ex-Gov. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, noble and venerable citizen, recently expressed his conviction of the right of the poor and ignorant to the ballot. It is a magnificent thesis to defend. Indeed, it is the weak who must need the franchise; the strong, the educated, the rich, having other and potent means of self-defense. Not to guard the weakest with the ballot is to intensify ignorance, increase poverty and make the state less safe.

Wendell Phillips proclaimed the true theory of democracy in his Harvard address, "The Scholar in a Republic." It is this:

> Trust the people—the wise and the ignorant, the good and the bad—with the gravest questions, and in the end you educate the race; while you secure, not perfect institutions, not necessarily good ones, but the best institutions possible while human nature is the basis and the only material to build with. Men are educated and the state uplifted by allowing all—everyone—to broach all their mistakes and errors. The community that will not protect its humblest, most ignorant and most hated member in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how false or hateful, is only a gang of slaves!

In this there is no uncertain note, no "waiting until people are prepared to vote," no absurd test of education or unjust one of property. Why? Because self-government antedates book learning. It teaches more through failures than all the examples of other countries and all past times have ever taught human beings. That clear-sighted observer, Prof. Flinders Petrie, whose discoveries in ancient Egypt have not closed his eyes to modern development and the tendencies of so-called "civilization," well says:

> Our bigoted belief in reading and writing is not in the least justified when we look at the mass of mankind. The exquisite art and noble architecture at Mykenae, the undying song of Homer, the extensive trade of the bronze age, all belonged to people who never read or wrote. The great essentials of a valuable character—moderation, justice, sympathy, politeness and consideration, quick observation, shrewdness, ability to plan and prearrange, a keen sense of the uses and proprieties of things—such qualities are what should be evolved by any education worth the name.

In central New York, at the town of Freeville, is an institution worth studying. It is called the George Junior republic. To it are sent the hoodlum and uncontrollable children of "the devil's kindergarten," as the streets and slums of the great metropolis have been called. Once arrived, each member becomes the citizen of a miniature republic, responsible for the government under which he lives. No exactions of intelligence or possession embarrass the problem. All are equal before the law, and the law is made by the consensus of all. Privilege has no existence.

Fortunately the chief enemies of democracy who are always suggesting barriers to its civilization, seem never to have entered Freeville and meddled with this wise conception. No one whispers that before allowing the boys and girls to vote they shall be able to read the constitution or write a legible hand. The primary and all-important education, that of the individual trust and responsibility, precedes the primer and penmanship. Behold, you who are afraid that with universal suffrage, the ignorant and criminal from the slums will destroy government, here are ill-born children of these dreaded classes, selected to demonstrate the saving and uplifting influences of practical democracy! And the brave experiment has vindicated itself.

This most important feature of the George Junior republic is the least emphasized, and its value as a remedial method for city evils is made most prominent. But as an object lesson, proving that political responsibility develops character and high citizenship, it far outweighs the possible relief it can afford to the poor and overcrowded city quarters. Embody this principle, which is so faithfully and patiently worked out at Freeville, in education generally, and we shall have a republic in which that insidious foe to democratic institutions, distrust of the people, shall have no place. From the dreaded microbe of society, this audacious man of faith, William R. George, is producing germs for its salvation.

Universities and scholarships have so far failed in this fundamental education that the vital reforms of every generation are born and draw their sustenance outside of the realms of academies. Within is taught the lore of the ancients and respect for precedent and statute, in frequent forgetfulness of the ethics which underlie them. Indeed, one of the most powerful opposing forces that advocates of unpopular causes must meet is the college. Nowhere can be found greater distrust of true democracy or more reluctance to face new problems in the light of abstract truth. For learning has its aristocracy not less than wealth, and familiarity with the classics and history not unnaturally breeds contempt for opinions based on simple

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reasoning. Yet, as Wordsworth testified:

A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy day
Then all the pride or intellect of thought.

No single class is to be trusted. If the scholar would draw the line of citizenship at education, the man of wealth would make property his standard. The worshipers of brute force would let strength be the test; the enfranchised masculine thinks sex excuse enough for keeping women from the polls; the blatant patriot is sure that race must determine the matter. Everywhere the point of view is selfish. Even let a long-suffering class at last achieve the franchise and it loses interest in those still outside the pale. Whoever watches the tendency of the woman suffrage movement, rapidly nearing its goal, notes its readiness to compromise on the color or race question as southern women swell its ranks.

What follows from this dry rot of atheism in a democratic form of government? Directly the limitations and political indifference of voters and the concentration of power in fewer hands; in other words the growth of aristocracy and oligarchy—antithesis of democracy. In place of a people's government we have a government-trust in the hands of a few people.

PROF. HERRON IN PALESTINE.

Extracts from a private letter, dated "In Camp in Southern Judea, May 7th to 18th, 1900."

We left Hebron early morning, Monday, the 7th, and journeyed through the mountains all day, straight toward the plains of the ancient Philistines, camping in the mountains at night. And here I must tell you something of the camp. It takes about 30 horses and mules and 12 to 16 men, to take us through Palestine. We form quite a caravan, though the camp usually goes by short routes ahead of us, so as to be set up and ready when we arrive at night. A lunch tent goes with us. At noon we lunch in it, and rest awhile in the heat of the day. Our tents are large and beautiful, brilliantly covered with Arabic work and figures on the inside, and they make quite a village when all are pitched at night, with the horses and men included. Our horses are beautiful Arab animals, raised by the Bedouins, and are quite gayly trimmed with ornaments. The horse I was first started with was gentle and pretty and somewhat old-maidish. He stumbled some. The dragoman had assigned Prof. Maine and me "safe" horses. But I did not feel at home on his back with his fussy ways. On the second day they let me ride a powerful and spirited horse, while the first was being reshod. I liked him at once and he knew it. So I insisted on keeping him. He is the strongest horse in the camp, sure of foot as a mountain goat, and we have gotten along famously together.

The second day we went on our way through the mountains, reaching the plain of Philistia by night. We passed through the battle field which was so often used in wars between Egypt and the Asiatic empires, and which you can read about in Isaiah xxxvii. We passed, on our way, many beautiful and far-stretching views, and visited the site of the ancient cities of Lachish, Um-Lachish, and Eglon. We were also delightfully received by a Bedouin encampment.

These Arabs are always full of grace and dignity and princely hospitality, no matter how poor or dirty they are, or how ragged their tents. They live in their tents, and with their flocks of camels and goats, just as Abraham did, and his ancestors. The richest of them are well pictured in Job. They are the real lords of the land still—the natural aristocracy—a strange people, fierce yet gentle, contemplative and yet ready to fight and steal. Here in Palestine one can see life just as it was five or six thousand years ago. There has been no change. Nowhere else in the world could we thus see life, not even in China, I imagine, at least not the same elemental life as we see here.

That night we camped in a most beautiful spot on the plain, at a Philistine or Canaanite village called Bruer. In the prolonged evening light we could see for many miles. The village inhabitants all came out to see our camp, in great wonder. The sheik came, and his friends, and sat around in a circle, on the ground, and solemnly sipped coffee and gave our camp welcome. The village was built of mud, but with rude attempts at art that were pathetic and even beautiful. When we reached there in the evening, our first sight was the village well, 300 feet deep, and the water for the village being drawn by a yoke of oxen hitched to a rope as long as the well was deep. In the stone frame about the well were beautiful pieces of marble, taken from ancient ruins. For this whole plain was once populous and filled with great and splendid cities—lost sight of even by history after the centuries of strife and desolation coming from them.

In the evening a band of gypsies came and sang and danced for us and asked for "backsheesh." The day lasted far into the night, but we slept long and well. The next morning we went to the ancient city of Gaza, our southernmost point, and a beautiful city to see, lying on a green hill—palms and fig trees and vines—a little above the Mediterranean. It was strange to be in a city of 35,000 people, and a city thousands of years old, yet as much out of the world's life and thought as if it had been on the moon. We could not even mail a letter there, with any hope of its reaching its destination. And yet thte city is six hours away, by sea, from the great international sea-highway between all Europe and India. But no ships stop there. Nuremburg would seem as fresh as as a western mining town in comparison with Gaza. Yet it is beautiful to look upon, especially from the hill where the traditional Samson carried the city gates. Ernest Renan liked Gaza so well that he lived there several months preparing his life of Christ, so I am told.

The next day, instead of going by the road, we went through the deep sands to the remains of the ancient harbor, three miles away, and then rode our horses along the beach to Ascalon. I rode my horse through the surf, and we lunched on the sand, by the water. Ascalon was a famous and beautiful city; nothing but orchards and fields now, with scattered fragments and broken marbles. That night we camped at a busy Mohammedan town called El-Megdel.

The next day we took a long, hard ride, visited the sites of the ancient cities of Ashdod, Jamneel and Ekron. We camped at Ekron.

Around this site are three of the modern Jewish colonies, tne first-born of the Jewish movement that hopes to again possess Palestine. I stopped in one of their houses awhile. These were Russian Jews and talked French. They were extremely and beautifully kind and hospitable. They were discouraged about the future of the Jews in Palestine. Whether these people will ever again possess Palestine or not I do not know. I do not know whether they ought to. They never really possessed the whole land. They never wholly conquered the Canaanites who are still the inhabitants of the land. The Jews gave the world its spiritual ideals, but could never become a state. They would have been unconquerable if they had held together. But perhaps it was their mission to die as a nation and to be despised of men in order to leaven the world.

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Yet their glory consists in the things they rejected, things which the rest of the world in part accepted. They gave the world a religion, and yet killed all its prophets.

It seems strange that Jerusalem should be called a holy city, when I think of it. It never did anything holy or stood for anything holy. It has been the hell of tyrants and greed and faithlessness and bigotry and every evil spirit from the beginning. Every year thousands, increasing thousands, make pilgrimages to the "holy city" of Jesus—"our Lord" they call him. Yet all Jerusalem had to do with Jesus was to kill him.

The next day was Sunday. We spent that at Ramleh, and had a delightful day on the Plain of Sharon. The next day we visited Lydda, where St. George, of dragon fame, is buried, and where a famous early Christian theological council was held. Then we went on through an Old Testament city called Jimzu to the side of Modin, where the great Jewish heroes, the Maccabees, were born and buried. That night we camped in our most beautiful camping ground. It was in a fig orchard on a mountain shelf, where the whole range of the Judean mountains, with the plains of Ajalon and Sharon, and many places of Biblical history lay before us.

The next day our way lay through these plains, visiting various places en route, camping at night on the high road to Jerusalem. The next morning we visited the ancient city of Gezer and came to Jerusalem.

Sunday, May 20.—Day before yesterday was one of the most beautiful days we have had. We went first to the ancient Jewish Mizpah, the highest point around us here, away up above Jerusalem. Then we went to the ancient Emmaus, where the Gospel of St. Luke tells us the risen Christ met some of his disciples and walked with them part way to Jerusalem. The way was very difficult. The Franciscan monks at Emmaus entertained us beautifully and we came back through the mountain passes and along the beautiful valley to our camp in Jerusalem, or rather in an olive orchard outside of Jerusalem.

GEO. D. HERRON.

WHY JOE WAS FOR BRYAN.

"Let me tell you," said the truckman, "long before I got a truck, and when I first came to New York, I was pretty hard up. I think I hunted for a job from August to November. Things got pretty blue, and I had four mouths to feed. We lived in three rooms over in Varick street, and when I reached the last dollar and the landlord was getting ugly, I got a job driving a delivery wagon for a department store. The wages were ten dollars a week, and the Christmas holidays were coming on. The day I made my application there were 30 men ahead of me, a pretty hungry-looking crowd, all after that one wagon. But I got it. I had to find three recommendations and get an indemnity bond of $500. The store paid this, but was to take it out of my wages at the rate of a dollar a week. My old girl had a cry that night, when I told her I had got a job at ten dollars a week, and I'll leave it to you to guess how hard up we were when that ten dollars looked like a godsend. Well, sir, I want to tell you that I've seen some pretty rough times in my life. I've camped with the loggers in northern Wisconsin, when the mercury stayed out of sight for a month, and I herded in Montana one winter when you couldn't tell a pleasant day from a barbed wire fence, and I only got $24 a month, but I never touched bottom in hard work till I drove a delivery wagon that winter. Cold? well, say; the tightest blizzard on the plains ain't a marker to one of them side streets up-town. It's all the difference between being in a flue and being out in the open where the weather spreads itself and thins out. But Lord bless you, it wasn't the cold. There's some worse things than cold for a constitution. My old girl had laid out that first week's wages to a cent in advance. You haven't any idea how much satisfaction she took in figuring over what she would do with it, and she stretched it most scientifically, and I whistled that week through as if I had been making $25, and I had to work 12 and 14 hours, for, as I told you, the holiday season was coming on. I reported at seven o'clock in the morning, and sometimes turned my horse in at midnight. But I stood up to it till pay day, and then I was handed $4.75. I pushed it back to the cashier. Says I, 'that's a mistake. My wages is $10.' 'Your account is all right, look at your slip,' says he.

"I stepped aside and looked at the slip, and found that $4.25 had been deducted for fines and one dollar for the bond. These fines were for the non-delivery of goods. I was charged 25 cents for every package I had brought back, no matter who had made the mistake in the address. Was I mad? Well, no, that wasn't the feeling. I was thinking of my old girl sitting there and waiting for the nine dollars, and all the people that were to get a portion of it, waiting, too. So instead of going straight home I went to a near-by resort with six other drivers to get some information. I found that their average pay per week, owing to the fines, was $6.25. Not one of them had ever received ten dollars. If their horses slipped on the asphalt and were scratched the men were fined. If someone ran into their wagon from behind, they were fined. Each horse and vehicle was inspected at the end of every trip, and there was no appeal against the inspector. Careless or overworked girls got the addresses on the packages wrong. When the driver tried to deliver them, no such person lived there. Usually the mistakes would be in the east or west of a street, and that gave a mile or two of extra driving and often failed, even then. Besides this, many of the goods were sent 'collect on delivery,' and the purchasers would often dispute the goods.

"I went home that night with a numb kind of wrong eating into me. I hadn't got what I had earned, and there wasn't any way to get it. I think if a man had come to me and told me that the individual had to give way to the improved system of business, I'd have clipped him under the jaw. It was pretty tough on the old girl who had squared everything to nine dollars. I guess I swore some, and I'm not a swearing man. But she coaxed me up and said it would all come right next week. Well, I stuck at it two weeks more, and it didn't come right.

"The last week was the week before Christmas, and the thermometer went down to six degrees below zero, so that driving a wagon at night down one of them West side streets was no game of puss in the corner. We were all allowed to take a boy with us who stayed on the wagon while we went in with the goods. I was loaded up pretty heavy one night, and when I got to Amsterdam avenue I was so stiff that I couldn't use my pencil on the checking book, and I had to carry a barrel of hardware up four flights in one of them apartment houses. The baggage elevator stopped running at seven o'clock. When I reached the fourth floor I was pretty well winded, and the woman began to abuse me for coming at that hour. Then she pulled the goods out and declared that they were not what she had ordered, and she wouldn't pay for them. I could just take 'em back. I must have been pretty mad and said something tart, for she called her husband and the janitor. Then I thought of my old girl and pulled myself together. This won't

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do, says I to myself, and so I toted that barrel down again. When I got on the street the horse was gone. The fact is the boy couldn't hold him quiet in that flue, and the little fellow was half dead with the cold. I lost half an hour hunting him up, and then the policeman wanted to know what kind of a man I was to leave a horse with a frozen boy on such a night.

"Well, sir, the next place, I had to carry a heavy mattress up two flights, and the passage was so narrow I broke the gas globe over the gas burner at one of the turns. But I couldn't deliver the goods. The woman said she had gone to bed, and she wouldn't open the door. I was to bring the mattress around in the morning. I was that cold when I got back to the stable that I put my arms round one of the warm horses in the stalls to thaw myself out. I calculated that I had done two men's work, and had lost 75 cents by it. I couldn't exactly figure out where I was going to get, at this rate. But somehow, I felt that the system didn't understand the meanness and injustice of it, and I'd have to walk up to the superintendent and make it plain. I was that fresh that I thought no system would want to starve and freeze a man at the same time. There was I, willing to do a good day's work, could handle a horse better than any man they had. All I asked was to be treated like a human being. I felt sure the superintendent would see the force of it. But he didn't. I had to get it into my head by degrees that the system didn't consider the human end of it at all. The superintendent just called up another man and gave him my wagon. 'If you can't stand it, young man,' says he, 'there's plenty that can.' Say, boss, a man's heart is like the mercury. It goes down to zero sometimes, and I guess it's system that's a dead frost."

"It's the old fight, Joe; every man has to make it. And the fellow of will comes out of it better than before."

"Yes," said Joe. "I always get that kind of talk in the neck whenever I speak about it. But I kept my eye on some of those fellows, and they don't all come out of it."

"Do you mean that it kills them?"

"Well, no. They don't stick at it long enough, but it takes all the man out of 'em. It seems to me there's a kind of notion growing up it does a man good to treat him like brick and mortar. It's for the good of society. That's what I've got ag'in' the system."

"But," I said, "you'll find that even in the combinations and corporations they are held more to a public accountability. It will not do to say that they are moving dead against public opinion."

"No, I suppose they move with it, because they make it. I couldn't get anybody to print my story. The superintendent as much as told me so."

"Why not?"

"Because individuals don't count nowadays, and that's why we men who have been hurt like to hear a man stand up and tell the truth, and if he's a square, clean, honest man, and poor at that, we calculate he understands us."

Then Joe put the lid on his dinner pail, filled his briarwood pipe, and went out on the sidewalk for a ten-minutes' smoke.—New York Evening Post.

WHO SHALL HAUL IT DOWN?

Ubi Libertas, Ibi Patria.

For The Public.

Where Freedom is, my country is,
And mine is Freedom's flag;
Above McKinley's pirate bands
Waves but a painted rag—
'Neath stolen stripes of red and white
Its primal black abides,
Where stolen blue flaunts stolen stars
A grinning death's-head hides!
Haul down, haul down that traitor-rag
And in its stead hoist Freedom's flag!

Where floats McKinley's pirate-flag,
How red the rivers run!
Red flame the skies, but not with dawn,
Nor pale at set of sun!
And night and day a hunted folk
Upon God's justice cry—
Shall He not hear, who shaped the ear,
Nor see, who formed the eye?
Tear down that blood-stained traitor-rag,
And as it falls raise Freedom's flag!

Four hundred years the flag of Spain
Shadowed the east and west,
And tortured millions cursed the folds
By pope and prelate blest.
"What hand shall bring that standard low?"
Proud boasted church and crown—
But God hath hushed their haughty words,
His hand hath hauled it down!
And God shall lower your traitor-rag,
That in Luzon mocks Freedom's flag!

Our fathers gave to Freedom's cause
The flag red, white and blue,
With noble faith our brothers died
To make its promise true.
Ours, now, to save its stars from shame—
Oh, never shall they be
To any man or any land
The sign of slavery!
Down with McKinley's traitor-rag,
Old Glory still is Freedom's flag!

S. S. C.

Philadelphia, June 19, 1900.

The Critic—Why do you call your picture "A Paragon Uttering a Paradox?"

The Artist—Don't you see that it represents Mr. Hanna as saying: "God reigns, and the republican party still lives?" G. T. E.

The attack by a number of Montana's citizens upon a party of Japanese laborers, hired to work on a railroad near Helena, during which several of the heathen were so badly wounded that they had to be taken away on stretchers, is of course to be deplored. Fears are not entertained, however, that Japan will land troops on our shores in consequence, or that the powers will set about effecting a partition of the United States.—Philadelphia Times.

Nineteenman—You seemed to be very happy at the Philadelphia convention?

Fiftysixer—Oh, I was happy! It made me feel so thankful and relieved to know that Lincoln was not present.

G. T. E.

AFTER THE CONVENTION, JUNE 21.

For The Public.

The shouting ceases; and the famed hall,
The skeleton of mighty action, lies
Disordered, strewn with debris. Ghosts arise,
Would speak, but heed the silent gavel's fall.

Without, now hurrying homeward, goes the line
Of delegates. "Hurrah!" they loudly cry,
"For Theodore, the Victor!" But they sigh:
"Not his, alas! The victory, Platt, is thine!"

G. T. EVANS.

"How are things going at the republican convention?" humbly asked a "genuine American citizen" in 1964.

"First rate," replied one of the delegates. "Hanna the Fourth has everything fixed to nominate by acclamation the sultan of Sulu." G. T. E.

BOOK NOTICES.

Morrison I. Swift publishes a volume of verse, "Advent of Empire" (Los Angeles: The Ronbroke Press), which is entirely lacking in inspiration, for a reason which the author makes clear in one of his lines:

In the universe there's nothing corresponds to right and wrong.

There may be sermons in stones and books in running brooks, but there never has been and probably never will be poetry in materialism. Though meter and rhyme be perfect, no verse can move the souls of men which does not draw its inspiration from the fountains of eternal justice.

In "Inspiration from a Layman's Point of View" (New York: Thomas Whittaker), John Brooks Leavitt, the distinguished New York lawyer, writing forcibly and eloquently as an Episcopal layman, takes positive ground against both the verbal and the plenary theory of Bible inspiration. His own theory of inspiration is:

The Almighty is the source of thought, as he is the source of light. His thoughts come into the mind of a Moses or Isaiah, a Paul or a John, a Thomas a Kempis or a Heber, a Milton or a Shakespeare, an Emerson or a Brooks. As one star

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differeth from another star in glory, so one man differeth from another in inspiration. It is the same in kind, ever though it may be infinitely different in degree. The thought which is inspiring is inspired.

Mr. Leavitt is unyielding in his opposition to ecclesiastical authority as a substitute for individual thinking.

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