

scribes them, in the earlier periods of his predatory career.

One of the possible virtues of the pending trust legislation, from the point of view of trust magnates, was pointed out by Congressman Sulzer on the floor of the House on the 6th. Mr. Littlefield, the President's chosen shackler of cunning, had introduced a bill which looked very much like a real shackle. But when he brought his bill out of committee it had been curiously worked over, apparently by unseen hands. Referring to this, Mr. Sulzer said:

The gentleman from Maine (Mr. Littlefield) seems to me to be in an embarrassing position. He changed the title to his bill—he gave up his original bill—and substituted for it a weak, apologetic makeshift that will accomplish nothing or do great harm. Now, I want the members of this House to see how cleverly the trust lawyers amended the title of the original bill. If you will take the title of the original bill introduced by my friend from Maine, you will find it required "all" corporations to make "true" returns, and the trust lawyers some way or other induced the great trust buster from Maine to amend his bill so that it leaves out entirely "all" corporations and "true" returns. The entire bill—I mean the new trust bill—now before us is a hollow sham.

Whatever Senator Hanna's motives may have been in fathering a bill for pensioning the liberated slaves, his bill offers an impressive lesson on the subject of compensation in connection with the abolition of institutional wrongs. It reminds one of the subterfuge of the hero of "No. 5 John Street." He designed to live in the slums—to actually live there and become a companion of their denizens instead of an inquisitive and benevolent overseer. But he dared not let his friends know his purpose. They would have laughed at him. So he accounted for his absence from his aristocratic haunts by letting it leak out that he had gone to the Caspian sea to hunt ducks. There was nothing comical to his set about his traversing the continent of Europe and penetrating far into Asia to kill

ducks; but it would have seemed inexpressibly comical to them if they had known he had gone a mile away from upper tendom to make companions of poor people. This incident in Whiteing's interesting novel has its parallel in connection with Senator Hanna's slave-pension bill. Everybody is laughing at Hanna's bill to compensate the slaves for the years of unrequited servitude which the government imposed upon them, while nobody would laugh at a bill to compensate the owners for refusing any longer to impose that servitude upon the slaves. How we do laugh about serious things and grow serious about comical ones! If anyone were to be compensated it should be the slave and not the master, for it was the slave whom the government wronged by standing between him and freedom. The master was not wronged by the government's refusal to continue wronging the slave.

But neither master nor slave should be compensated now. Let bygones be bygones, and look out for the future. We still have wrongs akin to slavery to remedy, without turning back to the wickedness of other generations. If existing institutional wrongs were righted, the old slave masters would not want compensation and the old slaves would not need it. Each would earn enough for himself and keep his earnings. Did Mr. Hanna really wish to serve the Negro, for whose vote in the next Republican convention he is now so undisguisedly angling, he would get into harness with Tom L. Johnson and devote the rest of his life and his fortune to abolishing the tariffs that rob American workers, black and white, and the monopoly land tenures that disinherit them.

It must be somewhat startling to our imperial patriots who have assumed that peace prevails in the Philippines, to read this week of a battle within seven miles of Manila. A force of 200 "insurgents"—Filipino patriots as history will call them

—engaged the foreign (American) constabulary and was defeated only after what the dispatches call a severe engagement. It now leaks out that the Filipino force was part of a little patriot army under Gen. San Miguel, who has refused to abandon his country to its alien conquerors. This event makes two things pretty clear: first, that the American reports of pacification have been deceptive; and, second, that there are Filipinos who, like ourselves, have a hatred of foreign dominion even unto death.

A BOUNTY-FED REPUBLIC.

Two of America's industrial monarchs—men who have waded to the thrones they occupy through the slaughter of their fellow men's opportunities—are just now scoring what our dramatic critics would call "a huge success" in the character of philanthropists. That lively competition which they have abolished in the industries they controlled, they have carried into the domain of charity, and according to the latest bulletin it is by no means clear whether the ex-iron despot who has turned book-buyer to the world at large has not been outrun in munificence by the man to whom so many collegestudents owe their midnight "oil," and so many college professors their ethical doctrines. So that it seems there is use for our arch-monopolists after all; under cover of all their elaborate schemes for the destruction of our liberties, they are really hatching deep-laid plans for our benefit, reminding us of Pope's lines:

But still the great have kindness in reserve,
They helped to bury whom they helped to starve.

Whether the same people whose rights have perished in the upbuilding of the over-swollen wealth of Carnegie and Rockefeller are likely, through the overflow pipe of charity, to come by their own again—whether the gift of a library here and a college there is an adequate recompense for the hundreds of thousands of independent livelihoods that have been taken away, is not the question which now concerns us; the aspect of the case which overshadows every other is the fact that the richest Be