

to behold with amazement, sorrow and shame. And while we say:

Reville him not, the tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Best, his fall.

Nevertheless, when the privileged citizen of a country aspiring to be free, a citizen endowed with many splendid opportunities, elected to high honors of public service, owing sacred obligations of loyalty to that liberty which he knows would pour out blessings upon all mankind as it has poured out fortune upon him, squanders his birthright as a leader in the world's struggle for larger freedom and more righteous laws, betrays the trust of his heritage and his country's heritage, and, for whatever reason, lends his name and hand to the overthrow of popular government, whether it be at home or abroad, it is time for all who revere the precepts of Washington and would revive our Nation's faith in the wisdom of respecting everywhere human rights and the laws of God in human society, to join with one voice in that just judgment and scorching rebuke pronounced in an earlier crisis of American liberty:

Shame on the costly mockery of piling
stone on stone,
To the men who won our liberties, the
heroes dead and gone,
While we look coldly on and see law-
shielded ruffians slay
The men who fain would win their own, the
heroes of to-day.

We have already celebrated this month the birthday anniversary of Lincoln; and still fresh in our hearts is that high resolve which he has voiced for us, "That this country, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom." Shall we not to-day highly resolve, also, that this nation, so far as its influence and example go, shall aid and only aid other nations in winning their freedom, and that we, to the extent of our power, will assure our public servants and our fellow-citizens that there is alive in this land, a patriotism of reason and humanity, a patriotism dedicated not alone to our own rights, but to the rights of MAN, a patriotism whose motto is, "The world is my country and mankind are my countrymen."

AN "OLD MAN OF THE SEA" STORY.

A portion of a "digression" by A. Wangemann, of Edgewater, Chicago, published in the Vermont Union Signal of January 2, 1904.

Theo. Z. Wangemann, a son of mine, not as yet arrived at that age when sons are "knowinger" than the old folks,

asked me the other day about the difference between monopoly and capital, and, as I did not care to confuse him with theories, I told him a story, a fact—the story of the Colby mine. Here it is, just as I told it to the boy; a true modern tale out of my personal experience in Wisconsin.

About a hundred years ago (A. D. 1803) a certain Frenchman owned a number of our present States, reaching up to and including Wisconsin. That vast amount of real estate was called Louisiana. It so happened that this Frenchman of the name of Napoleon needed the money, so he made a dicker with our daddies and sold them his property at the rate of two cents a square mile, aggregating \$15,000,000 altogether. We will have a celebration about it shortly in St. Louis, you know, which will cost us more than we paid for all these States to that Frenchman.

Now our daddies of course did not know anything about Mr. Henry George, for the good reason that the gentleman was as yet not born. Even if they had heard of what we know now of Mr. George, it is doubtful whether they would have acted different than they did, because they were conservative, which in turn means to leave things exactly as they are; not to change them as they ought to be changed, when everything gradually grows to be different. Some, I told Theo. Z., call such folks conservatives, others call them mossbacks, also pillars of the church and state, because pillars don't move, you know, but stand still. But let that pass. We are still trying to get at that Colby story.

After the purchase our daddies had what is called a monopoly on all that land. All the Americans then living had paid the cash to get that monopoly, so it was theirs. It belonged to all of them. Consequently they did not keep it for the benefit of all of themselves, but sold their monopoly in parcels to any one caring to have a personal monopoly on as much of it as he could buy at the rate of \$1.25 an acre. And in course of time most of that land ceased to be the property of the nation. It became sacred property.

Way up in Northern Wisconsin that land had a rich soil and was covered till lately with primeval big hardwood and pine timber. But that timber had no commercial value for many decades, because everybody had all the wood he needed and it could not be sold elsewhere for several reasons. Yet some

long headed men went after and acquired the monopoly of owning it, because as the country grew, they foresaw that a lot of other folks would gradually create a demand for it, prices would go up, and the owners would be made wealthy without working. It's entirely legitimate, that, in our present stage of public intelligence.

Now, about 20 years ago some hunter discovered that below this timberland lay good iron ore. This of course pleased the \$1.25 purchasers of it, and among other discoveries it was found that a whole mountain up there was really composed of clean high grade iron ore, and could be shoveled out as easily as you can work a gravel pit with a steam shovel. The easiest method of mining known—surface mining. The ore, once dumped into railroad cars, could be run a few miles on trestle docks on Lake Superior, dumped in steamers and sold to any furnace around the lakes. Also shipped by rail to interior points.

Exactly that was done. It's only the methods used which clearly bring out the difference between a special privilege or monopoly, and honest capital.

The \$1.25 an acre owners did not care to work themselves, so they sold their new special privilege to the Colby boys for a royalty on each ton of ore taken away from that land which Napoleon sold to us for two cents a square mile. The Colby boys in turn did not feel like working, and sold their newly acquired, now sacred royalty to Morse & Co. These gentlemen were not anxious either for physical exercise or troubling themselves with labor, hence they engaged capital in the shape of a Captain Sellwood, who happened to own a steam shovel and a desire to do actual work, and he began to shovel, with the aid of hired laborers, that divine property into railroad cars, to be in time converted into iron by capital and labor elsewhere. Become useful to the people.

Right here my son Theo Z. asked me the meaning of royalty. That is a Norman-English word with the root "roy," which means a king. A royalty then means a tax or a tribute paid to a king. In this republic it means a tax or a tribute paid to another citizen or a number of them, owning some sort of a special privilege or a monopoly (cinch). All such private taxes are beyond public control, and are extorted in addition to, but independent of the national system of taxation. I told my son that we, as a nation, consider such private taxation by roy right, as just and proper, and

even sent out soldiers to kill or maim such persons as are of a different mind on this score.

Theo Z. asked then, of course, why we do this, having read in school that declaration that every one is entitled to equal cracks at opportunities in the pursuit of life, liberty and so-called happiness, and I told him to write a letter, inclosing stamp, to a Mr. David Parry, in Indianapolis, Ind., who was a specialist on all questions pertaining to liberty, and who no doubt would furnish the information promptly. I also told him that it's a poor policy for boys to get away from the original question asked.

To cut that Colby yarn short we jointly figured out the profits of monopoly for the first year (1885), and also the profits of capital and labor for the same year:

Iron ore taken out: 84,312 tons, sold f. o. b. cars at \$2.80, \$236,073.60.
Profits of vested rights (monopoly):
Land owners received..... \$33,724 80
The Colby boys..... 10,539 00
Morse & Company..... 118,036 80
Captain Sellwood..... 63,234 40
Profits of actual capital and labor employed..... 10,539 60
\$236,073 60

Statistics of this mine are now withheld for the very sufficient reason that the Rockefeller crowd owns or controls now every inch of iron land around Lake Superior. The above figures mean that for every dollar paid to capital and labor the special privileges interested received \$22.30.

If you talk with a kid, my dear fellow, always try to put in a story to clinch whatever you tell him into his mind. For this case I asked him to get down the "Arabian Nights" and I read to him the story of "The Old Man of the Sea." Read to him how the sailor Sinbad awoke one morning and found that a tough old personage had so dexterously twisted his legs over Sinbad's shoulders and neck that he could not shake the old sinner off. Read how Sinbad became virtually the slave and beast of burden for the old man of the sea, and so forth. Read it yourself.

Well, my Theo. Z. can see a barn when it is pointed out to him, but he could not see exactly what capital and labor could do to rid itself of the incubus of vested special interests. Neither could I furnish exact information.

For an age (now past) the following represented public opinion:

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy—or there is none;

If there is—apply it;
If there is not—never mind it.

Now, my dear boy, explain what is an evil? Did these timber grabbers consider that mountain of iron an evil? or any of the royalty crowd, or the present owners? all of them very Christian gentlemen. Let's call it (gambler's) luck, or anything but the right word. Is there a remedy? If you have one on tap, let us see it. Trot it out, please. The "never mind it" attitude certainly is unworthy of American citizenship. Pax vobiscum!

MULLIGAN RESUMES THE RELATION OF HIS DREAM-TRIP TO XANADU.

It will be remembered that Mulligan, in consequence of a previous engagement, was obliged to break off the relation of his dream-visit to the pleasure dome of Kubla Khan, in Xanadu. The next evening Donovan and Flynn had both importuned him to finish out the narration, but, much to their disappointment, he was not able to recall the vision, beyond the point where Kubla Khan had declared his conscientious scruples against extending any special privilege, on the ground that, to do so, would be to subject the beneficiaries to the demoralizing effect that Christian philosophers had taught him was sure to follow the circumstance of "getting something for nothing." No doubt, the novelty of the declaration on the part of a despot that it would be quite as demoralizing to a landlord to get something for nothing as for any other beggar, had, in some degree, paralyzed Mr. Mulligan's mentality. However, the electric touch that was needed to close the circuit of his memory was at last given by Donovan.

Mulligan and Flynn had been smoking in silence for the space of a quarter of an hour, when Donovan entered the door of the grocery, singing. And what he sang, as he walked down to the stove, where his two friends were sitting, was this:

"There's a beautiful isle, the fair land of me birth,
Like a gem on the breast of the ocean,
That is home to me heart, the one spot of earth
That forever shall claim me devotion!

"Oh, the cot by the spring, where the sham-rock grows,
Time nor distance from mem'ry can sever,
But the incense of love, like the breath of the rose
Will linger around it forever!"

"The cot by the spring, is it?" cried Mulligan. "Sure, I'll tell yez the rest av me dhream now, alright,

f'r 'twas about springs I was dream'n'. Not on'y wan spring, but two av thim—big wans."

"Whisht! Donovan," said Flynn, "don't spake a wurrud or he'll be forget'n' it agin."

"It was the quarest dream I ever had," said Mulligan. "It seemed to me I was tin years in Xanadu; an' if I cud remimber all that passed while I was there it wud make a story as long as to Corrk an' back agin.

"Ye'll remimber, we had been ex-poort'n' some av the sarplooz projuce be dump'n' it into the sea. Well, we got back to poort, an' the nixt day Kubla Khan axed me wud I like to take a walk down to the big spring. An', begorra, it was a big spring, right! A stream av wather as big as a r-rail-road tunnel flowing out av the side av the mountain an' spreading out in a basin about tin acres in extint. Ye cud look down t'rough the clear cold wather a distance av 50 feet an' see the white pebbles on the bottom as plain as if ye held thim in yer hand. At the far end av the lake was the outlet, where the wather wint pour'n' an' tumbl'n' down to the valley and far away t'rough the pasture lands, and out av sight. All the paypl' av Xanadu got their wather from the spring; and the counthry folk beyant, from the stream that issued from ut.

"It was a beautiful sight to see the bare-futted gyerrls-d'rp'n' the wather in earthen joogs an' carry'n' it away an their heads. I says to Kubla Khan, says I, 'That's the finest iver I saw.' 'Is it so?' says 'e. 'Faith, I have someth'n' bether nor that to show ye: I have another spring. Come along wid me an' I'll show it t' ye.' So I wint wid'm down to the base av the mountain, into the valley below, an', begorra, there was a spring, half as big as the other; but instid av wather, what was it but pethroleum?

"There's ile f'r ye!" says Kubla Khan, 'a plinty f'r the whole popylation, an' more.'

"'Begorra!' says I, 'this is a greaat counthry, where ile is free as wather.'

"'Where ile is what!' cried Kubla Khan, in a voice like a clap av thunder.

"'Where ile is free,' says I.

"'Free?' shouted Kubla Khan, in a voice like two claps av thunder!

"I was get'n' scairt. I did'n' know what 'o say. But Kubla's little eyes was borin' into me like two streaks av burn'n' blazes! An' so I says to 'im says I: 'I beg yer highness' parrdon, but if I've said annythin' offnsive I didn't intind it.'

"'Ye must think I'm an aisy maark!'