

erless to prevent a revolution with Destiny backing it up.

"Roosevelt knew better than to sacrifice Lives and Treasure in a vain attempt to eject Destiny from the Isthmus; besides such an effort would be Sacrilegious. Destiny, my son, is only another name for the 'Will of God.' It takes an extraordinary mind to interpret the WILL OF GOD six weeks ahead of its manifestation. It's lucky we have Statesmen that are Bred to do it.

"So the President lay low and quietly sent a few Gunboats to the Isthmus to protect Destiny in case Colombia should interfere.

"The Colombians are an inferior race, with no Statesmen worth mentioning. THEY did not know that Destiny had been smuggled into their Territory by the Revolutionists, or they might have hesitated about going up against it. Roosevelt COULD have explained the situation to them, but he knew they would not comprehend what he was talking about. HOW COULD THEY, when so many people in our own enlightened land can't grasp the idea? There was but one thing for HIM to do—Display Our Navy and Land the Marines. The Colombians COULD understand that. THEY DID, and were saved.

"Just think, my son, what might have happened to Colombia if Roosevelt had allowed that country to fight Destiny, and how shamefully ungrateful they appear for the favors shown them. But that doesn't matter. No mercenary hope of gratitude inspired our Noble President's Act. If something more substantial in the shape of Territory shall come to us, we can't help That—It's Our Destiny.

"Verily, my son, the old adage that 'Good Deeds Bring Their Own Reward' has been amply verified since Duty and Destiny were joined in Holy Wedlock and our Statesmen have risen to ethereal planes where vision is unobscured and communion with Delty renders mistakes impossible.

"Do you understand the Panama question now, my boy?"

"Not very well, Pa. I guess I'm stupid. I can't see why Colombia hasn't as good a right to whip HER Rebels as we had ours."

"There you go again trying to REASON it out. Didn't I tell you the situation does not admit of Logic? You must break yourself of that habit if you ever expect to be a Statesman and become the Agent of Destiny."

"Well, Pa, I guess I'll give up being

a Statesman. It is not the snap I thought it was. I believe I had rather WORK for a living."—T. W. Graham.

THE WASHINGTON SPIRIT TOWARD OTHER NATIONS.

An address delivered by Walter H. Beecher at the Vine Street Congregational church, Cincinnati, Feb. 22, 1904.

Mankind may be connected like one great family in fraternal ties.

This anniversary is a fitting time and this old Church, our Temple of Liberty, the very place for us to ask again and again the question: Are those wise principles on which our fathers aimed to found the American Republic, Justice, Liberty, and Brotherhood, faithfully expressed in the foreign policy of our government? Have they tempered as they ought the official acts of our public servants toward the people of other lands? Do we sincerely respect the rights of our neighbor nations? If not, then it behooves us to remember well that

Laws of changeless justice bind
The oppressor with the oppressed;
And close as sin and suffering joined
We march to fate abreast.

Deny the rights of another people, and you have already begun to destroy your own. And since our foreign policy during the last four years has been ordered in flagrant violation of the Golden Rule, in contemptuous disregard of the precepts of Washington and of that kindlier spirit which sees, as Washington saw, the possibility of a brotherhood among the nations; since our public officials have sown fear, hatred and war where there should have been trust, friendship and peace, it is no less wise than right that we should care greatly whether we have been loyal to our country's early ideals, the ideals of Washington, or have forsaken them.

What were the Washington ideals?

Here is one of them. "I consider," said he, "that mankind may be connected like one great family in fraternal ties. I indulge the fond hope that the benefits of a free commerce shall pretty generally succeed to the devastations and horrors of war." Now, recall some of our modern departures from this ideal of Washington; scan them in the spirit of this noble hope, and you will find:—

1. That in our dealings with the Republic of Colombia we have not done as we should have wished, if we had been in Colombia's place, a stronger nation should do by us. We have denied her the right of control and self-preservation within her own borders;

the right to suppress a conspiracy of secession and theft; and have accepted from her traitors the stolen Panama Canal, which she was unwilling to deliver to us at the price we had offered.

2. That we have denied to Porto Rico even that degree of self-government which she had enjoyed under Spain; and, having fastened upon her an alien control, we make no acknowledgment of responsibility for the corruption, oppression and unwonted distress we have thus wrought upon her, and no promise to enlarge her liberties and establish the full rights of her people.

3. That, by our career of despotism in the Philippine Islands, we have seemed to publish to the world that we no longer believe freedom is the gift of God to all mankind. Ought we not to protest now and here against this modern American infidelity.

When, after five years of criminal effort to "bestow" any kind of government at all upon the Filipinos; after five years of a muzzled Filipino press; after five years of a treason law that dooms the Filipino to fine, imprisonment and exile for the mere utterance of the hope that his country will some day be free, that there should still be Americans and Cincinnatians so insensible of their country's disgrace that they are willing to pay honors to a fellow townsman whose greatest distinction at this moment is that he has helped to frame and enforce such laws, and that, as an alien governor of the Philippine Islands, he has helped to destroy a native Republic and rear in its place a benevolent despotism—is it not especially fitting, I say, that now and here, we disclaim and condemn the faithless, skulking, ruffian policy that has authorized or abetted this kind of government in the name of freedom-loving Americans? That a public servant of ours, just retiring from an office wherein to unknown hundreds of Filipinos who have had the courage to say to him, "Give us liberty or give us death," he has answered in our name by giving them exile and death,—that such a public servant should return to-day to the civic hearthstone, whose very name, Cincinnati, commemorates the virtue of defending native land against foreign rule,—return with the nippant retort, "That the Filipinos are not yet fit to govern themselves;" yea, and with such an insult on his lips to the intelligence of his country and the memory of Washington, return as a guest of honor at a Washington birthday celebration, such a sacrilege, such a sign of the times,—is a sight for Americans

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,
Befit 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 (clinch). 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