

## RELATED THINGS CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

### THE ROMAN TWINS.

By Augustine Duganne.

'Twas told by Roman soothsayers  
(What time they read the stars),  
That Romulus and Remus  
Sprang from the loins of Mars;  
That Romulus and Remus  
Were twin-born on the earth,  
And in the lap of a she-wolf  
Were suckled from their birth.  
By heavens! I think this legend—  
This ancient Roman myth—  
For mine own time, and mine own clime,  
Is full of pregnant pith.

Romulus stood with Remus  
And, ploughed the Latin loam,  
And traced by yellow Tiber  
The nascent walls of Rome:  
Then laughed the dark twin Remus,  
And scoffed his brother's toil,  
And o'er the bounds of Romulus  
He leapt upon his soil.  
By Heaven! I think that Remus  
And Romulus at bay,  
Of Slavery's strife and Liberty's life  
Were antetypes that day.

The sucklings of the she-wolf  
Stood face to face in wrath,  
And Romulus swept Remus  
Like stubble from his path:  
Then crested he with temples  
The Seven Hills of his home,  
And bulld round, by Tiber,  
The eternal walls of Rome!  
By Heaven! I think this legend  
Hath store of pregnant pith:  
For mine own time, and mine own clime,  
'Tis more than Roman myth!

Like Romulus and Remus,  
Out of the loins of Mars,  
Our Slavery and our Liberty  
Were born from cruel wars:  
To both an Albic she-wolf  
Her bloody suck did give;  
And one must slay the other,  
'Ere one in peace can live!  
By Heaven! I think this legend  
Straight to our hearts comes home:  
When Slavery dies, shall grandly rise  
Freedom's Eternal Rome!



### A PEASANT REVOLT IN ITALY.

Translation by Robert W. Hall, of an Article in the  
Neueste Nachrichten of Munich, January 17.

In the delightful little mountain town, Paliano,  
near Frosinone, scarcely an hour and a half by rail  
from the capital, Rome, occurred a few days ago

one of those peasant revolts, for which Italy—particularly middle and southern Italy—was once so famous. Those revolts had much more resemblance to the German Peasant War than to the French Revolution; for the poor Italian peasants desired no passionately announced "Rights of Man" or similar fine things; they desired only a little air and bread, so as to live and not actually starve to death.

They have not air, or at least a very insufficient supply in their wretched, damp stone huts, which are crowded together in the smoke-blackened mountain villages, like sheep in a storm. And the bread. Who gives it to the South Italian helots of the South Italian countryside? The lordly great estate owners, who pose as cheap nationalistic patriots and grind down their day-laborers? Or the Sicilian mine owners, whose performances caused in its time the insurrection of the "Fasci"?\* Who in the south of beautiful Italy thinks at all of the poor uneducated masses, that in reality are nothing but picturesque accessories for a country nobility, which in spite of some pretensions to democracy, is far below the North German feudal aristocracy?

Medievalism, nothing but medievalism is what we find in the Roman, and in all the South Italian country districts, in spite of all the so-called peasant emancipation. In the north of Italy and down through beautiful Tuscany, we have modern civilization and modern ideals of life, and the agrarian-social struggle inspired with socialistic ideas. But in the South only dull discontent, which breaks out from time to time, like Aetna and Vesuvius in wild, elemental explosions. The great estate owners in the Year of Grace 1914 are exactly the same feudal lords as in the years 1200 or 1400. Furthermore, in South Italy, as in Italy in general, the free agricultural peasant is an unheard-of rarity; the peasants, in an absolute, crushing majority, are simply bondsmen, who are in the service—in the specially miserable service—of a small number of great estate owners, and are more wretched in it than were the Helots of Sparta, who at least were fed, like beasts of burden, by the State at the expense of the State.

In Paliano, near Rome, there is now a movement among the poor fellows, who are asking their employers to relieve them of at least one of the taxes which press on the day laborers, namely, the contribution which the laborers must pay their lords, in order that the lords may maintain watchmen to guard their properties! In every other country in the world it is to be presumed that the great estate owners meet this expense out of their own pockets. Not so in South Italy. There the poor two-legged beast of burden must come forward to pay it out of the few cents he earns daily.

The great estate owners of the little town, the

\*Laborers' Union.

Prince Colonna and other gentlemen—some of whom find it necessary to live on a great scale in Rome and other places—declined without hesitation any concession, and the result was that the peasants marched before the palaces or residences of the gentry with threatening cries. They marched in this way before the residence of two of the richest men in Paliano, the brothers Tucci. These gentlemen are of a somewhat nervous disposition, it seems, for as the despised mob roared and shouted, each of the brothers seized a gun and began a rapid fire on the crowd, which in a few minutes brought down about thirty persons. A young girl was shot through the head and a number of peasants severely wounded. At this stage the police intervened, arrested the gentlemen who were so ready with their guns, and with no little difficulty preserved them from lynch justice.

And with this the revolt in Paliano is over for the present, and the tax will probably continue. It is characteristic of the grade of civilization of the little town, that the beaten populace revenged themselves on the Tucci brothers by destroying in the course of the night, their family burying place.

As one can see down there, though so near Rome, much of the work of civilization is yet to do. And many, very many decades will pass before the various Palianos of South Italy rise from the year 1200 to the year 1914.



## SOME FRIENDS OF OURS.

### No. 5. The Woman Who Held Mortgages.

#### Part Two.

#### For The Public.

Angevine Miller settled down in North Chowchilla, and her letters to the wise old lawyer tell the story better than any synopsis. Here are six extracts, placed in order of dates, ranging over a period of about six months:

"This problem is a hard one. I have become at home in the Finch family; I help Sabra Finch with the dresses and go to camp meetings with the bunch; she calls me Angevine and I call her Sabra; she has told me all about the mortgage."

"Amos Finch owns 460 acres of rough land, a few poor cattle, shabby improvements. There is no local market for products. His knowledge is defective; he works tremendously, but is past his prime and is discouraged. The five children are well brought up. We must give them a chance."

"I have read the books on the land question, and on agriculture you sent me. Hire the most practical and the best educated young expert you can find. Give him a gun and a good outfit, including horse and buggy. Let him spend a month or three

months up here, shooting, fishing and photographing. Let him quietly size up the possibilities of these farms and make a full report to me—Amos Finch's farm first."

"Mr. Jaynes, the expert, sure knows his business. He says that we can safely lend more money to Amos Finch, and put his farm into productive shape in five years. But he says that we must control the entire situation, must direct his expenditures and his work, must finally sell off a large portion of the land to new and actual users. He believes that Finch's land can be made to pay the mortgage of \$2,000, also \$2,000 more, and in time can be subdivided into five places, according to the lay of the land, one of which the Finch family will continue to hold. He says 'dairying, apples and walnuts'; but he adds that I can't possibly persuade Mr. Finch to give us control. Perhaps he is mistaken!"

"Now you write Mr. and Mrs. Finch that the late Zoeth Raeburn was a good man, not a mean one, and that he left a large sum to be lent by you for 'improvements' in order to enable all of his debtors to get even again. Explain about mortgages, chattel mortgages and deeds of trust. Ask them to take a month and think up ten people living in this region from whom you can select three to whom they shall deed everything in trust with full power to subdivide and sell at any time, to direct improvements, and to arrange for a monthly allowance for the family as well as full protection of their equity. I'll see that Sabra and Amos Finch name ten men and women from whom we can easily pick out three corking good people for the game."

"Send the papers. All arranged. The names of the three trustees are on an enclosed slip. This deal shows us how to handle a lot of others. Keep me supplied with books and papers on money, taxes, interest, land, how to educate farmers and all the rest that I must know about. I feel about twenty years old; part of it is my study, part is Sabra Finch. She is both good and far-sighted. She knows things, although she never had but four months in school—as her letters show; she is the wisest person I ever knew."

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



## NEW SCHOOLS AND TRUE DEMOCRATS.

### II. Culture and Agriculture.

Lincoln Steffens, in *Harper's Weekly* of January 10.

My plea is for culture in colleges, and especially in the agricultural colleges. Any college has a clue to the way to it. Interest in the beginning—any interest. . . . The agricultural