

And Nero-then, the master, was as cruel,
heavy, and strong
As Nero-now is dainty, with his blighting,
blasting wrong.

"I knew the times and seasons—the moods
of earth and sky.
I felt the strong arm's swelling, the strong
soul's lust to try.

My heart held joy for women, my hands
held peace for men—
But I stopped and paid all tribute to the
hands of Nero-then.

"I knew naught of his cunning—I know it
now, and fear!—
For I gave him hopes for heartaches, gave
laughter for a tear!
I tolled in the days of children, I tolled in
the secret night;
But Nero-then took nearly all, in his scorn-
ing, sneering might.

"He came when the greed-flash burned
him—came and took what he saw,
Carried it off to his castle—his passion his
only law.

He lived like a grim old robber, deep in a
rock-walled den—
Oh! Nero-now is an unlike man to the hor-
rible Nero-then!

"I tolled till the girls were women, I tolled
till the boys were men;
Then gathered we there and drove him
out—drove Nero from his den—
Cursing, crying, howling, maddened with
anger and wine,
He fought till the night was falling, but
Nero-then was mine!

"Splashed with the blood of the combat,
cold as the mountain stones,
His head we took for a trophy. We scat-
tered his broken bones.
Back we went to the valley—back to the
valley with glee,
And Godzerth then was happy, for then
Godzerth was free!

"But a year—and there came a stranger,
who spoke with a smile and bow—
Manzerth, the pleasing talker—Manzerth,
your Nero-now!
He praised the eyes of women, he stole the
children's hearts;
And they cast me here on the rockland—
here where the mountain parts.

"You pay now at the portal—at Manzerth's
smiling gate.
You give?—God's mercy to you! You get?—
You wait and wait!
You leave your goods at the Rent-house,
you leave your strength in the field;
Leave hope ere the harvests' ending, leave
love as your hearts grow steeled.

"You shudder at all my story, you dread as
you pass me by,
But I give you word of a warning—word
of the Nero lie—
He of the rock-walled castle, or he of the
smiling gate—
He takes your goods and pleasures. He
gives?—You wait and wait!"

Bent with his years of labor, slow with his
weight of speech,
Begging a word or a bargain, begging a
time to teach—
Godzerth, the palsied outcast, weaving his
mats of grass,
Begg a word with the toilers—begs it as
they pass!

There in the golden morning, there in the
heat of day,
There in the cool of evening, he tells the
only way.

He tells it o'er and o'er—beckoning with his
hand—

"Pay ye no tribute to Nero-now for tilling
the Lord's free land!"

E. J. SALISBURY.

WHO OWNS THE CHICAGO LAKE SHORE?

Lincoln Park Commissioner Dunton's
proposal to do away altogether with
the sea wall, which tumbles down dur-
ing every storm, is viewed differently
by different persons. An unanswer-
able objection to the paved beach which
Mr. Dunton would substitute for the
sea wall is, however, presented by a
prominent and wealthy resident of the
Lake Shore drive. "The change," says
this gentleman, "would destroy the
character of the drive; the beach would
attract loungers and thus become un-
sightly." Clearly, therefore, the sea
wall must remain, even though it has
to be rebuilt every two weeks. For it
is obvious that to make the Lake Shore
drive a resort for the lower classes,
with their lunch baskets and baby car-
riages and other plebeian parapherna-
lia, would be an innovation which would
threaten the stability of our social fab-
ric. The growing tendency of the
masses to disregard the comfort and
privileges of the better classes is one
of the most alarming developments of
the end of the century, and Mr. Dun-
ton's plan would foster this tendency.
Let the working people and the lower
orders generally be content with their
present privileges, according to their
social superiors the respect and defer-
ence due to high birth and exalted sta-
tion. Let us hear no more of Mr. Dun-
ton's anarchistic proposition to turn
the Lake Shore drive into a mere loung-
ing place for the proletariat.—Chicago
Chronicle.

THE LAND QUESTION IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE TROUBLES IN JAMAICA.

For the last two or three weeks the
attention of the outside world has been
especially directed to this island by the
condition of incipient rebellion said to
have been reached by the so-called Ma-
roon tribesmen, who inhabit the moun-
tain fastnesses of the eastern and west-
ern ends of the island.

The recent trouble is the old land
question, raised to an acute crisis by
the deplorable industrial condition of
the island. Owing to the success of Eu-
ropean beet sugar in killing the West
Indian cane sugar industry, nearly all
the sugar estates have been abandoned.
Fruit culture has been substituted to
a large extent, but this cannot support
a teeming population of 700,000, as the
sugar industry did. The result is that

the island is overrun by thousands of
unemployed and for the most part
starving negro laborers.

The land is being held by landlords
and cannot be gotten by the working
people. The peasant proprietary form
a comparatively small class of the popu-
lation. Many landlords will neither
sell nor rent their lands. Those who
agree to do so impose the condition
that bananas are not to be cultivated,
as their cultivation might glut the mar-
ket, where the landlords now enjoy a
monopoly.

It is inevitable that such a condition
of affairs should create widespread
popular dissatisfaction. The landlords
are held immediately responsible, the
government remotely so.—Asso. Press
Correspondence, from Kingston, Ja-
maica, Oct. 18.

IN VIOLATION OF THE DEMOCRAT- IC PRINCIPLE.

The identity of the governing and the
governed is of the very essence of the
democratic principle. Let this iden-
tity be broken up in any part
of the state, let a differentiation
take place between the class that
governs and another class that is
governed, without having completely
the right to determine how it shall be
governed, and the same differentiation
will tend to spread to other parts of the
state and become more and more gen-
eral. Plainly, if we accustom ourselves
to see millions of persons who live with-
in the territories which belong to the
United States excluded from the rights
of citizenship on the ground that they
are not fitted to exercise them, the
question will presently be raised—in-
deed, here and there it has already been
raised—whether on the same ground
millions of persons now exercising the
franchise within the limits of the
United States ought not to be deprived
of their rights. That universal suffrage
is the indispensable safeguard of lib-
erty; that no class, however well inten-
tioned, can be trusted to legislate for
another; that even the so-called lower
classes know where the shoe pinches
them better than their superiors in
education can know it for them—these
elementary truths will then tend to fall
into oblivion, and a habit of mind will
be generated consistently with which
democratic institutions cannot live.
The masses of the people and all citi-
zens who have not yet lost their faith
in the capacity of the masses to become
politically regenerate have every rea-
son to oppose with the utmost earnest-
ness the proposed policy of imperi-
alism. It is anti-democratic, as its very
name implies.—Dr. Felix Adler, in The
International Journal of Ethics.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT DID NOT SUCCUMB TO THE IMPOSSIBLE.

The Red Cross furnished food in bulk to 32,000 half-starved people in the first five days after Santiago surrendered, and in addition thereto fed 10,000 people every day in the soup kitchens managed by Mr. Michelson. I do not wish to make any unjust or invidious comparisons, but I cannot refrain from saying, nevertheless, that I did not happen to see any United States quartermaster in Cuba who, in the short space of five days, had unloaded and stored 1,400 tons of cargo, given hot soup daily to 10,000 soldiers and supplied an army of 32,000 men with ten days' rations. It is a record, I think, of which Miss Barton has every reason to be proud. But her work was not confined to the mere feeding of the hungry in Santiago. She sent large quantities of cereals, canned goods and hospital supplies to our own soldiers in the camps on the adjacent hills; she furnished medicines and food for sick and wounded to the Spanish prison camp as well as to the Spanish army hospitals, the civil hospital and the children's hospital in the city; she directed Dr. Soyoso, of her medical staff, to open a clinic and dispensary, where five surgeons and two nurses gave medical or surgical aid to more than 3,000 sick or sickening people every day; she sent hundreds of tons of ice from the schooner Morse to the hospitals, the camps and the transports going north with sick and wounded soldiers; she put up tents to shelter fever-stricken Spanish prisoners from the tropical sunshine while they were waiting to be taken on board the vessels that were to carry them back to Spain; and in every way possible and with all the facilities she had she tried to alleviate the suffering caused by neglect, incompetence, famine and war.—George Kennan, in *The Outlook*.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF MUNICIPAL FUNCTIONS.

It is the business of a private company to make gas for the sake of making private profit for the owners; it is the business of a publicly owned company to make gas without profit for the benefit of all the people. That is the proposition that is before us as regards the gas plant, reduced to its simplest terms. This property may be made an incalculable blessing to our people if we take hold of it with a truly patriotic spirit.

To say that we are unable to deal with a proposition of this kind is to confess the failure of the institution that we call government; to urge that

the city is unable to employ men of such ability as a private corporation can find, is belied by our experience in the management of such institutions as are now publicly owned. I refer to our public schools, our public library, our parks, our city waterworks, our police department, our city fire department, our city streets—all of these are publicly owned, and the popular argument that a certain property can be managed cheaper by a private corporation than by the city is as applicable to any one of these as it is to the city natural gas department. Private contractors can be found without limit who will promise to educate our children, provide us with literature in the public library, operate the city waterworks, put out our fires, take care of the streets as they now do the work of improving them under the system of private contract, and they will agree to do all this cheaper than we ourselves are now doing it; and I think that it is as reasonable to urge that any one or all of these functions be turned over to some individual or private corporation to be operated for private profit, as I would think of turning over for such purpose the natural gas department.—Hon. S. M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo, O., in his annual message to the Council, Oct. 24.

HIS DREAM OF EMPIRE.

The scandalous attitude of the United States in relation to the fate of the Philippines is no surprise to The Democrat. From the very first it has pointed out the essentially vicious tendencies of the administration in every phase of the trouble with Spain, and there has never been a doubt in our mind that greed and jobbery would prevail. The question of justice, of national honor, of broad humanity, of international morals, is not considered. Imperialism is the administration watchword and in the pursuit of imperial dominion for private gain the trust president and his monopoly advisers coolly ignore national traditions and roughly trample in the dust those high principles of freedom which are the foundation stones of the republic as they have been the pride and boast of more than a century of American citizenship.

Possibly the secret history of this most disgraceful episode in an affair that has cast little of the halo of glory over an administration that from the beginning has played a sinister part in an international drama of surpassing interest may never be divulged; but one incident of the sudden disappearance from the markets of Europe of

\$40,000,000 of Spanish bonds just before the facts in the Philippine deal were permitted to leak out may account for much that would otherwise be inexplicable. Those bonds have doubtless come into the hands of thrifty investors who were given an advance tip on the action of Maj. McKinley's peace commissioners, and it may be supposed that some of the profits of the speculation will be turned to good account in the campaign which Mark Hanna will inaugurate for Maj. McKinley after next Tuesday.

What the plain people of the United States will say to this monstrous breach of good faith and of international morals we have no means of knowing. But surely they will not complacently accept a disposition of this great matter that at once humiliates the republic and saddles upon it the responsibility of a vast territory on the other side of the globe and a population alien in all essentials of politics, religion, industry and modes of life and thought. For in this unjustifiable grab for Spanish territory we are not alone breaking faith with ourselves and with the nations; we are not alone borrowing no one can ever imagine how much and how serious trouble; we are not alone prostituting a war for humanity to the predatory ambitions of American syndicates and promoters; but we are betraying a brave people who have been bravely struggling for the same freedom that our fathers fought for against the tyranny of George of England; we are betraying our own principles; we are prostituting our own consciences and our own fame; and we are laying up wrath against the day of wrath which our children's children may have to face as the penalty of McKinley's dream of empire.—Editorial in *Daily Democrat*, of Johnstown, Pa.

THE SCENERY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In British Columbia the Columbia river takes its rise, and flows through lakes and between mountains until it empties into the Pacific near Astoria. No other river in the United States or Europe offers such grand scenery as the Columbia. Beside it the Hudson and the Rhine are tame. But the glory of the Columbia is eclipsed by the Frazer, which is all within the limits of British Columbia, and which, while it is neither so large nor so long, pursues its devious course through gorges and between mountains which make its scenery probably the grandest of any river in Europe or America. These are two of the chief rivers of the province;