

Showing heart, voice and mind one blessing conveyed.  
 The lad kissed the card that was stamped "R. R. West,"  
 And marked him admitted along with the rest;  
 And as they filed out thro' the doorway ajar  
 None strode more proudly than the little Bulgar.

"Oh, they're all scum and riff-raff," I hear somebody say.  
 But they're changing the map of Europe today;  
 And Liberty smiles as the patriot throng  
 Rends asunder the chains that have bound them so long.

If Manhood we seek, not races nor creeds,  
 To meet as God's children our Commonwealth's needs,  
 Don't you think they did well who let down the bar  
 To those loyal good friends and the little Bulgar?"

DAVID HEALY.



## INCOMES IN OUR VILLAGE

For the Public.

Most of the well-to-do families of our town are said to live on wealth they have inherited, which, in many cases, has grown considerably since it came into the hands of its present possessors. They take a modest but nevertheless real pride in the fact that they have independent means, therefore do not have to work for a living, and are sustained in this attitude by a public opinion which looks upon them as leading citizens, donors of work, contributors to good causes, and exponents of respectability, culture and refinement. It is not denied that they live well, for they have good cooks. Their houses and persons are most cleanly, for they have many servants. Their manners for the most part are pleasing, tactful, gracious, tolerant, and if anyone asks why they should not be, under the circumstances, he is looked upon as a rude person whose question is prompted by envy. Indeed, the man who first asked this question was the one who had made an investigation of the incomes of our well-to-do citizens. He had traced these incomes and publicly revealed their sources, incurring thereby the displeasure of all classes. Surely this was carrying things too far. The editor of our local paper said such exposure was indecent. It aroused class hatred and bred discontent among the poor, which might easily lead to a lessened respect for constituted authority, and an unsettling of the foundations of society that could only end in socialism and anarchy.

Chief among the well-to-do are the A's, whose social standing is the very highest. The first A. owned a farm which is now the most valuable land in the county, made so by the growth, presence and activities of the people who settled on and around it. Where A's cows once gathered grass his descendants now gather dollars as rent from tenants for the use of land which the A's furnish. Is

there anything reprehensible in that? asks the editor. Why, what would become of the land if the A's did not hold it? In vain was it pointed out that the A's as owners of a section of the universe were the beneficiaries of an unjust social institution; that, contrary to general belief, they were not living on accumulations of the past, but on the labor of the present; that, as land owners, they took no part in the production of wealth—they simply appropriated what others produced. It simply couldn't be so. The A's were too nice to do such a thing!

Then there are the B's, who own the gas and electric light plant. Many years ago the Board of Aldermen, on the representation of the first B, that he was risking his capital, gave him the sole right of supplying gas to the people of our village for a period of 99 years. A part of the consideration B. offered, was to supply the town street lamps free of charge. When electricity came into use an electric company secured a grant from the Board of Aldermen similar to the one given to the gas company, but without any provision to light the streets. The electric company soon after made an agreement with the town to light the streets at a certain sum per lamp, whereupon the obligation of the gas company to do it was repealed, it not being even suspected that the B's were the stockholders of both companies.

As in the case of the A's, it was idle to contend that the B's enjoyed a monopoly, from the revenues of which, all they got over and above what they would have received under competition was a tax on the people of our village. How preposterous! The B's would scorn to do anything that wasn't right. They were public-spirited people and to question their income was virtually an attack on vested rights.

Another well-to-do family are the C's. In connection with the A's and B's they own the street railway and our Board of Aldermen long ago gave them the exclusive right of carrying passengers on street cars. The way the C's watered the stock of these roads, their practice as owners and directors of one road in selling the road to themselves as directors of another road, at an enormously inflated price, the poor service they give the public, and their inhuman treatment of their employes, recently created quite a scandal. But that is said to be past now and the plain people of our village are rapidly forgetting it.

The D. family own the mills and factories. A few generations ago our Board of Aldermen placed a tax on the importation of goods made in other places, on the representation of the first D. that if this were done he would establish a factory in the village and give employment at high wages to "our own people." "Our own people" used to employ themselves, but became unable to do so when the A. family acquired possession of all the desira-

ble land and held it at prohibitive prices. D's scheme was hailed as a great discovery and has been sustained many times at the polls by the plain people. It still has the endorsement of our editor, our high school teacher and our best citizens, but something is wrong with it. "Our people" are frequently unemployed and notwithstanding the fact that the wages paid are barely enough to sustain life, there are always many ready to take the places of those at work. Strikes, too, are frequent and the town is put to great expense in its efforts to maintain order. The scheme does not, as was claimed for it, keep money at home, either. None of the D. family live in our village. They live in the world's capitals on the dividends we send them. The editor says that this helps to make the balance of trade favorable to us, but he has to say something, no matter what, that will prevent our people from realizing that though *they* have not profited by D's scheme the D. family has, and he knows that if our people ever perceive this relation it's good night to D's scheme.

The E. family are bankers. Being monied men our Board of Aldermen had implicit confidence in their wisdom, honesty and integrity. The Board, therefore, permitted the E. family to draft such legislation as it desired, which the E. family has done so successfully that in all monetary affairs they are our masters.

When this revelation of the source of incomes of our well-to-do people was made public, the direct connection between them and the town government was recognized immediately by a number of our citizens. They saw that these incomes depended wholly on government-granted privileges; that the government had lent its taxing power to the well-to-do; that incomes obtained as these were are not earned, but are secured at the expense and loss of other citizens, and that the remedy lies in the abolition of all privileges. But the great majority of our citizens have yet to perceive this. Their faith in the well-to-do is still unshaken. They still look up to them as guides and mentors, still point to them as models our youths should copy, and still believe the incomes of the well-to-do are earned by their superior ability and that their accumulations are the result of hard work, frugal living, self-denial and habits of saving.

CHARLES F. SHANDREW.



### SHOT! TELL HIS MOTHER.

By W. E. P. French, Captain, U. S. Army, in Washington Times.

What have I done to you, Brothers—War-Lord and Landlord and Priest—

That my son should rot on the blood-smeared earth where the raven and buzzard feast?

He was my baby, my man-child, that soldier with shell-torn breast,

Who was slain for your power and profit—aye, murdered at your behest.

I bore him, my boy and my manling, while the long months ebbed away;

He was part of me, part of my body, which nourished him day by day.

He was mine when the birth-pang tore me, mine when he lay on my heart,

When the sweet mouth mumbled my bosom and the milkteeth made it smart,

Babyhood, boyhood, and manhood, and a glad mother proud of her son—

See the carrion birds, too gorged to fly! Ah! Brothers, what have you done?

You prate of duty and honor, of a patriot's glorious death,

Of love of country, heroic deeds—nay, for shame's sake, spare your breath!

Pray, what have you done for your country? Whose was the blood that was shed

In the hellish warfare that served your ends? My boy was shot in your stead.

And for what were our children butchered, men makers of cruel law?

By the Christ, I am glad no woman made the Christless code of war!

Shirks and schemers, why don't you answer? Is the foul truth hard to tell?

Then a mother will tell it for you, of a deed that shames fiends in hell—

Our boys were killed that some faction or scoundrel might win mad race

For goals of stained gold, shamed honors, and the sly selfseeker's place;

That money's hold on our country might be tightened and made more sure;

That the rich could inherit earth's fullness and their loot be quite secure;

That the world-mart be wider opened to the product mulct from toll;

That the labor and land of our neighbors should become your war-won spoil;

That the eyes of an outraged people might be turned from your graft and greed

In the misruled, plundered home-land by lure of war's ghastly deed;

And that priests of the warring nations could pray to the selfsame God

For His blessing on battle and murder and corpse-strewn, blood-soaked sod.

Oh, fools! if God were a woman, think you She would let kin slay

For gold-lust and craft of gamesters, or cripple that trade might pay?

This quarrel was not the fighters':—the cheated, red pawns in your games:—

You stay-at-homes garnered the plunder, but the pawns—wounds, death, and "Fame!"

You paid them a beggarly pittance, your substitute prey-of-the-sword,

But ye canny beasts of prey, they paid, in life and limb, for your hoard.

And, behold! you have other victims: a widow soba by my side,

Who clasps to her breast a girl-child. Men, she was my slain son's bride!