

vention of 1896, and 1904, and during the last campaign, served as chairman of the national advisory committee.

Averse to exploiting himself in the public prints, the one criticism leveled at him is that he is over-cautious. It is not deserved. Conservative he is, with a dislike for constantly airing his views upon immaterial issues. In affairs of importance he lays out no line of action without careful and thorough consideration. Once determined upon, however, regardless of personal consequences, with untiring energy, steadfast tenacity, and splendid resourcefulness, he follows it out. There is with him then no vacillation, no swerving from the straight course mapped out, no turning aside. Even though temporarily defeated, he remains alert and vigilant, ready and oftentimes able to turn defeat into victory.

This is the "Man—Wanted," and these are some of the deeds which establish his right to become the Cincinnatus of the democratic party; the Honorable Charles A. Culberson, United States senator from Texas.

GEORGE B. FLEMING.

Washington, D. C. May 1.

DOOLEY ON JUDICIAL RECALL

Clothing them with inimitable humor, "Mr. Dooley" puts forth conclusions grounded in common sense. He discusses judicial recall in his last article and indicates that in his opinion it is a good club to hold over the heads of judges who are likely to forget the existence of the common people. He is talking with Hennessey:

"An' do I think th' judges'll iver be recalled? Faith, I do not. Wud ye have anny wan recall me if ye was a judge? I see mesilf doin' it. Whin th' popylace thried to whistle me back to practice law on th' third flure I'd call th' bailiff over an' say: 'James, get out th' handcuffs.' Ye can bet that th' first law recallin' th' judges will be pronounced on constitutional be th' entire joodiciary iv th' counthry be a risin' vote an' with three hearty cheers. If I was a judge I wud know that a law throwin' me out iv a job was unconstitutional at wanst, ex post facto, ex propria vigore, an' de juribus non dispytandum, as Hogan says. An' I wudden't have to get th' constitution out iv th' safe to decide it ayether. I'd decide it accordin' to me grocery bill.

"No, sir, ye'll live a long time before ye iver see judges recalled. But it don't do anny harm to scare thim. It don't do annybody anny harm to scare thim wanst in a while. They've f'rgotten we're outside. We'll make a noise, an' whin they say, 'Ar're they goin' to haul me out?' we'll yell, 'Judge, put ye're head out iv th' window. There ar're people out here. That's it—people, not lawyers. We don't objick to ye're makin' laws, but don't make thim on'y f'r lawyers. Cut out a few patters that will fit us, too. We don't want manny, but we'd like a few simple wans that we can wear to keep off th' cold. An' if ye haven't time f'r annything excipt a harness that we ar're not iddycated enough to put on, f'r hivens sake let us make some laws f'r oursilves that plazes our low tastes. We don't want laws to wear in court. We want thim to wear outside."

"What is this English common law I read about?" asked Mr. Hennessey.

"It's th' law I left Ireland to get away fr'm," said Mr. Dooley. "If it's pursood me over here I'll go to Chiny."

The English common law recognizes no difference between a servant—one who works for another—and a horse. As a horse could not recover damages for personal injury neither could a human, under it. Dooley considers that if the law is sound, it ought to be justifiable in law and morals to treat the human with a broken leg as you'd treat the horse—shoot him. England long ago got away from the common law, but we have been upwards of a century trying, so far generally without success, to do so. —Telegraph-Herald, Dubuque, Ia.

TOM JOHNSON'S STORY

"My Story," by Tom L. Johnson, is one that every progressive, whether he be a democrat or a republican, ought to see. It tells in simple language the story of a great struggle—a story of a life devoted during the later years to a large service and illustrating the dynamic force of an altruistic purpose. No short review of the book can give it justice. It should be read in full. The book is edited by Elizabeth J. Houser and published by G. W. Heubsch, 225 Fifth avenue, New York. Price, by mail, \$2.20. Send for it.

Practical Tariff Talks

Some one pretending to speak on behalf of the cane sugar interests of the south is bombarding the newspapers with pamphlets containing full data of the devastation that is to strike that section of the country if sugar is ever put on the free list. There are details of the investments in factories that will be lost, the number of men who will be thrown into idleness and the number of acres that will be turned back into prosaic corn and oats. And the information is freely given that it is the sugar trust, which has become a trust and grown enormously wealthy and fat because sugar has been taxed in the neighborhood of 2 cents a pound for years, that alone will benefit by the removal of that tariff.

Anyone with a desire to understand the close relations that exist between the cane sugar men of Louisiana and the sugar trust would find complete edification in reading the testimony taken before the house ways and means committee in 1909, given by D. D. Colcock, representing the New Orleans sugar exchange. Mr. Colcock was a very frank witness. He was asked by a member of the committee: "Is not the value of the cane sugar in Louisiana, the price of it for refining purposes, practically fixed by the American Sugar Refining company (the trust) and not by the markets of the world?" To which Mr. Colcock responded: "I should say absolutely; not practically, but absolutely." Mr. Colcock explained that because of the fact that the sugar trust is practically the only buyer of cane sugar from his section, the American cane grower receives only what tariff benefit the trust chooses to give him.

Now one of two things is true: Either the cane sugar men of Louisiana are compelled, by self-interest, to aid the sugar trust in any tariff fight it is engaged in, or they need the continuance of the present tariff to prevent the sugar trust from more completely robbing them. Mr. Colcock said, in his testimony, that he objected to the removal of the refiner's differential because it would destroy the business of the American sugar refiners and place the growers at the mercy of the foreign refiner, who might not be as liberal as the sugar trust. He also said the trust dictates now the price at which the growers shall sell their sugar. This indicates a tie that is of considerable strength in binding together the interest of the trust and the growers. If you were engaged in raising something for market and there was but one man, under present conditions, to whom you could sell, you would not be out fighting against something he wanted. The trust, taking advantage of the fact that it is the only buyer, takes away from the grower part of the tariff given for his protection and sticks it in his pocket. What protection then is there for the grower in a continuance of the present tariff?

While taking testimony on the question of whether or not the sugar trust desires free sugar, let us hear from Claus Spreckles. He says: "In view of the heavy burden imposed on all of the people of the country by the heavy sugar tariff, the question naturally arises: 'Who receives the benefit from this excessive duty?' When the subject is carefully analyzed it is found that the sugar trust is the chief beneficiary of the present system, and that the practical results of the sugar tariff is to make abnormal profits for the trust at the expense of the consuming public."

If any further testimony is needed as to whether the trust is in favor of free sugar or not, read this, submitted in a statement to the ways and means committee in 1909 by Charles A. Heike, secretary of the American Sugar Refining Co.: "Any legislation hostile to the industry will be keenly felt by many. A careful consideration of the accompanying statements, will, we believe, convince your committee that the protection at present afforded the industry is very small, but indispensable." C. Q. D.

THE DEATH KNELL OF PRIVILEGE

They tell us that back in the 'fifties, slavery sat in the White house and made laws in the capitol; that courts of justice were its ministers; that senators and legislators were its lackeys; that it controlled the professor in his lecture-room, the editor in his sanctum, the preacher in his pulpit; that it swaggered in the drawing-room; that it ruled at the clubs; that

it dominated with iron hand all the affairs of society; that every year enlarged its power, every move increased its dominion; that the men and the women who dared to even question the divinity of that institution were ostracized, were persecuted, were vilified—aye, were hanged.

But the great clock in the chamber of the Omnipotent never stands still. It ticked away the years as it had once ticked away the centuries. Finally it struck the hour and the world heard the tread of a million armed men, and slavery vanished from America forever. Note the parallel. Today commercialism rules at the White house and makes laws at the capitol; courts of justice are its ministers; senators and legislators are its lackeys. It controls the preacher in his pulpit, the professor in his lecture room, the editor in his sanctum; it swaggers in the drawing room; it rules at the clubs; it dominates with a rod of iron the affairs of society. Every year enlarges its power; and the men and women who protest against the crimes that are being committed by organized greed in this country—who talk of protecting the American people—are ostracized, are vilified, are hounded and imprisoned. It seems madness to even question the divinity of big business. But, my friends, that great clock is still ticking—still ticking. Soon it will again strike the hour and the world will see not 1,000,000 but 10,000,000 free men rise up, armed not with muskets, but with free-men's ballots, and the sway of commercialism will vanish from America forever.—John Peter Altgeld.

IS THIS THE POEM?

32 Academy street, Westerfield, New York.—Editor The Commoner: Is this the poem asked for recently by a reader of your paper?

MRS. N. M. E. IRWIN.

LEFT ON THE BATTLEFIELD

What, was it a dream? And I all alone
In the dreary night and the drizzling rain?
Hist! Oh, it was only the river's moan;
They have left me behind with the mangled
slain.

Yes, now I remember it all too well!
We met from the battling ranks apart;
Together our weapons flashed and fell,
And mine was sheathed in his quivering heart.

In the cypress gloom, where the deed was done,
It was all too dark to see his face;
But I heard his death-groans, one by one,
And he holds me still in his cold embrace.

He spoke but once, and I could not hear
The words he said for the cannon's roar;
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear—
O God! I had heard that voice before.

Had heard it before at our mother's knee,
When we lisped the words of our evening
prayer;
My brother! would I had died for thee—
This burden is more than my soul can bear!

I pressed my lips to his death-cold cheek,
And begged him to show me, by word or sign,
That he knew and forgave me; he could not
speak.
But he nestled his poor cold face to mine.

The blood flowed fast from my wounded side,
And then for awhile I forgot my pain,
And over the lakelet we seemed to glide
In our little boat, two boys again.

And then in my dream, we stood alone
On a forest path where the shadows fell;
And I heard again the tremulous tone,
And the tender words of his last farewell.

But that parting was years, long years ago,
He wandered to a foreign land;
And our dear old mother will never know
That he died tonight by his brother's hand.

The soldiers who buried the dead away,
Disturbed not the clasp of that last embrace,
But laid them to sleep till the judgment day,
Heart folded to heart, and face to face.
1863.

THIRTY

R. P. Fitzgerald, Iowa: Please find my check for \$1.00 to pay for the two subscriptions enclosed at the campaign rate of 50c a year. This makes 30 subscribers I have sent you within the last month.