

## THE LOVE OF THE TSAR.

The people are thronged in the spacious street,  
 Craning the necks that are bent to his sway;  
 For see! he has stooped from his mighty seat,  
 And rides through the lines of his slaves to-day.

And one would think he had bled for their needs,  
 As they gather and crush to feed their sight;  
 Or had carved at the stone of the golden deeds  
 Through the watches of some bitter night.

And lo! there bursts a road through the air,  
 A roar of acclaim it would seem to be,  
 Did a light not flash in the eye's red glare,  
 That's mirrored from hearts that long to be free.

But they dare not breathe what they think or feel,  
 And they must applaud what they hate and fear;  
 For the love of the Tsar is nursed with steel,  
 And stained from their hearts in a blood-red tear.

And well he knows that they curse his name  
 Deep down in their hearts.—Though their brows  
 are calm,  
 The smouldering fires' fitful flame  
 May soon destroy all its outward sham.

Yet he feels secure, for his spies are near.  
 And friends are unknown in that gloomy land.  
 Where the people pass through a life's despair  
 Hard under the iron of his hand.

F. MORTIMER KELLY.

## A GOOD SUGGESTION.

In a letter to Mr. F. H. Stead, Warden of the Robert Browning Settlement, Walworth, Mr. Arthur Balfour makes an interesting suggestion in connection with the housing problem. He says: "What I should like to see carefully thought out by competent authorities would be a system of radiating thoroughfares, confined to rapid traffic, say, fifteen miles an hour or over (this is absolutely essential), and with a surface designed, not for carts or horses, but for some form of auto-car propulsion. If the local authority which designed and carried out such a system chose to run public auto-cars along them, well and good. But this would not be necessary, and private enterprises would be none of the monopoly inseparable from trams, the number of people carried could be larger, the speed much greater, the power taking them from door to door unique, while there would



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be none of the friction now caused when the owners of the tram-lines break up the public streets. It may be urged, and perhaps with truth, that at present the auto-car industry has not devised an absolutely satisfactory vehicle. But we are, I believe, so near it that the delay ought not to be material.

## NOTHING OVERLOOKED BY THE TRUSTS.

A man named Hayes, of Salt Lake City, discovered a process by which a quart of crude petroleum will produce a light greater and purer than any known, equal to 700 candle-power for thirty-seven hours, and when turned into heat and power will produce equally wonderful results. It is claimed that a small tank of oil will run a steamer across the Atlantic. This man was poor, and sold his discovery to five men for \$10,000, who have just closed a deal, as stated in the daily papers, to the Standard Oil Co. for \$5,000,000. The Standard people announce that it will not be permitted for light in this country, as it would seriously interfere with the existing light and oil business, but will use it for the power in its great ship business. Thus you see, that this great discovery will not benefit the people, who will be taxed by the Standard Oil Co. to pay this \$5,000,000 they have paid for the patents. In proof of which I find 7 per cent. added to the price of the oil I consume this week. You see I am paying the cost and getting no benefit. How much better it would be for the people to have paid the discoverer \$100,000 and have the use of the good thing, so all people could use it and have the greater benefit at nominal cost. Of what use is progress and discovery if a few can withhold its benefits from the race? But of such is the insane system we live under. Under Socialism the public would have fittingly rewarded the discoverer and would have instantly set in motion the machinery, so all could be provided with heat, light and power at practically no cost. But then Socialism would destroy progress.—Appeal to Reason.

## FOR MEN ONLY.

If there's anything worries a woman,  
 It's something she ought to know,  
 But you bet she'll find it out anyhow,  
 If she gets the least bit of a show.  
 Now, we'll wager ten cents on a dollar,  
 This poem she's already read;  
 We know she'd get at it somehow,  
 If she had to stand on her head.