



A GREATER THAN STANLEY IS HERE.

(Gen. Booth's book, "In Darkest England and the Way Out," unfolds a plan for the relief of the poor and wretched denizens of the London slums. It has called forth expressions of the warmest interest from the foremost leaders of thought in England, and funds will, no doubt, be quickly supplied to enable the General to put it in operation.)

MODERN AMERICAN PATRIOTISM.

AN AMERICAN WRITER REVISES AND IMPROVES THE OLD PATRIOTIC SONGS.*

GRIP has received from the eminent publishing firm of Hustler, Bilks & Co., New York, a copy of a highly interesting little volume from the pen of Prof. Julius H. Bragston, entitled "American Patriotic Songs up to Date." The object of the work is briefly explained in a preface by the author in which he says that America has no patriotic songs which adequately voice the sentiments of modern American citizens. "The patriotic songs now in vogue," says the professor, "such as 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'Hail Columbia,' 'My Country 'Tis of Thee,' etc., are the utterances of a by-gone generation, educated with totally different ideals and under entirely diverse surroundings from the present. The sentiments they embody are, for the most part, altogether obsolete. They are not in touch with the progressive American spirit of to-day, which has long ago learned to smile at the Jeffersonian notions of 'liberty and equality' as a pleasing but empty delusion, and to regard wealth and social pre-eminence as the principal incentives to individual action and the mainstay of national greatness. The patriotism of the present should boldly disregard the sentimental theorizings of a past age and no longer assume to pay deference to a principle which has long been discarded in practical life. With the object then of inculcating a rational patriotism in harmony with actual every-day experiences, and presenting as our country's claims for the love and devotion of her children, those ideas and characteristics actually prevalent in American society, I have re-written many of our patriotic songs. I venture to hope that the change will be regarded as an improvement."

A few extracts from the volume will illustrate the thoroughness with which the professor has performed his task of eliminating from the patriotic anthology of the U.S. sentiments which have long since ceased to be operative in American affairs. The author's version of the old-time favorite "Yankee Doodle" is as follows:

*This is sarcasm.

Yankee Doodle came to town
Back across the water,
He had paid a million down
To marry off his daughter.

In choosing of a son-in-law
He proper pride evinces.
"I will be a grandpapa;"
He said "of little princes."

Yankee Doodle found a prince,
Seedy, poor and shady,
Though at first he seemed to wince
He took the cash—and lady.

"'All men free and equal' pshaw!
That's a played-out notion,
See the princely son-in-law
I've bought across the ocean.

"Guess the man ain't no great shakes,
But I've a full requital,
See the difference it makes
If you can sport a title."

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
On a European trip
A title comes in handy.

Prof. Bragston has been equally successful in re-casting in accord with modern ideas as to national pride and greatness the old-fashioned lyric of the "Star-Spangled Banner." We give below the two first verses of the revised version:

Oh say did you see, by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we watched on the Custom House floating,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars tell that duty's not light
When the boodle of millionaires governs the voting?
Now the imports it stays
Till the customer pays
In spite of the fuss that the Free Traders raise,
Oh say does the Flag of McKinley yet keep
The poor man from buying his victuals too cheap?

When American workmen attempt to combine
With the object of getting high wages for labor,
How quickly they're driven from workshop or mine
By Pinkerton rifles or cavalry sabre!
Did the idiots expect
That the flag would "protect"
Except the shrewd ringsters who boodlers elect?
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner, the flag of the rich—
The poor have no rights and may die in a ditch.

The late Mr. Charles Mackay's song "To the West" is thus transmogrified so as to bring it into strict accord with existing actualities:

To the West, to the West, to the land of the free,*
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
Where a man is a man—if he needs not to toil
And the poorest must yield to the landlord the spoil.
Where kids are a nuisance, since living's so high,
And tramps by the thousand are out of employ,
Where the young may exult—if financially blest,
And the aged must die if they're looking for rest.

To the West—to the West, for the boom is red hot.
Put your cash in the land and freeze onto a lot.
Start a syndicate game and buy up real estate,
For your profits are sure, you have only to wait.
Get your clamps on the farmer and make him pay rent
Or squeeze him by loans at at least twelve per cent.,
That's how fortunes are made—you've a chance with the rest,
For all men are free in the land of the West.

We have only space for one more extract which is taken from the author's improved version of "My Country 'Tis of Thee."