

# RELATED THINGS

## CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

### THE DESERT.

Gertrude King in *Appleton's Magazine*.\*

I am the pure proud land that hath hearkened to no man's wooing;  
I am the virgin land vowed sole to the service of God;  
The silence that broods on my hills is my answer to human suing,  
And there is the peace on my plains that marks where the Lord hath trod.

I and my sister the Sea, we fret at your insolent creeping;  
She decks with a light foam wreath the place of a strong man's rest,  
And the dry skull, bleached to silver, where the sated wolf is sleeping,  
Is a trivial gaud scarce worthy to lie on my proud white breast.

Love you your fat, green valleys, the riches of man's long labor?  
Love you the foulness of cities, dark with the ages' grime?  
Find you your gladness warm in the smile and the grasp of your neighbor?  
Bide you there with your kin, the plaything of men and of time.

But when kisses have cooled on your lips and your eyes have grown weary of weeping,  
When your pitiful loves slink down to the clasp of the eager earth,  
Come you and taste of the peace that the guard of my hills is keeping,  
Come and learn you the sweetness of silence, the mother of God's own mirth.

He is throned on my crimson hills in a purple meet for His passion;  
The hot bright flame of His patience plays over the leper-white plains.  
The wonderful sun is His herald, and speaks Him in kingly fashion,  
And the golden splendor of midnight is the veil that His glory deigns.

Leave you the joys of green valleys to faint hearts that wait on their sating.  
Here in the sweet fresh air the soul is cleansed from its fears—  
Can you bargain with Age the Despoiler—will Time not grow weary of waiting?  
But here in the Desert is God, the End and the Crown of the years.

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The liar's punishment is not in the least that he's not believed, but that he cannot believe anyone else.  
—George Bernard Shaw.

## COMMISSION GOVERNMENT FOR SPRINGFIELD.

One of the large cities of Illinois to adopt the commission form of government is Springfield (p. 227), the capital of the State, where a Mayor and four Commissioners are to be elected. At the primary on the 28th of February the present Mayor, John S. Schnepf, was nominated by 4,412 votes. His election is contested by Roy M. Seeley, whose vote at the primary came next to Mayor Schnepf's, although it was only 2,813. Mr. Schnepf is a good citizen and has made a good Mayor. The difference in merit between him and his opponent is fairly indicated by their respective votes at the primary—about as 4,412 is to 2,813.

Of the 8 primary candidates for the four Commissionerships, two are men whose personality is of special interest to most readers of *The Public*. They are Willis J. Spaulding and Joseph Farris.



Willis J. Spaulding

is one of that group of progressives in Springfield of which Frank H. Bode and George E. Loe, both of whom are related to him by marriage, are notable members. As superintendent of the Springfield water works in the administration of Mayor Schnepf, Mr. Spaulding has made an excellent record.

He came under the influence of Henry George's teachings as a youth, in consequence of which he has made it the underlying purpose of his life to help destroy privilege and establish democracy by the method which Henry George taught. He was nominated for Commissioner by 1,725 votes, which gave him third place in a primary contest in which 105 candidates were voted for.



**Joseph Farris**

is the other of the two candidates whose personality especially interests our readers. He was nominated by the eighth largest vote in the same contest. Mr. Farris is now alderman from the second ward—"the little giant from the Second," they call him.

His first experience in politics was as Labor candidate for Mayor of Springfield about 20 years ago, when he polled 700 votes. At that time he was active in the Knights of Labor, and was a national organizer for the moulders' union. He began working in a foundry when 13 years of age, and is now the owner of a foundry in Springfield. He served as a labor appointee in Governor Altgeld's administration; but even before that he had become, as he has ever since remained, a devoted disciple of Henry George, which brought him into co-operation with Bode, Lee, and the rest of the indefatigable "Spaulding group."

Five years ago, when Bode was elected alderman (vol. ix, p. 7), an office in which he distinguished himself in Springfield as a courageous progressive leader, Farris, running as a Democrat in a Republican ward, was defeated by only 50 votes; but two years later he was elected from the same ward by 63 majority (vol. xi, p. 54), and a year ago, after two years of aldermanic service, he was re-elected (vol. xiii, p. 377) by 200 majority.

Born October 22, 1862, Mr. Farris is only eight

years older than Mr. Spaulding, who was born November 21, 1870; and their civic work in Springfield, along with the others of their growing progressive group, has been co-operative and untiring. They nearly elected Bode Mayor (vol. x, p. 8) as an independent candidate in 1907. With all the ability and industry of your politician for personal ends, they are single minded for the promotion of public interests. The principal political policy for which they have stood is public ownership of public utilities.

Besides Spaulding and Farris, there are three out of the eight nominees who may be voted for with confidence in their civic honesty and courage. These are George E. Coe, Frank L. Hatch and H. B. Davidson. Any two of them, with Spaulding and Farris as fellow Commissioners and Schnepf as Mayor, would give Springfield an exemplary commission government.

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## HAVE PATIENCE, BROTHER.

For The Public.

An editor of a western Socialist paper notes that there is nearly a billion dollars worth of gold coin locked up in the United States Treasury, and wants to know what good it does.

We can partly enlighten him. While admitting as absurd the possibility that some day all the people will take a sudden notion to demand gold for their greenbacks, yet we must not overlook the recent vast concentration of wealth.

In but a very few more years, Morgan will have all the greenbacks. What better psychological moment than that for him to decide to have the finest mansion that was ever built. What could be finer than a mansion of solid gold with solid gold fences and other things to match. He could take his greenbacks and get the gold, because he would have use for it.

There may be some radicals who would oppose such a conclusion as cataclysmic. For them we offer a few alternative suggestions. Why not put our navy on a gold basis. What a field for new experiments would thus be opened up. We could build gold battleships and try the effect on them of gold bullets fired by sailors in solid gold braid. We could fortify the Panama Canal with gold bricks. We could pass a law providing that hereafter all red tape should be yellow. We could cease the outworn practice of whitewashing our Senators and other political disgraces, and gild them instead. In times of financial stress, we would establish a free gold line for needy millionaires. In times of famine, we could call on the resourceful Burbank to convert this gold into food.

Let not thy heart be troubled. While there is gold there is hope.