WILSHIRE'S

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Nov. 1901 - Dec. 1902

Introduction to the Greenwood reprint by

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Introduction

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WILSHIRE'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AN OPEN LETTER

ON THE

SUPPRESSION *of* A FREE PRESS

FROM

MR. WILSHIRE *to* THE PRESIDENT

CHALLENGE

WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

$1.00 Per Year

H. Gaylord Wilshire.

225 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

NOVEMBER, 1901

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT

Dear Mr. President:—I do not wish to embarrass the administration, but I really feel it is imperative both in justice to myself and for the good of the nation that I insist upon your transferring Mr. Madden from the post office to some other department where his duties will be either largely ornamental or entirely perfunctory. I don't ask for his dismissal from the service, for I know that when a man is taken from the ranks of labor and placed in a fat political position, as Mr. Madden was, there has always been a fat political debt incurred by the party that must in honor be fully liquidated. I do not ask you to repudiate by the dismissal of Mr. Madden. Simply transfer him to some other job where the pay is the same. You ask me where to put him? Well, the only thing he ever made a good record at was firing a locomotive. It is said that this is going to be a hard winter. The White House is a drafty old barn, a dangerous place for your children if not kept properly warmed and at an even temperature. What's the matter with appointing Mr. Madden your janitor with especial charge of the White House furnace? If he fired a locomotive he certainly can fire a furnace. By making this transfer you not only provide for the comfort of your family, but you at the same time remove a Third Assistant Postmaster-General who will always be making a fool of your whole administration. As the New York *Evening Post* says regarding your control over appointees:

"Mr. Roosevelt enjoys tremendous advantages in dealing with this problem. In the first place, he is entirely free from those restrictions which constrained Mr. McKinley to sign the commissions of odious characters to whom his manager, Hanna, had promised office."

Why endanger your political future by tying your fortunes to such a man? Just think. What greater blunder could Mr. Madden have committed your administration to than that of suppressing the freedom of the press?

Of course I know perfectly well that you knew nothing about it and that if the matter had ever been referred to you that such an amazing blunder would never have occurred, but this only goes so much the further to show that you must have subordinates upon whose judgment you can rely to prevent the recurrence of such mortifying episodes. It will be urged to excuse Mr. Madden that he did it simply in order to please you. Such an excuse is worse than none at all. In the first place it will intimate that you yourself favor the suppression of the free press, which you do not. In the next place it would mean that the post office is run not for the public service but as if it

were a kind of a mechanical toy, a toy locomotive, to amuse the occupant of the Presidential chair.

Then, too, the absurdly bald subterfuge Mr. Madden uses in saying that he is not suppressing my journal owing to its views, but because it "advertises" those views, is such a dangerous precedent. On this plea he would stop a man making a speech on the ground that the meeting had been "advertised."

Mr. Madden has another plea for his action. I used my journal primarily to advertise my speeches.

In the first place this is not true and in the second place even if it were true it would be a new and dubious reason for suppressing a paper. On this ground it would be easy to suppress Mr. Bryan's paper. Mr. Bryan really comes more under the ban than I do, for he gets paid for his speeches, while mine are free. I showed Mr. Madden that I had been publishing my journal since December, 1900, and that for the first six months I had made no mention of any speech-making, I made no speeches. I explained to him that I was in the first place essentially a business man and had no time for any great amount of speech-making. That I was the owner of several orange and walnut ranches in California and also had other businesses, and being in addition a director in a National Bank as well as of several other corporations. That editing my paper and handling my private business affairs was quite sufficient to keep me busy without my becoming a professional lecturer. I also pointed out that he was passing judgment upon a journal which had been regularly published for thirty-seven issues by an examination of a single issue. That because this one issue had in it a list of my lectures he had formed the erroneous impression that all the other issues had contained such a schedule, whereas as a matter of fact I could not remember of any such schedule ever having been so published before.

I also pointd out that the schedule was in no manner an advertisement of my lectures, as the paper containing it was issued *after* I had finished my tour. CHALLENGE is palpably an impossible medium anyway to advertise a lecture. The only paper than can advertise a lecture is the local paper published in the place where the lecture is to take place. The schedule Mr. Madden objected to took up less than one column in a 16-page paper.

This certainly does not look like I was conducting CHALLENGE as an advance program of my lecturing tour.

The most singular point of all is that after I actually convinced Mr. Madden himself of the absurdity of his first ruling that CHALLLENGE was merely a lecture program, that he then went off on a new tack altogether to argue on entirely new grounds that it was a paper designed "primarily for advertising purposes." He said it was manifestly designed to sell my "ideas." That inasmuch as my stock in trade was admittedly and ostensibly "ideas" and that CHALLENGE was admittedly the medium through which I offered my goods for sale that the logical conclusion was that CHALLENGE was primarily designed for "advertising purposes."

Now, really, Mr. President, what answer can one make to a man advancing such an absurd argument? Of course the unconscious humor of it is as fine as anything in the English language. I appreciate that side of it well enough, but nevertheless I don't feel like paying a thousand dollars a month for even the very finest joke in the language.

That is just what Mr. Madden's bit of humor means to me if I continued publishing CHALLENGE as a weekly. I may say in justice to the gentleman, that after my talk he did agree to allow me to apply for a re-entry for CHALLENGE, as you will see by his letter on the next page.

However, this permission did nothing more than to give me another try at editing a paper without advertising my ideas.

It not only promised nothing for the future, but it conveyed no information that I would get my deposit money that I had put up on the back numbers. It was such an indefinite sort of a program for me to try to follow that I simply chucked up the sponge on trying to publish a weekly and decided to make

CHALLENGE a monthly magazine.

Again, Mr. President, I must remind you that the making of a good janitor was lost when Mr. Madden was made Third Assistant Postmaster-General. It is not too late to correct the error.

EDWIN C. MADDEN,
THIRD ASST. P. M. GENERAL.

IN YOUR REPLY, REFER TO
C. D. No.
53516.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE THIRD ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL,
CLASSIFICATION DIVISION,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 3,1901.

Mr.H.Gaylord Wilshire,
Publisher of "The Challenge,"
225 Fourth St., New York, N.Y.

Sir:

Referring to your call at the Department with reference to the classification of "The Challenge," you are informed that the postmaster at New York has been authorized to receive a new application for entry of the paper to the second class of mail matter,with conditional deposit of postage at the third class rate.

This authority was given with the understanding that the features which caused the recent denial of the second class rates to the publication will be eliminated therefrom.

Respectfully yours,

J.
C.S.7.

Third Assistant Postmaster General.

* * *

Ten Years Ago

It has been ten years since I took part in New York politics. In November, 1891, I ran on the Socialist ticket for Attorney-General receiving 14,710 votes.

Postals on Credit

Subscription postals for agents at 25 cents each, in lots of five, on credit. Each good for 6 months subscription. Ten yearly postals for $5, on credit.

MR. MADDEN PONDERS

A man with a grievance is never wanted for a dinner companion. The fact that Third Assistant Postmaster-General Mr. Madden has denied my paper, CHALLENGE, from the privilege of second-class rates constitutes not a grievance but an advertisement. However, to possibly protect some poor devil who cannot look at things with the calm eye of my philosophic self, I propose to tell my tale of woe. It will be brief. My paper CHALLENGE was regularly entered as second-class matter some nine months ago in Los Angeles where it was started. With the growing circulation I decided that New York was a better field for such a paper. I applied for a transfer of entry from the Los Angeles post office to the New York post office. Was told that no transfer was allowed, but that I must apply as for an entirely new entry. Did so, entering the first number, 37, of CHALLENGE printed in New York which was practically identical with CHALLENGE as had been printed in Los Angeles. I never for an instant dreamed that there would be any question of the entry being accepted. In the meanwhile, pending acceptance, I was compelled to deposit postage at third-class rates at one cent per copy, to be refunded provided the entry was accepted. After a couple of weeks wait I was astounded to get a letter from Mr. Madden announcing that the entry had been refused, no specific grounds being named.

I went down to Washington and had a very unsatisfactory interview with Mr. Madden, inasmuch as the lines he laid down for me are practically impossible for any editor to follow.

However, he did promise to review the matter again, but by that promise I find he meant that I would be permitted to make another re-entry and possibly forfeit the deposit money paid upon my first two New York numbers.

The particular infraction of the postal regulations he alleged that I made were:

1. CHALLENGE was used to advertise my lectures.

2. CHALLENGE was used to advertise my "ideas."

In order that there might be no misunderstanding of Mr. Madden's views I herewith present a copy of my letter to him and having had no reply I may consider that his silence gives assent to my interpretation of his ruling.

October 3, 1901.

Mr. Edwin C. Madden, Third Assistant Postmaster, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: I had supposed when I left you last Monday that there would be no question about me being permitted, pending your final decision, to post CHALLENGE as second-class matter without stamps, provided I deposited money to cover third-class rates.

I understood from you that your decision on this point was made, but that you would not be able to decide upon allowing me final entry for several days. However, when I asked the post-office to-day to allow me to post without stamps, they said that you had not advised them, and although I wired you this morning, I did not have any word from them that they had been advised at this hour of writing (5 p. m.).

I would be greatly indebted if you could wire me upon receipt of this letter whether you will let me post as I desire, on deposit. It seems to me that you are not losing anything by this, and the chief difference to me is that it saves me the trouble of stamping 30,000 separate parcels.

I am anxious to conform fully to the post-office regulations, but from my conversation with you Monday, I fear that unless you give me very explicit information, we may come in conflict again, and this is something I do not desire.

Your objection was based primarily upon the erroneous idea that the paper was issued to advertise my lectures. I thought I fully disposed of this impression by showing you that out of thirty-nine issues, only two or three issues had any mention of my lectures, and that for the thirty-five issues I had no lecturing, nor did I speak of them at all, nor do I intend doing any to any extent in the future, and if do I do not intend to advertise them in CHALLENGE. However, after this matter was disposed of you stated that CHALLENGE was primarily an advertising publication, and as such was liable to be ruled out. You said that the goods advertised were my "ideas," that you classified a man who manufactured and sold "ideas" the same as you would a man who manufactured and sold soap or hams, and that the business of selling ideas and advertising them should not be discriminated from any other manufacturing and advertising business. While I disagree with you as to this view of the intent of the law, yet at the same time, if you are right and your decision holds, I must conform if I wish to

have the advantage of second-class rate. It is impossible for me as an editor not to advertise my views every time I express them, so if you will kindly inform me to what extent I must limit the advertising feature of the expression I will be more able to conform to your rules and regulations.

I would be glad to know if I have expressed your opinion correctly, and if not, wish you would kindly inform me to that effect, as I do not wish to misinterpret your decision.

Again asking you to wire me as to being able to post on deposit, pending your final decision, I am, Faithfully yours,

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

As to the final outcome ot this arbitrary suppression of my journal I can vouchsafe no answer. I only know that there seems to be practically no recourse in such a matter. If the people elect a President who appoints Mr. Madden and who refuses to either remove him or to force him to correct his mistakes, it would seem that nothing short of waiting four years for a change of Presidents is of avail.

CHALLENGE is once more to be entered as an applicant for second-class rates with this current issue.

It will be a month before I can inform my readers through these columns as to what decision has been made. In the meanwhile I would say that I have sunk several hundred dollars in the United States post office and if any young lawyer aspiring for fame wishes to negotiate with me on a contingent basis I will entertain a proposition, provided Mr. Madden does not melt his heart. I herewith give his last letter and invite everybody to make a guess on the melt:

Washington, D. C., Oct. 8, 1901.

Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire.

Sir: In reply to your letter of the 4th instant, you are informed that the renewed application for the entry of CHALLENGE to the second class of mail matter, under the Act of March 3, 1879, has been received through the postmaster at New York.

I shall arrive at a conclusion in the matter as early as possible, and acquaint you with the result. At the same time a ruling will be made as to the disposition of the excess over the pound rate of the conditional deposits of third-class postage made on the publication prior to the rejection of the primal application for entry at the post-office at New York.

Very respectfully, EDWIN C. MADDEN,
Third Assistant Postmaster-General.

A WORLD TRUST

BOSTON, Sept. 23.—A dispatch to the *Transcript* from Pittsburg says that two Pittsburg men, President James A. Chambers and Vice-President M. K. McMullin of the American Window Glass Co., are at the head of the effort to form a world's trust in window glass. A dispatch from Brussels says they have a four months' option in which to purchase all the salable glass factories in Belgium. When Messrs. Chambers and McMullin went abroad, it was with a view to making an agreement to curtail production and maintain prices at a protable point. It is expected that they will return to Belgium in December.

The negotiations with independents, co-operatives and workers in America last spring were notably successful. A short fire has been secured, as the plants will not resume operations till November 1. All surplus stocks can be absorbed, and prices maintained at the present high level. Last year the window-glass business in America was aided by the Belgian strike.

I take the above from the *Evening* Post. It is always a matter of wonderment to me that the editor of that staid old paper can give such an item of news indicating a new and remarkable development of industry and then not give even a line of comment in his editorial column.

owever, it is easy enough of explanation. He has nothing to say. The *Evening Post* for many years was the leading exponent of the *laissez faire* theory of political economy. Give us free trade and an honest administration and the social problem is solved, it said. When the trusts first appeared no paper was louder than it in denunciation of what it called the "brigands of commerce." Up to that time I myself had been more or less an admirer of the *Post*. I still persisted in the delusion that it was at least honest in its wrong theories. I wrote a number of letters to it in 1884-85 on the subject of trusts showing the injustice of blaming the capitalists for doing what the inexorable laws of trade forced them to do.

I was not a Socialist then, but had sense enough anyway to see the absolute necessity of the trust to the capitalist. The *Post* refused to publish any of my letters, much to my astonishment, as I had thought until then that any one writing to them upon such an important sub-

ject as the trust would be sure of a publication.

I have learned more about the art of modern journalism since then. The newspaper of to-day never, except as a matter of necessity, tells the truth unless the truth happens to correspond with what it thinks its readers like. At that time the *Post* thought its readers wanted the trusts denounced as inexcusable nuisances. To have me come along and offer a reasonable excuse for their formation and existence made it out silly to call for the abolition of the trust. As it could not answer me, it took the shortest way out of the difficulty by suppressing my letters.

I am the only editor who always stands by and publishes anybody's letter on any side of the political question.

However, I must withdraw part of my criticism of the silence of the *Post*. It at last delivered itself a week after the news of the International Glass combination and after I had written the foregoing. This is from its editorial of October 1:

The rapidity with which the Trust question has been coming to the front in Mexico has been plain from the progress recently made in railway consolidation in that country and the total reorganization of the country's industry upon the basis of the "community-of-interests" principle. The "small producer" is, as usual, putting in his complaint, and his request for relief. Mine-owners urge that the American Smelting and Refining Company, which has absorbed most of the mines and nearly all of the smelters of Mexico, is now closing some of the best mines in the Sierra Mojada region, in its effort to control the output and the price of ores. It is now stated that President Diaz is considering the advisability of putting a check upon the growth of trusts by officially prohibiting them. President Diaz may learn a useful lesson from the experience of the United States Congress, which prohibited Trusts by the Sherman Law with such effect that by 1900, according to Senator Hanna, "there was not a Trust in the United States." As it appears to be American capitalists that are causing trouble in Mexico, it may be that the Trusts have been driven to that country from the United States. It will be interesting to see where they will go when they have been driven out of Mexico by President Diaz.

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Further dispatches attest the progress that is being made by American capital in competition with foreign. Recent announcements have given good ground for the belief that Americans may prove dangerous, not merely as sellers in European markets, but also as competitive producers on foreign soil. The most noteworthy development of the sort was seen in the recent purchase of the English firm of Ogden's, Limited, by the American Tobacco Company—a step which has aroused serious apprehension not merely among English tobacco manufacturers, but generally throughout the whole field of British industry. Further progress in the direction of American control of foreign industry has now been made by the Glass Trust's acquisition of the Belgian glass factories at Charleroi. While the Trust has not succeeded in obtaining the entire ownership of the factories, it has acquired a large, if not controlling, interest. The Trust, with its enlarged scope, will now, it is thought, be able to govern the market and control wages. Taken in connection with other transfers of American capital to foreign fields of investment, these two encroachments must be regarded as highly significant. They indicate where the headship of industry is likely to be found in the future. They will be a source of disappointment to those who have laid stress on the difficulty of forming international combinations of capital. They will, however, bring new problems to the attention of governments, and may raise the practical question whether the governments themselves are stronger than the Trusts.

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It is not unamusing when it wonders where the dear little trust birds will roost when Hanna shoos them out of this country and Diaz shoos them from Mexico.

It is still more amusing, although quite unconscious of it, however, in its plaintive query whether the trusts are stronger than the governments or not. The trusts some day may shoo the governments away and roost in the coop themselves, the *Post* evidently thinks.

Let me tell you, Dear *Post*, that the trusts moved in long ago and the governments are simply their tenants at will.

You don't believe it? Well, you did not believe me when I predicted ten years ago that American capital would be so superabundant in this country that it would be forced to invest in Europe.

✡ ✡ ✡

Notice.—This magazine supplied to the trade by the American News Co. Returnable.

O'TIS INSIGNIFICANT

I know that a man is often prone to exaggerate the importance of his own particular environment. However, I wish to distinctly declare that my residence in Los Angeles has not made me so provincial that I have ever been unaware of the exceeding insignificance of the editor of the Los Angeles *Times*. I forget his name for the moment. It would enlighten no one anyway. Of late years he has seemingly been running his paper for the one and particular object of vilifying Wilshire and his views. Ordinarily such a course might be passed over without comment. In fact it might be regarded as a species of bastard advertising having considerable value.

However, the assassination of the President has led him into such extreme language that I feel called upon to point out the danger of allowing such unrestrained liberty of the press. Liberty is not license.

The *Times* has long felt that almost any means of suppressing my views should be adopted.

After the President was shot it could not resist displaying, with its professional weeping and wailing, its exultation that the foul deed would prove a means toward suppressing me.

Let me quote from its editorial:

"Some terrible shock was needed, perhaps, to restore the public mind and the public conscience to a normal appreciation and understanding of the true significance of these crimes of society and our system of government.

"The fateful blow has been delivered, and the whole nation is weeping and shuddering at the horror of it. If it shall serve to stir the public conscience to normal and wholesome action, even this supreme and pitiful sacrifice will not have been wholly in vain."

This is simply a parallel of the workings of the diseased brain of Czolgosz that led to the assassination of the President.

The anarchist looks over society and he, like the editor of the *Times*, sees a dreadful state of affairs. They both say to themselves "some terrible shock is needed to restore the public mind and public conscience." The only difference between them is that the editor of the *Times* talks and the anarchist acts.

The *Times* now says, in order no doubt to divert attention from itself on the "stop thief" theory:

"While we have laws all too complex and too stringent regulating the conduct of citizens in certain directions, we have seemingly been blind to the dangers arising from the wanton, systematic and outrageous abuse of the privileges of free speech and a free press."

All this is quite true, but it is of course hard to determine exactly when such men as the editor of the *Times* and his kidney should be transferred from the editorial office to the rock pile. Possibly a safe rule would be when a jury decides that they have not only attempted to hold a man up to public scorn and hatred by false allegations, but did so knowing that the allegations were false at the time of utterance.

I reproduce in this issue two cartoons from the *Times* that have appeared since the assassination, which would probably land the editor behind the bars if a law of this nature was now in force. It will be noticed that he classifies Socialists, with convicts, anarchists and the insane. All know the feeling in this country, and it is perfectly well founded and justified, against anarchists. They are a pestilential nuisance and nobody more than the Socialist wishes them out of the way. When now the *Times* classifies Socialists with such outcasts it is maliciously and deliberately endeavoring to incite the ignorant to acts of violence against Socialists. I say maliciously because, although the editor of the *Times* is ignorant of most things, still he has been informed repeatedly to my own personal knowledge as to the aims of Socialists and he himself is allowed the privilege of a personal acquaintance of a number of men of wealth and position like myself who are avowed Socialists. It is readily admitted that the effect of his cartoons and editorials is just opposite that intended, inasmuch as the animus is too apparent, but the intent is there just the

same and it is the intent that is to be considered.

When an editor deliberately, repeatedly and maliciously endeavors to incite his readers to acts of violence against men whom he knows represent the intelligence and morality of his own community, there may be a certain truth in his contention that the liberty of the press is being abused.

No one to-day is howling more than the *Times* against Mr. Hearst, alleging that the cartoons in his paper led to the assassination of McKinley. I would like to know what the editor of the *Times* would say in justification of himself if some weak-minded person should be led by his own cartoons to assassinate a Socialist? Of course the editor would be glad of it, but he would no more dare to say so than do the avowed anarchist editors dare rejoice at the assassination of McKinley.

If Hearst can be blamed for inciting to assassination then the editor of the *Times* can also be equally blamed.

If there is one paper in this country worthy of suppression it is the Los Angeles *Times*. A paper that not only finds comfort in the assassination of McKinley for the reason that "perhaps some terrible shock was needed," but that has ever since that event repeatedly approved of the tactics of the anarchists by actions speaking far louder than words.

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Are You All Willing?

Some months ago I proposed giving a prize to the state organization which showed the greatest number of CHALLENGE subscribers in that state. The many vicissitudes which CHALLENGE is passing through, the transfer from California, the suppresssion by the postmaster-general, etc., and finally its forced change from a weekly to a monthly, have so thrown all calculations out of joint that I think it is only fair to all concerned to suggest a modification.

If there is no objection I will extend the time of closing contest until June 1, and make the prize $250, payable in postals at agent's rate.

Rev. T. McGrady

To the Rev. L. W. Mulhane, Literary Editor The Catholic Columbian, Columbus, Ohio:

Sir:—In all history there is no crime more dastard than that of "poisoning the wells," so that all who go down to drink thereat stumble back again along the paths with toxins of death burning in every tissue. You have taken advantage of a time when men's judgments are inflamed by passion to pollute the Pierian spring. Under the feverish title of "The Red Flag—Cult of Atheists and Infidels the Curse of Our Day," you adroitly include Socialism with nihilism and anarchy. With a show of fairness, which masks an ignorance hypertrophied beyond the skill of the most clever mental surgery to cure, you write that "Socialism in its milder form simply desires that government touch the people nearer than it does now in many of its public activities; it advocates a governmental control of railroads, telegraphs, etc., just as the postal service is now managed."

Under the present economic system of competitive industry, the government does, indeed, "touch" the people with a glad abandon, child-like and bland; and will, no doubt, continue to "touch" them on behalf of its many public activities as long as the national debt remains unpaid to the Old Lady of Thread-needle Street. To speak of "Socialism in its milder form" is like speaking of trigonometry in its milder form, or of a subdued and meek table of logarithms. Socialism does not advocate a governmental control of railroads, telegraphs, etc., but a public, co-operative ownership of all the means of production and distribution. Governmental control and co-operative public ownership are as different from each other as darkness is from light. In Germany, for instance, there is governmental control of railroads, telegraphs, etc., but the common people still pay the same taxes and continue to be "touched" on behalf of the many public activities.

Furthermore, you write that "a large number of Socialists are in favor of bringing about their aims by violence if

need be—not having the patience to wait for the slow process of arousing the people by educating them up to such a point as to bring the end by legal means—by legislation." Here, again, you are poisoning the wells of truth. Socialism is, by its very nature, opposed to war, pillage, lawlessness, brute force, falsehood, and violence. If here and there some dull-witted Socialist, made sullen by poverty and pain, cries out for vengeance, his violence is no more to be attributed to Socialism than the savage cruelty of a Torquemada is to be imputed to Catholicism.

Following your article paragraph by paragraph, your next argument is, in the very groundwork of things, antecedently improbable. You state that "recently in Chicago—the Sunday after President McKinley was shot—at a large meeting of Socialists, a resolution was introduced protesting against the popular notion that Socialism and anarchy are identical and a motion to lay it on the table was carried by a large vote." Where was this big meeting held? Who presided thereat? From what source did you get your account of it? Doubtless, from the capitalistic Associated Press. Suppose that the item had been like this: "Recently at a large meeting of Catholics in Chicago—the Sunday after President McKinley was shot—a resolution was introduced protesting against the popular notion that Catholicism and atheism are identical and a motion to lay it on the table was carried by a large vote." Would you not, at once, say that the report was antecedently incredible? And yet there is a strict parity here; for it is a popular notion in many parts of America that Catholics are not Christians.

Going on with your writing, you aver that "many of these men are avowed atheists"; and you appeal for proof to J. L. Alden's criticism of Hall Caine's novel, *The Eternal City*. You forget that this sort of argument has, attached to its business end, a patent, double-action, recalcitrant mechanism which is likely to scatter your cerebral cortices about the neighboring landscape. Let me show you in what way it works so that in future you may know how to keep a dignified distance from it.

Taking the hero of a novel as a type of any class, we can apply Mr. Alden's criticism to every profession. The scheming Cardinal Grandison and the intriguing Mgr. Berwick in Disraeli's *Lothair* might be cleverly whitewashed by saying that if Lord Beaconsfield knew anything of Englishmen, he would know that English prelates and English laymen are to a man saints and sages, in fact if not in word. This is a rule which will work both ways. The many prelates pilloried in Dante's *Inferno*, the gay churchmen in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, the friars of Dijon in Campbell's poems, the wily ecclesiastics in Victor Hugo's novels, need more explaining away than Hall Caine's David Rossi. Dante, Boccaccio, Disraeli, Campbell, and Victor Hugo, it may be remarked in passing, stand higher in the world of letters than the author of *The Deemster*. Coming down to the contemporaries of Hall Caine, the rule of Mr. Alden's criticism will need stretching to a still greater tension when dealing with Mgr. Moretti, Mgr. Gherardi, and Pere Vergniaud in Miss Corelli's *Master Christian*, and Cardinal Montanelli in Voynich's *Gadfly*.

Socialism does not beget atheism any more than chemistry begets infidelity. Socialism is an economic science, not a religious creed. We must look elsewhere for the causes of atheism than in Socialism. The so-called father of the Democratic party, Thomas Jefferson, was an infidel; and Robert Ingersoll, the agnostic, was a leading Republican in his day. The early Fathers of the Church were, as a rule, Socialists and they showed no tendencies toward atheism. For a more detailed account of their fearless championship of the masses I refer you to Brentano's *Die Arbeiterversicherung gemass der heutigen Wirthschaftsordung*. (Leipzig, 1879.)

You state, further, that "some Socialists are in favor of a peaceable and equal division of all wealth, so as to make each man own just as much as his neighbor." You do not know even the alphabet of Socialism. Wealth is the stored-up pro-

duct of labor. It belongs only to the man who has honestly earned it. "You received your fortune by inheritance," says St. John Chrysostom, "so be it! Therefore, you have not sinned personally, but how do you know that you may not be enjoying the fruits of theft and crime committed before you?" (In Epist. i. and Tim., 12.) Under Socialism millionaires would disappear by a process of elimination, not of division, of their fortunes. The people would take over all the means of production and distribution; and every man would receive the full product of his toil. Competition would cease, and with the cessation of competition the exploitation of the workingman would end. It would be impossible for the rich man to continue in possession of his millions when he could no longer buy labor in an open market and make large margins of interest, profit, and rent. His money could not, therefore, be multiplied. The principal would not be kept intact and increased by interest, profit, and rent; and would, in course of time, diminish to such a point as would force the rich man himself to become a producer.

Again, you say that Socialism would "put a premium on laziness and inactivity and the result would be that men would not labor, if they found that all the fruits were to be distributed to others." Socialism would do quite the contrary; for every man would receive the full fruit of his labor. Socialism does not believe in dividing up; and the man who will not work must starve. You should bear in mind, moreover, that laziness is a disease of the tissues, not of the will. As I have remarked elsewhere, "some were born tired, because their mothers labored like galley slaves during gestation, and the unborn foetus has been impregnated with ennui and lassitude, and comes into the world cursed with physical debility." (*Socialism and the Labor Problem*, p. 27.) The inexorable law of heredity stamps them with the worn-out nerves and life-cells of generations of overwork. Under Socialism all the marvellous labor-saving machinery of our times would enable men to do a day's work in two or three hours, and the danger of physical degeneration would be removed and, therefore, the causes of laziness.

You tell a story of a friend whose pet phrase was, "Working for humanity." You seem to fancy that this Socialist was routed, bag and baggage, by the clergyman with whom he was conversing: for you relate that "just at the close of the conversation, the clergyman noticed two Sisters of Charity from a nearby hospital, crossing the street and said: 'Do you see those two women crossing the street?' He replied, 'Yes; why?' The answer was: 'Well, those two women are doing more for humanity in one day than you are in a month.' Our friend, looking crestfallen, replied: 'Well, I guess you are about right.'" With all due respect for, and high appreciation of, these good Sisters of Charity, I protest against the comparison. From what source did these Sisters get the funds to build the hospital? Ultimately out of the stolen products of labor. The workingman, under the present economic system, gets only one-fifth of the product of his labor. The capitalist robs him of the remaining four-fifths; and—as a salve to his conscience—gives a small fraction of his stealings to some ostentatious charity. In its last analysis, the hospital is built by the toiler and the good Sisters of Charity are merely making restitution to the laborer, not bestowing unearned charity upon humanity.

In conclusion, I challenge you to debate the principles of Socialism in the columns of your paper, or on the public stage. If you have erred through a lack of precise knowledge, I am willing to instruct you in the true science of Socialism. In any case, I will not stand idly by and let you misrepresent the principles and demands of Socialism in a great Catholic paper whose loftiest purpose should be the spread of Truth at all hazard. Respectfully yours,

T. McGrady

Pastor St. Anthony's Church,

Ourselves as Others See Us

Mr. Wilshire is a well-built man of perhaps thirty-five years. He wears a Van Dyke beard, tan shoes, a shirt waist, and with a light suit, the trousers of which were rolled up at the bottom, he impressed the audience as a man of the world who through personal contact with it had learned the lessons which he sought to impress upon his hearers. Mr. Wilshire launched into a definition of Socialism, illustrating his point with the accepted theory of the earth's formation. He said scientists believed at some future time the earth would be a dead planet from lack of heat within, but that this danger did not interest the present generation, as the time of the catastrophe was too far distant. People, he said, become so accustomed to conditions that they do not think of the solution of the vexing problems confronting them. With Socialism, as with the theory of the earth's inevitable fate, the end seems so far away that it is hard indeed to get people interested in what is in reality the only solution of the present evils of government. "People look upon Socialism," he said, "as an iridescent dream, and it is this idea that I want to puncture."

Beginning with the assertion that the workers were the great consuming class, Mr. Wilshire said: "Workmen are not paid now in proportion to what they earn for their employers. Instead, they are paid by the scale of what the employer can duplicate them for. Consequently the employed man competes for bread with the unemployed man, and as a result none, under existing conditions, can hope to gain more than a bare living." To illustrate, he said a certain class of men builded a labor-saving machine and threw a number of men out of employment. Then there is nothing for these unemployed men to do but to build a better labor-saving machine, disemploying even a larger number. "If this process goes on for ages," he said, "what is to be the finish?

"It will simply come to the point where a Gould or a Rockefeller will press the button and the machine will do the rest, and in the meantime those who have made this possible, will starve. The thing for the workmen to do is to step in now, push the Goulds and Rockefellers, with all the other money kings, aside and say "We will take our turn at pressing the button; we will live for a time in the great house built by our own hands."

At the conclusion of his address, Mr. Wilshire allowed the audience to ask questions at will, and seemed to take great pleasure in answering all queries. The local organization is well pleased with the meeting.—*The Sun*, Springfield, Ohio, Sept. 4.

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The Suppression of Challenge

THE CHALLENGE, a weekly Socialistic publication owned and edited by H. Gaylord Wilshire, son of a millionaire, has been barred from circulation in the mails at newspaper rates by Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden.

Mr. Wilshire, in announcing the "suppression" of his paper, says that he had a circulation of 30,000, the postage of which at third-class rates would amount to $300 weekly.

Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden told Mr. Wilshire that the CHALLENGE was merely an advertising sheet. "The mere fact," he said, "that you sell your ideas instead of your soap, does not let you escape."

In his editorial valedictory, Mr. Wilshire says: "I do not wish to misrepresent Mr. Madden. He and I have very widely divergent views regarding the throwing of ham, soap and ideas into the same category of goods for sale."

Wilshire came to New York a month ago from Los Angeles, Cal., where his paper was formerly published. Shortly after the assassination of President McKinley, Wilshire was accused, wrongfully he declares, of making an inciting speech in York, Pa.—*New York World.*

☆ ☆ ☆

Men boast of their great actions, but they are oftener the effect of chance than design. Men's actions are not to be judged of at first sight.—Rochefoucauld.

The Significance *of* The Trust

== *H. Gaylord Wilshire*

HE REAL DANGER of the trust exists not in what it is to-day but in what it promises to-morrow. Most writers on the trust have confined themselves too much to expatiating upon the most palpable features of the trust. Anyone can see the menace to our institutions involved in the change from industry conducted on a democratic competitive system to an autocratic monopolistic system. Anyone can see the menace to labor when there is but one employer instead of a hundred. Anyone can see that when the production of a commodity is controlled by a trust that prices may be put up to exorbitant figures. I say all these points are so evident that it is a waste of time pointing them out.

Not only is it a waste of time to run over and over again these manifest dangers of the trust, but the remedies proposed for their elimination are usually so absurd that their proposal constitutes another waste of time.

It is the indication of what is to come that constitutes the dangerous significance of the trusts.

The trust signifies the near approach of a tremendous and insoluble Unemployed Problem and it is upon this point this article proposes to dwell.

A great change in public opinion regarding the trust issue has occurred in the last few years. It is not so long ago when all our public men and newspapers had but one solution for the problem; "the trust must be destroyed," they said. To-day nobody in his right senses looks to the possibility of the *destruction* of trusts. Trusts are now admitted to be the inevitable result of our competitive economic system.

I do not propose to devote any great attention to a demonstration of this inevitability of the trust, as I regard such a task as practically superfluous.

The point I care more to dwell upon is not the *inevitability* of the trust, which will be generally agreed upon, but upon the *impossibility*, in an economic sense, of the permanence of the trust. Let me say at once, before I raise false hopes in the breast of any classical economist, that I do not propose to show that trusts must fall to pieces of their own weight and that competition must be restored owing to the entrance of fresh capital into the field attempted to be monopolized by the trust. That would be an extremely silly position for me to take after having asserted the inevitability of the trust.

Neither am I attempting a glittering paradox by first asserting the inevitability of the trust and in the next breath its impossibility. The theory which I shall attempt to clearly demonstrate is that the natural and inevitable evolution of our industrial system is from competition under private ownership to monopoly under private ownership, and from monopoly under *private* ownership to monopoly under *public* ownership. In claiming the impossibility of the permanence of private monopoly, I speak simply from the standpoint of the political economist, and I leave out of consideration political and industrial changes that might or might

not be brought about by the voluntary uprising of a long-suffering and indignant people.

Public ownership of industry might be brought about next month if the people had a sufficient desire to effect it. It is not to the "might be" I appeal, but to the "must be." I shall endeavor to prove that public ownership, otherwise Socialism, is not inevitable because it is desirable, but because it comes into the category of the inexorably necessary. My first task is to prove the necessity of the trust. My next is to prove the necessity of Socialism.

The trust arose from the desire of the manufacturers to protect themselves from over-production and the consequent mad and suicidal struggle to dispose of their surplus stock.

Over-production arises because our productive capacity has been developed to the highest degree with labor-saving machinery operated by steam and electricity, while our consumptive capacity is crippled by the competitive wage system which limits the laborers, who constitute the bulk of our consumers, to the mere necessities of life. I will not tire you with long statistics exhibiting the enormous strides that have taken place in the productive capacity of men due to modern machinery, nor will I harrow your souls with the well-worn details of the narrow, sordid life of squalor lived by millions of our workers. It is patent that the day worker of to-day consumes but little if any more of the necessities of life than did his grandfather of 50 years ago.

The consumption of beef, flour, potatoes, coffee, tobacco, wool, etc., has varied little if any per capita in the last 50 years. Every student of history knows in a general way that the ordinary laborers of this country 50 or even 100 years ago lived in a fair degree of comfort, were warmly clad in their homespun and comfortably housed in their log cabins. The best proof of their condition was their notoriously fine physical development, longevity, and freedom from disease. The average family was from 10 to 14, and neither the husband nor the wife felt the dread of an addition to the family that is so characteristic of to-day.

I do not think any fair-minded person can but admit that the modern day-laborer on his $1.50 per day, and very uncertain of that, living in a city, wearing shoddy clothes, breathing sewer gas, eating tuberculous beef, drinking typhoid bacilli in his milk and fusel oil in his whisky, and absorbing intellectual garbage from his yellow journal, has had any great augmentation in the pleasures of life through the inventions of the marvelous nineteenth century.

But it may be pertinently asked, "Where has disappeared this immense stream of products that is the result of the labor of the nation applied to modern machinery?"

Taking the product of labor as a whole, it flows into two broad channels, one to the capitalists, the holders of wealth, and one to the workers. The ordinary workers must be given enough to keep them in efficient condition. Part of the workers, the aristocracy of labor, the trade-unionists and skilled labor generally, the proletarians who sell their brains rather than their hands, may get something above the mere necessities; but, broadly speaking, competition prevents any great augmentation of the share that goes to labor beyond that of the mere necessities.

The whole of the remainder of the product of labor falls into the lap of the holders of wealth simply as a rent, with no economic necessity on their part of doing anything in return for it.

Witness the enormous income of the Duchess of Marlborough and the Countess Castellane, representing abroad the Vanderbilt and Gould wealth, and discover if you can any return they may make to the American people. It is possible that somebody might strain his imagination into believing that the Astors, the Rockefellers and the Vanderbilts, who between them have an income something like $200,000,000 per year, perform some economic good in return, but I doubt if their most generous retainer would say that a hundred thousand a year each would not be sufficient compensation considering that our college

professors average less than $1,000.

The stream of wealth flowing into the coffers of the rich is itself again divided into two streams, one of which goes to satisfy what they are pleased to regard as their necessities of existence, a wonderful conglomerate of beefsteaks, truffles, champagne, automobiles, private cars, steam yachts, golf balls, picture galleries, food and clothing for their servants, etc., all classified under the general head of consumables and denominated by the general term of "spent" money.

The other division of the stream of wealth flowing to the rich is what is termed "saved" money, and goes into the building of new machinery of production, new railroads, canals, iron furnaces, mills, etc. It is this last channel for the "saved" money that has been the great sluice-way for carrying off the surplus product of labor and so avoiding the constant menace of a money plethora in our industrial system.

Notwithstanding that the prodigality of the American rich in unbounded luxury is the wonder of the ages, still the percentage of the very rich is so small that all their efforts in lavish "spending" have had little effect economically compared with the wealth they have been forced to "save," owing to lack of ingenuity in discovering modes for "spending." There is a grim satisfaction in the reflection that the "saving" capacity of the nation is increased by this concentration of wealth. Thrift is no longer a difficult virtue when it requires more labor and pains to "spend" than it does to "save," and this is the predicament of the very rich Americans.

No man cares for two dinners, and when Mr. Rockefeller with his $100,000,000 a year income "spends" over a thousand dollars per day on himself and his household, he finds it probably both pleasanter and easier to "save" the remainder than to lay awake nights devising bizarre ways to "spend" it. However, as the condition of affairs now is in the business world, it must be admitted that it is about as difficult for him to discover channels to invest his savings as it is to invent ways to "spend" it. I pity him. Some thirty years or more ago when Rockefeller first went into the business of refining oil, he was not then bothered with the problem of investing his profits. First, because they were not then so large as to be cumbersome; and, secondly, because the oil business itself was a fairly profitable one, and he had a natural place there to re-invest his earnings.

Others in the business, his competitors, did the same. Finally the capacity for refining oil became greater than the market demanded. Each refiner was bound to get rid of his surplus product at any price, and the price of the surplus determined the price of the whole. Ruin stared them in the face. Over-production must be curtailed. The Standard Oil Trust was born.

All this has been brought out time and again in the many federal and state inquiries into the Standard Oil Trust. Rockefeller completely proved his case in the Congressional investigation of 1888, that competition was ruining his business and that combination had become an absolute necessity. In fact, there has never been any questioning of his testimony establishing these facts. The politicians, however, thought it was a chance to make political capital, and urged the destruction of the oil trust, not attempting in the least to controvert Rockefeller's statement of facts showing that combination was an absolute necessity. However, notwithstanding the efforts of the politicians to overturn the laws of nature and make water run up hill, Rockefeller persisted in combining and making money instead of following their plan of competing and losing money.

The only reason that capitalists in the oil business over-invested in that business was because the opportunities for the investment of capital in other industries promised no better returns.

Capital, like water, seeks its own level. When no trust is on guard to intimidate investors, abnormally large profits will induce the flow of fresh capital to any business until profits are reduced to the normal. Hence, as it may be inferred, if

capital was investing in oil refineries notwithstanding the unpromising outlook, it was doing so because other businesses were in the same state of plethora and could offer no better inducements. That this was true is fully substantiated by the subsequent formation of trusts in other lines of manufacture to prevent the very same plethora of capital that had been affecting the oil business. The great industrial undertakings of the world are practically finished as far as present developments indicate.

As the late David A. Wells says in his "Recent Economic Changes": "It would seem indeed as if the world during all the years since the inception of civilization has been working upon the line of equipment for industrial effort—inventing and perfecting tools and machinery, building workshops and factories, and devising instrumentalities for the easy communication of persons and thoughts; that this equipment having at last been made ready, the work of using it has, for the first time in our day and generation, fairly begun; and also that every community under prior or existing conditions of use and consumption, is becoming saturated, as it were, with its results."

There is no country in which the industrial machinery is not only so thoroughly completed, but actually over-completed, if I may coin a word, as in the United States. We are saturated with capital and can absorb no more. In normal conditions the machinery of production will produce more in three days than we can consume in a week. The present boom is recognized by all as destined to be of a most ephemeral nature, and existing conditions no criterion to judge by. While over-production makes manifest the desirability of combination, yet desirability does not necessarily mean practicability.

As a general law in economics it may be stated that the tendency to combination increases as the number of competitors decreases and the amount of capital for each competing plant increases. The tendency for both these conditions to manifest themselves in our industrial world is too well known to mention.

In 1880 there were 1,943 plants with a combined capital of $62,000,000 manufacturing agricultural implements; in 1890 there were but 910 plants, while the capital invested had more than doubled. The number of plants engaged in manufacture of leather decreased in the same period from 5,424 to 1,596, while the capital involved increased from 67 to 81 millions. When the statistics for 1900 are published, the trend to concentration will be still more clearly shown.

As has been delineated, the volume of production has been constantly rising owing to the development of modern machinery. There were two main channels to carry off these products. One channel carrying off the product destined to be consumed by the workers, and the other channel carrying all the remainder to the rich. The worker's channel is in rock-bound banks that cannot enlarge owing to the competitive wage system preventing wages rising pro rata with increased efficiency. Wages are based upon cost of living, and not upon efficiency of labor. The miner in the poor mine gets the same wages per day as the miner in the adjoining rich mine. The owner of the rich mine gets the advantage—not his laborer. The channel which conveys the goods destined to supply the rich is itself again divided into two streams. One stream carries off what the rich "spend" on themselves for the necessities and luxuries of life. The other is simply an "overflow" stream, carrying off their "savings." The channel for spending, *i.e.*, the amount wasted by the rich in luxuries, may broaden somewhat, but owing to the small number of those rich enough to indulge in whims it can never be greatly enlarged, and at any rate it bears such a small relative proportion to the other channel that in no event can much hope of avoiding a flood of capital be looked for from this division. The rich will never be so ingenious as to spend enough to prevent over-production. The great safety overflow channel which has been continuously more and more widened and deepened to carry off the ever-increasing flood of new capital is that division of the stream which carries the savings of the

rich, and this is not only suddenly found to be incapable of further enlargement, but actually seems to be in the process of being dammed up.

And why not? Man's material wants are limited, no matter how unlimited may be his spiritual ones. If one bridge is sufficient to carry me from New York to Brooklyn, then two will be a surplus. When one car line is built on Broadway, there is no room or necessity for more.

It is superfluous to point out that with wages determined by competition a workingman can create no effective demand for the satisfaction of his spiritual wants. He is lucky enough to get the necessities of life and is not fool enough to refuse a wage because it does not afford luxuries when he sees a man over his shoulder only too willing and anxious to accept it if he should refuse the offer.

Let us cast a broad sympathetic look over the surface of the United States, with the perplexed eye of a man with a million dollars or more looking for a promising and safe investment. Would he care to build another transcontinental railway? I think not. There are too many already. Would he care to go into wheat-growing? Not if he is not in need of a guardian. One year it pays, then for the next three years there is either no crop on account of drought, or there is low price owing to over-production, and the wheat-grower has no chance of forming a trust. Too many farmers to combine: it is difficult enough to get ten men into a combination, but when you have 10,000 it is manifestly an impossibility.

Is there one single industry which he could find that is of a sufficiently large nature to warrant the investment of a large capital that is not palpably overdone? As for smaller industries there is a concensus of opinion in the business world that there are practically none promising good returns, and that the only ones that seem to be good are of a parasitic nature which live like the mice in a granary, escaping competition of large capitalists, owing to their insignificance.

The channel which carries off the surplus wealth for the upbuilding of new industries we can imagine sub-dividing itself into a many-branched delta, each mouth furnishing the needed supply for each particular industry. When there was no over-supply of capital in an industry the capitalists controlling that particular branch of the delta flowing to their industry used all efforts to widen and deepen that particular channel. When finally they had received all the capital they wished, and they had formed their trust, the process was reversed. It was as if they had thrown a dam across the entrance of their delta and diverted their small stream back into the main stream to be distributed through the other mouths and into other industries.

With this metaphor before you it is easy to see that with the closing of successive deltas by successive trusts so much the greater becomes the supply for the other mouths and so much the sooner does it become imperative that the capitalists in other industries throw across their protective dam. As in a real river, so it is with our imaginary river. When a number of mouths are dammed up, the river no longer can find a sufficient exit through the remaining mouths, and it has a strong tendency to overflow the first dams put up, which will require strengthening if they are to remain secure. This is seen in our industrial world when a trust is submerged either by outside capital in general or the concentrated wealth of some other trust making an onslaught upon it.

Rockefeller, with his enormous surplus income, which he is bound to "save" and cannot from the very nature of things find room to invest in his own confessedly overdone oil business, is constantly forced to seek out new industrial fields to conquer. He is the modern Alexander the Great of our industrial field, sighing for more worlds to conquer. He has already taken possession of the electric light and gas plants of New York City. He is fast coming into control of the iron industry. He already owns the Lake Superior mines and the lake transportation service, and his only competitor in

the manufacture of iron is Carnegie, who is simply waiting to make terms of surrender.* He will soon be in complete control of the railways of the United States. He is about to control the copper mines of the United States. He is in control of the largest banks in New York. When Rockefeller gets control of an industry the temptations for outside capital to enlist against him are not overpowering.

The proof that trusts are inevitable as a protection against the rising flood of capital is simply overwhelming, both in theory and in fact. It seems most palpable that every industry in this country must in time fall into the power of the trust. The trust with its enormous capital not only gives our domestic capitalists better opportunities for competition with foreigners in foreign neutral markets, but it is itself, by damming up the old and natural domestic channels for investment, actually forcing itself to cut out new channels for its overthrow.

The present immense flood of surplus capital in the United States is shown by the treasury balance showing the greatest stock of gold on hand ever known. The banks are over-laden with money. Interest was never known to be at such a low rate. All this, too, with industries in a most healthy condition. What money will be worth when the "boom" is over is indeed a problem. For the first time in history, American money is entering into the world's markets as a buyer of bonds of foreign nations. Recently, when England had to borrow $50,000,000 to defray the expenditures on account of the Boer war, America took half of the loan and would have taken it all if she had been allowed. The American gold now building railways in China would never be there, if there were opportunities for home investment. Is it not significant that Mr. Yerkes has left Chicago in order to build electric railways in London, or that Pierpont Morgan is buying English steamships?

Chauncey Depew says that we are producing 2,000 million dollars worth of goods every year more than the home market can absorb; that we must extend our foreign markets if we wish to avoid a great Unemployed Problem arising from our domestic manufacturers being unable to hire men to make goods that cannot be sold. That American capitalists fully realize this is shown by their aggressive entry into foreign manufacturing fields. Here is a specimen despatch:

Special Cable Despatch to The *Sun*.

LONDON, Sept. 23.—The latest American invasion of England is the report of a syndicate in New York, which is negotiating to obtain control of one of the largest insurance offices in Great Britain. It is understood that the terms offered are generous enough to meet the approval of the shareholders of the company.

Mark Hanna says that we are producing one-third more than we can consume. We must have foreign markets, says he.

The late President McKinley only a day or so before his assassination made a speech declaring that foreign markets must be obtained by reciprocity treaties and that this was absolutely essential to our further industrial progress.

President Roosevelt has also declared that we must have an outlet for our productions abroad as the domestic market no longer suffices. All this is exactly in line with my argument, as to premises, but I disagree as to remedy. In the first place most of the goods that the foreigner formerly gave us in exchange for our domestic productions can now be made both cheaper and better at home than abroad and therefore we do not find any advantage in trading. There was a day when we traded off our wheat for English steel rail, but we can now make steel rail cheaper than England. We still have our wheat to sell but we no longer find it profitable to take steel rail in exchange. As will be seen from the following circular recently issued by the Silk Association of America, the United States is no longer dependent upon France or any other country for its silk goods, and hence another important item of foreign exchange is about to lose its power as a purchasing agent of our products:

*This article was published as a tract a year previous to Carnegie's surrender. I leave it stand as it read.—H. G. W.

The Silk Association of America has just issued a carefully prepared review of trade conditions for the silk season of 1900-1901. Among the features of the review are the following:

"Silk manufacturing in the United States in the year just closed has been more prudently conducted than in the previous season. The quantity of raw silk imported for the mills was 8,886,670 pounds, as contrasted with 10,965,098 for the previous twelve months, or say a reduction of 19 per cent. Prices of raw material have been more uniform, and in this respect manufacturers have not been subject to the losses of the previous season. Competition has been keen, however, in the products; in fact, it grows more so month by month and day by day, and a very small margin of profit must be reckoned on as a permanent factor in this branch of the textile industry. The great equipment of the silk mills in machinery now, say 36,000 broad looms and 7,000 ribbon looms and all run by power, is evidence sufficient that the domestic silk manufacturers are fully up to the demand of the consuming markets of the United States. There are now one million 'throwing' spindles in the country and a proportionate number of accessory spindles, such as winding, doubling and reeling.

"If all these facilities were in constant use throughout the year the supply of manufactured products would be in excess of the demand from consumers.—N. Y. *Sun*, Oct. 10.

In fact, the foreign goods that can be profitably imported into our country is getting narrowed down to agricultural productions from the tropics. It is evident that the importation of such goods cannot offset our balance of exports. Last year we exported 600 million dollars worth of commodities more than we imported. After taking away the money spent by American tourists abroad, remittances for interest on foreign loans and freights paid foreigners on ocean transportation, there is evidently still a heavy credit balance in our favor. Now the foreigner may go into debt for our goods for a certain period, but it cannot, on the face of things, be a permanent method of trading to give a man more than he gives you. There must either be a settlement some day or the other or the trading will be stopped by one party going bankrupt. In this instance it is Europe that is going bankrupt and when she confesses she cannot pay America, then America herself, with her heaviest customer a bankrupt, will not be very far from bankruptcy.

We will not take European goods to settle our trade balance and she cannot give us gold. How then can foreign trade be any solution of our problem of over-production?

However, for the moment suppose our manufacturer, burdened with his surplus of American goods, as a last resort, to get rid of them, exchanges them for, say, French goods. He now has on the docks in New York 2,000 million dollars worth of French goods instead of his 2,000 million dollars of American goods. Will Mr. Depew now tell me what better off he is? How is he going to get rid of those French goods? Send them back again for the American goods? Exchange them for German goods? Well, suppose such absurd trading did take place. Time flies on apace and while Chauncey is trading jack knives with himself another year rolls by and he finds still another 2,000 million dollars worth of American goods piled up before his bewildered eyes. What will he now do?

Foreign Trade is but the most ephemeral solution for the problem of American Over-Production.

American capitalists are to-day more in need of foreign fields for investment of their capital than are European capitalists. Within the past two years the international financial market has reversed itself, and America is now the creditor instead of the debtor nation. This explains the sudden craze for "imperialism" and its advocacy by the Republican party, which is the political expression of the organized wealth of the country. The "trusts" are a dam built to prevent the swamping of domestic industries by the rising flood of surplus capital. The "trusts," however, do not prevent the rising of this flood.

"Imperialism" is a means of diverting to foreign shores this threatening deluge of domestic "savings."

"Trusts" and "imperialism" are both inevitable results of competition and clear indications of its culmination.

It is impossible to dam up all the mouths of the Mississippi, no matter how high the dams. A flowing river must

find the ocean somehow, and if not by one channel, then by another. The trusts will afford but a temporary breastwork for our captains of industry. It will, however, be a flank movement rather than a frontal attack that will finally dislodge the captains from their fortress. The trust is not only a protection against undue competition, but it is a labor-saving device of the highest possible efficacy. Every argument in favor of combined production on a small scale, is redoubled for production on the largest possible scale. The trust pursues its end in a perfectly sane and scientific manner. No longer do the old planless methods of competition prevail. The trust being the only producer in the field produces exactly what the market needs. There is no more danger of either an over-supply or a shortage of Standard Oil in any city than there is of water, gas, or postage stamps. The trust no more needs convassers and advertisements to sell its goods than does the government to advertise the postoffice. This increased industrial efficiency of the trust, together with its prevention of waste of capital in unnecessary duplication of machinery, hastens by so much the completion of the world's industrial outfit.

Capital will in vain seek profitable investment. Interest which is determined by the amount of gain received by the last amount borrowed will fall to zero and money will remain unlent in the banker's hands. The last incentive for the poor man to be "thrifty" will perish. The workers now engaged in producing new machinery of production will join the unemployed army in regiments. The trust will be as defenseless against this new phase in the industrial strife as was the armored knight of old against hunger and thirst. Political autocracy is possible, but industrial autocracy, no matter how benevolent, is impossible. At present the trust is an invaluable and absolutely necessary weapon of defense for the capitalist in the industrial warfare, but when the enemy to be fought is not competing capital, but a complete cessation of demand for products owing to unemployed labor having no wages to buy with, it no longer protects the owner. On board ship in mid-ocean if I have control of the water supply I can demand everything in exchange for the indispensable fluid, but when at last I have gathered everything into my possession then my monopoly becomes of no more value, as there is nothing left to be given me. If I am wise I will then peaceably give up control of the water and let it be taken over by the crew. I will be in great luck if they do not get the fever of co-operation and come back after me for the good things they have already given up for the first water they were forced to buy. It is thus in the United States. The monopolists have unwittingly run both themselves and the workers into an industrial *cul de sac.*

The capitalists may possibly see the danger first and make a turn that will give them a short and precarious lease of life in their present position. An eight-hour law, old age pensions, etc., all such reforms might possibly extend the capitalist system.

The best thing of all, however, to bolster up the capitalist system is a rattling good war between the great powers followed by a prolonged civil war with great destruction of life and property. If the principal industrial plants, railway shops and bridges, etc., of this country were destroyed the upbuilding of them would give labor unlimited employment and capital great scope for investment of savings. Witness the boom following our civil war, also the late Spanish war.

However, wars cannot last forever. The capitalists are sooner or later to be forced to face the insoluble problem of finding work for men when there is absolutely no work to be found. It is absurd to hire men to build oil refineries when half of those already built are standing idle. The workmen cannot blame the capitalist for refusing to employ him at a loss. But his stomach may be a better reasoner than his brain in an emergency. It will demand food. He will say, "Here is plenty of machinery to produce food, now why is it I can't get any? You say, Mr. Capitalist, that

you can't hire me at a profit. That may be so, but why can't I take the machinery myself and run it and take the product and feed myself? You say you can't run it except at a loss at present. Here you will lose nothing by letting me run it. Anyway, I don't care what you wish, I know I am starving. You admit you can't give me work. Now I know and you know that my labor will produce enough to feed me if only I have the machinery. I propose to take it and use it for that purpose.

"You say I produce too much. If that is true then so much the less fear of my starving when I produce for myself."

The capitalist may reply: "Why, John, you can't run a flour mill by yourself that takes a thousand men. You cannot transport that flour on a railway by yourself when the railway takes another thousand men to run it. You need associated labor; that is just what a private corporation is to-day. You will be forced to run the country just as it is run to-day." "Oh, no," will say John, "I will run the flour mill and railways by a public corporation, and I have that corporation all ready formed. It is the United States government. We will all be shareholders and we will pay the workmen upon the basis of what they produce and not by a competitive wage determined by how little they can live upon. We won't have any overproduction to scare us again. When we nationalize all industry that bogey man of overproduction will die a natural death."

Free trade is sometimes suggested as a remedy for monopoiy by those who do not recognize that trusts are a natural evolution of industry. When a trust in a protected industry is formed to prevent destruction of that industry by domestic competition and then, having complete control of the domestic market, it raises prices abnormally, it is but natural that there will be a suggestion to allow domestic consumers the benefits of foreign competition by striking off the tariff. If this is done it means one of two events will follow. 1st. The foreigner will destroy the trust by his ability to sell at a lower cost. 2nd. The trust will destroy foreign competition by lowering its price. Even the most rabid of the trust destroyers would hardly be willing to destroy the industry to carry out his ends; yet if he cannot do this he cannot destroy the trust. Most of the trusts in this country are abundantly able to take care of themselves, not only in the domestic market, but as the export returns show, are able to compete successfully with the foreigner in his own country, so that the tariff to-day is of no use to the trust except as a means of allowing it to charge higher prices to Americans than to the foreigner. Free trade would certainly abolish this absurdity, but it would as certainly not accomplish the end set out for, viz., the destruction of the trust. In fact, the very fact that foreign competition had to be met would be an additional reason for the trust's existence as the additional concentration of capital makes it that much the better fighting machine.

The protective tariff is, so far as it goes, a supporter of the present industrial system, inasmuch as it prevents labor and capital operating at the point of greatest advantage. A protective tariff gives better employment to labor exactly as inferior machinery requires more men to operate it than superior.

A change in the money standard from gold to silver or paper would possibly also extend the time for a final collapse of the capitalistic system by reason of the industrial derangements it would cause. At best all the advocates of silver can hope for is a little longer life for the small capitalist who is inevitably doomed under our present competitive system, no matter what money standard we may have. Personally I have never been able to see how, for instance, the California orange-growers could get more profit through silver coinage when the railroad stands at hand to take it away if he should get it, simply by raising railway freight charges.

Then, if Mr. Vanderbilt overlooks anything the poor farmer still has a long gauntlet to run, with Mr. Rockefeller reaching for his surplus when he buys oil, Mr. Havemeyer when he buys sugar, etc., *ad infinitum*.

Some have suggested that equality in freight rates obtained by government ownership of railroads would destroy trusts. The slightest investigation, however, would show that many trusts do not in the least depend upon favors from either railroads or government. The taking over of the railroads by the government would, however, have most far-reaching and revolutionary results. The immense labor-saving that would occur from a centralized management would of course serve but to accentuate the unemployed problem. This would be the least of its effects.

The capital invested in railroads is half the whole industrial capital of the United States. A transfer of ownership to the state would mean the payment to the present railway owners of an enormous sum of money that would naturally seek investment in other industries.

These industries are already about at the point of crystallizing into monopolies owing to plethora of capital, and the advent of such an enormous flood of money set free by the expropriation of the railroad owners would not only complete the process, but would cause the amalgamation of trusts into one huge trust, the coming trust of trusts. Nationalization of the railways would be letting free such a flood of capital that the ship of state would be immediately floated into the calm sea of Socialism.

During the last twelve months, nearly $100,000,000 has been paid in dividends by the Standard Oil Trust. It may be noted that the investing public pay no attention to the intrinsic value of a stock, *i.e.*, to what the property owned by a corporation cost. Nor is the "face" value of stock of any moment. A share of stock may be nominally worth $100—as is Standard Oil stock, but as it pays such enormous dividends investors are willing to pay $700 for each $100 share. On the other hand there are some corporation stocks where each $100 share actually represents $100 invested, yet owing to various conditions dividends do not amount to 2 per cent. a year, and hence the market value of the stock is not $50 per share. There is no remedy to be found for trusts by prevention of stock watering.

Rockefeller could just as well capitalize the Standard Oil Trust at $700,000,000 instead of the present $100,000,000, but he would derive no benefit, as it would simply mean that while he would have seven times as many shares, yet each share would only have one-seventh of its former value. Shares do not sell upon a basis of the figures printed upon the stock certificates, as some of our Populist friends seem to think. The dividends determine market value.

Neither would publicity of accounts avail. Everybody knows that the Standard Oil Trust is making profits of over fifty million dollars a year, and the Carnegie Iron & Steel Company nearly as much. Yet what good does the knowledge do the public? Admitting that oil sells at double what it should, what are you going to do about it? Why has not Mr. Rockefeller as much right to the unearned increment derived from his monopoly of the oil business as has Mr. Astor to the unearned increment from his monopoly of land in New York City?

To resume: We are confronted by a fact and not a theory. The trust is here to stay as long as our competitive system of industry endures. Democracy has been ousted from industry by autocracy, and as our political institutions are but a reflection of our industrial institutions, we should not pretend that anything but a sham democratic political state remains. When we see imperialism, which is simply political autocracy, expressing itself in the Philippines or in the bullpen for the Idaho miners, we should not stultify ourselves by striving to prevent a result without first attacking the cause.

The trade-unionists pure and simple, the anti-imperialists, the would-be destroyer of trusts, are all right enough sentimentally, but are too limited in their vision. This nation has the mightiest task cut out before it that the world has ever set to perform. The ship of state already is in the cataract of a great social Niagara. It is not too late to save her if we only have the patience and brains to cut our political Welland canal,

and let her float gently into the Lake Ontario of Socialism. Delay is most dangerous. That we shall finally get into our metaphorical Ontario—Socialism—is absolutely certain. The only question is, shall we go over the falls or through the canal. Now is the time, if ever, when this country needs earnest men who know the truth, and are not afraid to cry it from the housetops. Once let us get into the rapids and nothing can possibly save us from the terrors of a violent revolution. Democracy must be established in industry and re-established in politics. There is really no first step to nationalization of industry; that time has passed. A half-way policy is impossible industrially, unrighteous ethically, and unsound politically. Revolution and not reform must be our battle cry. The main plank, and in fact the only necessary plank in our political platform should be: We demand "The Nationalization of Industry."

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Norway's Steam Kitchen

A writer in the Chicago *Record-Herald* describes the present work of Norway's "Steam Kitchen," an institution established fifty-three years ago to provide wholesome food for the poor at low prices. The charter granted to the company limited its profits to six per cent. of the capital invested, with a provision that the balance should be paid to the poor fund of the city. For years there was an annual deficit, made up by the stockholders, but now the stock pays what is equivalent to twenty-four per cent. upon the original investment, with a surplus larger than the capital on which it was started. It is one of the most profitable enterprises in Europe for the amount of money involved, but that fact does not diminish the benefits conferred upon the public and the generosity of the company to the poor, particularly in times of labor troubles and financial depression. The writer gives the following description of the institution:

"It is called the 'Steam Kitchen' because it was the first institution in Norway in which steam was ever used for cooking purposes. There is a long official title to the company, but nobody ever mentions it. It occupies a two-story building covering nearly half an ordinary block. The location is convenient to the business portion of the city, the docks, and the market place. There are two large halls, one above the other, containing five long tables, seating thirty persons each, thus accommodating 300 customers at a sitting. In the upstairs room it costs eleven cents in our money for a good dinner; in the lower room it costs nine cents. There are no tablecloths and no napkins, but the tops of the tables have been scrubbed until they shine and everything is spotless. The whole institution is a model of neatness. It seems remarkable how it can be kept so clean with so many unwashed customers and so much business. Dinner is served from 10 o'clock in the morning until 7 in the afternoon to an average of 2,500 persons daily. Some of them come twice. They take a cup of coffee and eat a piece of cheese and bread at their homes early in the morning. Then, at 10 or 11, and again at 4 or 5 o'clock, they come to the 'kitchen' for a square meal, which costs them not more than 25 cents a day all told for their food. The superintendent told me that during the last ten years they have never served fewer than 1,500 persons a day, and that on market days and holidays they usually feed about 3,000.

"The bill of fare varies from day to day. When I was there the 11-cent dinner consisted of a large plate of barley soup, wholesome and nourishing, a ball of hashed meat about as large as your fist, with potatoes and rice, or boiled salmon, potatoes and turnips. Beer, milk, or coffee is served for 2 cents extra.

"The 9-cent dinner was pretty much the same, with the exception of the soup; boiled beef, potatoes and rice, or boiled salmon, potatoes, and turnips. A plate of soup alone, which in itself would be more than a meal for most people, being filled with chunks of meat and vegetables was served for three cents.

"The same dinners are furnished to the public to be eaten at their homes for

nine and seven cents, respectively, and usually contain enough food for two or three women, although the Norwegians have stalwart appetites. The out-door service is conducted in another part of the building, upon another street. The patrons procure tickets at an office and then form in line—men, women, and children, each with a bucket or basket, or both, in hand. Many tickets are given gratuitously, but it is impossible to distinguish the paying from the charity customers. Benevolent people throughout the city purchase bunches of tickets, which they give to the poor, and sometimes in lieu of wages.—*Public Opinion.*

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Muchly Mixed Blood

The average American, says Henry Gannett in *Everybody's Magazine,* is a statistical octoroon. If the blood in the veins of all our people, white and black, were pooled and redistributed, each person would have about seven parts white and one part negro blood. The white strain in him, moreover, is by no means purely American. White strains of foreign origin, derived from Germany, Ireland, Scandinavia, Canada, Great Britain, and the countries of southern Europe, are collectively more powerful in his composition than is the negro strain. With this introduction of the figurative American, for he is to be a statistical creation, let us go on and study him in his environment. In order to tell the story fully, it must be explained that, while commonly the average condition under which he exists will be given, it will be found necessary in some matters to place him with the majority, and, in a few cases, with a plurality.

The average American is a man five feet eight inches in height, with a chest girth of thirty-six inches, and a weight of 150 pounds. His family consists of one wife and three children, a fourth child having died in infancy. His age is thirty-seven years, and he expects to live thirty years longer. His wife is thirty-five years of age, is five feet four inches in height, and weighs 126 pounds. She will live to the age of sixty-eight years, as her expectation of life is slightly greater than that of her husband. His home is near Columbus, Ind., toward the southern part of the state, at an altitude of 800 feet above the sea. At this place the mean annual temperature is 53 degrees, and the annual rainfall 41 inches. Here he owns a farm of 137 acres, 80 acres of which are under cultivation. The farm has an estimated value of $3,500, but carries a mortgage of $500, on which five per cent. annual interest is paid. It is fairly well stocked, with three horses and mules, three cows, six beef cattle, eight sheep, and the same number of hogs. The farm produced last year 100 bushels of wheat, 500 bushels of corn, 200 bushels of oats, 45 bushels of potatoes, and twelve tons of hay, besides minor crops. His farm brings him in annually the sum of $450, besides contributing largely to the support of his family. Besides his farm, he has $750 in railway stock and bonds, and, on deposit in a savings bank in Columbus, the sum of $150. Elsewhere he possesses other property, including a house lot in a suburban subdivision, the value of which at present it is not easy to estimate, as it was purchased several years ago, at inflated prices. His entire estate has an estimated value of $5,000, and his annual income is, on an average, about $750. His property is assessed at about 40 per cent of its true value, and he pays taxes amounting to $14.60, or 73 cents per $100 of assessed valuation.

His family consumes annually 1,250 pounds of wheat flour and 600 pounds of oat and corn meal, 750 pounds of meat, or about two pounds per day; 750 pounds of potatoes, 100 pounds of butter, and 300 pounds of sugar. He is the greatest coffee-drinker on earth, one pound a week being required for his family's consumption. Of tea, however, he uses little, five pounds per year sufficing for his needs. His table costs him $16 per month. As to his vices, he is in a measure a slave to tobacco. He consumes twenty ponds of the narcotic weed a year, or one ounce per day. Annually his family, which means in the main himself,

consumes 7½ gallons of spirits and wine, and not less than 75 gallons of beer. He uses less spirits and more malt liquors than did his immediate ancestors.

Although his house is kept almost too warm, a temperature of 70 degrees at least being maintained in cold weather, he consumes annually but three tons of coal and fourteen cords of wood, for both heating and cooking. Since gas and electric lights have not yet reached the rural districts, he is dependent upon oil for lighting, and annually consumes about 50 gallons of coal oil. For clothing, his family expends annually about $100. His clothing is ready-made, as are the shoes of himself and other members of his family. His wife keeps no servant, but does the housework herself.

His interest in the work of the world is shown by the fact that he subscribes to a daily and a weekly newspaper and a monthly magazine. He uses the telegraph but little, sending but five telegrams a year. But, on the other hand, his family use the mails lavishly, sending 220 letters, 40 postal cards, and 60 packages annually, or an average of nearly one piece of mail matter each day. He is probably the greatest traveler on earth, since each year he or some member of his family travels by rail not less than 1 000 miles at an expense of $20. This is a fairly correct portrait of the average American. That he is by no means the typical American, will occur to every reader.

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Far Apart as the Poles

It is unfortunate that there are many untutored minds in which the impression still remains that there is a connection between Socialism and anarchy. This impression cannot be effaced in a moment, but time will tell, and as the Socialist party proves its principles by its works this foolish idea will be eradicated. Already the capitalist press is forced to take notice of the distinction, and the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, in a lengthy editorial, explains that "Socialism and anarchy are as far apart as the poles."

Will Stop His Opposition

For over twenty-five years I have sought to intercept the encroachments of Socialism. Not an educator, not a minister, not a politician, not a financier has duly appreciated my effort. Now my attempt shall be to make the best of the inevitable.

By far the most noble and aggressive Socialist paper in the country is THE CHALLENGE, published at Los Angeles, Cal., by millionaire H. Gaylord Wilshire. Persons who are seeking Socialistic responses to questions, such as the above, should address to THE CHALLENGE. On July 10, it answered me at length on tramps and public schools.

A reform paper should be able, above all other things, to answer important questions, put to it in good faith, with a view of determining the future attitude of the questioners.

FRANCIS B. LIVESEY,
Sykesville, Maryland.

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Anger without power is folly.—Ger.

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There are many rare abilities in the world that fortune never brings to light.

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Upholders of the Socialist Labor party met at Foresters' Hall last night to listen to a speech by Kaspar Bauer on "The Last Strike." The attempted assassination of President McKinley was emphatically denounced, the sentiment being expressed that striking at capital through the ballot box was the way to success.—Los Angeles *Express*.

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From Buffalo comes rumor, evidently not without foundation, that the prisoner is being brutally tortured in the hope of forcing a confession of a plot. The details as published are horrifying. That such a thing should be permitted is a disgrace to America and the Socialist would not be true to his principles if he did not protest against it with all his might. If Czolgosz can be tortured then anyone can be tortured at the will of some cruel police chief.—*Missouri Socialist*.

A Menacing Friendship

George D. Herron

In both European and American magazines, there is a revival of discussion as to the relative social merits of Christianity and Paganism. In times past the discussion has come from academic or ecclesiastical quarters. Now, however, it is a discussion among Socialists. The revival may be valuable, if it tends to make clear the distinction between Socialism and Christianity; but if it tends to a confusion of the two, for reasons of sentiment or expediency, the result can only be disastrous to the Socialist movement. For next to the danger to Socialism from the concessions of capitalism is the danger that exhausted religions and ethical systems will fasten themselves upon the Socialist movement, in order to thereby perpetuate themselves.

GEORGE D. HERRON

The so-called Pagan side of the controversy does not need our attention.

The world will not return to the Pagan spirit, either of the Greeks or the Asiatics. All that is best and elemental in them has come down to us in the slow evolution of social experience. The worship and joy of life, which is our inheritance from the Pagans, is still with us, in spite of the Puritan and the monk. And this worship and joy will bloom again in a new art and a new ethic; in a beautiful deliverance from the hideous phantasmagoria of civilization. Paganism as a system is dead, and the spirit we have with us for our salvation.

But with Christianity we have, as Socialists, a different problem to face. It is the system of Christianity that we have with us, and the spirit of Jesus that is hid and bound; and the spirit of Jesus cannot escape until Christianity is destroyed. There could be no greater antithesis, no deeper gulf, than that between Jesus and the Christian system. And nothing so surely as Christianity stands for all that is worst in capitalism; for all that is weak and mean in the human spirit; for all that represents the basest and most puerile modes of gaining power. There is no such force making for the destruction of spiritual integrity and courage, and for the unmanning and deceiving of the race, as the system of religion which so monstrously bears Christ's name, and so characteristically misrepresents Him. Among no class of men is there so beggarly a conception of what it means to tell or be the truth as among the official classes of religion; and among no other class is there so parasitical a servility. This has always been so, and it will continue to be so as long as there is an official religious class. It is in the nature of things that it should be so; for organized religion is always the economic dependent of the ruling-class. The clergy are the most conspicuous beneficiaries or retainers of the owners of wealth and its sources. The Court jester or Court chaplain of yesterday was no more surely the pensioner of the King or Lord than is the clergyman of to-day the pensioner of capitalism. The very noblest and manliest of the clergy cannot escape the degradation and thralldom of this dependence, and the spiritual pauperism that results therefrom. Hundreds of heroic young clergymen in Europe and America have struggled for a free look at life, and for freedom to tell what they see, only to meet with baffled hope or tragedy, or else to fall back into acquiescence and compromise. Christianity is a huge and ghastly parasite, consuming billions of treasure out of the labor and the patience of the people, and is supremely interested in keeping the people in economic and spiritual subjection to capitalism. The spiritual deliverance of the race depends on its escape from this parasite. The world must be saved from its salvations.

It has been the methods of religious systems to fasten themselves upon every fresh coming of life into the world. We can see this by taking any cross-section of history. When the sweet and mighty spirit of Jesus was rising in a cleansing tide of life among the peoples, every decadent religion, every political or philosophical system, fastened itself upon the reviving peoples, and in the name of Christ brought down to us the unspeakable caricature and spiritual tyranny of Christianity. The princes of Europe struck a bargain with Luther and betrayed and massacred the peasants, while appropriating the economic goods of the monks, and thus feudalism came to new power and glory. The Communist movement of John Ball and Wickliff was made to prepare the way of Henry the Eighth and the long line of robbers and flunkies that have made British history. Christianity and capitalism will alike seek to save themselves by fastening themselves upon the Socialist movement of to-morrow, if not to-day.

So long as possible the religious system will try to preserve itself within its present sources of power. It will be increasingly servile at the feet of capital. It will have annual schemes for "the reconciliation of capital and labor." It will manufacture revivals of religion. It will seek to gain power over the weak and the helpless. How often have I writhed upon funeral occasions, when

the officiating clergyman would greedily seek to gain power over the living through a studied sympathy that would tear the hearts with anguish for the dead! How often have I seen the meanest spiritual scoundrelism seeking power in the guise of spiritual ministry!

But soon the church will have no sources of power left within itself. It will discover that capitalism cannot save it, since capitalism cannot save itself, and will then seek to fasten itself upon the Socialist movement—not for the sake of Socialism, but for the sake of ecclesiasticism, or the religious system. With these approaches of Christianity the Socialist revolution should have nothing to do. To Christianize Socialism would be to destroy it, and to perpetuate a capitalized and decadent Christianity. Every attempt of the church to serve Socialism will be for the sake of self-preservation, and not for the sake of the Socialist cause; just as churches are established in working-class quarters of the city to "reach the masses," not for the sake of helping them to freedom and justice, but for the sake of exploiting them as spiritual property for the church. I have listened to many discourses in religious conventions about ways and means to "reach the masses," but not one of them has had the human interest of the people in view; they have been discussions pivoted upon the question of what is to become of the church if the people turn away from it. The interest of organized Christianity in Socialism is a loathsome and menacing self-interest, of which Socialists should beware.

The relation of the Socialist movement to the spirit and ideals of Jesus is altogether another matter, and it is of this matter that I have so insistently spoken for several years. We do not need Christianity in order to interpret Jesus or what He meant to do; nor to interpret any of the Hebrew prophets before Him. It is only by a monstrous effrontery that the Church should come to Socialists in the name of Jesus, when it completely misrepresents the whole spirit and teaching of Him in whose name it comes. Materialistic Socialism is in a far better way to give Jesus a hearing in the world than ever Christianity has been. I have tried to make the distinction between Jesus and Christianity clear to the Church and have failed; I can only hope that no part of the Socialist movement will be deceived into allowing itself to be used for the rehabilitation of a religious system that ought to rid the world of its destructive presence. Jesus was not a Socialist, and He came long before any scientific approach to society was possible; but He has left to the world a communistic spirit of matchless strength and masterly sweetness. The Socialist movement will receive this spirit and welcome this strength and power, while rejecting the traditions and authority of Christianity. Indeed, Socialism will have to be realized before the ideals of Jesus can be clearly discerned and considered.

Socialism will have its religion, or rather it will become a religion. But it will be a religion of the manifest facts and forces of life. Out of the selected experiences of the race and the individual will the co-operative commonwealth appropriate what is best as its philosophy and practice of life. For, after all, religion is simply the interpretation of life; and we shall have a pure and undefiled religion when we have our common human life interpreted so that we may each co-operate with the best that is in it. It is out of the common labor and struggle of the world that the soul's integrity and freedom have really come, and not out of its religious systems. Life has always been its own savior and healer, its own lord and law, its own power and revival; and when we learn to freely look at life and trust it, we shall walk in that vision for which the prophets have sought.

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Adversity makes men, prosperity monsters.—Fr.

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Blood only serves to wash ambition's hands.—Byron.

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Black ambition stains a public cause.—Pope.

SOCIALIST CONVENTION A

ON NDIANAPOLIS, JULY, 1901

LET OUR HEARTS GO OUT

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

Apart from our conscious efforts to promote socialization, it is most comforting to watch the unconscious development of humanity in the same direction.

The conscious efforts are laborious, slow, often painful, and frequently mistaken. It takes a wise head to help Nature, to anticipate events and hurry them.

This is not saying that we should not try—it is what we are here for. But we need to study more closely into the structure of that wonderful living tissue, society; to discover its laws and lines of growth, and add our efforts on those lines, and in careful adjustment to those laws. Natural social growth leads steadily toward Socialism, in that the increasing speciallization of the members of society carries with it increasing interdependence and the consciousness thereof.

We feel each other more and more, feel our relations to each other and to society; and, following slowly, comes the perception of wider ranges in social condition and their effects.

This may be noted clearly in the progress of penology. Once we recognized only the individual criminal, and met each separate offense with direct retaliation.

Now we recognize that certain social conditions tend to develop criminal tendencies in types and classes; and we are studying the bottom problem—how to prevent crime, not how to punish it.

The phenomena of illness, of poverty, of wealth and its accompanying pauperism, these and many others are being studied as "social questions," no longer as individual ones.

This shows the perfectly natural growth of that prime factor in our further uplifting—the social consciousness.

It is no question of "class consciousness," though that is a long step higher than personal consciousness; but is the genuine progressive extension of human nerve-activity to the farthest limits of the social organism. This consciousness seems strangely slow in coming, from certain points of view. We wonder how these people can live in such apparent calm and content while they *know* that other people are living in conditions which cause not only enormous personal suffering to them, but constant deterioration to society.

There is a perfectly natural reason for this callousness, and one that takes care of itself—that will bring sensitiveness as inevitably as it now maintains insensitiveness. At present social conditions are such that most people suffer, suffer in varying degree, some horribly, some mildly, but generally suffer.

The moment you "let your heart go out," as our phase is, to a wide range of human life, you receive sensations of pain. If you can make a physically comfortable environment for yourself and your family, and not think of the downtown East Side, you don't suffer much. If you do think of it—think of the heat, the dirt, the noise, the smells, the sights, the general absence of what does people most good and presence of what does most harm, why it *hurts*. And it hurts much more than can be alleviated by your most urgent efforts at remedy.

Only the life flung headlong in, the whole service, together with unshaken faith in one's methods, and a power to see one helped as bigger than a thousand unhelped—only that can lull the pain of social consciousness in our worst social conditions. Nature has to provide for her big creature Society, as well as for her little beasts and bugs.

She does not want society to die of its diseases, but to live and outgrow them. She works to keep up the healthy social processes that they may outlive the morbid ones.

It is bad enough to have a felon—it hurts and it does harm. But if the pain

of that finger was throbbing also in every tooth and toe, in head and body and limb, you might die of nerve exhaustion before you were healed of the felon.

Nerves subjected to too much pain are mercifully dulled in their sensitiveness—it is a natural law. Keen sensitiveness accompanies health and full active use. And here comes in the same law in society.

As fast as social conditions improve, so that it does not hurt beyond bearing to feel our brothers' lives, we shall give free rein to the swelling current of social consciousness already pushing hard within us, and "let our hearts go out" in helpful activity.

Social consciousness increases naturally with social development, but is held in check by the exceeding painfulness of the morbid conditions accompanying that development so far. As fast as we improve social conditions so fast, and even faster, the heart of humanity expands.

Meanwhile the wise line of work is this:

To stimulate the social consciousness by descriptive art and literature, bringing more and more human life within the range of average thought and feeling. (This is being done with great effect in our present time.) Then to apply enough pain to stimulate to action—the action to be indicated while the pain is felt.

To "go slumming" may hurt, and then harden, but does not materially affect the tenement house problem.

But to approach the property owner with a sudden exhibit of concrete misery—to show the connection between his house as it is and that misery, and then to show as clearly the connection between the improvement of his house and the improvement of the inmates in the full light of publicity, all this would be a legitimate method of working on social consciousness.

If we work with Nature we have the Laws of the Universe to push with.

☆ ☆ ☆

Not to advance is to recede.

Trusts and Imperialism

The latest edition of the "Pocket Library of Socialism," published by C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, has just been issued, "Trusts and Imperialism," by H. Gaylord Wilshire, being the subject. Many of our readers are already familiar with the literary work of Comrade Wilshire in the columns of THE CHALLENGE, which has been recently published by him in Los Angeles, Cal., but which has now been transferred to New York. Comrade Wilshire handles the question in his usual inimitable style and shows in a striking manner the distinct connection between trusts and imperialism as part of the development of the capitalist system, and the inevitable trend towards Socialism which they imply.—*Workers Call.*

☆ ☆ ☆

Only the actions of the great smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

☆ ☆ ☆

Fling away ambition, by that sin fell the angels.—Shaks.

NOTICE.

All CHALLENGE postals outstanding will be good for a one-year subscription to "Wilshire's Monthly Magazine."

THE CITY of THE FUTURE

A Prophecy

John Brisben Walker, in Cosmopolitan

One cannot enter the gates of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo—that wonder of color and form which rises before the visitor—without mentally reverting to the City of White Palaces of 1893, only eight years ago, with its throngs of amazed and delighted people. Even while the mind is filled with delight and astonishment, there comes a subconscious picture of the neglected "Pinta" which sailed so boldly across the Atlantic, and now lies abandoned in a marsh from which rise the charred ends of many piles—the only remaining vestiges of that famous White City. What a shame if these marvelous creations at Buffalo are to meet a similar fate! "What a pity," the visitor reflects, "that another two or three millions could not have been added to the funds at the disposal of the commission, and the walls stand in substantial brick and mortar instead of wood and staff!" It might have required that the Exposition should have been located a few miles further out on the prairie. Then at its close the aggregation of palaces might have been converted into a model city; the Palace of Liberal Arts become a great factory; the Temple of Music stand as the theater hall; the Stadium remain the great amphitheater that it is, to which Buffalo could flock in years to come for its amusement. Games would, doubtless, be born worthy of the dignity of their surroundings. The buildings constructed by the states of North and South America would become private houses set in the most beautiful of parks. Probably three-fourths of the cost of the Exposition has been in the work on its designing, its parks, its waterways, and the workmanship of its architecture and monuments. Only the materials of the exterior are temporary. Another million or, at the most, two millions expended would have left every wall in the most durable of materials. What a pity then, what a waste that this small additional sum should not have left the work of great artists in lasting form!

For this is the lesson of the fair—that it illustrates what men working in harmonious effort may accomplish for the delight of all. Who believes that the people of the second half of our new century will be content to live in those abominations of desolation which we call our great cities—brick and mortar piled higgledy-piggledy, glaringly vulgar, stupidly offensive, insolently trespassing on the right to sunshine and fresh air, conglomerate result of a competitive individualism which takes no regard for the rights of one's neighbor?

Wandering in these streets of varied forms, the mind is entranced by the eternally changing color always in marvelous harmony. Down the great central court to the left, by the fountains on the Esplanade, in the maze of the Horticultural and the Graphic Arts Buildings, then under the graceful pagodas to the magnificent erections on the Bridge of Triumph, the colors change and change until the whole prismatic spectrum seems to have been exhausted twenty times over—yet never a repetition, only restful harmony.

How was this marvel of construction brought about? Why three miles away are a thousand ungraceful shapes piled garishly together, and here this dream of perfection? The answer comes—it is but the difference in systems. One represents human effort disastrously expended under individual guidance in the competitive system which takes no thought of neighbor. The other represents organization intended for the best enjoyment of all. One stands as the remnant of a barbarism handed down

through the centuries. The other stands for the aspiration of the human mind under the unfolding intelligence of an advancing civilization. In the light of this new city the old seems almost as much of an anachronism as the walled city of the Middle Ages with its turrets and donjon and drawbridge and portcullis.

How was this present marvel constructed? Very simply. The men of high intelligence whose liberality is responsible for this exhibit came together and said: "Let us seek out the great artists in architecture, in sculpture, in landscape, and bring them here to Buffalo. Then we will ask them to work out in unison a scheme, every part of which shall be in perfect harmony with every other part; shape, environment, distance, color, shall all unite in one great harmony."

The Chinese philosophers have derived from their four thousand years of study one idea of heaven, and their word for it is HARMONY. Through all their highest philosophical ideals runs this one word—harmony. With their limited economic conditions they have never been able to express this conception in material form. It has been left for this richest of peoples twice to make expression of it in form and color. This, then, may be taken as the great central idea of the Pan-American Exposition—a Prophecy of what the city of the future must be—a beautiful location arranged, first, with reference to its landscape; second, with

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER

reference to its form and perfection, and next, with reference to satisfying the eye in its blending colors—all carefully planned and worked out with reference to the uses to which it is to be put.

When commerce ceases to be war, when the world ceases to educate its best brains for the destruction which is meant by competition, when human talent shall be converted to its highest sphere of usefulness, then we shall have the sites of cities selected by commissions having the highest good of the proposed community at heart, instead of by cornerers and peddlers of real estate.

Sanitary advantage will be considered in a scientific way, and homes and factories will be outlined with reference to the highest advantage of the entire community. Harmony throughout all will be sought, instead of the freaks of individuality.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Immortal Democrats

Julian Hawthorne.

The Exposition at Buffalo, like that at Chicago, and at Paris and other places, is in a measure prophetic, or—what is perhaps the same thing—optimistic. It shows us what is, of course, to begin with; but in addition to that it glows with the promise of things to be. Here are the products of the industry and invention of many peoples; we should find them in the places whence they came, were we to seek them there, but we should not find them there as they appear here. Here, all the dross, the superfluities, the mistakes, are left out; the pure, effective residue alone remains. Here, too, are the order and logic of arrangement which we do not yet discover in every-day conditions; the reasoning mind of man prevails in every detail, and organizes all things, as the frame of man himself is organized. This is prophecy and optimism, for the time will surely come when heaven's first law will rule our daily lives and deeds and the world we live in will be like noble words set to a mighty music. All the world will then be an Exposition—an exposition of the intelligence and magnaniminity of mankind made visible. What we effect now on a small scale we shall accomplish then on the scale universal, and not so much by painful study as spontaneously. Our environment will be harmoniously disposed, because we ourselves shall be at one in heart and spirit.

This is the lesson of all expositions; but the Pan-American has likewise an idea all its own, new and stimulating—the idea of a united Western continent. This idea you see symbolized and expounded everywhere. It flutters from every gable and pinnacle in the tricolored flag, with its stars of north and south, and its red, white and blue; and it is embodied in every building and exhibit. It rises heavenward in the lovely Tower of Electricity, dominating the entire vast expanse of the inclosure, and unifying, as it does, all the subordinate structures into a single thought of mutual association and energy. This Tower, too, being dedicated to light, which is, spiritually interpreted, the genius of our age, indicates that all Americans shall be one in virtue of the inevitable influence of the understanding, that enlightened economic perception which lights the way for the warmth and substance of mutual affection and trust. The Tower of Light is the tower of peace and good will, whose turrets already appear above the horizons of the future. Science, discovery and industry are the great, immortal democrats, whose teaching shall wipe out political boundaries, and heal national jealousies, and sweep hitherto hostile units into the great current of a commonweal. Monarchs and oligarchies cannot prevail against them, for they find a place for every man and bring him to it in freedom and self-respect. We shall have all America united; and what America becomes is the prototype of what the world must be.—*Cosmopolitan.*

☆ ☆ ☆

Earth's worst tempters, gold and ambition.—Bulwer.

Our Readers on Madden's Outrageous Ruling

McLOUTH, KANS., Oct. 15, 1901.

I am sorry that you are going to change THE CHALLENGE to a monthly. Would willingly pay one dollar a year and have it published weekly.

JOHN SAILER.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 14, 1901.

I wonder what Socialist paper will be next to be suppressed. Make your paper a monthly, or anything else, only don't drop us altogether. Wishing you every success in your fight for justice, I am Fraternally yours, MISS M. H. GEIGER.

ELGIN, ILL., Oct. 15, 1901.

I am sorry to hear that Madden is after you. But hope that you will come out all right in the end. I have no objections to your making THE CHALLENGE a monthly. I will stay with you even if you have to make it a yearly and have it delivered by automobile or airship. Wishing you success, PETER KENNEDY.

RAVENA, N. Y., Oct. 19, 1901.

I have no doubt of your ability to give us our money's worth, regardless of obstacles placed in your way by the Post Office authorities. Send along your CHALLENGE, whether monthly, quarterly, semi-annually, or annually. I want it anyway. Success to your efforts in the cause for humanity. I am. Fraternally,

(A Subscriber).

PARADISE, IND., Oct. 15, 1901.

Dear Sir and Comrade—I am sorry to hear that the despotic powers of this boasted land of the free and Fourth of July orators has suppressed your paper, a paper which teaches the doctrine of the lowly Nazarene, the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man, the Golden Rule in practical operation. Yours truly,

ROBERT STITES.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Oct. 16, 1901.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE—I am a reader of your great paper, THE CHALLENGE, and, of course, received the recent copy in which you state that you have been denied second class rates. I think I understand what the outrage means, and, of course, don't want to see you "lie down," as you said you would not.

I am a wage worker, but if you need anything like financial aid in your contest for your right, I will contribute what I can—something, at least, as a free donation to back you. By the same pretext they can suppress any Socialist paper. It shall not be done. Fraternally, R. S. HASSLER.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, Oct. 14, 1901.

Our friend, Mr. Crumbaker, suggests that each one of us, who is a subscriber to your paper, send you an additional 25 cents to help cover your mailing charges until your case is adjusted. I am not sure that I am a paid subscriber, but I enclose 25 cents herewith, and, if I am not already on your list with a paid subscription, I will be glad to remit you upon hearing from you. I believe you are doing a good work and doing it effectively. I like your style, and, if I can in any way assist you, will be glad to do so. I would like to have a number of extra copies of the October 12 issue sent to my friends. Wishing you God-speed, I am

R. L. MEREDITH.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, October 14, 1901.

Dear Sir—Please change my address from Shakopee, Minnesota, to the above address. The change to the monthly edition is a proper strategetic move, and I think the majority of your readers will stand by you in making it. Most of us take THE CHALLENGE because we want ideas in political economy; news and literary productions as such can be found in other papers. It will not be surprising if the Post Office Department soon finds that it has thrown a boomerang, and that it would better follow the spirit of the law than its letter when action even has the appearance of interfering with the right of free speech.

I imagine that you will not get through the matter without an appeal to someone higher in authority than the Third Assistant Postmaster General. Wishing you success, I remain, Yours faithfully, EBEN MILLER.

How Americans Appreciate Russian Methods

DORCHESTER, MASS., Oct. 13, 1901.

I am very sorry to see they have seen fit to use the Russian method upon you so soon. Of course, it is no surprise to us Socialists. What else can we look for from the supporters of this degrading capitalist system? As to your offer of refunding money back, I would say this is not the time for the taking, but for the sending you more in the shape of new subscribers. Let every one rally to your support from now on and victory is surely ours. Fraternally yours, PETER RILEY.

ELGIN, ILL., Oct. 18, 1901.

A line from a stranger to you, still a comrade who feels that he is well acquainted with the "Only Wilshire," may not be out of place at this time. Stand by your guns. We've got 'em guessing, and I guess you are competent to cause them to guess again. Whatever you do, don't fail to put me next. I'll be with you—and there are others in this over-satisfied town of well-to-do farmers near 300 Dundee Ave. JAS. H. BROWER, Chairman Socialist Party.

BLANEVILLE, KY., Oct. 16, 1901.

Dear Sir—I see from your CHALLENGE, dated October 12, that the journal has been denied access to the mail as second class matter, which I regard as the entering wedge to suppression of all criticism politically. However, I am perfectly willing to accept of your journal once a month. I hope that in your litigation with Madden that you may defeat him and re-establish your paper as a weekly, otherwise our country will soon be Russianized. Yours truly, W. E. SAILEE.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., Oct. 15, 1901.

I think CHALLENGE the best Socialistic paper that comes to this town. I admire the fearless manner in which you strike the capitalist. I regret the decision Madden has made against CHALLENGE. Still, I hardly think he could have made another move to have furthered Socialism as this one will. I would suggest that you send all CHALLENGES coming to this town in a bundle by express.

J. M. LASSITER.

BENTON HARBOR, MICH., Oct. 15, 1901.

THE CHALLENGE of Oct. 12 at hand and your difficulty with the Postal authorities fully noted All simply because we are for Socialism, which they do not know the meaning of. I tell you, Brother, I am mad all the way through. Something must be done. If such wrongs are not cut out in the bud what are we coming to? I don't believe President Roosevelt would stand for that if it were laid fully before him. I wish I could help you and the cause more than I do. But will do all I can. Anything I can do let me know, and if in my power will help you and the cause all I can. Fraternally. O. M. SOUTHWORTH.

CHICAGO, Oct. 10, 1901.

Have just heard of the action of the Post Office in throwing you out of second class entry. I hasten to offer you the assistance of the *Review* in any way that it can be of service to you in making the fight against this outrage. Let me have all the facts and any notice you may wish us to publish as soon as possible.

It seems to me that the time has come to make a good-sized fight on this matter of Post Office suppression. I believe that if you will urge that all your subscribers send postals to their Congressmen and also to the Postmaster General, the politicians could be made to see that it is not good politics (and that is the only thing that will appeal to them) to make such a fight as this. Yours for the fight. A. M. SIMONS.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, Oct. 18, 1901.

To my mind you seem to be the missing link, or one of 'em, at least. For some time I have been looking for a man with brains, money and gall to help make the connection between the classes which now are separated but should be united.

THE CHALLENGE may be put to some trouble, but surely you will come out on top in the wind-up.

So long as you must issue but once a month we will, on your account, cheerfully submit, but your paper must come weekly to catch what the Appeal to Reason don't get. E. C. CRUMBAKER.

Indignant Protests From Far and Near

To H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

Commemorating his simplicity in thinking that ideas went in modern journalism.

Oh, Wilshire! in your lurid egotism
You have a think it is the proper caper
To put ideas into journalism!
Learn from the giants how to run a paper!
Gossips and gamblers, frauds and pugs who vapor;
The wild whirl of the social cataclysm:
Slander, divorce, the robber, murderer, raper;
And, having hauled us through all hell's abysm,
Ask us to grin: Tell how the red-nosed "Colonel,"
By water poisoned, kills the jesting bad 'un;
But, by the eternal and the great infernal,
Let not one gleam of new ideas gladden!
In one swift word, give us a yellow journal,
And you won't get the frozen mitt from Madden.

—WM. R. FOX, 1510 Cutter St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

VERSAILLES, IND., Oct. 18.

The official act practically suppressing THE CHALLENGE is a crime against liberty. The silence of the press and politicians at this great outrage indicates the sad work of Mammon worship. But, my dear sir, don't—don't be suppressed. Appeal to the President, to Congress, the people. The money power to-day is far more despotic and unjust than the slave power in 1850 to 1860. B. F. SPENCER.

ANDERSON, MO., Oct. 15, 1901.

My sympathies are entirely with you in your contest with the Post Office Department at Washington, and I hope, for the sake of liberty, justice and decency, you will win out all right. You have my permission to change your paper to a monthly "as a war measure," or increase the subscription price if you think it necessary. It is a fight all Socialists and lovers of freedom are interested in.

JAS. H. WIMPEY.

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS, Oct. 16, 1901.

The Weekly CHALLENGE, with its obituary, was received by us yesterday, and were it not that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church" I would be inclined to mourn the event.

The murder of Lovejoy and the burning of his house and printing office turned the State of Illinois almost to a man against the South. The action of the Citizens' Alliance in Sedalia, Mo., last month, advanced Socialism in that State twenty years. The suppression of THE CHALLENGE by the Post Office Department advances Socialism in the United States at least thirty years. The Department will not reverse its decision, and Socialism must have THE CHALLENGE or its equivalent. What then?

New York is the place for you. You can do more for Socialism there in one year than you could in California in ten. F. S. MCDERMOTT.

ORLANDO, FLA., Oct. 15, 1901.

I, with many others of your subscribers here, feel greatly outraged by the attempted suppression of THE CHALLENGE by the Post Office Department. While done under the cover of "Regulations," the animus is plain, the purpose transparent. The fact is that the "Plutes" are becoming thoroughly alarmed by the rapid growth of Socialism, and in their panic seize upon any and every way, possible or impossible, for checking it. That their action in this case will prove a boomerang I have no doubt. It looks to me as if they had played right into your hand, and that you will get more free advertising out of this than from all your other devices combined. But it tramples upon the rights of several thousand American citizens who want your paper. We look eagerly for it each week, and grudge if we are not satisfied; we regard this interference as a blow at us more than at you. We feel that we have a right to the paper we subscribe for, and we protest earnestly against this high-handed interference with our rights.

I hope subscribers everywhere will join me in this protest. H. W. GREETHAM.

Rev. R. Heber Newton Interested In Challenge Suppression

Please send me 45 East Hampton N.Y. the facts about the suppression of the Challenge

R H Newton

Hall Caine For Parliament

London, Oct. 19.—Hall Caine, the novelist, has consented to become a candidate for the Manx Parliament in behalf of the town of Ramsay. His opponent is a local lawyer.

Mr. Caine's address has created consternation even among his own supporters, for he advocates sweeping changes that might well be planks in a national platform of some great reform party. First of all, Mr. Caine wants to nationalize the steamship service connecting the Isle ot Man with England, running it without profit.

Then he applies himself to the Manx steam and street railroads, and would furnish the same radical system to them. Land must be treated in a somewhat similar manner, the Manx Parliament controlling the drainage, cultivation and tree-planting. The banks, of course, are included in this nationalization scheme, by which Mr. Caine believes that such financial scandals as occurred in the Isle of Man last year would be avoided.

Mr. Caine justifies these aparently unprofitable national undertakings by pointing out that the primary factor in Manx prosperity is the island's popularity as a holiday resort, and that it must prosper or decline as it meets the needs of the visitors.

With a parting reference to the necessity for a reform of the system of representation, and ridding the legal system of its anachronistic superfluities, the author commits himself and his programme into the hands of the intelligent citizens of Ramsay.

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British Tobacco Combine

London, Oct. 12.—It is now beyond the region of doubt that the American monopoly of the British tobacco trade is not to be allowed to go unchallenged. A representative of a large Irish whole-

sale firm is at present in London engaged with some leading British tobacco manufacturers in considering the preliminary steps for bringing about a combination in the trade, so as to protect the general interests. Replying to a representative of the press, he said the American combination was by no means likely to get a walk-over.

"No doubt it is true," he said, "that there are trade rivalries to be met, but I can say with confidence that these rivalries are in no way insurmountable, nor do they in any way differ from those in other departments of British commerce."

Yesterday it was given out on the highest authority that a considerable number of principal British tobacco manufacturers have signed an agreement for uniting their interests, and that the necessary steps are being taken to carry the agreement into effect.

The combination already includes the following, among other firms: W. D. & H. O. Wills, of Bristol and London; Lambert & Butler, Manchester and Birmingham; Adkin & Sons and Hignett's Tobacco Company, of London; John Player & Sons, of Nottingham; Edwards, Ringer & Bigg and Messrs. Franklyn, Davey & Co., of Bristol; William Clarke & Son, Hignett Bros. & Co., and the Richmond Cavendish Company, of Liverpool.

Manufacturers representing England, Scotland and Ireland are in communication with the combine conducting the organization.

The combination has no connection with the British Tobacco Company, recently registered, which is alleged by the British manufacturers to be under American control.

The present movement is regarded by its adherents as a defensive rather than an offensive measure, and it is maintained that there is no intention of crushing out the smaller manufacturers, even though they do not join the combination. The capital, it is said, will probably amount to more than £15,000,000.

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Dread the anger of the dove.

New York Company in Germany

New York, Oct. 20.—The New York Air Brake Company is considering the erection ot a plant in Germany. It is expected that definite action will be taken within the next three months. The plant of the company at Moscow will begin operations on January 1.

It has now been decided by the company to compete for contracts in all the countries of Europe. An official stated yesterday that it is one of the early possibilities for the company's stock to be offered for sale in Europe.

It is stated that the railroad companies there are adopting American principles and the demands for supplies is increasing at a great rate.

The company now does business in Russia, Germany, Belgium and Sweden.

It was officially stated yesterday that the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company will construct a plant in St. Petersburg.

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India is After Our Shoes

Boston, Oct. 20.—Kekhasru Edalji Talati, a prominent business man of Bombay, India, arrived in this city last week and has been spending his time investigating the American methods of tanning and boot and shoe making in Brockton and Lynn. He has decided to take a line of American shoes back to India with him on his return to that country.

Mr. Talati has been accustomed to do all his trading in Northampton, Eng., and other English cities, but he skipped England this year. He declares that there is an excellent market in India for many kinds of American boots and shoes.

☆ ☆ ☆

A Five-Color Poster
WILSHIRE'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
Free on Application

CONDEMNED OUT of ITS OWN MOUTH

These abuses of the privileges of free speech and a free press lead to all manner of evil results. They create a ferment of unrest, of dissatisfaction of hatred. These things are un-American. There has been too much of indiscriminate denunciation of authority in this country; too much abuse of public men, from the President down; too much disrespect for authority and for the laws, which it represents; too much of coarse and vulgar caricature.— *Editorial Los Angeles Times, Sept., 1901.*

Note what it says through its cartoons:

THE PROBLEM OF THE HOUR.

CLOSE THE GATES.

UNCLE SAM, [watching the vicious stream from Europe] "This is the fountain spring of Anarchy; here is where we must stop it."

Madden Getting in His Work

The United States Postal Department is getting in its work on Socialist papers. Three weeks ago H. Gaylord Wilshire, who has become known as "the millionaire Socialist," moved his newspaper, the CHALLENGE, which has been published at Los Angeles, Cal., to New York, and made application for a transfer of the second-class postal privilege to that city. The Third Assistant Postmaster-General refused to re-admit the paper, for the reason that it "advertised too many ideas, contained too many clippings, too little general information, and too many personal letters." Mr. Wilshire has appealed his case, and announces that the paper will be delivered if he has to hire the express companies to do the work. At second-class rates his postage bill amounted to about $30 per week, but if he should have to pay the higher rate it would amount to $300. As the subscription price is but 50 cents a year, and the postage would be 52 cents, the ruling would virtually mean the extinction of the paper.—*Town and Country*, Toronto, Canada.

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Karl Pearson's Sociology

BY KARL PEARSON, F. R. S.

The first edition of this book appeared in 1888, and contained essays and addresses which had been written in the previous eight years. It has been out of print and in some demand for a long time past. The present edition has been carefully revised, but the author has refrained from modifying the opinions expressed (except in bracketed footnotes) even when the have ceased to represent his more fully developed views. In its present form it won its old friends, and can thus still serve best as a stimulus for thought.

The aim of the book is to contrast the emotional and rationalistic treatments of philosophical and social problems; to show how the enthusiasm of the study of a real factor of human devolopment, and how the slow and gradual educational work of the thinker is, after all, more permanent than the emotional influence of the market-place. The author would allow no social or religious problem to lie outside the legitimate field of discussion, but he believes that any profitable answer can only be found in a rational treatment of history—that all great social changes can only be advantageous if based on a slow educational reform of current ideas.

"I hold the term to include all work, whether work of the head or of the hand, which is needful or profitable to the community at large. The man who puts cargo into a ship is no more or less a laborer than the captain who directs her course across the ocean; nor is either more of a laborer than the various scholars whose calculations and observations enable the captain to know which direction he shall take when he is one hundred miles from land. The shoemaker or the postman are no more laborers than the clerk who sits in a merchant's office or the judge who sits on the bench. The schoolmaster, the writer and the actor are all true laborers. In some cases they may be overpaid; in many they are underpaid. Men of wealth have been known to pay the governess who teaches their children less than they pay their cook, and to treat her with infinitely less respect. I have laid stress on the importance of labor of the head, because I have met with certain working men who believed nothing but labor of the hand could have any value; that all but laborers with the hands were idlers. You have doubtless heard of the victory gained last year by English troops in Egypt. Now, how do you suppose that victory was gained? Were the English soldiers a bit braver than the Arabs? Were they stronger? Not in the least. They won the victory because they were better disciplined, because they had better weapons—shortly because what we may term their *organization* was better. That organization was due to labor of the head. Now, what happened in Egypt is going on in the world at large every day. It is not always the stronger, but the better organized, the better educated man who goes ahead. What is true of individual men is true of nations. The better organized, the better educated nation is victorious in the battle of life. We English have been so successful because we were well organized, because we were better educated men than the Egyptians, Zulus, and other races we have conquered. You must never forget how much of that organization, that education, is due to laborers with the head."—Karl Pearson. Macmillan Company, New York. 448 pages, $2.00.

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PUBLISHERS DISCOURAGED

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—Considerable surprise is caused here by the news published in the *Evening Post* that a committee of publishers is still considering the question of appealing to the courts for relief from the new rules of the Postmaster-General regarding the second-class postage privileges. It has been understood, apparently on good authority, that one of the largest concerns affected by the new order has sought the best legal counsel money would command and been assured that it was helpless in the premises, the Postmaster-General's construction of the law being quite within his competency as an administrative officer.

WALTER CRANE

The Great English Artist

13 HOLLAND ST:
KENSINGTON W.
London.
Sept: 30 1901.

Dear Wilshire.

Many thanks for your letter.

I shall be quite content if any work I do for the cause of Social-ism is of service to its advance-ment; in however small a degree.

I enclose photographs as you request, also an essay on "The Social & Ethical Bearings of Art" which you are at liberty to print.

With best wishes to "The Challenge" in its new quarters,

Very truly yours.

Walter Crane

Art: Its Social and Ethical Bearing - *Walter Crane*

The very existence of art in any form among a people is itself evidence of some kind of social life; and, indeed, as regards prehistoric or ancient life, is often the only record left of life at all.

From its earliest dawn in the prehistoric etchings of the cave dwellers, to the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians; the sculptured slabs of the Ninevite and the Persian; from the treasury of Athens, and the spoils of Troy, to the refinement and monumental beauty of the Parthenon marbles, everywhere art (at first identical with language or picture writing), is eloquent of the mode of life, the ideas and ideals which have held sway in the human mind, until they have become precipitated, or crystallized, for us in antique architecture and sculpture and painting and the sister arts of design. Until every fragment of woven stuff, every bead and jewel, every fragment of broken pottery still speaks to us out of the past with its

"—half-obliterated tongue"

of the life and thought which have gone away, of buried hopes and fears, of the loves and strife, of the pride and power, which have left but their first relics to tell their tale.

The keen, observant eye of the primitive hunter noted down unerringly the outlines of the fierce animals he stalked and slew. The same unerring perceptions of typical form reappear formalized, and more and more abstracted, in the hieroglyphic, which, using the familiar animals and objects of Eastern life as symbols, become finally cast by use and wont, in the course of evolution, into the rigid abstractions of the alphabet, which, though in caligraphic and typographic art entering another course of development, it has become quite distinct from the graphic and depicting power which appears to have been its origin, yet which is still so closely and constantly associated with it in our books and newspapers, which form so large a part of and as intimately reflect on social life, and which have carried picture writing into another and more complex stage.

The early Assyrian reliefs, too, in another way, may often be considered as a series of complete historic statements—a graven writing on the wall. Their object to record the conquests of kings or their prowess as lion hunters, their battles and sieges, their prisoners taken, their weapons and munitions of war, the attributes of their symbolic deities. Their value was perhaps as much their descriptive and recording power as their decorative effect.

The archaic grade passed through the same stage, only gradually evolving that exquisite artistic sense, until the monumental beauty and heroic ideality of the Phidian work is reached—to pass away again with the spirit and the life which gave it birth. The wave of great civilization rises to the crest of its perfection, and breaks and falls, yet spreads its influence and leaves its impress upon all lands; unextinguished by the power and pomp of the Roman, which succeeded, over which, indeed, in the artistic sense it triumphs, springing to new life in Italy, until it is found wandering among the ruins and trivialities of Pompeii, where the last stage of ancient life has been preserved, as it were, in amber.

We may drop some natural tears over the death of paganism, feeling that at all events, with all its corruption, it has placed on record for us in art that joy of life, and the frank acknowledgement of man's animal nature (which no religion or philosophy can afford to leave out of account), and has reconciled them in forms of enduring refinement and beauty. A great deal must be set down to persistence and sunshine, but anyone glancing at what has been left us in various beautiful forms of art from the classical times and countries, must feel how much larger an external part art must have played in that life. How constant and

intimate must have been its appeal—from the storied pediment and frieze of the temple to the gilded statues and bronze paving in the public streets and squares—walls wherever the painters fancy is let loose, everywhere colors and overhead the blue sky of Italy or Greece. There was at any rate no room for monopoly in the pleasure of such an external life. The eye of the slave was, at least, as free as that of his master, and the mere common possession of the spectacular pleasure of life is something.

We feel, too, that the ancient wealth of beautiful art was the direct efflorescence of the life of the time. Everywhere the artist's and craftsman's eye must have been stimulated. The forms of man and woman moved without the restraint of formally cut costumes, but freely draped according to the taste of the individual or the demands of the season or circumstance. He could see the athlete in the arena, the beauty on her terrace, the philosopher in his grove, the color and glitter of the market-place, the slave at his toil, the warrior charging out to battle—and all these in the broad and full light of a southern sky. What wonder that his art took beautiful forms! Even the grave was robbed of its gloom by the Greek artist and death was figured as a gentle and painless leave-taking between friends.

It is impossible to doubt that impressions of external beauty and harmony have a softening and humanizing effect upon the mind. I believe that we are unconsciously affected by such influences; that we are unconsciously happier when we live in pleasantly proportioned rooms, for instance, and harmoniously colored and patterned walls and furniture. The nerves are soothed through the gentle stimulus of the eye dwelling on happy and refined gowns and colors.

With the advent of Christianity, with the spiritual eye fixed upon another world, the form, with the spirit of art naturally changed, and though the main current of the new teaching was to make man indifferent to externals, after its first timid haltings in the dying traditions of classical design, we know that Christian art became one of the most powerful exponents of its creeds, and by an awe-inspiring influence of the solemn and mystic splendor of the Byzantine and early Gothic churches so impressed the imagination of men's minds. The church became the great depository of artistic skill and inspiration, and used its power of emotional appeal to the utmost, by means of noble and impressive architectural forms and proportions, afterwards brightened by every decorative means at the command of the Gothic craftsman in painted glass, carving, mosaic, painting and work of gold and silver and precious stones.

The evil doer was terrorized by presentments of the torments of a very realistic hell, while the saint was lifted by ecstatic visions of angelic choirs and flower-starred meads of paradise. Art in the Catholic church was indeed a preacher and teacher of unparalleled eloquence and moral force.

The unlettered could read its open book. The poor, and the lame, and the halt, and even the blind might be moved by the "full-voiced choir" and pealing organ."

The splendors and beauty of a mediæval cathedral must have had what we should now call quite an incalculable educational effect upon the people, from the æsthetic and emotional side.

Besides this the ordinary aspect of the towns must have been full of romance and interest. The variety and great richness of the citizens' houses, the colors and fantastic invention in costumes and heraldry, the constant shows and processions, such as those organized by the crafts guilds, full of quaint allegory and symbolic meaning. A street might be solemn with the black and white gowns of monks and priests, or gay with peasantry banners and the flashing armor of knights, or the panoply of kings and queens. Great gilded wagons, bright with brave heraldry—instead of our black varnished respectable carriages with a modest lozenge on their panels.

Well, we in London have now nothing left as a free popular spectacle but the Lord Mayor's show, or a circus in a

country town (which I always enjoy as much as the other), or the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. There is the poster, it is true—that cheap and generally nasty "popular educator." Not always so cheap, either, since one hears of Royal Academicians being secured for the service of pushing commerce at the price of a thousand pounds or so, though the result is generally not a good poster, but only an oil picture spoiled.

Human life, however disguised or uglified with unnatural and inharmonious surroundings, must of course always remain intensely interesting. If we all took to wearing sandwich boards to announce our personal tastes or wants, to save trouble, I suppose a certain amount of drama would still be possible, and I have no doubt we should soon have æsthetic persons declaring that it was as fine a costume as a mediæval herald's, or Joseph's coat of many colors.

It does not seem as if we could value art and beauty naturally in this country, since the puritan first came over us. We have suffered from stiffness in our æsthetic limbs ever since. A certain pedantry and affectation which has attached itself to some parts of the question of art seems to have created mistrust in the ordinary mind. The ordinary mind has been too much inured to ugliness, perhaps—and habit is dear to all of us. Conscious efforts to produce things of beauty are not always convincing and even a thing of beauty does not look comfortable without harmonious environment. If Venus were to suddenly rise from the Serpentine or from New York harbor she might be misunderstood.

If we are ever to have beauty in our common life again, beauty must spring naturally from its ordinary conditions, just as beautiful art always is inseparable from its material.

Now, it is often said that art has always been the minister to wealth and power. That it has been the private possession of the rich, and its dwelling place the precincts of courts and the shelter of great houses. If, however, the results of art, so far as the art which appeals to the eye can ever be monopolized, have often become gems of private property, this is only so in a limited degree, and is only partially true in regard to the later detached or pictorial forms of art or in the case of antique bric-a-brac. Art in its nobler monumental forms, by the necessity of its existence, has appealed to the whole people of a city or state from a Greek temple to a Gothic cathedral, with all the arts of design in retinue.

If, in later days, artists were pressed into the service of kings, great nobles, merchant princes or millionaires, and art became largely tributary to their pomp and magnificence, it was at least at the expense of the whole people. And as, by degrees, partly owing to commercial and mechanical evolution, and partly to the inducement of greater personal credit, social distinction and sympathy, which after all are parts of commercial evolution, or rather, perhaps, some of its effects, an artistic faculty was drawn more and more into purely pictorial channels, and partook more and more of the nature of portable and private property, and therefore its actual possession became a matter more or less for the rich. Even in this stage, however, it has made possible splendid public and national collections—as our own national gallery, for instance, where the very choicest works of the greatest painters of all time are the actual possession of each and all of us.

Where there has been monopoly of art, and large masses of the people, the workers whose "surplus value" really pays for it, have been excluded from, or deprived of, its enjoyment, and refining influence, is it wonderful that monopoly in art should follow monopoly of land and the means of subsistence; or that those who refuse to recognize or to respect common rights in land, and common participation in the pleasures and refinements of life, should refuse to recognize common rights in art also?

The growing enlightenment and demand for justice on the part of the workers, and their growing power and capacity for combination under democratic institutions, will insist upon the abolition of such monopolies, and the spread of

the feeling of fellowship and the interdependence of all workers will create a sounder public sentiment and morality in the matter of the uses of wealth and the social value of art.

I should hope that we shall not be content as a people to remain satisfied with so little of the refining influence of art and beauty in our daily lives. We are beginning to realize the immense loss and deprivation their absence causes, and where they are not felt at all, where their warm rays, like the sun's, never penetrate, there is coarseness, brutality and degradation. It is a noticeable fact that harshness and roughness of manner and want of sympathy are usually found with an absence of sensibility to art in individuals. The æsthetic sense, indeed, is like a sixth sense added to the other five, or rather evolved from them. Yet we have, until recently, been in the habit of shutting up our national museums and picture galleries on Sundays as if they were haunts of vice, instead of refining intellectual and moral influences, and sources of unselfish pleasure. We allow the walls of our school rooms, for the most part, to be gaunt and bare, and give no greater stimulus to the children and young people's imaginative reason than is to be gleaned from varnished, unillustrated maps and tame lithographs of wild animals. Yet if common life was thought worth enriching by suggestions of heroism, poetry and romance, if education was considered more as a means of developing *the whole nature* than merely as a proposition for a narrow competitive commercial existence, might we not, from the storehouses of history and folk-lore, picture our school and college walls with great and typical figures and make them glow with colors and suggestions? I believe we should see its after results in a more refined, more sympathetic, more spirited, more united and self-respecting people.

Whether such changes can come before certain greater economic changes comprehended by Socialism, is another matter. I do not believe they can in their fullness, and I have no wish to put the æsthetic cart before the economic horse, although conviction sometimes comes from attempting the impossible—or the right thing at the wrong stage.

The social character of the appeal to the eye is brought home to us by the involuntary impulse which, with a fine work of art before us, or some lovely natural scene, are evoked such common exclamations as: "Look at that!" "Oh! do look there!" "Did you ever see anything so beautiful!" and the like, which seems to show that people are not content as a rule to enjoy the pleasures of vision *alone*. They cannot look at a beautiful work without wanting others to see it also and participate in the same emotional excitement of appreciative delight.

Appreciation and sympathy are also, of course, enormously stimulating to artists. They are like the answering ring to the coin of his thought when he casts it forth to the world which tells him it is of true gold.

Works of art are like questions or problems put by their inventor to the public at large. If they are understood at once then the artist knows he in touch with his generation and that he speaks in a tongue that is comprehended. But this is not always the case.

The conditions of the practice of art itself have undergone changes analogous to the evolution of society, the sentiment of which it always reflects. From its earliest collective stages and typical forms, where all the arts of design were united in architecture and with such beautiful results, to its more individual and personal character in modern days, more especially in painting, we can trace an entire change of spirit. The focus of artistic feeling and expression is no longer centralized on religious ideals, mysteries, or mythologies, but is turned everywhere on the parti-colored aspects of human life and the changes of the face of nature. Its methods are no longer traditional, but experimental, and its point of view personal, so that the position of a modern painter is not so much that of a musician taking his place in a great orchestra and contributing his part to a great and harmonious whole, but rather that of the soloist who claims our

entire attention to his performance on a particular instrument—it may be only a tin whistle, or it may be, of course, the violin in the hands of a master.

This condition of things in art has had its effect on the individual practitioner. The tendency is to set up individual codes of artistic morality, so that each can only be judged with reference to his own standard. and according to the dictates of his own æsthetic conscience or consciousness, and this perhaps may be quite the reverse of that of his brethren.

In every direction, however, the practice of art teaches the value of certain virtues as means toward the attainment of the higher aims and ideals—conscientiousness in workmanship—doing all that is fitting and needful to obtain certain results, the necessity of making certain sacrifices of lesser beauty, for instance, or minor truths, to express the higher beauty and the more significant truth; for it is no more possible to "eat your cake and have it" in art, than it is in the affairs of life generally. Judgment and temperance have important parts to play in the making of the world of art, and that faithfulness to an ideal and perseverance through all manner of technical and other difficulties and adverse circumstances, which carry a man through and oblige him to exercise a certain self-restraint to reach the goal he has set before himself.

So that the practice of art cannot be said to be without its ethical side, any more than its manifestations can be denied their social bearing and significance.

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A Ruined Life

A beautiful woman lives in one of the most elegant residences on one of the finest boulevards of one of our large Western cities. She is young, accomplished, graceful, and the world lies before her. All her life she has had the most precious gifts civilization has to offer poured at her feet. Throughout her existence the finest of clothing has decked her form; the daintiest of foods have sustained her; the most splendid of dwellings has sheltered her; the most attentive of servants have ever stood ready to do her bidding. The finest works of art have contributed to render her surroundings dreams of loveliness; everything painful or disagreeable has been carefully kept from her; the best teachers of all nationalities have imparted to her such of their knowledge as was suitable. Her girlhood, after graduation, was made brilliant with a continuous series of social triumphs, and later an European tour under the most advantageous circumstances, placed the seal of true aristocratic polish upon her elegant individuality. She is the complete product of modern high-class culture. At twenty-four, she seems all that mankind could ask as a sample of its best.

She has disappointed her parents in but one respect. She has followed the course marked out for her superbly—except in one particular. She has refused every one of the splendid matrimonial offers tendered her, on the mere pretext that not one of the eligible gentlemen who made them suited her! Her parents sigh, and her mother looks a little shocked, as at something improper, when she says she does not love one of them, and will not marry at all.

And so to-day she sits in her magnificent home and does not know what to do with herself. She represents that paradox in life—an unhappy woman blessed with every gift nature and human effort can shower upon her. She possesses health, mental and physical energy, ambition. Though her hot-house existence has rendered her extremely sensitive, she is capable of great activity, and nothing in the universe calls upon her to exert herself. She need not stoop to pick up her handkerchief if she does not choose to do so; she does not need to even write her own society notes and letters; it is hardly necessary that she trouble herself to be brilliant in conversation, since her elegant attainments are taken for granted. She needs but to recline gracefully in the lap of luxury and breathe the air of adulation which envelops her.

But, unfortunately for the contented

enjoyment of such a life, this woman has brains, and she has read and thought too much. She knows that most people have some absorbing interest in life. She knows that most men are active, be they ever so rich. She knows that there are poverty, drudgery, misery, despair in the world, and that earnest men and women are trying to understand causes and discover remedies; that there are serious economic and social problems confronting the thoughtful, and that self-sacrificing souls are spending their lives in trying to solve them. Yet she does not know how to grasp them herself; nothing presents itself to her—for her there is nothingness.

She has failed to find any interest in love. She mistrusts every one and cannot believe that any one loves her for herself; the men who have wooed her are so intermingled with their surroundings and possessions that she cannot distinguish what attracts her, and concludes there is nothing lovable unless decked out with valuable trinkets.

If she looks toward the business world, and thinks of great enterprises or speculations, she finds her father, brothers and friends handling everything in sight so much better than she can that it seems an absurdity for her to enter into the lists. Would she enter one of the professions, she is but crowding out some worthy person who sadly needs the position she would fill. If she essays charity, alas! there is nothing she can do but open her pocket-book, and that a servant can do better than she. For she is so unfamiliar with the poor that she does not know how to approach them. The "deserving poor" take offense at her manners and look upon her efforts as intrusive; the undeserving impose upon her and cheat her. And to go among the poor and become acquainted, to study them and make friends with them —that she cannot do, for, daintily reared as she has been, their coarse surroundings and manners overwhelm her and make her sick. But she is tired of society, of balls, parties, of entertainments —of all the vain and selfish attempts at amusement. She is tired of everything. Her rusting powers are goading her to a terrible restlessness. She has vague ambitions, an innate independence and self-reliance—a touch of the spirit that is abroad in the land and creating of our dolls the much discussed "new woman." But the very advantages of her position are a clog to her feet—she cannot move. She is too delicate, too sensitive, her nerves are too highly tensioned to endure any long-continued strain. The annoyances of common every-day life outside her exclusive shelter would rasp and wear her to shreds; she could not even endure the companionship of the common people with whom real work would bring her in contact.

What a dreary prospect her empty life stretches out before her! There is no object in her living that she can see—her highest aim must be but to discover some new method of pandering to self. Not even the sweetness of a real sympathy can ever be hers, for the sorrows of others are so different from anything she has ever experienced she cannot comprehend them. Poor woman! She is, after all, to be pitied in her gilded misery. Yet she is but one specimen of a natural product of civilization. It would be sad enough if there were but one such woman, but there are hundreds in society, and even fate does not know what to do with them.

Not more than a dozen blocks from this luxurious home stands a row of crowded tenement-houses. In a poor little room, five stories high, where a single ray of sunlight enters for an hour or two each day, lives another young woman. She also has lived about twenty-four years; but she is neither beautiful nor pleasant to look at. Somewhere in the long ago she was probably a pretty, bright-eyed child whom some mother thought "cute" and cunning. But no one remembers that now. She is thin and long-backed and bent, as are all women who sew from childhood. She is gaunt and awkward in her movements, her face is sallow, her eyes are dull and expressionless, and her forehead is seamed with care. Her frail body has never been satisfactorily and

sufficiently nourished; she has never worn a really pretty and becoming dress in all her life. And yet she has fashioned in that time garments enough to clothe a whole city. Poor, lonely, hard-worked girl! She can scarcely remember a real pleasure. Theaters, concerts, excursions, picnics, vacations, are unknown wonders to her. Music has only come to her in snatches from the streets. She has never had a lover, never listened to tender words of admiration, never felt the thrill of learning that another cared for her. In her early youth, when for mere girlhood's sake she might have been loved, she was too busy to look for love. Later, though always driven like a slave with work, her starved heart would have made pause for love's blessed dalliance had it been offered her. But who thought to love so plain and worn a woman? She has lacked everything all her life, and now, like a poor, withered plant growing in the dark, she can put forth no blossoms to attract the passerby. Her life is empty, empty and objectless, and there is no hope of anything else. She is even now no longer young; at thirty she will be old. Then, soon after, some sickness engendered by her long years of toil, will carry her out of the world that has been so dreary to her.

These are the two extreme products of our intense civilization. Is there any need of either? The world is rich and glorious and beautiful enough to fill full to the brim every creature's cup of happiness. Yet the world does not fill and bring it to the lips; some effort to reach it and *make it full*, which is in itself a happiness, must be made. Neither he who reclines and demands that others gather and bring to him, nor he who forever stoops to fill for others, will ever know the full, rich flavor of the cup as Nature intended it.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

La Veta, Colo.

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That action is best which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers.—Hutchinson.

Another Western Freak.

How such men as John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan *et al.* are able to sleep nights with one H. Gaylord Wilshire running around loose and launching his thunderbolts with so fearless a hand, is past the comprehension of mere ordinary mortals; but we have yet to hear of any serious cases of insomnia on the part of the "octopi" above mentioned.

Mr. Wilshire came to Springfield last Tuesday night, loaded to the muzzle with slugs, buckshot, chainshot, grape and canister, and he did not hesitate in pulling the trigger of his oratory with the business end aimed right at the money kings, either. He has gained some little notoriety by posting a $10,000 challenge to meet William Jennings Bryan in a joint debate on the trusts, and as an outcome of this he has begun the publication, in Los Angeles, California, of a paper—THE CHALLENGE.

Incidentally, he brought along for general dissemination some copies of this sheet, and from its pages we are able to form a pretty fair idea of his caliber. We may as well take it up *ad seriatim* and let our readers judge for themselves.

The first, second, third and fourth pages are taken up with an article entitled "The Solution of the Trust Problem," from his own mighty pen, as indeed, is every article in the paper, with the exception of the following two pages, which are filled with "Letters to the Editor" of a most fulsome character, and even there we have our doubts.

In the first article he essays first to prove the necessity of the trust, and then to show that all should be merged in one great trust—the Government.

Toward the achievement of this complete nationalization of industry he proclaims himself the Prophet, with the biggest kind of a capital P. There is not a line in the sheet, except in the three advertisements (one of another Socialist newspaper) that does not reek with egotism.

To prove this, it is only necessary to glance at a cartoon printed in the issue before us, representing Bryan lying asleep in bed, with a vision at his head of

the redoubtable Wilshire, fire gleaming from his eyes, trouncing the former Democratic leader soundly with a paddle, while on the other side, the toe of public opinion kicks the "Orator of the Platte" into the abyss of oblivion—after Wilshire has finished with him. At the bottom runs the paraphrase, "Uneasy lies the head that would wear a crown," but we opine that Bryan's lack of ease has not come to any appreciable extent, from the wild ravings of the temerarious Wilshire.

In another column he has photographed a clipping from the Los Angeles *Times*, referring to a proposed bill-posting trust, and headed "Wilshire Outdone." This he calls "How Advertising Is Made Easy," and says that he prints it, no, "photos it," he calls it, simply to show "how to work your way to the top of a news column."

We would suggest, however, that if Mr. Wilshire is seeking big headlines in the newspapers, the best way would be to double up with Carrie Nation. There would be a team that simply couldn't stay out of type.—Springfield *Sun*.

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Admits Part of the Truth.

The anarchist looks with pity and contempt upon Socialists and labor agitators. Naturally enough, for the aims of these are diametrically opposite to his own. The purpose of the labor organization, whether wisely pursued or not, is to better the condition of the working man by securing higher wages, shorter hours, and increased privileges. The Socialist dreams of a happier human society, to be created by the adoption of his nostrums. But both recognize the necessity of a government, of laws, of legislatures, of courts and juries. They would like to shape these organs of the civil system to their own liking, or to control them. The anarchist would destroy them utterly. Socialism and organized labor do not breed anarchists any more than thistles yield figs. The unlikeliness forbids that any relations should subsist.—*New York Times.*

Socialism Expounded.

H. Gaylord Wilshire, formerly of Los Angeles, Cal., now of New York City, delivered an address on "Socialism" in City Hall Tuesday evening before an audience of about 100.

Mr. Wilshire presented the matter of Socialism in an entirely informal manner, rather in the form of a talk than an address. He is a smooth and entertaining speaker and had no trouble in holding the close attention of his audience.

He wisely refrained from going deeply into the ethics of the subject, but in a plain, simple and straightforward manner proceeded to explain the general principles of Socialism and he illustrated his points by commonplace and easily understood comparisons.

He thoroughly explained the ends which the Socialists hoped to attain and in a clear and lucid manner pointed out what the Socialists contend are the vital faults in our industrial system and the way in which they may be remedied.

He stated that Socialism means simply an equality of wealth. It does not mean the division of property, but rather the concentration of wealth under a common ownership. It means, for instance, that the Government shall own and operate railroads, telegraph lines, etc., and that cities shall own and operate their water and lighting systems. He stated that the average rate of wages of the ordinary workman remains the same today as it was years ago, at the bare existence point. All the surplus goes into the hands of the employers. What have they done with it? They have spent a comparatively small part of it on luxuries for themselves, but the greater part has been spent for the building of new machinery which in its turn created more surplus. "We have now reached a point in this country," the speaker continued, "or will reach it within a few years, when there is no longer a demand for new machinery or the employment of labor. As a natural result of this condition the capitalist has begun to form trusts to control and curtail production. Trusts are simply the natural evolution of our present industrial conditions."

The speaker thought that it was time for the workingman, who has borne so large a part in the building up of the country, to have a share in its benefits. The proper way to obtain this is through the ballot.

At the close of the meeting quite a number remained to meet the speaker personally.—Bath (Me.) *Times.*

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Why Coal is High.

But no such purpose governs the (coal) monopoly. It is bent upon taking from the consumer every dollar he can be made to deliver up for this necessary of life, and upon nothing else, and the price will continue to be pushed up until it approaches effectiveness in diverting consumption to soft coal substitutes, and then it will stop going up. That the monopoly has no other desire than to exploit the hard coal region for its own profit and not that of future generations is rather remarkably shown in the fact that it is exporting coal to the eastern Dominion provinces in increasing quantities, and selling it there at lower prices than are charged in less remote domestic markets. Thus the Portland (Me.) *Press* recently called attention to the advertisement of Lehigh coal in St. John, N. B., at from $5 to $5.35—after paying a duty of 60 cents a ton; while in Portland, Me., also at tide water and 300 miles nearer the coal fields, the price is $6.25.

The monopoly thus appears to be employing the now somewhat familiar device of squeezing the home market for all there is in it, and throwing any remaining surplus upon the foreign market at any price it will bring within such limits as will prevent re-importation into the United States. These limits are much narrower than in the case of most commodities controlled by trusts for there is no tariff on hard coal, but the cost of reshipment is enough to favor the foreigner materially in this practice of the Pennsylvania coal monopoly. Instead of our children receiving the benefit of its present exactions, the living foreigner has been set up as the beneficiary.

Wilshire at Newcastle.

H. Gaylord Wilshire, the millionaire editor of CHALLENGE, a New York Socialist paper, addressed a gathering numbering about 600 in the Diamond Square Thursday night. Mr. Wilshire proved an interesting speaker and held his audience spell-bound during the address that lasted over an hour.

J. W. Slayton acted in the capacity of chairman and introduced the speaker.

Mr. Wilshire began his address by stating that the wealth in his possession came by inheritance. The people of this great country had also inherited great rights, the right of the ballot box. When they went out election day they should march up to the polls and let the Morgans and the Rockefellers know what they want; and unless they ask for what they want, they would not get it. Continuing the speaker said about as follows:

"I suppose, ladies and gentlemen, you know we have a trust or two in this country? A dozen years ago when I went about stumping I had to explain what a trust was. We all know them now. Why is it they are here in our midst? Capitalists say the trust was born to do away with overproduction. Why overproduction? It is because men are not properly paid. The price of labor is just what it can get, not what it is worth. Suppose, for instance, Edison, the wizard, should invent some great machine that would produce one hundred times as much as we do now. Would you receive one hundred times as much wages?

"With the new machinery you will not be needed. The Rockefellers and the Morgans are making money faster than they can rake it in. New mills, new oil refineries, new railroads, perfected machinery, until now we have the greatest country the sun ever shone upon. With wages at a minimum and new machinery introduced every day, there is certain to be a 'great unemployed' problem one of these days.

"The trusts are the industrial thermometers of the times. The United States Steel Corporation was organized

to prevent the overproduction of rolling mills. If, in these prosperous times the trust is a necessity, what will become of us in the wane? The trusts are now very independent and tell us that if we don't like the country to get out, or at least they will say this, when the unemployed problem comes. After we have built up the country and were employed in the building, they want us to leave it to them. After our labor are we to be kept outside the walls?

"How are we going to better conditions? With wages at a minimum, Rockefeller and Morgan will tell you 'We don't want you, we are producing too much.' Are we going to starve to death because there is too much to eat? The Socialists would leave the Government run everything as the Postoffice Department is run to-day. The crops would be distributed on the basis of what we produce. Under the present system the more we produce the less we get. The thermometer on the wall tells us that Socialism is upon us. (Applause.) The trusts are bringing it on. The trust is a natural evolution, just as much so as the labor union. Trust is a protection for the capitalists; the labor union is a protection to the laborer. Labor is producing the wealth and the capitalists just toss back enough to allow life to exist and on the other hand the capitalists are drowned out with wealth.

"Trusts prevent dangerous competition. Take, for instance, a man has a flour mill in a small village. Another man comes along and builds one, then another. Something must be done to prevent ruin. Then the trust was organized. Each trust formed drives a capitalist out of some sort of business and he looks around for some other kind, with profit in it. Finally the field is full and then comes unemployed capital and then unemployed labor. A good way to do would be to give their surplus capital to the men who produce it.

"Trusts are here to stay and are nothing more than natural evolution. In the first period of the world we had barbarism, then came feudalism, then capitalism.

"Carnegie organized the steel industry in this country, but is he now organizing any trusts in Skibo Castle? No, he is as useless as the kings and dukes. Feudalism has no use for barbarism, capitalism has no use for kings and dukes, and Socialism will have no use for capitalism.

"Trusts are the incubators of Socialism, which is now being hatched by old woman Rockefeller and old woman Morgan. Socialism is inevitable.

The question will be whether or not we want to better conditions. When you go to the polls whoop her up for your party, and not the other fellow, and Social candidates will get more than ten votes. Mayor Black stands by the people against trusts, why not have Mayors and even Congressmen all over the country standing by the people? Politicians and capitalists are not bad fellows, and are just doing what conditions allow them to do.

"Mr. Hanna would not disagree with me on Socialism, but he would disagree with Mr. Bryan, who would destroy trusts. One might as well have a bill passed in Congress for a perpetual summer.

"Socialism will give the producer what he produces. It will abolish poverty and hasten the millennium. If you want to show sound judgment vote the ticket before you get starved into it."

Mr. Wilshire spent over half an hour answering questions after he concluded his address. The meeting was one of the most successful political gatherings seen here for some time.—Newcastle (Pa.) *Herald.*

* * *

H. Gaylord Wilshire, the speaker of Labor Day, honored *The Press* this morning with a call. He proves to be a genial, companionable and intelligent young man of about 38, with a very presentable personal appearance and anything but a Quixotic demeanor. He has strong convictions, evidently, but does not obtrude them offensively. We see no reason why he should not be accorded the honors usually given distinguished visitors.—Dayton (O.) *Press.*

Frances Willard's Views.

Frances Willard, late president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in her address before the national assembly in Buffalo, October 26, declared as follows in behalf of Socialism:

"Look about you; the products of labor are on every hand; you could not maintain for a moment a well-ordered life without them; every object in your room has in it, for discerning eyes, the mark of ingenious tools, and the pressure of labor's hands. But it is not the cruelest injustice for the wealthy whose lives are surrounded and embellished by labor's work to have a superabundance of the money which represents the aggregate of labor in any country, while the laborer himself is kept so steadily at work that he has no time to acquire the education and refinements of life that would make him and his family agreeable companions to the rich and cultured. The reason why I am a Christian Socialist comes in just here.

"I would take, not by force, but by the slow process of lawful acquisition through better legislation as the outcome of a wiser ballot in the hands of men and women, the entire plant that we call civilization, all that has been achieved on this continent in the four hundred years since Columbus wended his way hither, and make it the common property of all the people, requiring all to work enough with their hands to give them the finest physical development, but not to become burdensome in any case, and permitting all to share alike the advantages of education and refinement. I believe this to be perfectly practicable, indeed, that any other method is simply a relic of barbarism.

"I believe that competition is doomed. The trusts whose single object is to abolish competition, have proved that we are better without than with it, and the moment that a corporation controls the supply of any product, they combine. What the Socialist desires is that the corporation of humanity should control all production.

"Beloved comrades, this is the friction-less way; it is the higher law; it eliminates the motives for a selfish life; it enacts into our every-day living the ethics of Christ's gospel; nothing else can bring the glad day of universal brotherhood."

Compliments A. A. HIBBARD,
Reno, Nevada.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dr. Dewey's New Book.

This book is founded upon the following physiology, which is no less new to the medical world than to the people:

The brain is the source of every energy, and is the one organ of the body that does not waste either in sickness or starvation. Physiologists have known this without recognizing its significance. It maintains its weight in the absence of food or in sickness by its powers to absorb the body as predigested food. It is then a self-feeding organ in time of need; it is the dynamo of the human plant, with the stomach as one of the important machines. Its lost powers are regained from rest and sleep, and not from food, hence if this is not true we should be able to get lost strength back by going to the dining-room and not to the bedroom. As the brain furnishes all the powers to the stomach it has, it clearly follows that the digestion of a meal taxes the brain for strength rather than adds any to it. The after-meal sluggishness is due to excessive brain taxing. Our sole need of food is to maintain the weight of the body, and not to give strength, and it can only do this at a very considerable loss of general strength while digestion goes on, since the machine—the stomach—cannot be run without brain power. As the power to labor through the day comes from the sleep at night, it follows that one can work longer in the morning or forenoon without tiring if no food is taken to avert energy from the brain. As a matter of fact it has been found that harder manual labor can be habitually performed without a breakfast than with one; and brain workers have found a wonderful clearness and strength of mind as the result of the forenoon fast. As the brain is a self-feeder when necessary it follows that no food is required

during sickness for brain purposes. We need not try to feed the brain, and we cannot feed the fat and muscles so as to save them from wasting. Nature takes the appetite away in sickness that we need not waste brain power in running food through the digestive track only to lessen our energy by adding indigestion to disease. The body will waste in spite of our feeding until the return of natural hunger. If no food is given in the absence of desire for it, the sick will recover sooner and suffer less, or they will live longer and suffer less where recovery is not possible. Nature will permit no one to be without a desire for food when it can be taken with relish and digested with power.

The author of this book has permitted all of his sick, for more than a score of years, to do without food until the return of natural hunger, no matter how protracted the cases, and with the most happy results, especially in typhoid fevers and other severe acute diseases.

The entire book is a study of nature in disease, such as the author believes has never before been given to the world, and not in all time will a book be written with larger faith in nature as the power behind all cures, or less faith in medicines in the reconstructive changes involved in the cure of disease.

Price, $1.00. For sale by Kneipp Mag. Pub. Co., 111 E. 59th St., N. Y.

☆ ☆ ☆

Mississippi Convict Farms

An inspection of the Mississippi convict farms shows that the State of Mississippi will raise this year the largest crop of cotton ever grown. It has now become the biggest cotton grower in the world operating in all twelve large convict plantations.

The convict farms are all in the Yazoo delta. The inspector reports that on nine of these twelve plantations the cotton is splendid; on three only medium, but the total yield will be well above the average.

The system of working the convicts in Mississippi on state farms has proved a great success, the profit from it increasing with each year, having grown from $40,000 in the first year to $150,000 now. Originally the convicts were worked on leased farms.

A few counties have tried the system. —New York *Commercial.*

[But it would be "awful" to let the state give employment to free men! When will the poor ignorant colored wage-slaves of Mississippi learn that they have *any* rights, and rise up in their might to assert them?—L. Q. L.]

☆ ☆ ☆

Sun Struck Editor.

PALACE HOTEL, CHICAGO, Sept. 3, 1901.
Dear Wilshire:

Am sorry to learn from this clipping that anything that is "Socialistic" is "not practical."

"H. Gaylord Wilshire, the millionaire Socialist, is to appear in Springfield next week, and deliver his lecture on "How To Solve Trust Problems." Wilshire is a peculiar personage and has the ability to back up his unique theories with sound argument. His trust theories are in large measure similar to those of Eugene V. Debs, that is that the natural evolution of the trust is to public ownership. Wilshire is the editor and publisher of a weekly paper christened THE CHALLENGE, which has for its motto, "Let the Government Own the Trusts." Although both are Socialists, this theory as exploited by Debs and Wilshire, is not argued in a Socialistic way, but is presented in a practical manner. Worked out as they present it, the scheme is worth while for any person to listen to and although it is impossible for many to agree with the conclusions, the arguments must be admitted to be sound and reasonable."—Springfield (O.) *Daily Sun.*

[This editor refused to allow a Socialist to use his space even if *paid for at advertising rates.* May he live to see his error, as he is yet a young man.—L. Q. L.]

☆ ☆ ☆

For the sake of one good action a hundred evil ones should be forgotten.—Chinese.

No. 42 JANUARY, 1902 10 cents

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

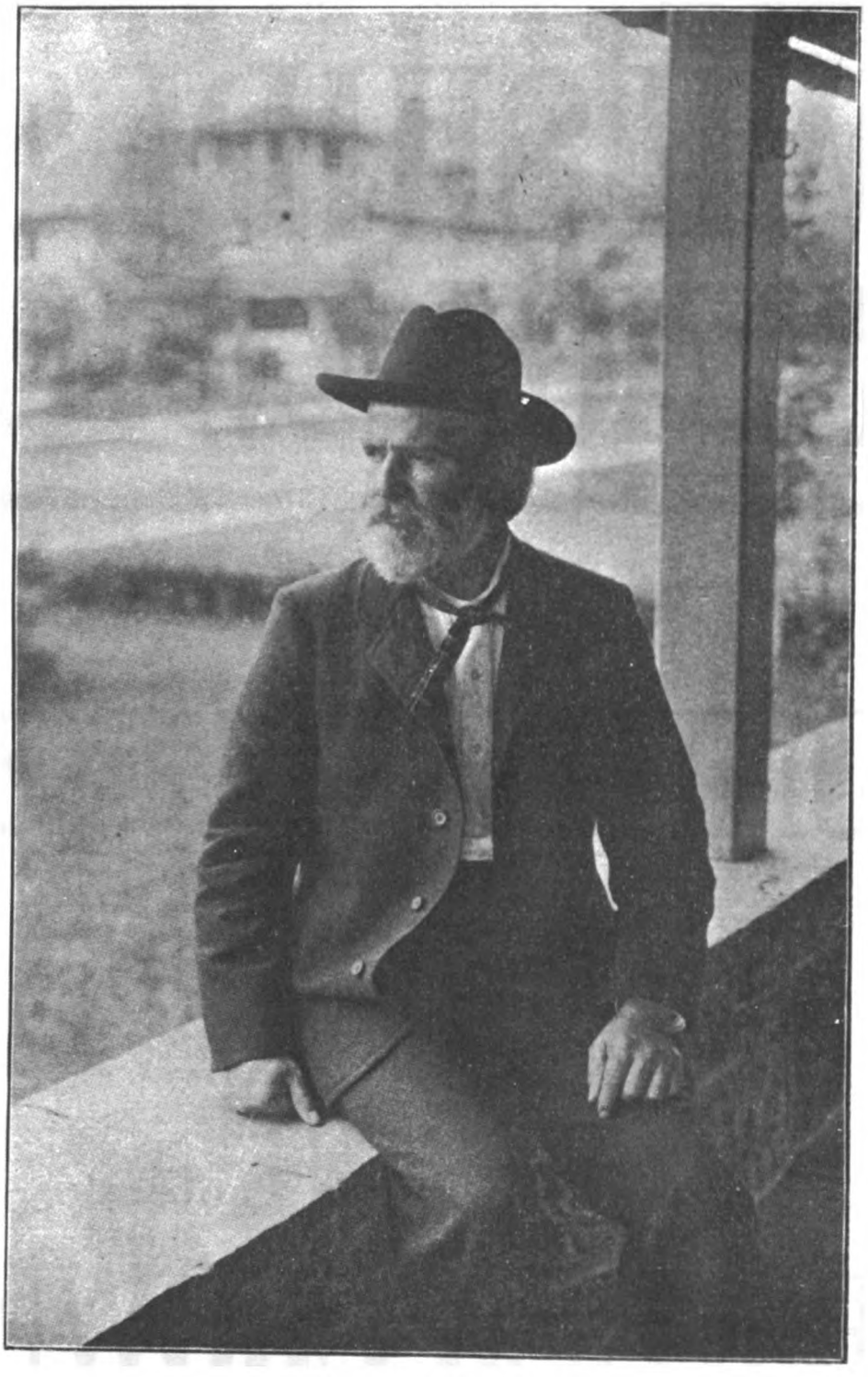
Suppressed by

UNITED STATES

E. R.

"I" Be Now Under Protection

BRITISH CROWN



EDWIN MARKHAM

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS"

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. Gaylord Wilshire, Editor

Temple Building, TORONTO, CANADA

JANUARY, 1902

EXILED FROM HOME

This magazine, it will be observed, is dated Toronto, Canada, as it is now published there instead of as formerly in New York City.

Personally I must confess I rather like banishment, at least as much as I have had of it in Toronto, not only on account of the novelty of being exiled, but for the comfort and economy. The mechanical facilities here for getting out a magazine are excellent, and prices are somewhat lower than in New York.

Toronto is three hours from Buffalo. It is a beautiful city of 220,000, is thoroughly up-to-date, having everything desirable that New York has except a Tammany Society.

"The Queen's" Hotel where I am now stopping, with its full complement of modern conveniences, makes it rather difficult to pose as a martyr, but I will do my best. I am afraid I will never make a poseur—I am too modest to pose.

I must thank President Roosevelt for putting me in the way of saving money in publishing my magazine, and also for giving me a delightful city to edit it in.

I am sure I shall regret the day when America will demand my return home to receive the laurel, etc.

Then I will be in truth a real martyr.

ROOSEVELT DENIES RIGHT OF PETITION

My Country 'tis of Thee I "Advertise"

If there were any two particular rights which our ancestors, in drawing up the federal constitution, thought they were preserving to the American people, they were the right of a free press and the right of petition.

Fundamentally, if the right of petition means anything at all it means the right of petitioning to the higher appointing power regarding a grievance done you by a subordinate appointee of that power. If the King's man offend you, you have the right to appeal for redress to the King himself. This is what an Englishman understands by the right of petition, and it is a right never suffered to be forgotten by lack of use. Of course, England being a constitutional monarchy, the petitioner is answered by the King's Minister, the Prime Minister. If the Postmaster-General of England offend

an Englishman, he can have the Prime Minister questioned thereto, and an answer must be made under danger of his being voted out of office by Parliament for a refusal, which would certainly be done if either the refual was unjustifiable or the answer unsatisfactory.

I have absolutely no doubt if the most insignificant Englishman should have a case like mine, wherein the Postmaster-General had suppressed his journal, and upon petition to the Prime Minister he had simply been referred back to the Postmaster-General against whom his grievance lay, that upon a showing of the facts to the House of Parliament there would be passed an adverse vote of the House, necessitating a resignation of the ministry. The bare denial of the right of petition would surely draw forth this adverse vote, quite irrespective of the primary question relative to the rights or wrongs of the suppression of a free press.

An Englishman has the right of making some one assume responsibility for administration. An American apparently has not.

Three times I petitioned President Roosevelt for an investigation of the wrong done me by his appointee, the Postmaster-General, and three times is my petition referred back to the judgment of the very same subordinate against whom I have made complaint. I say boldly and without equivocation that President Roosevelt in denying me one of the most sacred of political rights, that of petition, has taken a far more arbitrary stand than any ruler of Europe would dare to take against his humblest subject, with the possible exception of the Sultan of Turkey and the Czar of Russia.

The suppression of my journal, THE CHALLENGE, by the President's servant, the Postmaster-General, is a serious violation of my rights as an American citizen, but the curt and contemptuous referring of my petitions for redress to the very servant against whom I have complained adds unnecessary insult to injury. It ought to be possible to be strenuous and polite at one and the same time.

In my last number I relieved President Roosevelt of the responsibility of the suppression of THE CHALLENGE by attributing it to the unauthorized and unnoticed act of an ignorant and stupid servant. It did not seem credible to me that a man with the education and experience of the President could allow such an egregious political blunder to occur with his knowledge and consent. I believed that, upon its being called to his attention, an immediate rectification would ensue. The thought never occured to me that he would refuse to interfere in the matter at all, refuse to answer a letter upon the subject, or grant me an audience. It seems a strange thing that I, an American citizen, wishing to publish a paper for the American people, am forced to a banishment in Canada in order to be able to exercise what has hitherto been regarded as a fundamental constitutional right of all American citizens. However, this is the fact.

* * *

Another Man of Ideas

Professor Goldwin Smith is a man who has ideas to "advertise" and he too, like myself, finds Toronto a good place to publish a newspaper to do it in. His paper is a weekly, *The Sun*.

If he and I were not at the ends of the poles in our economic beliefs, the following note which appeared in his paper shortly after my arrival here would otherwise have been quite pointed in its allusion:—

"If the greatest benefactor of his kind, the author of the most important discovery or the most useful invention, of the grandest work of genius, without birth or rank, were to come among us his presence would scarcely be noticed; he would mingle with the crowd in our streets, and if hospitality was shown him it would probably be shown, not by officials or leaders of fashionable society, but by people of the same pursuits. But when a youth who has nothing but birth and rank, who has not done, and is not likely ever to have the opportunity of doing, anything but live in luxury and splendour deigns to

come among us, we receive and worship him as a god. Great sums are voted for his entertainment. He moves amidst adoring crowds, under triumphal arches of welcome, streets decorated in his honor, and lined with guards of honor. Crowds stand patiently in the rain to catch a sight of him."

However, maybe he was pointing at me after all. Some men have a real regard for their opponents, but which they are not willing to display to the public. If the Professor don't consider me the "greatest benefactor of his kind" it's simply because he don't agree with me.

Now I don't agree with the Professor in scoffing at the people for running after the Duke of York rather than after Wilshire.

It's neither the birth nor the rank of the Duke that attracts them, it is that his position is the insignia of power.

Elect John Smith President of the United States and, without birth or rank, the people will scramble to see him. Create John Smith Duke of York and heir-apparent to the throne of England and I guarantee all Canada will go on its knees to him, birth or no birth.

People naturally and instinctively honor and reverence what they feel to be the head of their nation—exactly as they honor and protect their own individual heads.

The only way to get them to drop their reverence for kings and rulers, Professor, is to create conditions which will render the kings and rulers unnecessary. As conditions are to-day, rulers are a necessity and hence the reverence for rulers is but a natural sequence. But putting the cart before the horse is essentially the difference between a professor and a philosopher.

Roosevelt, Kaiser & Co.

Under President Roosevelt's instructions, Mr. White communicated to the Emperor the President's messages of good-will for His Majesty and for Germany. The Emperor, in reply, referred in the most cordial terms to President Roosevelt, showing the greatest familiarity with the President's history and characteristics. He also dwelt upon the evidently happy influence of President Roosevelt's prestige and character upon the political development of his country.—*Eve. Post, N. Y.*

President Roosevelt should now also instruct that messages of good-will be sent to his friends the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey, both of whom undoubtedly will join with the Kaiser in admiring his method of dealing with the press.

H. Gaylord Wilshire Breaks Out Again

More than the postoffice department of this federal government is required to put down H. Gaylord Wilshire, and keep him down. The Los Angeles animated fashion plate, socialist, hoot mon golf player, bill board magnate, banker and gentleman rancher has broken out in a new spot. He said he would do it, and he did. The postoffice department, as has been explained in The Record, put the kibosh on his weekly organ, the CHALLENGE, in New York, and barred it from transmission as second-class mail, so its persistent publisher merely changed the form of the publication, and it now appears as WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The November number, received to-day, shows upon its cover the portraits of H. Gaylord Wilshire and President Roosevelt, "side by each." The contents of the number are pretty evenly divided in devotion to both these great men, the opening article being a letter from the socialist editor to the President, recommending that the chief executive transfer Third Assistant Postmaster General Madden to a position as janitor of the White House.

Most anybody now would hate to be Madden, for Wilshire is gunning for him. The editor of the WILSHIRE has discovered that the Third Assistant Postmaster General, who objected to the CHALLENGE because it was merely a catalogue of its editor's lectures, was formerly a locomotive engineer, and therefore should be competent to fire the furnace at the White House and keep the Roosevelt children warm.

Wilshire has also an article taking issue with the anti-socialistic rabidity of the Los Angeles Times, but confesses he has forgotten the name of that paper's editor. The magazine is distinctly Wilshire, and though it goes after the postoffice department with hammer and tongs, the publication seems to have been carried at second-class rates of postage. Though Wilshire says in his letter to the President that he does not wish to embarrass the administration, he has evidently set out to raise particular thunder with the whole caboodle.—Los Angeles, Cal., *Record*, Nov. 7, 1901.

Subscription Postals

Postal Cards, for sale on credit, each good for 6 months' trial subscription to this magazine, for sale in lots of 5 at 25 cents each.

WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE will be the permanent successor to WILSHIRE'S WEEKLY CHALLENGE.

The First American Exile

The honor of being the first American to have pronounced upon him a decree of banishment for advocating his political opinions is a unique mark of distinction with considerable historic value. I must declare, however, as an American, proud of my country, its traditions and its history, that although my burden of the national humiliation required for the payment is only one-eighty-millionth part of the whole, and although I am the recipient of the whole of the honor, yet I feel I am losing far more than I gain.

Even honor can have too high a price when it requires the dishonor of a nation to pay it.

However, all this is right in the natural evolution of politics. Our political institutions are but a reflex of our industrial institutions.

In the primitive days, when we had no Morgans and no Rockefellers in our industrial world, we had, comparatively speaking, an industrial democracy. One capitalist was about as good as another, for no one had much more capital than his neighbor.

When capital becomes congested in the hands of a few, we have a Morgan; but it must be remembered that Morgan is the result of the congestion, not the cause.

Our political institutions are simply a tool to assist the workings of our industrial institutions. I speak with no disrespect to either modern or past political institutions. I simply state the fact.

Now, with a "Morgan-autocratic" form of industry we must naturally and necessarily expect to see its corollary, a "Roosevelt-autocratic" form of politics.

Of course, all this is repugnant to what we call the American Spirit; but the A. S. must expect to endure a good many repugnancies before the people will see the cause of things. I am glad to be able to afford them at least one good, glaring example of a "repugnancy."

Commonwealth of Massachusetts Petitions

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 7, 1901.

To His Excellency the President:

Sir—A number of my constituents and many members of the Social Democratic party throughout this commonwealth have called my attention to the suppression of THE CHALLENGE by the denial of admission by the postal authorities to the second-class rates.

I am especially interested in this matter, not only from the fact that the paper in question was an organ of the political party to which I belong, but also because I believe the fundamental principle of the freedom of the press to be involved.

It appears to me that there must be some misapprehension in regard to the whole matter, and I therefore respectfully request Your Excellency to grant an audience relative to the subject to myself and to Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire, of New York City, editor of THE CHALLENGE.

I would deem it a great favor if Your Excellency would designate a day and an hour for an interview, when the matter may be discussed.

I make this request for a definite appointment, as I would be seriously discommoded if I should go to Washington and be delayed there waiting for an interview.

Hoping that this request may be granted by Your Excellency, I remain, yours respectfully,

FREDERIC O. MACCARTNEY,
Representative in the General Court of Massachusetts, Fourth Plymouth District.

Right of Petition Denied

White House, Washington, November 11

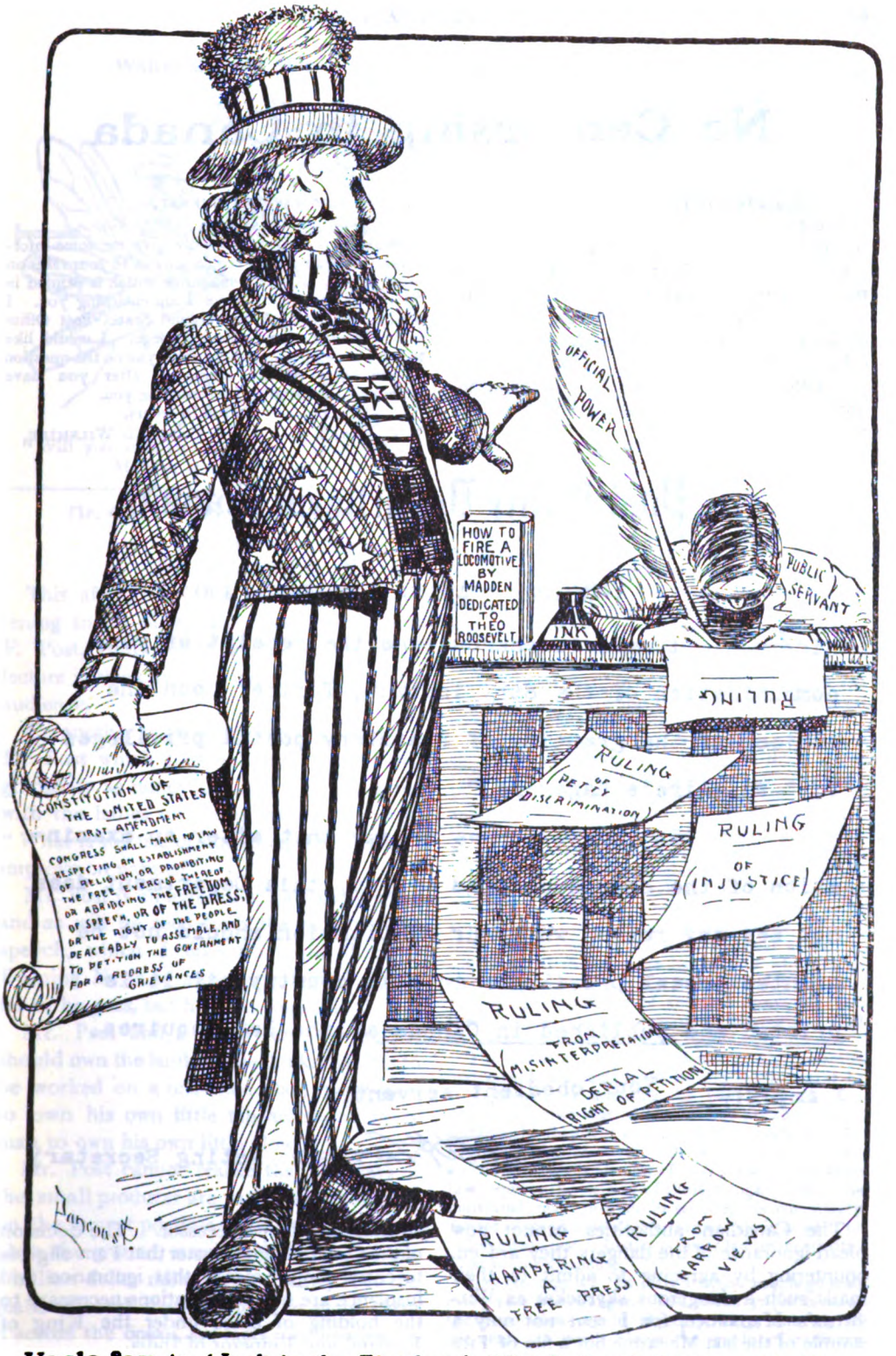
My dear Sir:- Your communication of the 7th instant has been received, and by direction of the President has been brought to the attention of the Postmaster-General.

Any statement regarding the matter to which you refer should be submitted to the Postmaster-General.

Very truly yours,

Secretary to the President.

Hon. Frederic O. Mac Cartney,
Box 62, Rookland, Mass.



Uncle Sam to 'Jack in the Fire-box,' "Don't, Don't Disgrace Me!"

No Censorship in Canada

A magazine entered in the Canadian Post Office enjoys the same low rates of postage in the United States as if it were entered in the United States Post Office. In fact, the rate is only half as much. Having this brought to my attention, I naturally looked to seeking an entry in Canada after being refused one in this country. Not wishing to leap before I looked, I wrote a letter of enquiry which I give herewith, and also the reply thereto.

TO THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL,
OTTAWA, CANADA.

Dear Sir:—Will you kindly give me some information regarding your regulations as to your rates on newspapers? I have a magazine which is printed in New York, a copy of which I am enclosing you. I am inclined to think the United States Post Office will refuse me second-class privilege. I would like to have a definite statement from you on the question of the entry of my magazine, after you have examined the samples I am sending you.

Faithfully yours,

N.Y., Nov. 8. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

Post Office Department, Canada.

Ottawa. 13th. November, 1901

Sir/-- I have to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 8th. instant, further upon the subject of the granting of Statutory postal privileges to "Wilshire's Magazine."

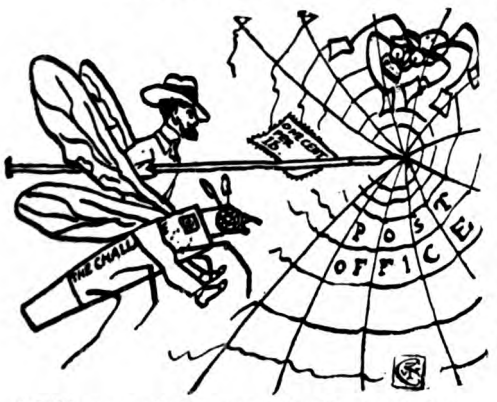
In reply, I have to say that after an examination of the copy submitted by you, this Department does not see any reason why your publication should not be granted postal privileges in this country, if it is printed and published in Canada as the law requires.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

Acting Secretary

The Canadian authorities cannot now plead ignorance of the dangers they are encountering by agreeing to admit to their mails such a dangerous skyrocket as WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, for I sent not only a sample of the last Magazine but a file of THE CHALLENGE, its predecessor. The decision of the Canadian Postmaster that I am eligible to entry simply means that ignorance and insolence are not qualifications necessary to the holding of office under the King of England and Emperor of India.

Walter Crane's Skit



"Will you walk into my parlor?" says Spider Madden to Fly Wilshire.

Mr. Louis F. Post at Toronto

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,
TORONTO, SUNDAY, NOV. 25.

This afternoon I had the pleasure of listening to my Single Tax friend, Mr. Louis F. Post, editor of The Public, deliver a lecture in this city to a large and enthusiastic audience.

On another page will be seen a picture of Mr. Post which does not flatter him so disgracefully as mine does me. I quite agree with the ladies on the question of photos, "What is the use of bothering if you cannot improve on nature?"

Mr. Post is an agreeable, forcible speaker, and as will be seen from the report of his speech, which I take from the Toronto Evening News, is a perfectly logical one as far as he goes, but he halts too soon.

Mr. Post and I agree that the people should own the land, but he thinks that it is to be worked on a one-mule plan, every man to own his own little ten acres and every man to own his own little plow.

Mr. Post cannot realize that the days of the small producer are past, that production on the largest possible scale, with steam to plow the ground, steam to gather the wheat, a billion dollar railway trust to carry it to the seaboard and the same trust to again carry it across the ocean, are facts not theories.

One man cannot hold his hand to the plowshare of to-day—it takes a million to hold the 20th century tool. Mr. Post must admit this. If he agree that the people must own the land he must agree that they must own the proper tools, and not pay rent for either land or tools, for either land or railways, or steamships, or flour mills. Let the nation own the land, the trusts and the railways.

When we pay no rent to anyone we then will be "righteous," quite true, but there are other land-lords than mere land holders.

ADDRESS BY LOUIS F. POST

"I want it distinctly understood that this meeting is of a religious character," so said Chairman Douglas, in introducing Louis F. Post, the editor of the Chicago *Public*, to the 500 people assembled at the Pavilion yesterday afternoon to listen to an address by Mr. Post on "Righteousness and Prosperity," under the auspices of the Single Tax Association. Mr. Post based his remarks on the text: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Between righteousness and prosperity, he said, there is an evident relationship of cause and effect, for the text is a divine promise that absolute righteousness compels absolute prosperity.

Righteousness, he argued is not piety, neither is it church-going, although that is a good thing. It is right-doing, the maintaining of just relationships. Physically, it relates to science and skill; morally and spiritually, it means justice. Therefore a scientific and just manner of procedure entails prosperity. Nor is the prosperity confined to matters of spiritual moment, but to the material also. Some believe the promised food and raiment to mean spiritual food and raiment; but while this is so, it is, so to speak, the disembodied soul of the promise. For in these things there is the soul, material as well as spiritual, and this promise has a soul which is its spiritual, and a body which is its material side, the soul being the promise of spiritual prosperity, and the body the promise of material prosperity. God has bound Himself by one as by the other.

The promise is quite rational. The scientist understands and acts upon it, and knows that if he is righteous, or scientific, he will succeed. The mechanic knows that if his devices are constructed righteously they will work, and in proportion to the degree of righteousness with which they are constructed. This is all part of God's law. The same law requires the sharing of these things. While the individual may prosper in science, the community cannot succeed unless all are righteous in morals, or unless all are just. Justice is rewarded by prosperity. That is God's promise.

Has He kept it? In Italy 100,000 people go mad every year from hunger. In London 37 per cent. of the population are in abject poverty, and only 18 per cent. are much above the grade of ordinary

comfort. In the British Isles 92 per cent. of the population own less than one-third of one per cent. of the wealth. In the United States 90 per cent. of the population own about one-quarter of the wealth. In the State of New York three persons out of four, dying, do not leave enough property to attract the attention of the probate court. Now, no one believes these unfortunates to be unrighteous above other men. God's fidelity to His promise must be explained in some other way.

The apparent contradiction hinges on the principle of individual and communal righteousness. The individual may be righteous in his private relations, while the community may be as a whole unrighteous. There cannot be prosperity for all unless the community as a whole reaches a proper moral standard. When this is reached all will prosper. Such is God's promise.

And He has kept it. He has given us muscle, brain and the possibilities of skill to use them effectively, and provided us with the necessary tools by storing the earth with everything that man can use. If the individual uses these tools rightly, and the community abhors unrighteous institutions such as the monopolization by a few of these natural resources then prosperity will be a foregone conclusion. God has kept His promise; we have failed in our part, and therefore have incurred poverty. As communities we have given the exhaustless mines, the fertile soils, the desirable building places, the whole earth to a few. A majority must buy of others by hard work, by over-work, what was made for all.

Oh, ye of little faith who believe that this condition may not be changed, he said. Faith is not mere credulity, it is confidence in the practicability of what is right. If it is wrong to perpetuate monopoly of land, it is right to abolish it; and if it is right to abolish it, faith should guarantee its practicability. Henry George pointed out the way, and the better it is understood the more it seems to be God's way. We have only to recognize the truth that monopolization of land is not right. It ought to be appropriated for the common use of all. This can be done by taking it. Unqualified ownership of what one earns is righteous, therefore exempt from taxation everything that men earn and support Government on the value of land. That is just, for the value of what a man earns is his, but the value of land is a value which cannot righteously belong to the individual. To seek the righteousness, therefore, that begets prosperity as communities, we must abolish taxes on earnings, and place all taxes on monopoly value, and all monopoly value is, in the last analysis, land value.

Then it shall be profitable to work at useful things, and unprofitable to monopolize idle land, consequently all idle land, near at home as well as far off, will be thrown open for the free use of all who need it.

* * *

We have received the first issue of H. Gaylord Wilshire's new monthly magazine. It is a neat journal containing over 60 pages. This monthly is the outgrowth of the suppression of his weekly from the regular newspaper rates of postage. While we do not endorse all of Mr. Wilshire's views, yet we believe Mr. Madden made a mistake when he placed the ban upon the CHALLENGE as he did. But Wilshire is going on just the same and pouring "hot shot" into his critics, such as the Los Angeles Times. Wilshire reproduces two cartoons from the Times which, he says, were the ban placed upon editors that Mr. Otis advocates, would place him, Otis, behind the bars.—Norwalk, Cal., *Call*, Nov. 9, 1901.

* * *

Madden Dilly-Dallying.

At the time of this issue going to press, Mr. Madden still refused to definitely decide as to whether or no WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE advertised Wilshire too much. I was wise in not risking another number of the Magazine in the United States. In Canada you get your decision the day after entry.

* * *

Premiums For New Subscribers

To the persons remitting before February 1st the largest amounts of cash for postal subscription cards will be given the following prizes:—

1st prize, $50 2nd prize, $25 3rd prize, $15
4th prize, $10 5th prize, $5

payable in my "premium" dollar postal cards, each card good for a yearly subscription to this magazine.

The winners to sell these "premium" cards and keep the receipts so obtained as a reward for their work. To those desiring to enter upon this contest regular subscription postal cards will be sold on credit at rates of 10 yearly postals, or 20 half-yearly for $5. The regular subscription price of this magazine is one dollar a year, and agents are expected to sell the yearly postals at this rate, thus making fifty cents commission on every card sold. Photographs and names of winners published in March number.

EUGENE E. SCHMIDZ
The Orchestra Leader, whom the Labor Party has elected Mayor of San Francisco.

Reciprocity "Gold Bricks"

The Home Market Club has apparently in some degree shifted its position in respect to the policy of reciprocal trade treaties. It will be remembered that a few months ago a statement was sent out by those officially representing this organization that it was their opinion that no trade treaty should be made which in the least degree cut down the range of existing duties that were of a protective character, that is, duties upon imported commodities which competed with those which were produced in this country. But since that time the memorable address of the late President McKinley has been made the basis of a widespread public demand, and one of the most significant features in that address was the sentence which read:

"If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue, or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?"

As a matter of fact, the non-competitive products that we import are already upon the free list, with possibly one or two exceptions, as, for example, tea; so that there is really nothing that we can offer in exchange to foreign negotiators except an amendment of duty rates that we have really outgrown, even on the theory of domestic protection. Of course, it is hardly to be expected that any person or corporation that is a direct beneficiary of our protective duties will consider that the time has come when an abatement in these rates might be made. The United States Steel Corporation, for example, has proved in an unanswerable manner, by the large exports that it has made of its various products, that it can manufacture these at a cost greatly below that of its foreign rivals. But as it proposes by combination to keep up the prices in the home market, while selling abroad at much lower prices, its managers consider the protective tariff as essential to its profitable existence. This is only one of a large number of illustrations that could be given of where the duties, on the old-fashioned assumption of protection, have become needless, and yet are clung to with just as much persistency as they were years ago, when the conditions were entirely different.

If any advance is to be made in the direction of securing reciprocal trade treaties, it might just as well be understood now as later on that the progress must come about by utilizing present duties as a basis for negotiation in the way of concession. Of course, this argument will be met, as it has been in the negotiations that have taken place on this subject, by the statement that the home market is the best market that American producers can have, and we cannot afford to make changes in existing conditions which manufacturers themselves believe will prove inimical to their interests. While it is true that American producers sell much more in this country than they do in foreign markets, it has to be taken into account that at the present time the *prosperity* of our industries *is dependent upon* the maintenance and *expansion of the export trade* we have been of late enjoying.

What constitutes the difference industrially between hard times and good times? In the seasons of business depression the consumption of our people is only fractionally reduced. We all of us have to eat, and need clothing and shelter, whether we are in a time of business prosperity or one of depression. Our factories and workshops are not as actively employed; there are days, and possibly weeks, when it is considered desirable to shut them down. But the consumptive powers of the nation cannot be more than 20, and probably not more than 10 per cent. less in the times of keenest business stagnation than they are at times when business is moved by the full wave of prosperity. It is this fractional difference that determines the result. The manufacturer who can turn out all that he can sell in forty-eight weeks in a year does not consider his business to be in a flourishing condition. The situation implies that the demand is slack, and that prices are low for the goods which he produces. On the other hand, a manufacturer who cannot, even if the year had fifty-three weeks, turn out in that time enough goods to meet the demands of his would-be purchasers, is carrying on his business under the most favorable conditions. He has all that he can do at prices which are eminently satisfactory to him, but the margin of production between one and the other is a relatively small one.

What is true of the individual manufacturer is still more strikingly true of the country as a whole. As *the productive power of the American people* under existing conditions *is sufficient*, if regularly applied, to supply their needs, in what they can themselves produce, *by the work of eleven*, and possibly ten, *months out of the year, we must, if trade congestion is to be avoided, find a market outside of our borders for the surplus* which we cannot consume at home. In 1895 our exports, in round numbers, amounted to $800,000,000; in 1900 our trade exports, in round numbers, amounted to $1,500,000,000. This added $700,000,000 of trade is in a large degree the keystone of our present industrial prosperity. If by misfortune, brought about through lack of commercial aptitude on the part of those who represent us in Washington, we part with these gains of recent years, and are brought down to the level of our export trade in for-

mer years, the complete possession of the home market will in no way prevent us from suffering from intense and *prolonged business depression.*

We need not only to maintain the export trade that we have, but to largely increase it in the future, and this is likely to prove impossible if our relations with foreign countries are such that they find in our tariff methods a justification to restrict, or possibly prohibit, our trade by excessive customs exactions. The only way in which we can prevent this is by adopting a wise and liberal foreign trade policy. This is at the present time as vital a problem to our national well-being as was a few years ago the currency problem, for upon its solution rests, either on one side or the other, general industrial prosperity or general trade stagnation.

The above is from the Boston *Herald* (Democratic) and is a very lucid exposition, although quite unconsciously so, of the absurdity of the theory now being advanced by Republicans that the salvation of this nation and of our industrial progress is to be found in the negotiation of reciprocity treaties with foreign nations.

It is admitted on all sides that we have now reached a stage in our industrial development where the home market no longer suffices to prevent a surplus—and naturally the enlargement of the foreign market has become a national question and is to be the next political issue.

The favorite proposed method for persuading the foreigner to open up his markets to us is to bribe him with the gold brick, "reciprocity." A reciprocity treaty is to be made whereby we will agree to strike off our tariff upon such home goods as we can manufacture cheaper than the foreigner can in consideration of his taking off the tariff on such foreign goods as we can also manufacture cheaper than he can. We invite him to a game of "Heads I win and tails you lose." This is very lovely from our point of view, but it has two defects:

First—The foreigner is not such a fool as to be caught by such a vain trick.

Second—If he were hooked it would do us no good, anyway.

Perhaps some one will think I have used too strong language in calling reciprocity treaties a "gold-brick" proposal. Very well, let us go back to the *Herald* article above.

As it says, practically the only article we have a duty upon for revenue only is tea, so that all the other articles upon which it is proposed we take off our tariff are goods upon which, as President McKinley suggests, tariffs "are no longer needed to protect our industries."

This practically means that we are to go up to Germany and say, "You take off your duties on American pork and we will take off our duties on German steel rails." Now who could believe it possible that the Germans are such fools as not to know that while such a reciprocity treaty would mean many more pounds of American pork imported into Germany, it would not open the American market to a single pound of German steel rail? But, says the *Herald,* such a treaty would at any rate force the U. S. Steel Trust to lower its prices to Americans in order to prevent German importations.

Granting all this, the question Germany will naturally wish answered is not how the treaty is going to benefit Americans, but how it will benefit Germans. Just at present the Germans are in no mood to negotiate a treaty for the benefit of America that will subject them to increased foreign competition and so accentuate the danger of their industrial depression now threatening the very permanence of their empire.

Here is a clipping from a recent number of the *Berliner Tageblatt*:

The whole iron industry is in a state of depression. Certain branches are comparatively occupied, but the business cannot be compared with that of former years. Factories for the production of railroad supplies seem to be the busiest, but even they have not as many orders as last year. The smaller iron industries are suffering from a falling off in exports. The same is true of machine factories. They are running on short time, and great numbers of workmen have been discharged.

Even the textile industries are no exception. Wherever mills are running, it is generally at the cost of the price of the wares. This lowering of the price of manufactures is overcome by decreasing the wages of the employees, who are working for anything rather than remain idle. The philanthropist puts the serious question to himself, what conditions will we meet when, through an

unwise tariff policy, labor becomes less in demand and at the same time the most necessary articles of food become dearer?

Manufacturers in the cotton-spinning industry have lately been compelled to limit their production more and more. The flax spinners were also forced to work on short time, owing to the high price of flax and the low price of the ready article. Trade is not good in the woolen-spinning industry, but the worsted spinners are tolerably busy. In other weaving branches, there is a scarcity of orders.

The lace and embroidery manufacturers in the Voigtland and Rheinland are still occupied, but business is very unsatisfactory.

Conditions are the same in the electrical industry; many workmen have been discharged.

In agricultural circles, people are not satisfied with the grain harvest. The scarcity of workmen was not felt so much this year as last, owing to the number from other industries seeking employment on farms.

Can anyone after reading such an account of the disastrous results of overproduction in Germany think that Germans will not scrutinize very closely any treaty that will open up their already over-burdened markets to foreign competition?

The picture of the disastrous condition of Germany is simply a faint forerunner of what is soon to happen in America.

The trouble with the German manufacturer is simply that he pays his laborers such low wages that they cannot purchase what he manufactures.

He is vainly trying to remedy the situation by cutting down their wages still lower and thus still further crippling their power of purchase, and accentuating the disease he seeks to cure. Similarly in America, our laborers are also paid upon a competition basis, which limits them to a purchasing power little, if any, above the merest necessities of life. By the use of machinery the laborer produces a surplus many times larger than he consumes. The capitalists, in both Germany and America, have hitherto been able to utilize this surplus in building new machinery, new railroads, new canals, in fact, generally building up the world's industrial equipment. However, this utilization of surplus capital has suddenly come to a halt. The demand for new machinery no longer suffices to absorb the surplus created by the laborers. This condition has arisen from two reasons:

First—The world's industrial equipment is fast approaching completion.

Second—The existing machinery has reached such a point of perfection that it produces new machinery too rapidly for current consumption. Hence we have "over-production."

The *Herald* says that we produce enough in ten or eleven months to supply "our needs" for twelve months. Hence it argues that we must fill up the other two months of the year "supplying the needs" of the foreigner.

It never thinks of suggesting that we might take a rest for two months and enjoy a summer holiday.

It never suggests that we put in those extra two months of the year in supplying ourselves with either luxuries or leisure.

No, we are to stick to our work, but instead of uselessly over-producing goods for a glutted home market, we are to feed and clothe the poor German or any other old foreigner who happens along that wants our surplus and *can pay for it.*

Mark there is no philanthrophy in this National American Sewing Circle. We are not to sit down all through our hot summer months and knit socks for the poor foreigner to wear next winter and then give up those socks to him as a matter of charity. Oh, dear, no! We are to sell them to him.

The trouble with carrying out this beneficent program is simply that the German and the Frenchman and, in fact, all the other foreigners, apparently have plenty of time of their own just now, "they are unemployed," to knit their own socks and they resent very much the American idea of taking the job out of their hands.

All the nations of the world are burdened with their own "surpluses" and all are vainly trying to unload it on the other fellow. The American, producing the most by virtue of his greater natural resources and his superior machinery, has the greatest surplus, hence his problem of

how to escape being crushed by his ever-growing burden of the good things of earth is naturally a most vital one. Some day when he finds it is "death or unload," he may think of taking the pack off his back and opening it up to discover if there is nothing within that he himself might consume, that he himself might eat, that he himself might wear.

For why should he not use the surplus himself, if nobody else on earth will have it?

If he can't sell it to the foreigner, why not use it up himself?

When even such a conservative and unimaginative journal as the *Saturday Evening Post* makes such a suggestion we may look for an awakening among our professors of political economy and politicians.

Here is an editorial taken from a recent issue:

UNCLE SAM'S BEST CUSTOMERS.

It is well for us to keep on conquering foreign markets and taking vigilant precautions against any interference with them, but we may have the consoling reflection that our permanent prosperity is not dependent upon the good will of foreign customers and not accessible to the jealous attacks of foreign governments.

Our total export trade, which seems such a tremendous thing to us and to our European rivals, amounts to only about twenty dollars for each one of our population. A very little improvement in the consuming and purchasing power of our people would reduce that trade to insignificance.

Mr. Fred A. McKenzie, the author of The American Invaders, invites England to shudder because we sell American typewriters to her to the amount of over $20,000 a week. That is a trade worth having, of course, but there are people enough in New York City alone who need typewriters, and have not yet bought them, to double it.

There is nobody in the United States, outside of the list of millionaires, who would not like to have more or better clothes. If every person in the country were able to spend on an average $10 a year more for clothes than he spends now the volume of trade in that line would be increased by nearly $860,000,000 annually, or more than half the amount of our combined exports of every kind.

If every American family could live in a neat, comfortable cottage of moderate cost, the lumber, iron, steel, glass, paint, plumbing and building trades would have a boom so colossal as to dwarf everything known in the fields of foreign commerce. If every American family could have all the meat it wanted, three times a day, the American farmer would have no need to concern himself about the German tariff.

And so on around the whole circle of our industries. Would it not be worth while for our field-marshals of business to give some attention to this curious situation? The American garment-maker is trying to induce the savages of Africa and Polynesia to wear clothes which they are much more comfortable without, because if he cannot sell his goods to them his workers will not be able to buy anything to eat. The American farmer is loaded down with things to eat, and he is trying to force them upon the protesting Germans because, if they do not take them off his hands, he will not be able to buy anything to wear. Why cannot the farmer with his ragged overalls and the garment-maker with his pinched stomach make a trade? Why cannot the people who make bicycles and automobiles find buyers among the people who make hats and shoes?

The consuming power of this country is absolutely unlimited. Nobody's wants are ever satisfied. The more one has the more he thinks he needs. The only reason why we do not all live in palaces, with mosaic floors, silken upholsteries and marble baths, and have fast horses, automobiles and yachts, is that we cannot PRODUCE (?) enough to pay for them. Will anybody explain, then, why it is that we are always complaining of under-consumption and over-production?

Of course, it's rather amusing for the editor of the *Post* to first show that we are producing too much and then declare we are producing too little. He fails to see that the workers can only buy—consume—what their wages allow them and that competition among the workers keeps wages so low that they can't buy what they produce.

It's all well enough for a man to WANT an "automobile, marble baths and mosaic floors," but as long as the employers can find men willing to work for wages that do not allow such luxuries the "wanting" will be vain without the "wages."

Why must we "batter in the gates of Pekin," as Chauncey Depew suggests, in order to force Chinamen to eat our bread, when we want to eat it ourselves?

Of course, the cause of the surplus exists in the "competitive wage-system" limiting the worker in his demands to a bare existence.

When the "co-operative wage-system" is introduced—when the laborers are

paid on a basis of what they produce instead of upon a basis of how little they can live upon—then, and not until then, can we expect to solve the problem of how to get rid of our "surplus."

However, this is "Socialism" and of course "Socialism is not a possibility for at least a hundred years." Can we be unemployed for one hundred years? The Republicans admit that unless the foreign market is enlarged, we are to have an "intense and prolonged industrial depression," as the Boston *Herald* puts it.

The *Herald* thinks that those "who represent us at Washington" through lack of "commercial aptitude" may possibly be unable to enlarge this foreign market.

Let the *Herald* be told that no body of men, even if all were born in Boston, can ever devise a plan to meet this appalling situation that does not involve the abolition of the "competitive wage-system." And "appalling" is a word hardly adequate to describe the situation that confronts America to-day. Here we are, a nation of 80 million people, who are informed seriously by the Republican administration at Washington that a period of great industrial stagnation, *i. e.*, a period of great numbers of unemployed men—is at hand, unless our foreign trade is enlarged. That the surplus is a fact and that it must be gotten rid of somehow or somewhere is admitted by both parties, Republicans and Democrats. Republicans and Democrats are for once agreed upon both the conditions and the remedy.

They both say we must unload upon the foreigner.

Both admit the imminence of a national catastrophe unless this is done.

But we cannot unload for the simple reason that the foreigner cannot pay for the goods and no one proposes we make a free gift to him. Last year we sent him 650 million dollars worth of goods more than he could pay for.

Well, then, if we are face to face with such a momentous problem and the only solution offered by Republicans and Democrats is manifestly inadequate to solve it, is it an extravagant prediction to say that the only other solution possible, "Socialism," is soon to be an issue in practical politics? Whether foreign trade can solve the problem or not must soon be shown.

The Republicans have control of all three branches of government—any foreign treaties they wish can be negotiated as far as America is concerned, at once. If foreign trade is so imperative a remedy then let us have it at once and test its virtues.

The application is not something that can be postponed indefinitely. According to all authorities we are in need of a remedy, not in ten years, nor in one year. We need it right now. Our surplus exists as a fact, not a theory.

Let the administration act and let it act at once. The time they spend in counting the number of times the letter "I" appears in the editorials in this journal might hereafter be better spent in considering how best to work out the greatest political and social problem ever set before the world for its solution.

☆ ☆ ☆

Mention This Magazine

One way of helping to improve this magazine is to mention it when enquiring about the goods advertised herein.

Let the advertisers know that their advertisements are read and they will feel that their money has been well invested.

If we can get the advertisers to foot the bills there is no difficulty about adding more pages to this magazine.

☆ ☆ ☆

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184 William Street, New York.

The Administration "Acts"

I am glad to at last present to the public the final decision of the administration to bar my journal, THE CHALLENGE, from the mails, and it is especially a delight and pleasure to give the alleged reason of the arbitrary act suppressing a free press.

I shall hereafter refer to it as the act of the administration, inasmuch as I have already, both by private and public letters, brought it before the attention of President Roosevelt, and from the following letter it is evident that the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. Madden, has his endorsement:

October 31, 1901.

Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire,

Sir: Your letter of the 21st instant, addressed to the President, relative to the classification of your publication, THE CHALLENGE, has been received at this office with directions from the Postmaster-General that it be answered.

In reply, I have to invite attention to my letter to you under date of the 29th instant. Yours respectfully,

EDWIN C. MADDEN,

Third Assistant Postmaster General.

This is an excerpt from my private letter to the President to which the foregoing is the reply:

October 21, 1901.

President Roosevelt,

Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President: Through what I consider merely the lamentable ignorance of Mr. Madden, the Third Assistant Postmaster General, as to the meaning of the English language, my paper has been excluded from the privilege of entry as second-class matter. I am quite well aware that such a plea of ignorance could not be entertained as applied to yourself, and I, therefore, am calling to your attention the ruling, so that if you confirm it, after being acquainted with it, the only interpretation will be that you endorse the general proposition of suppressing ideas which are displeasing to the administration. However, I may say at once that I don't think you are of that character, as nothing in your previous career would justify me in arriving at such a conclusion.

I may say, shortly, that my paper was established last December in Los Angeles, and was entered there and mailed without interruption during the entire period. When I sought to have a transfer to New York, Mr. Madden took the opportunity of ruling that inasmuch as my paper was one calculated "to advertise ideas" it was manifestly primarily an advertising medium. I will not insult your intelligence by entering upon any argument regarding the speciousness of this plea. However, in order that you may determine something of the character of the paper, I am sending you some copies beginning with the first number and ending with the last. Any of the intervening numbers I shall be glad to send you if you are unable to judge of the character of the paper from these sent. . . .

Mr. Madden still insists upon my paying third-class rates, and there is a considerable amount of money on deposit with the postmaster here; and, until he finally decides upon the entry, I shall be uncertain of its disposition.

Anyway, the resut of his decision has been to suppress my paper as a weekly, and the result of his indecision is to keep me guessing as to what the policy of the administration will be regarding the endorsement of his position.

You must admit that this is a serious question, as it involves the right of a free press.

I am herewith sending a paper, called *The Messenger,* which is palpably to be classed as "primarily for advertising"; yet, nevertheless, it seems to have no trouble in retaining its second-class entry.

Faithfully yours,

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

Here is Mr. Madden's letter of the 29th of October, which has received the President's endorsement:

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

WASHINGTON, October 29, 1901.

Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire,

SIR: Your several letters written to this office with relation to the classification of CHALLENGE since your visit to

the Department have been considered carefully, as have also the renewed application for entry of the publication to the second-class of mail matter, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and the copies of the paper submitted therewith.

The resultant conclusion is affirmative of the ruling of September 27th last, and denial of the application referred to, on the ground that the publication is designed primarily for advertising purposes, and within the prohibition of law, which reads as follows:

"Provided, however, That nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to admit to the second-class rate regular publications *designed primarily for advertising purposes*, or for free circulation, or for circulation at nominal rates." (Act of March 3, 1879, Sec. 14, 20 Stats., 359.)

The question whether a publication is "primarily designed for advertising purposes" is one of fact to be determined in each case from the evidence. The word "primarily" is intended to indicate the chief or principal object of the publication, and not its first object in any sense of time. The use of the phrase, as applied to a publication, means one *principally intended for advertising purposes*, and, by fair inference, not one the design or intention of which is that it should be *used incidentally* for advertising purposes.

A cursory reading of the various issues of CHALLENGE issued since its publication at New York is convincing that its main purpose is to advertise yourself outside of your position as its editor and publisher. Under the caption "Free Ads for Wilshire," appearing in the issue for October 12, 1901, such a purpose is clearly apparent. The character of a publication is determined as well from its reading matter as from its display advertisements.

It is hardly necessary for me to state here that the Post-office Department has no concern with the political views advanced in a publication seeking or enjoying second-class rates, and that it does not discriminate between them for any reasons other than those fixed by the laws relating to second-class matter.

The deposit of postage at the third-class rate over the pound rate, received from you by the Postmaster at New York, will be returned. The ground for this unusual action is that the CHALLENGE, in its present character, has been accepted as second-class matter for some period of time at Los Angeles, Cal., and this was justification for your assuming that with like character it would be accepted at New York for entry to the second class.

The failure to bring its advertising character to the attention of the Department by the Postmaster at Los Angeles is considered as contributory to your loss if the postage at the third-class rate were retained. The decision, therefore, is regarded as due you in equity. The Postmaster at New York will be advised.

Respectfully,

EDWIN C. MADDEN,

Third Assistant Postmaster-General.

Now, in the first place, in order that those who have not followed up this struggle of mine with the postoffice to preserve to the American people the integrity of the right of a free press, I might here again relate briefly the facts of the case.

I apologize to those of my subscribers who may be wearied of what they may think is a useless repetition, but I must remind them that my new advertising agent, Mr. Madden, has given my subscription list, as well as my news-stand sales, an unexpected boom. There will be many who will read this number of the magazine, who, not having seen the preceding numbers, will be unable to grasp the situation without some explanation.

Shortly I would say that my weekly journal, THE CHALLENGE, was last month denied the privilege of second-class rates, owing to it being alleged to be "designed primarily for advertising."

The reason of such a postal law being in existence is explained by the fact that the postal department having made a very low rate, one cent per pound—really less than cost—for newspapers and magazines, in order to assist in the general

work of public education, found that certain manufacturers were taking advantage of that rate to send out their advertising circulars under the guise of newspapers.

The rate for advertising circulars is 2 cents for each 2-oz. parcel, hence when my journal was changed from a newspaper classification to a circular classification my expense for postage was increased nearly one thousand per cent.

Where I had been paying five cents postage on a yearly subscription I would have been forced to pay 52 cents. As my subscription rate was but 50 cents per year it meant that I would have had to pay 2 cents each to every subscriber for the privilege of sending him the paper. Some of my brethren of the press have labored to show that this decision is not suppression of a "free press" inasmuch as I could pay the rate if I wanted to circulate my paper bad enough.

I reply that there is not a single newspaper or magazine of general circulation in this country that could live if debarred from the second-class rates. Competition is too keen in the United States to allow a paper to successfully compete with its rivals and at the same time pay ten times the usual rates of postage. However, to get back to the subject.

My paper was suppressed because it was "designed primarily for advertising." I went down to Washington and had an interview with Mr. Madden to find out how he happened to come to that extraordinary decision.

I was first referred to his subordinates. Was shown No. 37 of THE CHALLENGE all blue marked every time my name as a "lecturer" appeared. They told me the decision had been made on the ground that the journal was simply an advertisement for my lecturing tour. I then saw Mr. Madden, and he tried to convince me that they were right. I easily disposed of this theory by showing that out of the 37 numbers, but the one number (No. 37) under examination had any schedule of my lecturing dates.

Mr. Madden was evidently convinced of the error of such a charge, but he evidently was determined upon not being baffled by one defeat. He then shifted his ground and said that it was certainly a paper primarily designed to advertise "ideas," and, inasmuch, as my business was manifestly manufacturing ideas for sale to the general public by means of THE CHALLENGE that, therefore, it was rightfully classified as a paper "designed primarily for advertising." Manufacturing and advertising soap and ideas was all the same thing, he said.

I feel that I called down this trouble on myself inasmuch as in CHALLENGE of Oct. 5 I wrote as follows:

> Yes, CHALLENGE is filled with a great deal of wind about Wilshire, but it appears to be necessary to advertise one's goods nowadays if you wish to get them off your shelves. My ideas are my stock in trade, and while they ought to sell on their own merits, as they speak for themselves, so to say, I find that ideas, like every kind of goods, sell largely owing to the reputation of the maker.
>
> Now, for the ordinary manufacturer to get up a great reputation requires lots of advertising, which means much money spent. So far I have been able to get my advertising free of charge, by such expedients as getting arrested for infringing ordinances suppressing free speech and offering your champion, Bryan, $10,000 to debate with me. However, possibly the greatest amount of free advertising I ever got in my life was during the last few weeks, when I was so copiously reported to have been mobbed in half a dozen towns, all at one and the same time. The mere fact it was all untrue does not detract in the least from its advertising value. People here in New York think now that I must have stolen Carrie Nation's advance agent away from her to get so much notoriety with so little effort. But this is really quite ridiculous. I shall have established my own reputation well enough by this time to have the credit fall to me, and me alone for such artistic triumphs along the line of self-advertisement. It would be quite as impossible for me to hire an agent to do for me what I can do myself, in the way of getting free advertising, as it would have been impossible for Shakespeare to have hired a typewriter girl to have composed "Hamlet." We artists must lead a strenuous life perforce, simply because we can't hire anyone to create for us.

Now the silliness of Madden's contention becomes especially apparent when it is remembered that the very intent of the low rate given to newspapers was that they might educate the public. If there is any way of educating people except by giving them ideas I would like to know how it can be done.

However, Mr. Madden has now made a third shift of position.

I am not now advertising either my lectures or my ideas. I am advertising "myself." I advertise myself because I sign my name to what I write and because I give in my paper reports of what other papers say about me, good or bad. I have especially offended Mr. Madden because I have shown up what a contemptible lying instrument the Associated Press is. I did so under the heading "Free Ads for Wilshire." To appreciate fully the delightful irony of this whole situation I must explain that an utterly untrue report of my being mobbed while delivering a lecture at York, Pa., was circulated throughout the United States by the Associated Press.

The truth of the matter was that I had cancelled my lecture there and was in Maine the night the alleged mobbing took place. The account was made up entirely from whole cloth, as will be seen by the statement from the local paper:

"The 'millionaire Socialist' telegraphed later in the afternoon that he could not appear on account of illness. But J. Mahlon Barnes, of Philadelphia, candidate of the Socialist party for State Treasurer, had come to York to hear the 'millionaire Socialist,' and he was asked by some of the York Socialists to speak instead of the other.

"There was no disturbance during the speech, which was a mere explanation of Karl Marx's theory of social evolution from feudalism through organization of capital to Socialism as a 'gradual, inevitable process.'"—York *Dispatch*.

Here is the imaginative account sent broadcast by the Associated Press:

"It seems that the highly esteemed fraud, H. Gaylord Wilshire, came pretty nearly being ridden out of York, Pa., on a rail on Sunday last for some anarchist remarks made on that occasion. It would have served his Billboard Majesty just right if the York boys had carried out their little raillery.—Santa Monica (Cal.) *Outlook*.

"York, Pa., Sept. 8.—H. Gaylord Wilshire, the Socialist leader of Los Angeles, Cal., barely escaped violence here last night, in his efforts to address a public gathering. A number of citizens wanted to mob him. This county is the home of McKinley's ancestors.

"Wilshire denounced the courts and offered Mark Hanna $10,000 if he would defeat him in a joint debate on trusts, the audience to decide.—Philadelphia *North American*.

"H. Gaylord Wilshire, the leading exponent of Socialism in Los Angeles, narrowly escaped violence last night at York, Pa., where he was attempting to address a public meeting. His comments with respect to Socialism so incensed the citizens that they wanted to mob him.

The county is the home of President McKinley's ancestors, and their friends were not in a mood to listen to the speaker while the President lay at the gates of death in Buffalo, the victim of an assassin's bullet.

Wilshire denounced the courts as venal and wholly committed to the maintenance of plutocracy. He offered Mark Hanna $10,000 if he would defeat him in a joint debate on trusts, the audience to decide who was the winner. The Los Angeles statesman was on his way to New York, where his paper, THE CHALLENGE, is now being published.

Los Angeles has enjoyed numerous sensations in which Mr. Wilshire has been the central figure. His victory over the police, who sought to put a stop to his fervid utterances at Central Park, was of recent occurrence. The ordinance prohibiting public meetings at the park without a permit proved to be inoperative.—Los Angeles *Express*.

Was there ever before a man fined in a free country for endeavoring to free himself from a slanderous and libelous attack?

However, to return to the main issue. THE CHALLENGE is ruled out because I advertise myself in it. Now let us take it in the very best light for Mr. Madden. Let us assume that I am a blatant, ignorant, egotistical demagogue puffed out with self-pride, whose only delight in life is to get himself in the public eye in order that he may become politically prominent.

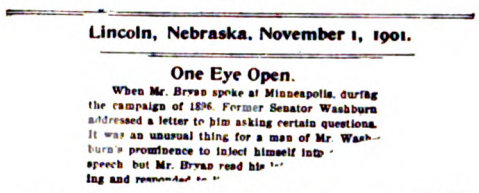
A great many certainly do have that idea of me, and there are even some who have much the same idea of Mr. William J. Bryan.

But is Mr. Madden to decide autocratically when a man in political life who publishes a paper over-steps the line in advertising himself too much.

If so there should be a codified postal law published so that an editor may not offend unwittingly.

I notice that in the November issue of *Everybody's Magazine* it is stated on the title-page that it is published by John Wanamaker, who is not unknown to drygoods fame as the successor of A. T. Stewart & Co. There are in the single

issue mentioned only one hundred and nineteen pages devoted solely to the advertising of the various wares that John wishes to sell outside of the "ideas" he advertises he wants to buy and offers for sale on the other pages, yet John is not advertising himself so much as to incur Mr. Madden's displeasure and nobody could for a moment suppose that the magazine is published "primarily for advertising purposes." I herewith give in facsimile the way in which William J. Bryan advertises his name on the front page of his paper, and also the way he modestly refers to himself in the same issue in the third person, but W. J. escapes the Madden, very possibly because W. J. don't use an "I" in his editorials.



The Commoner.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Lincoln, Nebraska, November 1, 1901.

One Eye Open.

When Mr. Bryan spoke at Minneapolis, during the campaign of 1896, Former Senator Washburn addressed a letter to him asking certain questions. It was an unusual thing for a man of Mr. Washburn's prominence to inject himself into a speech but Mr. Bryan read his letter and responded to it.

I now give in facsimile the way Will Carleton, editor of *Will Carleton's Everywhere,* not only advertises himself on his title-page by calling his paper after himself, but he also seems to be in the business of advertising in his paper about everything one can think of from poems to watches and all for sale by himself. He also announces, unmolested by Mr. Madden, that he is on hire for lectures.

The next editor who is not afraid of advertising himself in his own magazine is Dr. Tolman, the editor of *Social Service.* I herewith present a photograph of one of his pages, showing the editor's picture in the center surrounded by an applauding multitude of enthusiastic press clippings. I think I may whisper that the editor is also ready to gather more such clippings for a stipulated fee. The doctor also escapes Mr. Madden's eye and again he (the doctor) has no use for "I's."

What the Press Says About Dr. Tolman's Lecture

The Demand of the Day

Interest in the much looked for Dr W. H. Tolman lecture increases as the date of the appearance of the great industrial betterment students approaches. Hayen school auditorium will not be any too large to-morrow evening where the lecture is to be given.

The National Steel Company in keeping with the progress of the larger industrial institutions of the country having examined and learned the advantages accruing from the adoption of Social Service suggestions regarding its men has secured Dr Tolman to visit its workers and Superintendent Thomas McDonald was among the first to get him. A closer relation between employer and employee is the demand of the day and Dr Tolman, having devoted years to the study of those relations, is able to offer many suggestions that if acted upon cannot but result in advancing alike the interests of the workers and manufacturers. — *Youngstown Ohio, Telegram.*

"The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, through its industrial committee, organized for this express purpose, was the first great commercial body in this country to start an industrial betterment movement for an entire city."—*Plaindealer, Cleveland, Ohio.*

Before the Manufacturers' Club, Philadelphia

Employer and employee sat side by side in the lecture hall of the Manufacturers' Club in Philadelphia Monday night, while Dr. William Howe Tolman, the first "Social Engineer" in the country, described to them the reforms that had been instituted both in the Old World and the New to better the social condition of the laborer.

"The world is trying to bring a higher degree of civilization into business," was his text. "The social conscience has awakened and organized, business men are beginning to realize that if they will but strengthen the bond between themselves and their men by bettering their condition, industrial problems will settle themselves, even as the humanitarian work is done."—*Republican, Doylestown, Pa.*

DR. WM. H. TOLMAN
Director Industrial Department League for Social Service

Cleveland, Ohio, Chamber of Commerce

Dr. W. H. Tolman gave an address last evening, under the auspices of the Industrial Committee of the Chamber of Commerce. The lecture was given in the Association Hall and was [illegible]

Attracting Attention of the Reading World

Dr. Tolman is also one of the editors of Social [illegible] published in New York.

SOCIAL SERVICE

JOSIAH STRONG, WM. H. TOLMAN, Editors — NOVEMBER, 1901 — Social and Industrial Betterment — A. H. MATTOX, Managing Editor

I think that I have now shown pretty well that I am not the only editor who advertises himself when he owns his own paper. Hearst's editorial brains, Mr. Arthur Brisbane, is not allowed to advertise himself. He don't own the New York *Journal.* But when a man combines the office of owner and editor he is pretty apt to mention himself pretty frequently. Now, all Mr. Madden can say about me is that I have done it more than Bryan, or Carleton, or Tolman. I then protest that Mr. Madden ought to draw up a set of rules specifying minutely the number of times an editor is to be allowed the use of the first personal pronoun; how many times he can run his

picture; how many words he can write about himself; how many clippings he can put in his paper from other papers that refer to himself, etc.

Of course, if Mr. Madden is to make a general ruling that an editor shall say "we" when he means "I," then it becomes plain sailing. I myself have avoided the editorial "we" as I consider its use a genuine form of egotism when used by an editor who is the sole editor of a paper of which he is also proprietor.

I may explain right here that I feel very much toward the people who decry my "egotism" as I do to the peasants of Europe who try to mob the villain of the play when he leaves the theatre. They are a well-meaning lot, but—.

☆ ☆ ☆

Trials of a Sport

If there ever was a man who has a hard time getting before the public it is myself, yet everybody seems to think I am unusually successful. Here is what is going to happen to me for speaking outdoors in the public park of Los Angeles, according to the Los Angeles *Herald* of Oct. 25:

The case of H. Gaylord Wilshire, who was arrested several months ago for a violation of the park ordinance, consisting in having addressed a crowd of people in Central park without having first secured a permit from the park commission, again occupied the attention of Police Judge Morgan yesterday. This magistrate, ruling on a demurrer, interposed by the defendant shortly after his arrest, had dismissed the complaint on the ground that the park ordinance was unconstitutional. The city attorney appealed to the superior court against Judge Morgan's ruling, and Superior Judge Smith overruled the lower tribunal and reversed the magistrate's decision. The prosecuting attorney in the police court, therefore, yesterday moved that the case of the people against Wilshire be placed on the trial calendar. It was so ordered by Judge Morgan, although owing to the absence of Mr. Wilshire from the city, no date was fixed for his trial. As soon as the defendant returns to Los Angeles the time for a hearing will be determined.

Here is how the Director of Public Safety in Philadelphia took measures to prevent my using the opera house in his town. I might add that all the principal halls in Philadelphia had been hired for the campaign in that city by Mr. Quay, and what he did not engage John Wanamaker did, and so between the two, ahem, gentlemen, there was absolutely not a single good hall except the opera house and that was on a Sunday night, and even that, as will be seen, was denied me:

A lecture on "Let the Nation Own the Trusts," by H. Gaylord Wilshire, editor of THE CHALLENGE, which was to have been delivered to-morrow evening in the Grand Opera House, Broad street and Montgomery avenue, under the auspices of the Socialists' party of this city, will not take place, as the police authorities have, it is charged, refused to issue a permit for the meeting. J. Mahlon Barnes, the secretary of the Socialists' campaign committee, and their candidate for State Treasurer, last night pronounced the action of the Mayor and the Director of Public Safety as outrageous and in violation of the fundamental rights of American citizenship—the right of free speech and free public assemblage. Secretary Barnes added that the matter would be carried into court. Mr. Wilshire will, despite the action of the authorities, deliver his lecture on Monday evening, in the Labor Lyceum, Sixth and Brown streets. It is alleged that the authorities had given assurance that no trouble would be encountered in securing the necessary legal permit, and, as a result, more than $200 were expended in completing arrangements, printing tickets and in advertising. It was said that about 8,000 tickets had been sent out before it became known the hall could not be secured.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

And now falls along the last and heaviest stroke. The Madden-Roosevelt Syndicate say that I shall not even publish THE CHALLENGE. Here then is my predicament. I am not allowed by the Los Angeles police to speak on the streets or in the parks, I am not allowed by the Philadelphia capitalists to speak in their halls—they hire them all up—and finally I am not allowed to write what I wish in the manner I wish by the American Government. "Aggressive fighting for the right is the greatest sport the world knows."—President Roosevelt.

Well, I suppose I must be leading a real sporting life all right, all right.

☆ ☆ ☆

"We" versus "I"

As an example of the ambiguity and awkwardness of an editor who not only writes but acts using the editorial "we"

I give herewith an excerpt from a recent editorial of Mr. Samuel Gompers in his paper, the *Federationist*:

It was our good fortune to have had the pleasure of Mr. McKinley's personal acquaintance years before he was a prominent member of the Federal Congress. This pleasant acquaintance continued during his Congressional career, when Governor of Ohio, and as President of the United States. On several occasions we had the privilege of addressing industrial gatherings on purely labor matters, at the same meetings and upon the same platform with him.

Does Mr. Gompers mean that he alone addressed the gatherings or that both he and the President as well did the addressing?

☆ ☆ ☆

An "Ostensible" Socialist

Some thousands of people—chiefly of the class interested in social movements—have been for some months edified and amused by a weekly paper called the CHALLENGE, published at Los Angeles. It can at least be said of this paper that it was never commonplace. Published ostensibly to advance the cause of socialism, it was mainly devoted to eulogistic advertisement of its editor, Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire. Indeed with commendable frankness this gentleman announced the purpose of his publication thus:—

I might as well say at once with no beating around the bush that I publish the CHALLENGE in order to voice my own views upon political questions and that I consider these views as the only ones worth your while to hold.

However, the utterances of many distinguished men holding like views—such as George Bernard Shaw and Walter Crane—have appeared in the CHALLENGE, which has indeed been a vigorous advocate and defender of socialism even though its propaganda has been sorely marred by offensive egotism and bad taste. Its publisher has sought circulation by many novel methods, and pursued the advertiser even as do the publishers of magazines without a mission.

But now the post-office authorities by executive order, exercising authority which for eight years has been asked of and refused by Congress, have refused this paper admission to the mails and destroyed it.

The *Pilgrim* is not engaged in a socialistic propaganda. It does not admire the methods of the CHALLENGE. But we feel that the virtual suppression of this paper by the post-office officials justifies the assertion that they have assumed an authority which is a menace to the liberty of the press, and in the face of which, no periodical which does not slavishly defend existing conditions is safe. We do not think it was mere accident that made a socialist paper the first victim. This whole question of post-office censorship of the press should be handled without gloves by the next Congress.

The above is from the pen of Mr. Willis J. Abbot, editor of the PILGRIM, of Battle Creek. It's very amusing to me to see certain gentlemen like the aforesaid Wisconsin editor set themselves up as arbiters of good taste and good literature and declare with authority that they do not admire the style of Wilshire. It must pain them to be in disagreement with the two greatest living poets of America, Edwin Markham and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, not to mention Charles Ferguson, who has been called the modern Carlyle.

Perhaps they do not defer to the opinion of England's greatest artist, Walter Crane, or to England's greatest dramatist, George Bernard Shaw.

Then my Wisconsin critic and others might read what Hyndman thinks of me and THE CHALLENGE. Aside from the fact that Hyndman is a graduate of Cambridge and pre-eminently England's greatest Socialist he is so distinguished in the realm of letters that the English Reviews and the London *Times* pay him double rates for his contributions to their columns.

Does he think I publish "ostensibly" to advance Socialism?

If there is one man on earth who would not be able to determine the line between the "ostensible" and the genuine Socialist it is Hyndman.

Perhaps they do not consider men and women standing highest in merely the literary world as competent to judge of literary style. Well then let them read what Professor James Bryce and Sir Charles Dilke, two of England's most distinguished statesmen, say of me. I ask simply for any editor of any American paper to produce the unsought-for letters of commendation from the great men of to-day that I publish in this number of my magazine.

And yet a locomotive fireman is to pass judgment on my literary style and have the power to rule me from the mails because I am too "egotistical."

Tolstoy is lucky to be born in Russia.

If he had been born in America he

certainly would have been "Maddenized" for the crime of "advertising himself." Here is a clipping the Chicago *Record-Herald* headed:

HOW CURTIS FOUND TOLSTOY.

Tolstoy is a good deal of a humbug. He is a great advertiser. He goes around barefooted in the garments of a peasant in order to give people something to talk about. In the winter he wears sheepskin clothing and a big fur cap, and those who know him well tell me that he is not familiar with the ordinary uses of water. He imitates the Russian peasants in that respect, as in others. They never bathe, and, like the Laplanders, seldom remove their clothing until it is outgrown or worn out. Tolstoy belongs to a noble family of high rank and distinguished in history. There are many of his name in Russia, and it is an honored name also. He is the first Tolstoy, they say, that was ever a crank, but he is one of the first water.

There is no question that he has done a great deal of good by his writings; that by exposing the wrongs of the peasants he has compelled the government to adopt important reforms, but men have been great philanthropists and served their country and mankind and still used bath-tubs and dressed in civilized clothing.

Dear Tolstoy: If I come to Russia will you entertain taking me in as partner to conduct an "advertising" business? H. G. W.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Menace of Madden

Mr. Madden contends that inasmuch as he thinks THE CHALLENGE was designed more to advertise "Wilshire" than to expound ideas, that therefore it is not eligible to Post Office entry. Even admitting the allegation to be true, he is assuming a dangerous and illegal prerogative to himself. No one can say that I have any visible private business to advance by advertising myself. At worst it can only be said that I have a political office in view. If I am simply making the advertising of myself an end in itself without any ulterior motive, then, indeed, Mr. Madden must think himself a discoverer in the realms of natural history. He must then fall back to the theory that I want to be, well, say President. That would, I presume, be his most natural conclusion. Nobody but a very philosophic Socialist can appreciate the absurdity of attributing such an ambition to me. I have not time to argue the point, as it involves too fine a psychologic and economic problem for a brief statement. The wise will agree without argument. The ignorant must possess their souls in patience until I have both space and time. However, as Mr. Madden is certainly not a philosopher, and I hardly think he considers me so crazy as to advertise myself without motive, I am justified, then, in assuming that he must think I want to get myself in line for the Presidency.

Now, then, can it not be seen by the dullest and most unreflecting that if we allow an official of the Post Office to have the power of preventing a man who is aspiring to the Presidency from circulating his views upon the ground that the man is simply "advertising" himself, we are paving the way to the loss of our political freedom?

Take the case of Bryan. He still has many admirers who regard him as a Presidential possibility. Suppose Mr. Madden should shut him out because he prints his name in a little too heavy type on the front page of his paper. Certainly Mr. Bryan is advertising himself just as much, in kind, at any rate, as I am. There is at most simply a difference in degree. Are we to allow a single man holding a subordinate, irresponsible, appointive position to determine the exact degree to a hair breadth when men like myself and Mr. Bryan begin to advertise ourselves too much?

Great Britain has not the advantage of a censorship of immodesty and bad taste like that instituted by our Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden, who has recently suspended from the privileges of the newspaper mail-rates the Socialist weekly, THE CHALLENGE. His action is explained to be not on account of its political or social teachings, but on the ground that this paper was essentially a mere advertisement of its editor and proprietor, H. Gaylord Wilshire, and for the reason that "H. Gaylord Wilshire" appeared at the beginning or end, and often at both the beginning and the end, of every article or paragraph, or hundreds of times in each issue of the paper. It was as though a man should become an offence in the public streets by loud talking and loud clothes. With such a third assistant postmaster general in England, we should not perhaps be visited by that queer duck of English jour-

nalism, *The Rambler*. It attempts to reproduce in form, typography, spelling, capitals, literary style and general views the old *Rambler* of Dr. Johnson. But it is only in the merest externals that it comes anywhere near the great doctor's journal.

The above is from almost the last place one would look for it, the Boston *Transcript*.

In another issue it says: "Had a paper of any presumptive general interest or value been excluded . . . there would have gone up a vigorous protest from the press of the country." It sees nothing more in the Madden decision than the exercise of a proper censorship for the prevention of "bad taste" in the production of literature. The mere fact that the *Transcript* is at variance upon the subject of my literary taste, with such a distinguished man of letters as Frederick Yorke Powell, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford University, or Edwin Markham, is at any rate evidence of there being two sides to the question of my taste.

As for the question of the paper being of "general interest," I would say that if my subscribers find it "interesting" enough to pay for it that Mr. Madden has no call to tell them that they are mistaken in thinking they want it.

That I have not attempted to conform to the *Transcript's* idea of "good taste" can be seen from the following editorial which appeared in THE CHALLENGE on the 13th of last March:

NOT STRIVING FOR GOOD FORM.

In one of my preceding issues I spoke of the attitude of a Socialist pressing forward his own individuality, his printing his picture for instance as I am doing upon the title page. I said with him it was simply a question as to whether he was the better advertising his article—Socialism, he wished to draw to the attention of the public. The matter of whether he was in good form himself was entirely secondary. It is not a question of principle. It is simply a question of judgment. I again print my challenge to Mr. Bryan for a debate, and I confess to a certain lack of dignity in the manner of its presentation that may shock the more elegant of my readers. All this challenging and offering a thousand dollars for Mr. Bryan to get on the platform with me smacks strongly, possibly, of a modern Bombastes Furioso; but the excuse for it lies in my belief that it is the simplest and quickest way to get the general public to understand that he must have a very weak case if he refuses me attention. Of course if, as it has been intimated to me, I am making the matter in this paper so largely personal and so disgustingly egotistical, that intelligent people will refuse to read it, then I have overdone the matter. However, let me ask these people who would stickle for good form even if stickling meant the fall of a nation, if they think that I would gain the attention of the public as well by sedate conservative methods as I do by the one adopted?

I am not endeavoring to conform to convention. This paper is published for the one and single purpose of drawing the attention of the world to the social effects which must follow from the concentration of industry in America. Its mission has been somewhat simplified from that announced in the first number some few months ago. Then I proposed first to draw attention to the imminence of important combinations in industry and to convince the public of the inevitability not only of such combinations, but of their result. Since I began to publish this paper the combinations in railways and steel have been of such tremendous importance that the task of convincing the public that such combinations are to occur has been practically done for me by the actual fulfillment of my prophecy. All that remains for me now is to show the logical inevitability of the result.

The Vatican sagaciously employs an *advocatus diabolus* to paradoxically prove the sanctity of a candidate for canonization by alleging every possible unsaintly episode in the candidate's character. For the want of a better one I will now act as my own *advocatus diabolus*, not so much to prove that I am a fit subject for canonization—that goes without saying; but that I am justified as the editor of this paper in adopting more or less spectacular methods in attracting the attention of the public.

It is horribly bad form to force one's self upon the public. No gentleman would ever do such a thing. If the gentleman should accidentally be a cog in the wheel that performed some meritorious act in life and his name was mentioned in connection therewith, that would possibly be excused. A gentleman will not do anything simply for the sake of being conspicious and in fact, some think that a gentleman should never do anything, no matter how good it may be, if it may by any possibility render him conspicuous. To this I simply answer that I am not striving to get up a reputation of being a gentleman. I am endeavoring to warn the public of an impending social and economic crisis. A gentleman will not wear clothes that render him ridiculously conspicuous. I would willingly wear a cap and bells and parade down a city's thoroughfare delivering my message on the trust at every street corner if I thought such a method would accomplish my end. It is not because I am ashamed to make such an exhibition of

myself that I do not do it. It is simply because I do not consider it would accomplish my purpose.

It is "bad form" to talk about one's self. It is worse than "bad form"—it's uninteresting. I would say to that that it depends upon what you say about yourself. It has been said that anybody could write an interesting autobiography if he would tell the whole story. Now I do not propose to tell the whole story and make a test of that proverb, but I do intend injecting whatever there is of my own personality that in my opinion will serve to elucidate my economic argument. One cannot get away from one's self. My own experiences are of more value to me for illustrative purposes than any second-hand onces.

I disarm my critics by acknowledging the justice of their criticisms when looking from their own standpoint, but our standpoints are different. I would even be more patient with my Beau Brummels if the cause of Socialism as it is now presented to me would brook patience. If I were exploiting my own peculiar views as some have taken me to be doing, and if these peculiar views were to be taken up at some distant time in the future after people had read THE CHALLENGE for a century or so, I might reconcile myself to conform to the usages of polite journalism.

When P. T. Barnum intended to exhibit his circus in a town he knew that he must let everyone know that he was coming, and that he must let them know at once. There would be no profit nor use in letting people hear about his show the day after it was over.

On the other hand, if Barnum had been a young doctor intending to settle in the same town and spend the rest of his life there building up a regular practice, he would not advertise his entry into town the same way he would coming with his circus. In the circus case he must let people know at once or his efforts would be fruitless. In the case of the young doctor he had his life before him to do his advertising.

If Socialism were a doctrine that depended solely upon educating people up to it and I had a lifetime to do it in, then the more sedate and regular methods of advertising it might be logically used. But Socialism to-day is nothing of the sort. Socialism is not only an inexorable and inevitable necessity, but it is a necessity that is now about to burst immediately upon us.

I say this because I consider the great transformation scene in industry now being engineered by Pierpont Morgan must inevitably reflect itself in a social transformation. How long did it take Morgan to take over the great Carnegie steel plant? About one short month after he made up his mind the time was ripe. How long did it take him to take over the great railway systems? About the same time.

Why should it take longer for Uncle Sam to take over the same properties when he makes up his mind?

Did not people who admitted that some day or other there would be a unity of interests in railways in this country always say that it would take years to accomplish it? The best posted men said this. Even shrewd old Uncle Russell Sage did not think Morgan was going to do it in such a jiffy.

It was not that Morgan was such a wonderful man. He is no more wonderful than is the man who takes the kettle off the fire when the water is ready to boil over. The point had been reached in railroading when consolidation was a necessity and he was at hand to take advantage of it. Morgan did not create the conditions which led to consolidation. He simply was a natural agent.

Every editorial hen coop in this country is in a great turmoil of fuss and feathers. All the old editorial hens are clucking in a most bewildered way over Morgan's vigorous brushing aside of their old saws about the permanence of competition and the equitable distribution of wealth in this country. The chorus of clucks has no one single note of accord except that of bewilderment. Some say with a bold front that if Morgan keeps up his career he will make the people actually restless. Most of the wiser papers, however, cluck so unintelligently that nobody can make out what they think and none of them cluck intelligently enough for us to see that the editor understands that Socialism is an inevitability.

Whatever else may be said of THE CHALLENGE, I think that at any rate its interpretation of the meaning of the trust is not easily misunderstood. We may be wrong, but at any rate we are not covering up our meaning in unintelligible clucking.

As to the question of good taste displayed in these columns, we think that that is quite a subordinate issue. The main question is whether what we say is true or false. Some men are more disturbed at being accused of wearing a made cravat than they are of being called a liar.

Now the point for the American public to decide is, must we have an arbiter of "good form" to decide upon what we are to be allowed to read?

"Strain at a Gnat," Etc.

It's strange how easy it is for an American newspaper to see the mote in the Kaiser's eye yet see none in Uncle Sam's.

To be holier than the Pope is usually to be ridiculous, and many will feel that the German consorship, in suppressing on religious grounds a work which the Greek Church allows to circulate in Russia, has shown an excess of zeal. Of course, censorship is not compatible with a fully developed sense of humor, but it would seem that, when the church which excommunicated Tolstoy allows his apologia, "The Meaning of My Life."

to pass unhindered, the devout Roman Catholics of Germany might practise a similar tolerance. Perhaps they would if the book were submitted to them directly, and the censor's solicitude may merely show that curious exacerbation of the olfactory sense which sniffs an offence where none is intended.—*Evening Post.*

I give in another place the articles that have appeared in the *Post* on CHALLENGE'S suppression, so it can hardly plead ignorance of the event, but the *Post* has failed to utter a word of editorial protest.

The *Post* used to think anything Professor James Bryce said was gospel. Let it read what Bryce said of THE CHALLENGE.

☆ ☆ ☆

A Seattle Counterfeit

There was a time when Socialists had to spend most of their time denying that they wished a "government" to determine whether the women should wear pants or skirts, or whether the men should eat fish or fowl. Once we had to repeatedly reiterate that we did not intend a system under which all men should live in a big boarding house with all goods in common from soup to women.

I thought the day had passed when any such ignorance of the ideas of the Socialists remained, but I see I am mistaken.

There is a paper parodying Socialism published in Seattle called ironically "The Socialist." The editor assumes to speak for Socialists, but the fact that he writes entirely anonymously indicates that he fears the disclosure of his identity would still more clearly show, if that be possible, the absurdity of his pretending the necessary knowledge to write even a parody of Socialism. None but him has justified Madden's arbitrary act on any grounds whatsoever. For even admitting that I may use too many capital "I's," or wear too high collars, or bathe too often to meet the dictates of Seattle fashions, yet all such misdemeanors would hardly be thought sufficient to abrogate my right to freely express my own views in my own style. But Seattle has other ideas of freedom. Madden and Seattle are in accord. However, let my "conditional" defender present his case:

We are bound to admit that THE CHALLENGE is not at all to our liking on account of its offensive personal quality. It ought to be called "The Wilshire," or, rather, "The H. Gaylord Wilshire." The way in which he blows his own horn in every conceivable way in his paper only those who have read it could imagine or believe. Unquestionably such a style injures the cause he represents, however much he may advertise his paper and get Socialism talked about. It is the more to be regretted, because Wilshire is well able to conduct a paper which should do great credit to our cause.

He claims that he now has 30,000 circulation, got by his peculiar methods. Very well. Is it not time that he dropped the mask assumed for advertising purposes and confined himself to the direct advocacy of Socialism minus H. Gaylordism? That will prove to the post-office department and to all of us that he is more concerned for Socialism than for H. Gaylord Wilshire.

He is going to get splendid advertising by this post-office decision, and by the fight he will put up for its reversal—for he is a rich man and a good fighter.

Now, if he will put Socialism to the front and let H. Gaylord Wilshire go to the background, we will advise every Socialist to subscribe for his paper and fight like the devil by his side for the same postoffice treatment for all papers alike.

The best way to down Madden, Comrade Wilshire, is to down H. Gaylordism in a Socialist paper.

I can only say that "Wilshire" would stand a slim chance of winning any fight if he had first to put the Seattle brand of Socialism to the front before he could gain a defender. No, no, my brave "imitator," Wilshire only wishes to be saved from such "conditional" champions. He would rather trust himself to a Madden. Socialism may spell slavery in Seattle but it spells liberty everywhere else in the world. Socialism means a perfect environment for a perfect individualism.

☆ ☆ ☆

Back numbers of the suppressed CHALLENGE, Nos. 37, 38, 39 and 40, for sale at this office. $2 per hundred. Single copies free on application.

☆ ☆ ☆

In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell.
—Southey.

A Conspiracy of Silence

Herbert N. Casson

HE extraordinary decision of Mr. Madden (with the accent on the "Mad") has been received with a most unanimous silence by the press.

I had hoped that the New York *Journal* would at once declare a sympathetic strike against the Post Office, and confidently expected to see Elbert Hubbard, with his Rough Rider gang of Philistines, descend with wild yells upon Washington, D. C.

The religious press, of course, which nobody has ever accused of selling either "soap or ideas," could not be expected to interfere, or to make any remonstrance, at least during the present century.

But where are the *Commoner*, the *Cosmopolitan?* These are one-man organs, with brainy progressionists behind them.

Are even our ablest editors ethically lower than the common, ordinary trade unionists, who again and again have adhered to their labor motto: "An injury to one is the concern of all?"

It is clear that Mr. Madden's decisions are as whimsical as the summer lightning. No one can foresee where the next bolt may fall. All rational men may say truthfully of Madden: "His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts."

When such a man is in office every one of our 25,000 American editors are more or less endangered. Even the *Postmaster's Home Journal*, published a few blocks from Mr. Madden's office, had better throw out the first personal pronoun from its fonts, and beware of such soaplike articles as "ideas."

If it is the policy of the Post Office Department to abolish personal journalism from the face of the earth, when will it censorize *Harper's, Pearson's, McClure's, Munsey's, Ainslee's, Gunton's, Leslie's, Bradstreet's, Dun's Review, Lieber's Manual, McCall's,* and *George's Weekly?*

Why did it permit the long and glorious careers of "John Swinton's Paper" and "Brann's Iconoclast,"—two of the most thoroughly American papers we have ever had?

Why were Greeley, Weed and Raymond allowed to do their work unmuzzled and unjailed? They were editors who had ideas and who advertised and lectured about their ideas, and sold them, if you please, "like soap."

There are at least forty papers in the country that sell ideas practically the same as Mr. Wilshire. In New York City alone there are three Socialist *daily* papers—American, German and Jewish.

THE CHALLENGE differed from these papers in the following respects:

(1) It was more ably edited.

(2) It was more American in its tone.

(3) It was endorsed by a greater number of eminent men and women.

(4) It contained more matter on current events.

(5) It obtained a higher class of advertising.

(6) It was printed on better paper.

(7) It appealed more to logic and common sense and less to class prejudice.

(8) It was more readable and less academic.

(9) It was illustrated and better printed.

(10) It was not the organ of a political party or clique.

Thus it will be seen that an American citizen may publish a Socialist paper

provided he does not make it bright, interesting and readable. I have no doubt that *some* Socialist papers are therefore being subsidized by Mr. Madden.

Seriously, the suppression of THE CHALLENGE is the most severe blow that the freedom of the press has received since the Civil War, when a number of "peace" papers were forcibly closed out.

If we are to have a Russian censor at Washington, it is to the personal interest of every self-respecting editor to protest, as well as a matter of social welfare.

Every publication is at the mercy of the Post Office Department, and is directly concerned when any office-holder in that Department assumes the powers and privileges of a master, instead of the hired servant of the public.

Let all those interested in the perpetuation of a free press write direct to the President and begin their letters with "Do not refer this to Mr. Madden without first reading it." Evidently just now letters to the President are turned over unread to Mr. Madden for reply.

New York City.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Bank That Jack Built

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—At the annual dinner of the Merchants' Club last night James B. Dill spoke on "Trusts, Their Uses and Abuses." Mr. Dill has been called the "Godfather of the Trusts" and has, perhaps, had a hand in the formation of more big corporations under the laws of New Jersey than any other man in the country.

Mr. Dill described a trust as a "dominant combination of money property, business or commercial power or energy," and said:

"Recognizing that the combination and the consolidation of capital is a force, we spend no time in asking why it is here, further than to say that it is a part of the growth and expansion of the American nation.

"Carrying this proposition to its logical extent, and, having in mind the history of the Bank of England, who is prepared to deny that when this country becomes the great finance and credit power of the world the trend of sentiment will be toward the establishment of one great controlling financial institution, certainly under the United States law, and perhaps controlled by the United States Government?"—*Commercial.*

Yes, Mr. Dill, we will have a United States Bank owned by the Government.

The Bank will own the Trusts and the Trusts will own the People, but the People will own the Government that owns the Bank that owns the Trusts that own the People, and so the People will, at last, own themselves, Dilly-dally Dill.

☆ ☆ ☆

As To Mr. Wilshire

Editor *Citizen*: In an editorial in to-day's *Citizen* you infer that H. Gaylord Wilshire, the millionaire Socialist, who spoke at Jackson Hall Monday night, encouraged disorder by his remarks. Now, I attended the meeting and heard no remark from Mr. Wilshire that would encourage disorder. Instead, I found Mr. Wilshire a refined gentleman, who told of the inevitable outcome of private ownership. If you wish to retain a reputation for fairness you should in justice to the people of Lowell, as well as to the Socialists, point out the remarks you had in mind when you penned the editorial. READER.

The query of a "Reader" is hard to answer since all we had to say was: "It was a different kind of Socialism from that of Mr. Wilshire. it was the Socialism of order, the Socialism which recognizes man as the brother of man, and the sovereign creature of earth." As to Mr. Wilshire, the fact remains, that his publication is withdrawn from the second-class by order of the Postmaster-General.—Editor Lowell *Citizen.*

The above shows that at least one editor knows why CHALLENGE was suppressed. "Mr. Wilshire preached a 'different kind' of Socialism." If I preached the same kind that our mothers used I would not have incurred Madden's displeasure.

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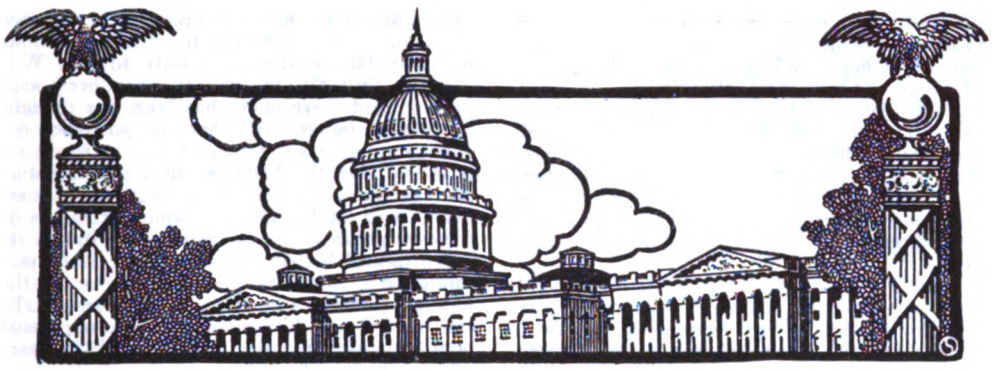
The Right of Self Defense

HOW ALGER AND WILSHIRE DIFFER.

"The right of any man to enter into a defense of his own actions can hardly be questioned," says the Detroit *Free Press*, "whether he has been accused of petty larceny or incompetence as a Secretary of War," in speaking of Alger and his book. However, when it comes to a man defending himself from a libelous attack in the Associated Press by presenting the lies alongside of the truth, Mr. Madden rules him out of the mails because he is "advertising" himself.



Some Interesting Correspondence.

October 31, 1901.

MR. C. J. LAMB, Dryden, Mich.

Sir: Your letter of the 16th instant addressed to the President, relative to the classification of THE CHALLENGE, a weekly newspaper, published at New York, N. Y., by H. Gaylord Wilshire, has been referred to this department and the Postmaster-General has directed that it be answered by this office.

In reply, you are informed that the publication was denied the second-class rates of postage upon careful consideration of the copies submitted with the application for its entry thereto.

It was found to be designed primarily to advertise Mr. Wilshire personally, and was refused admission to the second-class of mail matter under the proviso of paragraph 4, section 277, P. L. & R., which reads as follows:

"Provided, however, That nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to admit to the second-class rate regular publications, designed primarily for advertising purposes, or for free circulation, or for circulation at nominal rates."

It must not be supposed that the political doctrines advocated in the publication were considered in reaching this decision. The postoffice department has neither desire nor authority to discriminate between second-class publications on account of the editor's or publishers' political beliefs, nor does it do so.

It is proper to state here that I have not been quoted correctly in some of the statements that have been made by Mr. Wilshire in THE CHALLENGE.

Yours respectfully, EDWIN C. MADDEN,
Third Assistant Postmaster-General.

[Please state particulars, Mr. Madden.—H. G. W.]

DRYDEN, Mich., November 3, 1901.

EDWIN C. MADDEN,
Third Assistant Postmaster-General.

Dear Sir: Yours of October 31 informing me that my letter of October 16 to the President, in regard to THE CHALLENGE case, had been by him referred to the postoffice department and that the Postmaster-General has directed your office to answer the same, is at hand.

You state in your letter that "It (THE CHALLENGE) was found to be designed to advertise Mr. Wilshire personally." That was your judgment from which I am informed no appeal lies. Thus it seems, that under the laws of the United States, it is the absolute prerogative of one partisan holding a commission to summarily suppress an opposition paper on that or any other pretext, whatsoever. I hope I am misinformed on this point and that no such arbitrary power actually exists in this country.

You found THE CHALLENGE to be designed to advertise Mr. Wilshire personally. In this you are certainly in error. Mr. Wilshire has been a Socialist for some fifteen years. He is, I believe, fully in accord with the sentiment heading an article on President Roosevelt, by John Brisben Walker (who is also a Socialist and a man of wealth) in the November *Cosmopolitan* (which I think was first framed by Theodore Roosevelt), and which reads:

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the greatest sport the world knows."

In this fight for what he believes to be right Mr. Wilshire adopted in THE CHALLENGE a simple, honest, artistic, new and most effective literary style. He spoke in his paper as one man to another, not hiding his personality, not expressing his opinion as from behind a veil, which is the style of past generations, but plainly as the knowledge, experience and opinion of one man—himself. He wrote in the first person singular, instead of the first person plural. He said plain, honest, definite "I" instead of the mystifying, indefinite "We," and upon this THE CHALLENGE stands convicted without appeal.

I am a Socialist—the woods are getting full

of them, and your order as to THE CHALLENGE will result, unintentionally on your part, but nevertheless effectively, in making more of them. "'Twas ever thus."

I say that Socialism is growing wonderfully fast. To this end Mr. Wilshire has contributed much through his paper, but not more than you yourself have unintentionally done. For people will misconstrue your motives and set down as persecution what you apparently only intended to be an act of honest official duty.

I have been a reader of THE CHALLENGE for many months. No paper, magazine or review equalled it in my estimation. I saw in it rare literary merit directed to the accomplishment of most worthy objects. I regret that I have been deprived of its weekly visits and that there should be cause even for suspicion that the paper has been unfairly dealt with by the postal authorities and I hope that you will, on fuller consideration, reverse your former decision. Yours truly,

C. J. LAMB.

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Post-Office Ruling Not Arbitrary.

The Facts in the Case—Public Not Indifferent to Really Arbitrary Actions on the Part of Its Servants.

Special Correspondence of *The Evening Post.*

Washington, Oct. 28.—A letter from H. Gaylord Wilshire, of New York, speaking of the extremity of public feeling aroused by the assassination of President McKinley, says:

I myself have been unfortunate enough to have been swept away by this wave passing over the country for the suppression of a free press. Mr. Madden, the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, has refused my weekly paper CHALLENGE the privileges of second-class matter, owing to what he calls the exaggerated "advertising of ideas." However, I suppose you have noticed the episode, as it has been sent all over the country by the Associated Press. I have seen no comment from you, and I am, therefore, taking the liberty of drawing the matter to your attention. The particular point I wish to bring out is that notwithstanding that, according to the Associated Press report, this was a palpable suppression of free speech, there was not a single comment from any Republican or Democratic journal in the country condemnatory of the action. It strikes me that this is most significant as expressing the general feeling in this country of indifference to any such arbitrary actions on the part of our officials. I am not now entering into the justice or injustice of Madden's ruling that advertising ideas and advertising soap are essentially the same business. I am simply noting that the press of the country, being quite ignorant of the facts of the case more than that the paper had been suppressed for "expressing ideas," took no offence at the act.

The case of THE CHALLENGE is by no means unfamiliar here, but the question is whether the country is indifferent to arbitrary actions by its public servants, or only to Mr. Wilshire. THE CHALLENGE has not been suppressed, and there never has been any thought of suppressing it. All that the postoffice department has even intimated that it might do is to say that Mr. Wilshire shall pay the same postage on each copy of his paper as a merchant does on his monthly announcements of the new goods he has on hand, or a library on its periodical list of books received. If he is a millionaire, as he is described to be in the newspaper notices he is so fond of quoting, he can hardly rank himself among the oppressed poor, at any rate. Had a paper of any presumptive general public interest or value been excluded from the pound-postage privilege, no matter what political or social philosophy it advocated, there would have gone up a very vigorous protest from the reputable press throughout the country. But that the postoffice department is not disposed to exclude such is shown by the fact that Isaak's Chicago paper, *Free Society*, though published in advocacy of the discredited doctrines of Anarchism, is likely to be admitted to the second-class mail. The difference between the two sheets is that Wilshire's appears to be published primarily in Wilshire's personal interest, while Isaak's is plainly the organ of a philosophical propaganda, however unreasonable and perverse its theories may seem to the majority of good citizens.

The story of the Wilshire case is very simple, and is interesting because typical of a class, all of which will probably be dealt with on the same basis. THE CHALLENGE was published originally in Los Angeles. This fall it was removed to New York, and, under the universal rule, was required to apply afresh for admission to the second-class privilege. The first number issued at New York was that for September 11, of which a copy was attached to the application and submitted in due form for inspection at Washington. The first article in this number is "A National Condition," by H. Gaylord Wilshire. The second is "On the Rostrum Again," and consists of a list of the lecture dates of H. Gaylord Wilshire. The third is "A Letter from Hyndman," beginning: "H. Gaylord Wilshire, Esq., Dear Wilshire," etc. There are a few clipped extracts from newspapers and magazines, and a part of a column of advertising, including "Sending for a five-color Wilshire poster. Out in about two weeks"; and then we reach the editorial page, headed "CHALLENGE. Weekly: $1 a year. H. Gaylord Wilshire." The editorial leader is a salutatory, beginning with the paragraph:

THE CHALLENGE is to-day published for the first time in New York City, and as a consequence is going before a large number of benighted people, who are in blissful, or otherwise, ignorance of the existence not only of THE CHALLENGE itself, but even of its remarkable and distinguished editor, myself, H.

Gaylord Wilshire. It is in order, therefore, to explain why I and it are here.

The explanation consists of a long and wordy talk about what H. Gaylord Wilshire thinks, and has said, and has done, his challenges to various eminent men to debate with him—all declined, be it remarked—and finally a list of the cities where he has delivered, or is soon to deliver, his lecture. Another editorial article describes the great demand for H. Gaylord Wilshire as a public speaker, which can better be satisfied from New York than from California as a point of departure. The next article is one and one-half columns long, carries the heading, "The Trust Question Was Discussed Last Night at Cook's Park by H. Gaylord Wilshire. A Large Audience Out to Hear Him. Says Ship of State is in Social Niagara," and begins: "There was a large crowd out last night to hear H. Gaylord Wilshire, of Los Angeles, lecture," etc.

The two pages which follow are almost entirely filled with letters from various friends to "Dear Mr. Wilshire," or "H. Gaylord Wilshire, Dear Comrade," or "H. Gaylord Wilshire, Dear Sir." This class of communications is continued on page 15. On the sixteenth and last page are a poem copied from an exchange, with comments by "H. G. W." as long as the verses; an extract from an Evansville newspaper headed, "Must Be Death or Socialism," and telling how "H. Gaylord Wilshire, of California, a Socialist," addressed a good-sized audience so-and-so, a clipping from a Haverhill newspaper about the campaign, a prominent feature of which is a promise that "one of the first speakers to be heard . . . will be H. Gaylord Wilshire, of California," and a paragraph from a Toledo newspaper announcing that "H. Gaylord Wilshire . . . will address the citizens" so-and-so.

Now, all this is perfectly harmless, of course, but the question before the postoffice department was why a weekly devoted thus chiefly to "booming" H. Gaylord Wilshire should receive the subsidy which Congress votes indirectly to periodicals designed to convey new information and instruction to the public at large. So the postmaster at New York was ordered to withhold the pound-rate privilege till Mr. Wilshire could show that his print came within its legitimate scope. He applied for a hearing, and received one, which, from all accounts, was friendly and respectful, but the suspension still continues under the act of March 3, 1879, which rules out publications "designed primarily for advertising purposes." If the editor is yet able to prove the Department's adverse presumption unjust, the suspension will be revoked; but successive issues of the paper bear the same ear-mark as the one on which the temporary exclusion was made. Nothing has yet been done toward ascertaining whether it has a bona-fide subscription list; that may come later, though no one at the Department will discuss the possibility.

When your correspondent showed the Third Assistant Postmaster-General Mr. Wilshire's reference to his "ruling that advertising ideas and advertising soap are essentially the same business," Mr. Madden responded that he had made no such ruling, and that he had even forgotten that he had suggested such a simile in his conversation with Mr. Wilshire, though he may have said in a playful way that if a periodical were "designed primarily for advertising purposes," the subject of its advertising might be men, or ideas, or soap—such a consideration would not affect the main fact. "From that general proposition," he added, "I have seen no reason to recede."

The decision in the H. Gaylord Wilshire matter will probably be reached in a day or two. F. E. L.

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Safer With a Private Corporation.

It is absurd to talk about the "freedom of the press" in a country where one man by a stroke of the pen can suppress any paper which he desires to suppress.

The rights and liberties of the people would be far safer with the postoffice department operated as a private business for private profit by a private corporation, than with it operated by a government owned by corporations and politicians.

If the postoffice were operated by a private corporation for private profit, that corporation would at least be amenable to the courts, and there would sometimes be a chance to secure redress of a wrong.

But with the postoffice operated by a government which is owned by corporations and politicians, the corporations and politicians are backed with the power of the government, and there is no chance for redress.

If we would preserve free speech and a free press let the people get together and secure public ownership of government.—*New Era*, Springfield, Ohio.

☆ ☆ ☆

Ambrose Bierce Said:

"It is long since I entertained a doubt of Mr. Markham's eventual primacy among contemporary American poets. He is every year taking wider outlooks from 'the peaks of song'—has already got well above the fools' paradise of flowers and song-birds and bees and women, and is invading the 'thrilling region' of the cloud, the cliff, and the eagle, whence one looks down upon man and out upon the world. . . . If it seems a little exacting to compare Mr. Markham's blank verse with that of Milton—the only poet who has ever mastered that medium in English—I can only say that the noble simplicity and elevation of Mr. Markham's work are such as hardly justify his admeasurement by any standard lower than the highest we have."

Socialism in Europe

(Translated for Wilshire Magazine by Agnes Wakefield.)

A correspondent in Copenhagen gives the *Frankfurter Zeitung* (The Frankfort Journal) the following news: When the recent change was made in the ministry of Denmark, a peasant, Ole Hansen, member of the Folkething, was appointed Minister of Agriculture.

Ole Hansen was recently visited by a journalist who found him at work on his farm, which is not more than 66 morgen in extent.

The minister attends, as formerly, to the work in the fields, the care of the animals, etc. His son works with other peasants on the paternal farm and receives weekly wages, which will not be in the least increased because his father has been exalted to the government of the country.

"I am a peasant," Ole Hansen said to the journalist, "and I do not want to change my way of living because they have made me a minister; I work in my spare time, and when I leave the government I shall go back to my farming."

A PEASANT MINISTER.

[From *Sempre Avanti* (Forward Forever), the Socialist fortnightly of Turin, Italy.]

In the Ministerial Cabinet of Denmark, a peasant, Hansen, has been appointed Minister of Agriculture, he is more of a Socialist than a Democrat, he energetically opposes the tyranny of the reactionists, and has been sentenced several times for offending the king.

Hansen is exceedingly popular and has the reputation of being a man of great judgment and ability.

CRIME AND SOCIALISM.

Vorwarts (Forward), the Socialist daily of Berlin, has compared the statistics of the Socialist vote with the statistics of crime, and has obtained results that are truly remarkable.

In almost every case, where there is a small number of crimes, there is a large number of Socialist votes, so that it almost establishes an inverse proportion between these two classes of statistics.

Thus it is seen that Saxony, the state in which the per cent. of Socialist votes is the highest (49.6), occupies the last place in the decreasing scale of crime; while Bavaria, which has the lowest per cent. of Socialist votes (18.1), has the largest number of crimes.

Between these two extremes the scale, although not proceeding with perfect regularity, keeps that proportion,—except in the states of the north where the diffusion of Socialism seems counterbalanced by the influence of large cities with their high number of crimes, especially of theft, frequent where there is a crowded population.

Similar results are obtained in the examination of the Prussian provinces; the eastern provinces, Posen, West Prussia, etc., head the list in the highest criminality, and stand last in the diffusion of Socialism.

SOCIALIST VICTORIES IN ITALY.

In Italy since the last parliamentary elections, which were held in June of 1900, and in which the former number of Socialist members of Parliament was doubled, the progress of Socialism has been very rapid. There are now twenty-nine Socialist members of Parliament, not counting Hon. Professor Errico De Marinis, who calls himself an independent Socialist, and omitting the two candidates whose election was contested and who, therefore, were not seated. Since that great parliamentary victory which

convinced the people that a new era of progress has begun in Italy, so many new sections of the Socialist Party have been established, the work of organizing the peasants and all classes of workers, women as well as men, has been carried on with such success, the strike movement has been so wide-spread, so many pamphlets and books have been published, and there have been so many triumphs in municipal elections that only daily papers can adequately keep up the chronicle.

During the summer the Socialist members of Parliament and the other speakers of the party have been busy throughout Italy and in Switzerland, while several have given lectures in other countries of Europe. For the work of propaganda never stops, and while Parliament has its vacation, municipal elections are being held in Italy.

Under the new government, the more liberal regime has made Socialist propaganda and labor organization much easier; while formerly the officers in authority often made it difficult for the Socialists to hold meetings and often prohibited open air lectures, this summer many meetings have been held in the squares out of doors, and some in public school buildings, libraries, etc.

To give an idea of this progress, as chronicled in *Avanti*, the Socialist daily of Rome, in the last ten weeks from July 4th to September 12th, there have been the following Socialist victories in the municipal elections of seventeen towns of Italy:

At Aquila, in the general administrative elections, the entire Socialist ticket was successful. In the preceding common council there were seven Socialists. This time fourteen new Socialist councillors were elected, with ten Republicans and Democrats, and only six Monarchists.

At Bordighera, there is great rejoicing among the Socialists for all their candidates were elected, although the conservative parties had united to oppose them.

At Bruno, in Piedmont, the campaign was very exciting. The Socialists worked honorably, carrying on the best propaganda with the help of Comrades Felice Brogni and Hon. Annibale Vigna. The Monarchists made use of corruption, violence, and threats.

Four Socialists and four Conservatists were elected.

At Canicatti, three Socialists were elected. Comrade Cigno headed the list of fifteen councillors.

At Castelfidardo the ticket of the allied people's parties triumphed with a magnificent vote. Comrade Mario Brandoni headed the list of the elected officers.

At Forli the first sitting of the common council, with the newly elected members, was held the first week of September.

All the new officers are either Republicans or Socialists. The mayor is a Republican lawyer. The assessors are four Republicans and two Socialists, Dr. Edgardo Masini and Arturo Zambianchi; the assistant assessors are one Republican and one Socialist, Dr. Riccardo Gregorini. The board of charities has five Republicans and two Socialists.

The Socialists of Forli are very active and publish a party journal.

At Imola, in the partial administrative elections, the entire ticket of the people's parties was successful with a majority of a hundred votes against the alliance of the clericals and the Conservatists.

Hon. Andrea Costa headed the list of the successful Socialists. Twelve Socialists were elected, and four Democrats. The different professions and trades are well represented, for the twelve Socialists elected are: A member of Parliament, a physician, an attorney, a merchant, a tradesman, two bookkeepers, a mason, a barber, a butcher, a knife and instrument grinder, and an unspecified employee.

Imola is a strong Socialist centre, for it is the birthplace and the parliamentary district of one of the most influential leaders of the Socialist Party, Hon. Andrea Costa. He is fifty years of age and has been a member of the Italian Parliament longer than any

other Socialist. He has served during seven terms.

At Macerata, the candidates of the people's parties obtained a very large majority. Three Socialists were elected.

At Orbetello, the people's ticket supported by the Socialists was entirely successful.

At Portomaggiore, south of Venice, in the province of Ferrara, the Socialists won a great victory in the administrative elections.

After the report of the commission, which was a criticism and a denunciation of the former administration, the new Socialist candidates were inaugurated.

No Monarchists, three Democrats, and twenty-seven Socialists were elected.

Comrade Carpoforo, the correspondent of *Avanti,* was unanimously elected mayor.

At Potenza, in the elections for new members of half the common council, the Socialists, Professor D'Errico and Comrade Manta, a carpenter, were elected. The majority was won by the Democrats.

At Prato the people's parties, Republicans and Socialists, won a victory with their entire ticket of sixteen candidates.

At Quaranti, near Genoa, in the administrative elections two Socialists were successful. This is a great encouragement, as Quaranti was formerly a centre of conservatism and political corruption, and it was only last March, in the provincial elections, that a section of the Socialist Party was organized there.

At San Felice sul Panaro, in spite of the alliance of all the conservative forces, from the clericals to the radicals, the Socialists won a complete and brilliant victory. The entire Socialist ticket was elected. This triumph is remarkable in a town which has long been a stronghold of provincial fogyism.

At San Remo, in the partial administrative elections, the Socialists obtained a large majority. Twelve Socialists were elected, and only two reactionists.

This success is very encouraging, for the reactionists had enrolled four hundred new voters this year, many of whom were not legally entitled to vote, particularly a large number of army officers.

At the Socialist meeting held on the eve of election, six thousand persons thronged the public square, illuminated with electricity, to hear Hon. Angiolo Cabrini, Socialist member of Parliament. He is professor of literature, and in 1894, when Socialists were persecuted, he went an exile to Switzerland and taught in Mendrisio. Last year he was elected to Parliament from the district of Milan; he is one of the youngest members, being only a little over thirty years of age. This spring, during the teachers' convention in Rome, he was very active in the national organization of the elementary teachers of Italy, on the same plan as the labor unions.

At Stradella all the eight candidates of the people's parties were elected, with a majority of about one hundred votes over the allied clericals and conservatists. Among the four Socialists elected there is a peasant.

The common council of Stradella is now composed of twelve "seditious" and eight reactionist members.

At Udine, a city of 23,200 inhabitants, in northeast Italy, the people's parties (Socialist and Republicans) triumphed over the monarchists by a majority of five hundred votes.

In connection with the foregoing Socialist victories in municipal elections, it is of interest to notice the proportion of votes in some of the large labor organizations that have recently elected new officers.

At Rome the election of the executive committee of the Labor Union was held in August. Only 2,528 of the members voted, which shows great negligence. The new executive committee consists of five Republicans, three Anarchists, and three Socialists. It is said that the Republicans and Anarchists formed an alliance. The Socialists are urging the need of greater activity and watchfulness on the part of their comrades in the union.

In the August elections of the "Cooperative Union of Railroad Employees"

of Turin, the Socialists received 332 votes and the so-called "progressive" candidates obtained 296 votes.

In the "General Association of Workingmen" of Turin, the Socialists received 757 votes and the "progressive conservatives" 647 votes, which gave the Socialists a majority of 110 votes.

The administrative council of the "Co-operative Union of Railroad Employees" is composed of seven Socialists and one "progressive" member.

The council of the "General Association of Workingmen" has a majority of Socialists.

Thus both of these important unions, in Turin, are under Socialist control.

AN ITALIAN SOCIALIST'S VACATION

This summer Hon. Enrico Ferri, Socialist member of the Parliament of Italy, went for his vacation with his wife and children to the city of Aquila, in the province of Abruzzi, east of Rome.

He was immediately pursued by numerous and urgent requests to give Socialist lectures, and to wage polemics with Republicans.

But he had already chosen, or there had been imposed on him, for his vacation amusement, the preparation of a new edition of one of his books, on "The Negation of the Freedom of the Will," for which the publisher was clamoring, and other writings planned out but not completed. So, as he expressed it, he was off for "a vacation under an avalanche of delayed scientific work."

But he is of too genial a nature to resist the appeals of his comrades, who urged that the harvests were ripe and all that was necessary to secure them was the support of his eloquence. So he had to make the compromise of resting from his writing by giving Socialist lectures, and of resting from his Socialist lectures by writing.

This prudent arrangement casts a beautiful light on his devotion to Socialism, but it necessarily left him little time for lounging in the shade or reclining in a hammock. The result was that he lectured in every nook and corner of the province.

He gave his earnest co-operation to the campaign in Aquila. The general administrative elections for the appointment of thirty common councillors were held in Aquila in August. For more than two weeks, the opposing parties carried on a vigorous campaign; on the people's side the ticket had fourteen Socialist candidates and ten Republicans and Democrats, while on the other ticket the Monarchists were united with the clericals, the Free Masons, and the Reactionists.

The great event, preceding the elections, was a debate held between the Monarchists and the Socialists before an audience of 7,000 persons; Lawyer Vincenzo Camerini upheld the government party, while Comrade Francesco Donatelli championed the cause of the Socialists. Hon. Enrico Ferri closed the debate with surpassing brilliancy and power.

The result of the elections was awaited with great excitement. When the ballots were counted and it was declared that all the fourteen Socialist candidates had been elected, with ten Republicans and Democrats, and only six Monarchists, there was great rejoicing among the Socialists. The working people held high jubilee, and bands of musicians marched through the streets.

The leaders of the local reaction, Comm. Tedeschi and Cav. Visconti, who are the president and vice-president of the Monarchist committee, were among the unsuccessful candidates. The aristocrats that for thirty years have tyrannized over Aquila are completely defeated.

The evening after election, in the Palace of the Exposition, the Socialists held a great festival in honor of Enrico Ferri.

A correspondent of *Avanti* writes that the two months spent by Hon. Ferri in Aquila were very beneficial to the cause of Socialism. Every week he gave Socialist lectures. He often spoke in the public squares. Thousands of peasants, men and women, gathered to hear him; he was applauded and honored by all classes of the people. Many were converted to Socialism.

The down-trodden slaves of the bakeries of Aquila struck because some of the employers had not kept their agreements. The presence of Hon. Ferri was a benediction on their righteous uprising. He gave a lecture on "The Wonders of the Nineteenth Century," with an admission fee for the benefit of the strikers, in the Morno Theatre; crowds of people thronged to hear him and to help the poor bakery workers.

Except when indulging in such a summer "rest" as has just been described, Hon. Ferri is busy with his duties as Socialist member of Parliament, as professor of criminal law in the University of Rome, and also in the new University of Brussels, as editor of the review *Scuola Penale Positiva* (The School of Positive Criminology), as lecturer and propangandist, as author of pamphlets and books on criminology, prison reform, the labor question, and Socialism, and as contributor to numerous Italian and foreign journals and reviews.

During the revolts of the starving people in 1898, when nearly all the other Socialist leaders, including the editors, were imprisoned, he became temporary editor of the party organ *Avanti*, the Socialist daily of Rome. The government was trying to crush *Avanti*, as well as to crush the Socialist Party; there were often whole columns of blank space where articles had been censored, but it did not suspend publication, for Hon. Ferri and his friends kept it alive to the great joy of Socialists everywhere, for it is one of the best journals in the world. When the police began seizing *Avanti* and frightening the newsdealers, Hon. Ferri told them that such tricks would do no good, and he declared that if they intimidated the newsdealers, he and the other Socialist members of Parliament that were still at liberty, would go into the streets and sell their journal with their own hands! And they did so, until the astounded police backed down.

So you see that after his own fashion, Hon. Ferri actually took a vacation this summer—for he was doing nothing but working on his writings and giving Socialist lectures all over the province of Abruzzi.

But it is not so aristocratic and high-toned as the vacations of the so-called "leaders of society," who have to rest from their labors of doing nothing but amuse themselves in idleness in the city all winter, by amusing themselves in idleness for the rest of the year in the mountains or at the seashore.

The first week of September, Hon. Ferri was on his way to attend the International Congress of Anthropology and Criminology at Amsterdam. His route was through Venice, Trieste, Muggia, and Vienna. He is giving lectures on the way. He speaks French fluently, as years ago he studied law in Paris, so in the cities where there are many French people, he lectures in that language.

He is making a study of the labor organizations of Austria, Belgium, Holland, France, and Switzerland.

HONORS GIVEN THE SOCIALIST PROFESSORS LOMBROSO AND FERRI BY THE INTERNATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL CONGRESS AT AMSTERDAM.

Amsterdam, Sept. 10th (telegram to *Avanti* of Rome.) Yesterday the fifth International Congress of Anthropology was opened with official delegates from nearly all governments except, as usual, Italy. [Is it because the Italian Monarchy does not wish to send official delegates, as her greatest anthropologists are Socialists? Translator.] But, in compensation, many Italians are celebrated as the founders and promulgators of the new doctrines.

As is well known, the first Anthropological Congress was held at Rome in 1885, which is consistent with the Italian origin of the new science. The second Congress was held at Paris in 1889, the third at Brussels (which had little success on account of the absence of the Italians, who were not in harmony with the organization committee), the fourth was held at Geneva in 1896, and ended with the complete victory of the Italian school.

Yesterday, the opening of the fifth Congress of Anthropology and Criminology celebrated a new triumph for Italian science.

President Vanhamel proclaimed Italy the cradle of the new science, which is to unite the defense of society with the education of the individual.

Among the presidents chosen by the Congress, our Cesare Lombroso and Enrico Ferri were elected with loud and unanimous applause.

After the inauguration, Cesare Lombroso gave an address on "New Scientific Discoveries." He was warmly appreciated.

Enrico Ferri was then called to preside over the Congress. He was received with a long ovation, for which he expressed his thanks, and then gave an address in which he declared that the aim of science is international union.

(From the September 11th issue of *Avanti* [Forward], the Socialist daily of Rome, Italy.)

Father McGrady's Latest.

Bellevue, Ky., Oct. 31, 1901.

Editor *News*, Dayton, O.

In your issue of the 17th inst. you state that I am a conceited and shallow fanatic, and claim that I do not understand the first principles of the competitive system. You laud the mental triumphs of the individual, and ignore the potency of the social mind. Phidias was a great artist because Greece was great. The achievements of Praxiteles were merely the expressions of the national genius. I hold that our competitive system has destroyed more lives, blighted more hopes and crushed more hearts than any other cause in the history of the world, and I defy you to meet me in public debate on this question.

Respectfully,

T. McGRADY.

☆ ☆ ☆

No accidents are so unlucky but that the prudent may draw some advantage from them.—Rochefoucald.

A Real Letter from Home.

THE COMMERCIAL TRIBUNE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19

The Socialistic Malady of Egotism.

Dayton, Ohio.

HON. GAYLORD WILTSHIRE, the Socialist millionaire, in his now defunct Challenge, quotes Father McGrady as having once said:

Every one who understands the evils of the competitive system is a cold-blooded murderer if he supports this system, for his vote indorses and perpetuates the darkest iniquities that ever made angels weep. The triumph of the Democratic or Republican party means death and desolation to the toilers, and the assassin of King Humbert (or McKinley) is an angel of innocence compared to those who (understanding the viciousness of the competitive system) elect Bryan or McKinley.

It is quite plain that Wiltshire inserted the name of McKinley and the phrase that follows it a little further on, so as to show the deadly logic of the McGrady screed. The context shows that the utterance dates back to either the campaign of 1896 or that of 1900. This attempt on the part of Wiltshire to force a brother Socialist into the attitude of a traitor to the United States Government, as well as an anarchist on general principles, is characteristic of this raving sect; and yet they are just now howling dolefully in protest against being classed with anarchists and abettors of political assassination. The Challenge adds the following explanatory comment:

As nobody understands the evils except the Socialists, and as no Socialist votes anything but the Socialist ticket, Father McGrady does not denounce as many as first appears, after all.

This is a worthy comrade's plea in extenuation of an utterance full of treason, an approval of political assassinations. Wiltshire assumes that none but Socialists have brains enough to understand the existing social and industrial situation. In his dense conceit he makes a lofty pretense of magnanimity toward these benighted millions who still honestly believe in the American system of government.

That Wiltshire's egotism has got control of him, in the form of pitiful hallucinations, is apparent in all his utterances. This strange infatuation is growing on him, and threatens to land him shortly in a state of helpless imbecility. Note the following from an editorial leader in the last issue of the Challenge:

Challenge is today published for the first time in New York City, and, as a consequence, is going before a large number of benighted people, who are in blissful, or otherwise, ignorance of the existence not only of Challenge itself, but even of its remarkable and distinguished editor, myself, H. Gaylord Wiltshire. It is in order, therefore, to explain why I and it are here. I might as well say at once, with no beating around the bush, that I publish Challenge in order to voice my own views upon political questions, and that I consider these views as the only ones worth your while to hold. I also feel confident that you yourself will think so too after you read this paper.

But to go back to McGrady:

This priest seems little behind Wiltshire in his self-worship. He imagines he is far wiser than all the learned Bishops, Archbishops, Cardinals—even the venerable Pope himself. This intense self-consciousness appears to be one of the logical results of espousing the doctrines of Socialism. Why any belief should thus affect men's brains is a little hard to understand, unless it is explained in this way: That when a man—even an intelligent man—falls into error, believes in it sincerely, and thenceforth seeks to impress it upon others; when he fails with the vast majority, and succeeds only in stirring up millions in opposition, he must either begin to suspect that he is wrong or to believe that the great bulk of mankind are fools for not adopting his vagaries. Now, observe that thenceforth his life becomes mainly self-contemplative, and only incidentally devoted to enforcing his convictions upon his fellows. Being in error, he makes slow progress. Being intensely sincere, his prejudice rapidly progresses into a crase or fanaticism. All these incidents tend to make him believe that he is quite isolated in the matter of brain quality; that is, that he is virtually alone in the possession of pure wisdom. His egotism grows apace, until he finally thinks—like Wiltshire, like McGrady, like Dowie and like the late unlamented Oscar Wilde—that he is the only person on earth who is "next" to God Almighty, or even superior to all deities, real or imaginary.

It is a malady that might fittingly be called egomania. Dowie, quite evidently, is sincere in thinking himself a second Elijah, or the vicegerent of Christ. Wiltshire, no doubt, really imagines that he has the brains of the world. Because certain celebrities have refused to debate with him he concludes that they fear to meet him. The same is true of McGrady. Because the Archbishops of the Catholic Church ignore his challenges he fancies they dread to meet him in the arena of debate.

Perhaps the most lamentable and pitiful result of such fatuous presumption is that their victims generally contrive to muster a more or less numerous following. And this discipleship is not always confined to the ignorant and depraved classes, either. Quite too often do we find people of intelligence and education trooping after the most dangerous cranks, and thus demonstrating that even a "brilliant mind" is not always supplemented with the grace of common sense.

Ell Hector.

Dayton, O.

The Rights of Public Property.

Rev. William Barry, in The Forum.

The religious changes of the sixteenth century had, among other consequences, that of throwing the individual back on his own centre, or the introduction of social atomism. The modern Christian seems to have followed Constantine's satirical advice to a dissident bishop, to take a ladder and climb up to Heaven by himself. The church, formerly held to be necessary for salvation, has come to be regarded by numbers as a sort of joint-stock company, in which they may take shares if they choose, and from which they can draw out when it pleases them. But from the assertion, "I am the church," to the parallel assertion, "I am the state," is only a step. The dissolution of the religion organism into a chaos of opinions has involved to the wreck of the state among warring interests, and the very scope and meaning of civil society has been forgotten. To Aristotle as to Plato, to the lofty mind of Edmund Burke as to the philosophers of the earlier Christian schools, it was a familiar thought that society is a living organism of which all the parts are successively means and ends. But Rousseau, and with him the eighteenth century, held it to be a mechanism, or something even lower—an artificial convention due to a compact; and Carlyle, observing the facts, and contemptuous of Rousseau, was forced on viewing the phenomena around him, to sum them up as "anarchy plus the policeman." Hence no doubt it was that Adam Smith, in constructing his political economy, took note of the policeman and assigned him wages, but otherwise overlooked the organism as non-existent. He dealt instead with that unreal thing, the atomic individual, and arrived at "natural liberty," free competition, and the economic struggle for existence, as the only conclusions which his premises would warrant. Adam Smith, Malthus, Darwin, these are the great names that stand for a view of man's purpose and destiny, wherein the organism, physical or social, is sacrificed to contending atoms, to the unchecked and *acosmic* warfare of individuals one with another, while

"Chaos umpire sits and more embroils
the fray."

On the supposition of atomism, be it economic, religious or biological, harmonious issues are a mere accident; there is no explanation of them; and constantly recurring crises, or crashes, testify more and more, that as the combat goes on, the confusion becomes inextricable. Society splits up into factions without principle; competition creates "rings" and "corners"; religion, degraded to a sentiment, changes like the wind; individuals are "exploiters" or "exploited," wolves or sheep; patriotism dies out; no man is his brother's keeper; and the aim of public as of private life is to snatch and steal, to plunder by legal methods, to be celebrated as a "mighty marauder of the money market." Society, meantime, staggers onward to the abyss, and *litterateurs,* like M. Renan, assure us with a smile that we live in the decadence of civilization, and that the nineteenth century, though not a great age is, to make amends, a most amusing one. "*Ludibria rerum humanarum,*" said Tacitus, "What a farce the world is!"

A very terrible farce, we may be sure, played over the bottomless pit. If each man will live for himself, if "altruism is a mere fad," if we may all take pattern, in our small way, by the giant monopolists, and believe that society has "rights for us," but no rights *in* us, the consummation will hardly be the progress of the species, but rather

its decline and relapse into the lowest state of barbarism. The struggle for wealth is turning out barbarians by the million, on a large scale, in fact, as any other products of our expensive machinery. Competition, governed by no higher principle than the "higgling of the market," creates poverty, drunkenness, vice, physical degradation, bestial indifference to every human good. The abundance which ought to feed human good is choking it. The "labor market" has taken the place of the slave market, and men, women, and children are sold every day. But observe that their purchaser does not feel bound to keep them alive and in working condition, as the slave law compelled him of old. They may die as fast as they please, the supply will not run short. He has, in slang phrase, to "make his pile," and they, unhappy wretches, have to make their living—two utterly different things which stand in inverse ratio the one to the other. The slave, at least, belonged to somebody, and though his master might flog him, he was also expected to feed him. But the wage-earner comes cheaper than the slave. He belongs to nobody. His fee simple in our magnificent social progress is but a "contingent remainder" in the workhouse, where no useful work is ever done, lest it should increase the competition outside and so multiply paupers. The great host of the proletariat are told that for them there is no such thing as a right to work; much less have they a right to eat. All they have is a right to "go into the labor market," there to sell mind and muscle for what they will fetch; and if the market is overstocked and capital shy or unwilling, they may betake themselves to the public highway, being careful to move on, and ring at the gate of the almshouse, where they can have imprisonment gratis until they choose to try the market once again.

"We have heard all this before," the reader may exclaim impatiently. "Who has not read Carlyle, Ruskin, Karl Marx, and the rest of that lugubrious tribe, preaching in sackcloth and ashes against industrialism and civilization? Can you go no further than to repeat their lamentations?" I reply, in the first place, that a truth does not lose by repetition. And, in the second, that a *reductio ad absurdum* is a very forcible and perfectly legitimate method of argument, not only in mathematics, but in morals. Economic science is a branch of morals. If *laissez faire,* free competition, and absolute private ownership of land and the means of production be moral methods of dealing with "wealth," their results ought not to be ruinous to society from top to bottom, as we see they are. Political economy is not a dismal science. It is, I hold, a science full of hope as of encouragement, when built on a sound basis. But individualism is an unsound basis, and the edifice which has been raised upon it is now tottering to its fall. You do not care to be told for the thousandth time that "modern society is an inverted pyramid." You think it is by no means a comfortable doctrine. It is not a comfortable doctrine; quite the contrary. Neither millionaires nor mechanics will find a market on the morning of the day of judgment. But I never heard that tabooing unpleasant contingencies was the best way of meeting them. Neither can the social question be any longer tabooed. It walks the street in every tramp and loafer and industrious idle workman that rubs against us or asks for a copper. It sits at the well-furnished table of the rich, and pointing to their luxuries gathered from east and west, inquires how they come to be here, and whose labor produced them. It shivers by the empty stove, and complains that coal is so dear because of "over-production," that only the better sort of workmen get it in by the hundred-weight. It looked at me yesterday out of the failing eyes and wasted countenance of an old woman whose well-nigh seventy years of toil had given her no claim to the cottage she lived in, no morsel of bread for her paralyzed husband, no rest from hard work, but only a parish dole, which she had to justify every month, before the guardians of the poor, by stripping bare her decent misery.

That is not an isolated instance. Our villages in England teem with them. And what are we to say of "Horrible Glasgow," "Black Liverpool," "Outcast London," and the other prisons of humankind the depths of whose infamies no man can sound? No, the social question is not to be wrapped away in an economical or sentimental winding sheet. That foolish old Hindoo custom of sitting in *dharna,* of starving at the gate of your creditor till he pays you what he owes, may be looked upon as typical of our present condition. The outcast multitude can protest in no other way. But they can starve on the doorstep of society. And they are starving.

Is there any remedy for these things? Have the overruling powers decreed iniquity by a law, and revealed it to bourgeois economists? Or must we not rather seek the cause of our present and most reasonable discontents in the fact that society has abdicated nearly all its functions, except collecting taxes and maintaining the police and the military? In England, the process of disintegration does not seem to have gone so far as in the American Union. A growing series of acts interfering with or limiting the omnipotence of private ownership, whether as regards land, labor, or capital, bears witness in the English statute book to an awakening sense that public rights exist, over and above the rights of the individual. It is an axiom of English law that no man, be he prince or peasant, holds land exempt from public service. What he holds is an *estate* in land, subject to the conditions of a fief or a trust. By parity of reason, as he can never be lord or master of those things which, in the language of Aristotle and Stuart Mill, are the bounty of nature, so neither can he claim as an individual the products of collective industry, nor the value accruing by what is called "unearned increment," let it take what shape it may. The individual, as such, is entitled only to what his labor has produced. "To each," says M. Laveleye, "according to his works." That is the perfect formula of individual production. But we require to complete it by a second, which shall give to the social organism that which is inherited or has been created by the organism. In the material basis, therefore, and in the fruits of collective labor the whole people have an indefeasible right which cannot be taken from them. I need hardly warn my readers that by "the people" I do not understand the government which is but one of its functions; any more than I circumscribe it to the class of manual laborers. The "state" includes all members of the same autonomous whole, the people in their corporate capacity. And I repeat that the rights of private property must be exercised with due regard to the rights of that public property on which every commonwealth that has a real existence is established, and without which it becomes not so much a geographical expression as a figure of speech. The outward and visible sign of this public right is taxation. Its province, however, extends far beyond taxation; and the vast burden of poverty under which we are staggering is mainly due to the appropriation of public services, of social rights, by individuals who neither can nor do render an equivalent for them to their fellow citizens.

That is the meaning of monopoly. It is not a question of small shopkeepers *versus* wholesale dealers, nor of petty farmers *versus* the bonanza system; but of society *versus* those who have usurped public property and the proceeds of collective labor. Such men by virtue of the reigning individualism, make of society a milch cow, that yields them milk without any effort of theirs. They have a lien, it matters not how created, on the whole productive labor of the social organism, in which they boast themselves to be ends and not means. This applies to the modern capitalist as to the modern land-owner. Indirect taxation scarcely affects them; income tax presses with infinitely greater hardship on the professional and literary proletariat, as it has well been denominated; and the law of bequests allows them to accumulate in favor of their descendants the public services which

Providence intended for the relief of man's estate, and not for the establishment of railway or mining dynasties. Whether it be a Duke of Westminster or a Mr. Vanderbilt the Second, all candid men will admit that these highly respectable individuals have in their hands a power of milking the social cow far in excess of anything produced by their own labor, or by that of their ancestors. I read some years ago in the *Quarterly Review* an article on the "Romance and Reality of American Railroads," in which the following suggestive passage occurred:

"The sharp practice which has been associated with many of these lines at one time or another, was the work of the founders; there is no necessity for it now. The feeling of the Scotts, the Vanderbilts, the Garrets, and the Goulds will henceforth be strictly conservative. Their interests all lie in the direction of honesty."

That is to say, they have become so rich that they can afford not to steal—any more; and they mean to keep what their fathers acquired by "sharp practice." In like manner, the present estimable Duke of Richmond no longer takes toll on every ton of coal brought from Wallsend to London, as the founder of his house, Charles II.'s illegitimate son, and his successors have been wont to do. In fact, he has compounded for it to the tune of six or seven hundred thousand pounds. But it was a very pretty monopoly, which lasted over a couple of centuries; and what did it signify that Londoners had to earn the money before they could pay the duke his tax? Was not society a milch cow, once in the keeping of the "Merry Monarch"? We have seen the last of our merry monarchs, it is to be hoped. But yet monopolies have not gone out with them, nor yet with George III. They will flourish under any form of government, until the lesson is laid to heart that public property belongs to the nation and cannot be alienated. For the very reason that the state is "eminent lord," and has supreme rights over the land in which it is rooted and founded, it goes beyond all right in granting away the means and possibilities of production, a transport to irresponsible private persons and companies. Railways, roads, waterways, telegraphs, electric lighting, and all other public conveniences are, by the nature of them, due to collective industry; their final purpose is the good of the commonwealth, not the manufacture of shares or of colossal fortunes, whether by peculation or speculation. It has been said with point and brevity that "neither capital nor labor employs the other; society employs them both;" and hence that "capitalists are society's paymasters." Let us recognize that sites, soils and machinery are forms of social trusts; that labor itself becomes effective in and through the organism of which the workman is a member; and then we may safely proceed to determine the reciprocal rights or duties (in practice they amount to the same thing) of individuals toward the state, and of the state toward individuals.

I hear some one whisper "vested interests," as though the words were fatal to my contention. "It is all very well," my critic seems to say, "to talk loftily about eternal justice, the rights of the social organism, and so forth; but how will you get over the Duke of Richmond's claim to his Newcastle shilling, especially when there are as many Richmonds in the field as there are capitalists?" And then he begins to calculate what multiple of the British national debt would be required for compensation to them. But I might answer with Portia, "Soft, no haste; the Jew shall have all justice." He shall not have more than justice, however. And what that would be Mr. Stuart Mill has told us:

"The essential principle of property being to assure to all persons what they have produced by their labor and accumulated by their abstinence, this principle cannot apply to what is not the produce of labor, the raw material of the earth. If the land derived its productive powers wholly from nature, and not at all from industry, or if there were any means of discriminating what is derived

from each source, it would not only be necessary, but it would be the height of injustice, to let the gift of nature be engrossed by individuals."

Elsewhere Mr. Mill has caught sight of a second principle, embodied in his phrase of the "unearned increment" and applicable not only to land values, but to every kind of value, viz.: that human co-operation, direct and indirect, is a distinct factor, over and above individual industry, in adding to the exchangeable value of things. It must, therefore, be taken into account when we would estimate what the private man, as distinct from the social organism, is entitled to call the fruits of his labor. As a member of society, ought not the quondam capitalist to be satisfied with his proportion of the public income like the rest of the citizens? At the existing rate of production, with wealth increasing fivefold while population increases only threefold, he is sure to have abundance for all reasonable needs and enjoyments. How much more when "over-production" becomes a thing of the past. If the principle of direct compensation be admitted, what are we to say of monopolists who have usurped the public resources for a term of years and made kingdoms out of them? Is their debt to be canceled? And on which party lies the burden of restitution? One would advise the gentlemen to be content with what they have had. For our difficulties are not merely of the past. Monopoly, whether created yesterday or the heirloom of ages, is nothing less than a tax on all present and future productions of the land in which it flourishes. For what says Adam Smith?

"The annual labor of every nation is the fund which originally supplies it with all the necessaries and conveniences of life which it annually consumes, and which consist always either in the immediate produce of that labor, or in what is purchased with that produce from other nations."

Abolish the monopoly of resources now enjoyed by a few, and the nation will not be the poorer by the smallest fraction of any commodity at any moment after. But let there be a universal strike of all except the monopolists, and how long would society endure? There would be a famine in a year, in two years nakedness, and in ten the land would be a desolation. Monopoly means a present tax, as well as a past usurpation. The monopolist may also be receiving "wages of superintendence," but they are a trifling proportion of his income, and no part of his monopoly in the proper sense. It is not by any man's wages that the people are impoverished, but by this running sore of taxes handed over to private persons, to be used without regard to the social organism. What services to his country did the first Duke of Richmond perform that they should be paid for, during two centuries, at such a rate as still to be worth £6000,000 on commutation? Can we point to an equivalent in all the Westminsters, Cadogans, and Portmans united, for the rights now exercised by their descendants, over a great part of London? Has the lord of the New York Central earned by productive labor of head or hand the scores of millions with which he is armor-plated against poverty? There is only one answer to these questions. It has pleased those who had the power to decree iniquity by law. The right of private property is sacred. But the proceeds of jobbery and robbery do not stand quite on that footing. "When all the shopkeepers are reduced to half a dozen Whiteleys," says a facetious friend of mine, "we will cut off their heads and appoint managers with wages of superintendence, who shall be responsible to the republic." When, too, the funded debts of the world are held by a single Rothschild or Baring, the revolution which may be required to pay him in full need not be an earthquake. And it is possible that Americans will ask themselves by and by the reason why two or three speculators in Wall Street should carry the railway system of a continent in their breast pockets. The concentration of labor is certain to go on till it has brought all parts of the pro-

ductive machinery into the closest unity. A similar concentration may be observed in the methods of distributing what labor has created. We shall never return to the small and scattered ways of the world before steam, before the telegraph and the annihilation of distance. It is cheaper for me now to purchase what I want six or seven hundred miles away than next door. But in the center of every web of concentration I find the monopolist catching human flies and spinning gold. The concentration comes of science; the monopolist has been created by disregard of social law. What is the revolution called for, then? That individuals should be deprived of the fruits of their labor? Not in the least. But this, that the bees which make the honey should eat the honey; that all which belongs to society should be held by society; and that the fruits of collective exertion should furnish forth a common table. In a word, that public property should be employed for social uses, and the monopolies now allowed to individuals should be utterly swept away. Until these measures are taken, our rich citizens would do well to read over certain remarks of Plato which need but little alteration to be quoted here:

"What will be the manner of life among men who may be supposed to have their food and clothing provided for them, who intrusted the practice of the arts to others, and whose husbandry, committed to slaves, brings them a sufficient return? . . . To men whose lives are thus ordered, is there no work to be done necessary and fitting, but shall each of them live fattening like a beast? Such a life is neither just nor honorable; nor can he who lives it fail of meeting his due. And the due reward of the idle fatted beast is that he shall be torn in pieces by some other valiant beast, whose fatness is worn down by labors and toils."

The resumption of its economic rights by society would be, to my thinking, a more excellent way.

☆ ☆ ☆

Act so in the valley that you need not fear those who stand on the hill.—Dan.

A Free Press.

A number of papers which were not agreeable to the political ideas of the postoffice authorities have already been suppressed by the department.

These papers have not been specially those which had been guilty of "Anarchistic" sentiments. They were simply papers whose political views did not meet the approval of the autocrat of the department.

Of course the ground given for their suppression has been in each case that the paper was not published primarily for the dissemination of news and literature.

The question whether they were or were not is immaterial. The fact is, that the department and the department alone has the power to decide. If the department chooses to decide that a certain paper is not entitled to the use of the mails, that settles the matter, and the facts in the case make no difference whatever.

The important feature in the case is that the postoffice department has the absolute power to suppress, by exclusion from the mails, any paper whose circulation it does not desire.

It is not safe to put such power in the hands of any one man or of any number of men.

☆ ☆ ☆

Some Other Good Advertisers.

EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE (Nov. 12 1901)

THE NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL.
W. R. HEARST.

Ideas are the life of any business in the world. The man that has ideas is absolutely certain of employment.

The Chances of Young Men in Business.
Suggestion.

W. R. Hearst, Editor Evening Journal.

A recent article in the Evening Journal took care of the weak, idiots and insane all right: now, what about the old men OVER THIRTY?

What are you going to do with them? The railroads, express companies, telegraph companies, mail order houses and other large mercantile institutions have barred them—women and cheap alien labor have crowded out your Americans. Now are you going to stand by them or let some learned professor include them in his category of those to be quietly done away with?

F. H. L.

We doubt the accuracy of the conclusions inferred in this letter, but we print it for the sake of a suggestion it contains. We [illegible] that [illegible] a man [illegible] that [illegible] would [illegible] old is [illegible]

George's Weekly.
ESTABLISHED IN 1884 BY HERBERT GEORGE.

George's Weekly, 643 R; Herbert George, Residence, 2643;
Entered at the postoffice (Denver, Colorado) as second-class matter, DENVER, COLO., November 9, 1901

A Letter from Hyndman.

9 Queen Anne's Gate,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.
11th October, 1901.

DEAR WILSHIRE: The article which you send me in the *Sun*, on the German Social-Democratic Congress at Leipsic, is only in effect precisely the same thing that the capitalist press all over Europe has been writing on the same subject. I do not know a single capitalist paper on the Continent or in Great Britain which has not tumbled out similar nonsense in support of Bernstein endeavoring to prove that the German Social Democratic Party has entirely thrown over the teaching of Marx, and has abandoned its attitude of irreconciliable opposition to existing parties. All these journals write what they wish to be true. No better example could be given of the real fear which these capitalists' hacks feel of the Socialist movement; and, for my part, I have regarded the whole of these articles in Europe and in America as a compliment to our party. It is quite clear that papers on both sides of the Atlantic would not all write the same thing unless they were extremely anxious to discover that we had no hold upon the people.

As to the Bernstein episode in itself, it has attracted far more attention than, from most points of view, it deserves. Bernstein has no influence whatever among the rank and file of the Social Democratic Party in Germany. As a matter of fact, he is by no means a strong man, and even when he was editing the *Sozil-Demokrat* in Zurich he was not its real editor at all. He was merely a conduit-pipe through which the ideas and tactics of Marx, Engels, Liebknecht and others reached the world at large. So long as Bernstein had these men constantly at his elbow, so to say, he kept pretty straight, but when Engels died, and he was left here in England floating about on the fringe of third-rate English middle-class society, his mind became gradually saturated with the fallacies of English middle-class opinion. He became a sort of capitalistic radical, always apologizing for any defects in the capitalist system and declaring that there is at bottom none of that class antagonism which we Social-Democrats know to be inevitable under existing conditions. Not only so, but he has throughout supported the shameless policy of the Rhodes-Beit-Chamberlain gang in South Africa; has declared that English rule in India, which is manufacturing famine for 230,000,000 of people, is a beneficent Government; has never lost an opportunity of sneering at and injuring the Social-Democratic Federation; and, in point of fact, has done everything which a paid agent of the capitalist class could do to injure the principles of Social-Democracy in Great Britain. He has done this, not only by his action while he was in England in connection with Englishmen, but by deliberate lies which he sent to the *Vorwarts* as to the events which were passing in this country. This got to such a point that Liebknecht, not long before his death, gave me formal authority to repudiate Bernstein as representing in any way whatever the Social-Democratic Party of Germany in England or elsewhere. This authority I made use of, and formally repudiated Bernstein in a letter to the *Daily Chronicle*, after some more than usually flagitious misrepresentations of his in that paper. Of course, I do not say for a moment that Bernstein has derived any personal or pecuniary advantage from his mean and treacherous methods; but I do most distinctly say that no man, if he had received £10,000 a year from the capitalists, could have served them better of late years than Bernstein has done.

As to Bernstein's theories and criticisms of Marx, they are really scarcely worth discussion. Long before Marx was heard of, Fourier had predicted that competition would find its logical term in monopoly. Marx, of course, was of the

same opinion, and his analyses and historical investigations prove clearly that Fourier's theoretical prediction is being fulfilled in practice. This is so clear in the United States at the present moment that, writing for an American public, it is assuredly quite unnecessary for me to go much into detail. Suffice it to say that according to the Official Report of the Labor Department of the United States, while prices in trustified industries increased on the average fully 150 per cent from 1896 to 1900, wages in these industries only rose 13 per cent., and this last rise, as we all know, would speedily be lost in any period of depression; in fact, nothing can be more ridiculous than to contend, so far as the United States is concerned, that property is not being accumulated yearly in fewer and fewer hands. The same is really the case in Great Britain; but our statistics being in every respect inferior to those of the United States, it is difficult to prove the matter so clearly. When, however, Bernstein gives the numbers of the shareholders in Lipton's, the Manchester Ship Canal and the Coats's Cotton Thread Trust as evidence of the spread of wealth among the mass of the people, he is talking nonsense; and I do not hesitate to say he knows perfectly well that he is talking nonsense; and, further, that he is talking it for a specific object, which is not an honest object. The same names occur over and over again in the subscriptions to companies of this sort, and if Mr. Bernstein had wished to arrive at the truth he would have examined what proportion of the population of Great Britain and Ireland pays Income Tax above the level of £300 ($1,500) a year. He would then have discovered that quite a small minority of the population can on any ground whatever be taken as belonging to the easy class, and that, although wages have risen during the last thirty years, rents have increased to such an extent, and uncertainty of employment has, at shortening periods, become so serious, that it is extremely questionable whether the mass of the workers, regard being had to the hopeless poverty disclosed by the investigations of Mr. Charles Booth and others, is any better off than it was thirty years ago. It is certain, at any rate, that no workingman can see three months ahead of him in an unemployed period. Consequently, the view of Social-Democrats that as wealth increases in huge masses at one pole of modern society, so poverty increases in huge masses at the other pole, is absolutely correct.

It is worth bearing in mind, also, in view of Mr. Bernstein's statements, that fully 50 per cent. of the adult males of the working classes of Great Britain are physically unfit for military service. But the truth is that Bernstein's recent writings and his private address to the students at Berlin University have no influence whatever on the German Social-Democratic Party as a whole—none whatever. The Government hoped to be able to use Bernstein as a means of breaking up the Social-Democratic Party. They have failed to do this, and I think it is a pity that the Social-Democratic Party did not kick Mr. Bernstein out. However, they know their own business best, and it is evident that the capitalists and the German Government were extremely angry that they have been unable to do any mischief even with Bernstein's support.

Now, as to the attitude of the German Party itself. There is no evidence whatever that, on the main principles of Social-Democracy, there is any weakening on their part whatever. When also we speak of thoroughly trained Social-Democrats, obviously the numbers who completely understand the theories on which our party is based are relatively small. That is the same with all organizations and with all creeds so far as the more difficult portion of their tenets is concerned. I should like to know how many Roman Catholics there are who thoroughly understand the Theory of the Immaculate Conception, or of the infallibility of the Pope, or the relations of the three several deities of their triplicate God-Head, or how the remission of sin is brought about by absolution, etc., etc. Yet we all know that the Catholic

Church is a powerful international organization and that its members, at all important times, act solidly together. So, minus the supernaturalism and superstition, is it with the Social-Democratic Party. Social-Democrats live in their own generation, and they are bound to take part in the events of their time. When they are bound to do so in earning their ordinary daily bread, so naturally they are bound to do so in daily political matters which do not come into the revolutionary programme. But it is absurd to say that because in relation to certain every-day affairs the tactics of temporary co-operation with this or that section have here and there been adopted, the Social-Democratic Party has, therefore, in the slightest degree changed its position. It has not changed. Nor has the "iron law of wages," except in so far as it was based by La Salle on the silly Malthusian balderdash, been given up. So far from having given it up, it is universally recognized that the wages of labor are regulated by the standard of life ruling in the stratum of labor into which the laborer is born, and skilled labor is better remunerated than unskilled labor because, as Marx himself pointed out, skilled labor is made by special training a complex form and multiple of unskilled labor, and is so brought to bear in producing the commodities of our day.

The Social Democratic Party of Germany is just as revolutionary, I say, at bottom to-day as ever it was; and this was clearly shown by the quite extraordinary demonstration of the population of Berlin on the occasion of my old friend Liebknecht's funeral. Liebknecht was a revolutionist to the backbone, and it was as a revolutionist that the people of Berlin honored him in his death. Of course, with close upon 3,000,000 Social-Democratic voters in Germany, as is the case to-day, there is not and there cannot be that continuous manifestation of vigorous fanaticism that was shown in the early days of the movement, or when Bismarck was striving to crush out Socialism in Germany altogether by his exceptional laws and infamous persecutions. But as Singer, Bebel and Kautsky could tell you, the number of thoroughly educated, class-conscious German revolutionists is increasing by leaps and bounds year by year, and almost day by day.

The conviction that there is a definite class war steadily going on in which the killed and wounded are nearly all on one side—a war and an antagonism which can only be put an end to by collective ownership of the means and instruments of production on a democratic basis—this conviction, I say, is far wider spread in Germany to-day than it ever was, and is the reason why the Social-Democratic vote constantly increases.

We must expect, my dear Wilshire, from time to time that men like Bernstein, Webb and Turati, who are anxious to whittle away our programme for the greater glory and aggrandisement of their noble selves, should occasion a little difficulty in our ranks, supported as such men are by the affluent and naturally non-revolutionary capitalist class. But, for my part, I regard all this as merely a passing inconvenience. A few years ago the Fabian Society in Great Britain did its very utmost to head back the progress of Socialism in England in the interest of the Liberal Party. They did not stick at trifles. Where are they now? Nobody cares a straw about the Fabian Society; what it says, what it does not say, what it thinks, what it does not think. Ere long, as I hope and believe, there will be brought about a consolidation of the Socialist Party in Great Britain, and then the Fabians will disappear altogether, and those of the educated class who are worth anything will find themselves working side by side with us. So it will be in other countries where Socialism is more powerful than it is here. There will be these little passing inconveniences, and then the men who have occasioned them will disappear amid the neglect and contempt of the public. Our principles being sound and our tactics, in the main, adapted to the conditions of the times, I have the most absolute confidence in the future of our Party. If in one country there is a little setback owing to local causes, as at

the present moment in France, in other countries there is an unexpected and rapid development, as at this moment in America. We are really winning all along the line, and we can afford to disregard such foolish comments as those of the *Sun*.

Yours very truly,

P. S.—I see that Bernard Shaw says I have withdrawn from the Social-Democratic Federation. He evolves this figment out of the depths of his immoral consciousness, as you already know.

☆ ☆ ☆

American Shoes in England.

Northampton, Eng., is very seriously feeling the pinch of the American-made shoe. This is the metropolis of the British shoe trade, and of late hundreds of unemployed have been besieging the workhouse for aid, and the authorities are reported as being at almost their wits' end to cope with the situation. So much outside relief has been given that over 2,000 names are on the town's books, the greatest number ever on record, and the poor rate has been raised to 9d. in the pound. The manufacturers state that the stagnation of the shoe trade is due almost entirely to American competition. They admit that our methods of production are more rapid and cheap than their own by at least 20 per cent., and yet a Northampton operative rarely rises above 30s. a week for his wages.—Ex.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Limit For Gall.

I am also in receipt of THE CHALLENGE, a paper published in Los Angeles and New York by H. Gaylord Wilshire. It contains a republication of an article for the original publication of which the government jumped onto Brother Wilshire, but he does not seem to have wilted at all like Jonah's gourd. There is absolutely nothing in the piece that would justly make it amenable to any just law.

When Judge Thompson at Cincinnati gave as part of his justification for sending me to the penitentiary the statement that I was "egotistic," I did not suppose there was another judge in the whole world who would regard any amount of egotism as a crime, but it seems that Wilshire's judge took the same view of it that Thompson did. I find that it is impossible for me to get along without some egotism and blowing myself, and I think the Supreme Court ought to make some decision determining the limit of egotism that a man may have before it gets to be a crime.

Wilshire has, if possible, more egotism than I have and it seems that I am up to the limit. But if Wilshire's paper is to be stopped because he talks so much about himself and says "I" editorially instead of "we" when there is only one of him, as I and any other editor of good sense knows he ought to do, I don't see how *The Commoner* of Mr. William Jennings Bryan, that only talks about William J., and his matters, can get through the mail. But the ways of government, like the ways of God, are past finding out.—*Blue Grass Blade* (Lexington, Ky.).

☆ ☆ ☆

The Lawrence Meeting.

The Social Democrats of this city held an enthusiastic meeting in the city hall last night, and a good attendance was the result, the body of the hall being filled.

The speaker of the evening was H. Gaylord Wilshire, of Los Angeles, Cal. He was introduced in a neat speech by Chairman John B. Cameron, of the Social Democratic City Committee, and Mr. Wilshire, in opening, said:

"I am afraid that I cannot come up to your expectations after the very flattering introduction given me by Mr. Cameron, and can assure you that I myself have a most modest opinion of a man who has come to the conclusion that a social revolution is inevitable. It seems to be one of the simplest propositions that can be entered upon by the mind of man, but I will admit that, notwithstanding it seems so extremely simple—something like a two and two are four proposition—as matter of fact it is very extraordinary how difficult it is for people to understand."

The speaker here outlined the workings of the trusts, saying that after they once had all the machinery they need there will be a dearth of employment, as the laborers will not be needed to make new machinery. He predicts this in two or three years. He said Socialism is coming, step by step.

Mr. Wilshire's words were listened to with attention and were frequently greeted with applause.—Lawrence (Mass.) *Tribune*.

☆ ☆ ☆

Freedom of Thought

I honor the man who is willing to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think,
And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak,
Caring naught for the vengeance the mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower.
—*Lowell.*

* * *

The old CHALLENGE postal cards will be good for one year's subscription to WILSHIRE'S UNITED STATES. Scratch out the U.S.A. address and write in Toronto, Canada. No new stamp necessary. Postage to Canada is same as to United States.

Correspondence

INDEPENDENCE, Cal., Oct. 24, 1901.

It was with a sort of a thrill that I read the news on your first page of No. 40. I felt that here was a fight worth watching to a finish, not merely as a spectator, but with an intense personal interest in the result such as every true Socialist must feel. We must not stand off like Sal's husband when she had her fight with the bear; sicking you on for the love of seeing a fight. We Socialists know and understand thoroughly that this is only the beginning of the attempts to muzzle the free press of the United States. Every means of indirection will first be attempted, and if these are accepted without protest by the average citizen more muzzles will be forthcoming until the people will be in somewhat similiar position to the labor union men, who now can scarcely speak to a fellow-workingman without running the risk of extinction by the "Gatling gun injunction."

If you are "IT," methinks you will soon let them know all about it. You have through your paper made a host of friends and admirers, and everyone is looking to see you put up a big brave fight for a free press in these United States. Rest assured that you will receive more than moral support in this gigantic undertaking. This indirect attempt to suppress your ideas will be like a boomerang. You will get more good advertising from it than anything that has happened to you so far, and every ad. for *you* means a hundred for the *cause* you so cleverly advocate and expound.

Am in hopes of seeing you take up the economic side of the question and give of your splendid executive ability to build up cooperatives in America that will at least equal the ones in Belgium and France and by these give an impetus to Socialist propaganda such as it has not had up to date. The direct appeal to pockets and stomachs of the workers is the most powerful and direct of all. The only secret of Tammany success is the exploitation of those powerful factors. We should utilize every art and device of our enemies for the building up of the cause.

I send you herewith $1 for subscription.

Wishing you a good fight, limitless advertising and final success,

JOHN J. MCLEAN.

☆ ☆ ☆

PORTERVILLE, Cal., Oct. 24, 1901.

The astrologists will say that you were born under a lucky star, since nothing could advertise THE CHALLENGE and the cause you advocate so cheaply and extensively as the conduct toward you of Chauncey Depew's former railroad employee, Mr. Madden, Third Assistant Postmaster at Washington.

What a pity that this same public servant cannot better devote his attention to the exposed frauds perpetrated upon the people in the matter of the carriage of mail matter by the railroad corporations!

Mr. Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, some years ago would have paid many thousand dollars for the privilege of advertising his department store on Uncle Sam's postage stamps; but other business interests saw to it that it was not sanctioned.

The many readers of THE CHALLENGE will muchly miss the weekly visits of our great enlightener and comforter, but, if you will hurry up the issuance of the *Daily Challenge*, we will be thankful to Mr. Madden for the incentive he gave you to bring it about.

Fraternally, E. O. WIENER.

☆ ☆ ☆

RIO VISTA, Cal., Oct. 17, 1901.

The imperious ruling of the postal authorities is almost beyond credence. I cannot but believe but that on further consideration your equitable demand for registration will be granted. If it is not I have not the least doubt but that 90 per cent. of your subscribers would immediately accede to a 50 cent raise in the subscription price, if you wished it that way. I am ready and even more determined to stand by you and the principles of Socialism. Whatever wish you make known to me through your paper I shall be prepared to follow.

Trusting that your rights and liberties will not be escheated by partisans, I am, yours truly, T. A. SPINEY.

☆ ☆ ☆

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 21, 1901.

I have read several copies of THE CHALLENGE, and certainly think it a publication worthy of the cause, and think it would have done a great deal of good had its career not been cut short.

It is significant how desirous the postal authorities are to protect the people from fraud.

I could cite them to at least two other publications that simply flood the mails every little while that apparently are "sure nuff" frauds; one is the *Mail Order Monthly*, of St. Paul; the other is *Comfort*, at Thomaston, Me.

They are about the size of CHALLENGE, and their method is this: Have a fairly readable article on the front page and perhaps some other nonsensical stuff sandwiched in occasionally, and the great bulk of the whole thing would be advertisements. Then, of course, to get them before the people they send out sample copies. I don't think I have seen a copy that was not a sample, and I have handled a good many sacks of them; but of course the ownership makes all the difference in the world.

I have no doubt you will continue your work for Socialism in some manner. I would not have my name mentioned in this connection, as I am in the postal service.

Fraternally, ***.

☆ ☆ ☆

SANTA ROSA, Cal., Oct. 19, 1901.

I see the Post Office Department has jumped you. Is there no remedy at law? The poor (capitalistic) fools don't know that the more they cinch us, the faster we grow. Perhaps they think like Mrs. Cady Stanton. When she was a little girl her father's law students used to plague her by quoting the legal status of woman as on a par with idiots, criminals, children and Indians not taxed. Poor little girl, believing that her father was the embodiment of all law and his law books the only ones in existence, she secretly hunted up the different laws as against her sex, and scissored them out. Vide illustration in CHALLENGE of ostrich sticking his head in the sand. Sorry to see you martyrized, but the old saying, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." The voting mule is bound to find his stomach empty, and Dr. Dewey says we can do a great deal better mental work on an empty stomach than on a full one. I for one am glad that you have the "sand," both mental as well as financial, in you to fight it out to a finish. Wishing you success, PHILIP COWEN.

☆ ☆ ☆

ERIE, Pa., Nov. 2, 1901.

The first issue of your monthly is a star performance. It was my best companion during the waking hours of the trip from Philadelphia to Erie, and it made the long journey seem a street car ride. Success to it!

Everybody was delighted with your Philadelphia address; Barnes said it was worth going to New York to hear. You will have to keep some more dates open for them.

I enclose clipping from a little "socialistic" paper published at Burley, Wash., which you may not otherwise see. I send it because of the editorial comment on the suppression of CHALLENGE. I note also that other Socialist and "socialistic" papers are at last discovering that the post-office authorities took a fall out of you.

When that "coal heaver" reads your communication to the president he will probably wish he hadn't been so "strenuous." Let us hope that your advice to the president will be adopted and that a sane man will make it possible to resume the weekly.

CHARLES HEYDRICK,

☆ ☆ ☆

120 W. 138TH ST., NEW YORK CITY,
November 2, 1901.

Some one has kindly sent to me your CHALLENGE—until it was suppressed. I did not care much for it. Many of your ideas of Socialism I like. I am for the people all the time. The greatest good to the greatest number, as my father used to say to me forty years ago. He became an Abolitionist after the murder of Lovejoy and the burning of his home and printing office at Alton, Ill., which outrage made the Republican party which has become the party of Trusts and Hanna.

When I read of the suppression of your paper I thought to tell you to apply personally to Teddy R———, a fairly brave man—nothing small about him. He hates a sneak and coward no matter to what party he may belong.

I see you have appealed to him and he will do justice to you and sit down on self-sufficient office holders.

Now I want you to keep on sending me the monthly magazine—first copy at hand and it's a first-class magazine and WILL WIN—sure to. God bless you. Your friend,

JOHN W. COCHRAN.

[I fear Teddy is too strenuous to notice a little matter like the suppression of a free press. H. G. W.]

☆ ☆ ☆

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Nov. 3, 1901.

What's to be done now? We can't get on without something to take the place of THE CHALLENGE. That was a *great* paper while it lasted, and its suppression is its greatest compliment.

Pray keep your Los Angeles friends posted as to prospects for future publication of some sort. C. E. BENEDICT.

☆ ☆ ☆

PAINESVILLE, O., Nov. 2, 1901.

Help for the downtrodden, foolish multitude must come from above.

You have devoted yourself to this grand vocation. May God's choice blessing rest upon you.

May God Almighty make you strong and wise to overcome all the enemies of the poor and down-trampled. Rev. W. E. LINCOLN.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE CHALLENGE has been denied admission to the mails as second-class matter on the grounds that it "advertises ideas." It will hereafter be published as a monthly.—Missouri *Socialist*.

[Nothing like coolness in an emergency. The fortitude with which some men can bear the misfortunes of others is often heroic.—H. G. W.]

☆ ☆ ☆

For a limited time I can supply the following triple combination for only one dollar: The *New Voice* and *New Era*, both once a week for a year and choice of *Wilshire's Magazine* for six months, or *Appeal to Reason* or *Wayland's Monthly* for one year.. The *New Voice* is the leading Prohibition party paper of the country, published weekly at one dollar per year, by John G. Wooley, last year's presidential candidate. I have been paying $1 per year for it for thirteen years.

The *New Era* is an advocate of direct legislation, published weekly at 50 cents per year. Edited by R. S. Thompson, National Chairman of the Union Reform party.

Wilshire's Magazine speaks for itself. The *Appeal to Reason* and *Wayland's Monthly* are both Socialistic. Shall be pleased to supply the combination to your readers. Mention which one of the three Socialist papers you want and send $1 to me and you will receive the Socialist paper you choose and both other papers for one year. C. H. OWEN,
193 S. Green St., Chicago, Ill.

☆ ☆ ☆

DISSMORE, N. D., October 28, 1901.

I cannot express my indignation at the decision of the postoffice. "We never miss the water till the well runs dry." We hardly realized how much we would miss CHALLENGE until its weekly visits were so abruptly suspended. You can still do much good with it monthly, but it should be weekly, "Lest we forget, lest we forget."

I was looking forward to the coming of the special Farmers' Number, but I suppose that will now have to be indefinitely postponed; and just when the farmers were beginning to take to Socialism like ducks to water, too. But let us not be discouraged. We will keep pressing forward, and the time will come when there will be no press censorship.

JOHN W. GARDNER.

☆ ☆ ☆

MEDFORD, Ore., October 29, 1901.

I am quite sure Mr. M. and his gang are kicking a hat with bricks in it and it is only a matter of a very few years that you can lean back and laugh at them rubbing their toes. I do not believe you will be asked to refund many dollars to your subscribers, owing to the change from a weekly to a monthly. I know you are more than welcome to my money and a few more subscribers along, with over forty that I have sent you. Wishing you all kinds of success and prosperity and wishing you to ever keep in mind that the Socialists here are with you and are helping you to hold up your arm for justice.

JOE A. THOMAS.

[Nobody has yet made a demand. H. G. W.]

☆ ☆ ☆

OREGON CITY, Ore., October 21, 1901.

I have read with indignation Mr. Madden's attempt to suppress THE CHALLENGE. You can count me in for $500 to help on the fight whenever you want it. This is a question of free press that must be fought out and it is fortunate for the cause of liberty that they tackled a fighter, instead of some one who might lay down.

W. S. U'REN, Attorney-at-Law.

☆ ☆ ☆

LONDON, *Eng.*, October 24, 1901.

DEAR WILSHIRE:

Many thanks for the copies of THE CHALLENGE just received. The number of May last in which you reproduced my "Justice" cartoon never reached me before—so it looks as if it was not the first time the postoffice tried to block your "advertising medium" for that universal specific SOCIALISM! You will now have to say, "try it in your (capitalistic) bath." Is your society rotten? If so, try *Socialism*.

"Less labor, greater comfort"—in *Socialism*, and so on in much more masterly and ingenious American phrases.

But, really, it looks like a trick (or perhaps even a wish to advertise THE CHALLENGE). The well-known, high-class, modern, mean, popular-government, underhand way of suppressing free circulation of opinion and free speech by "technical" objections and disqualifications—the spider's method of putting the brake on winged things by accumulated silken threads!

Well, I wish you all success in your plucky fight and trust you will yet challenge universal attention by getting THE CHALLENGE through the postoffice chain-mail-torpedo-netting—or patent official spider's web! (See sketch.)

Very truly yours,

WALTER CRANE.

☆ ☆ ☆

RICHMOND, Ind., November 1, 1901.

I see the Tories, through their tool in the postoffice department, are bent on downing THE CHALLENGE, showing once again their enmity toward free press and free speech. This is a blow not only against you, but against all lovers of freedom. It should be bitterly resented. The next thing in order will be to get out an injunction against a man thinking. When the capitalistic clan tries to suppress the truth which exposes its innate depravity and viciousness it shows the fear of the coming of the time when the system of robbing of the workers will soon pass away.

M. RITCHIE.

☆ ☆ ☆

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
[COPY.]
NEW LONDON, Wis., November 7, 1901.
The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, President.
Washington, D. C.

Honorable Sir: Permit me to call to your attention the action of Third Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. E. C. Madden, in refusing admittance to the U. S. mails as second-class matter the weekly Socialist paper CHALLENGE, edited by H. Gaylord Wilshire, of New York City.

Mr. Madden objects to CHALLENGE on the ground that it is used to "advertise" Mr. Wilshire's "ideas." There are various other papers, educational in their nature, used for advertising as such—(*e.g.*, college periodicals) now enjoying second-class privileges, and the fact that this discrimination appears in such peculiar fashion against a Socialist paper would seem to indicate a policy of censorship in the postoffice department. This is especially apparent to those who know of Mr. Madden's previous attempts to interfere with the publication of the *Appeal to Reason*, also a Socialist periodical, published at Girard, Kansas.

I did not think that this could have your approval, and so have ventured to express my protest, particularly as I do not stand alone in this community on this point.

Mr. Madden is making a mistake in this matter, and one that your administration cannot afford to countenance.

It is not unknown that curtailment of expense is advisable in the postoffice department, but neither is it unknown that this might be more considerably effected by securing an approximation of postal charges on the railways to those on express matter, than by any such petty methods as have been exhibited in connection with the publication of Socialist literature.

If we are to have a press censorship, let it be direct and responsible, as befits American institutions.

Assuring you of my high personal esteem, and my best wishes for a successful administration in these perplexing times, I remain,
Yours sincerely, WINFIELD R. GAYLORD.
[Pastor.]

☆ ☆ ☆

DRYDEN, Mich., October 12, 1901.

Dryden is 50 miles north of Detroit, with close rail connection. Sometimes you will be near here and when you are we want you—and we want you bad—for a meeting. We can give you a good house. I have circulated several thousand CHALLENGES and sent you several subscribers, so you are well advertised and will draw.

You can do a lot of good here and we want you. Don't forget Dryden. We are farmers, mostly, but there is a nest of Socialists here and we want more and that is why we want you. C. J. LAMB.

☆ ☆ ☆

LATON, Cal., October 23, 1901.

My God! what is coming next? They the "Powers that Be," are straining every point to chock the wheels of Socialism.

There is one great consolation to you and your friends, that as you cannot express your "ideas" through THE CHALLENGE any longer, which has done much good work, you can speak to the people as you have done and reach many in that way that do not take your paper. GEO. SOMERS.

☆ ☆ ☆

When I received THE CHALLENGE announcing its exclusion from the United States mails I was so indignant that I have been taking about a month to cool off.

I have been watching the encroachments of the government against the liberties of the people for several years, and am, therefore, not surprised at what has happened, but I don't feel pleased with it any better on that account. The Loud bill that has been before Congress for several sessions, but which Congress was afraid to enact into law, had for its purpose the giving of the power to the Postmaster-General to censor and suppress any journal that might prove offensive to the party in power. That bill now seems to have been wholly unnecessary and superfluous; for any usurping official can do just that thing without bothering about any law for the purpose. If an autocratic official is determined to suppress a paper any excuse, however flimsy and ridiculous, will do, and there never was an excuse more absurd than that used by Madden for that purpose in refusing the mails to THE CHALLENGE. I have no doubt in the world that this has been done as a "feeler" to see how the press and the people will take such an act; and if the people treat it with indifference and the press ignores it, as it seems to be doing, the thing will be carried as far as the department dares to carry it. Whether it can be followed out under President Roosevelt I think is doubtful however, for he seems just now to have a mind of his own, and is trying to resist the revolutionary tendencies of his party. He cannot succeed in most of this, but he may succeed in preventing the conspiracy against free speech from being carried out as intended.

The daily press tried its best to work up the people to a pitch of excitement on account of the murder of President McKinley, during which it was hoped they would be blinded to just such acts of outrage against their liberties; but the attempt has fallen flat, and none but the papers themselves and a few individuals who have proved themselves wholly ignorant of the subject upon which they were writing, and have shown themselves to be the worst of Anarchists, have become unduly excited by, and lost their heads on account of the dastardly crime at Buffalo. On the contrary they have shown an understanding of the true situation and the reasons for this crime that is remarkable, and some of the best of the daily press have revolted at the attempt to make a base use of the natural high feeling such an event must necessarily arouse in the minds of the people, and have acted in the most honest and creditable manner since this appalling and trying incident. These facts afford the utmost encouragement to the cause of Socialism, and assure its early triumph over all obstacles, including Mr. Madden. Nothing could bring it to the attention of the people more certainly and quickly. It certainly is true "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad"—or Madden.

I congratulate you heartily on *Wilshire's Magazine*. It is fine, but I still yearn for the weekly CHALLENGE, for it comes oftener.

W. C. GREEN,
The Oaks, Orlando, Florida.

☆ ☆ ☆

TUNNELTON, W. VA.,
October 3, 1901.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE:

CHALLENGE pleases me personally far better than anything else I have seen in Socialist literature. I can not express the profound admiration I feel for a man in your position who will thus devote himself and his fortune to the interests of the toiling millions, who

are too ignorant to understand or appreciate what you are doing. You seem to me like a man raised up by God for a special purpose. I have been ill for several months or you would have heard from me before this. I am still an invalid, but want to do what I can for the cause. Please send me five postals, ten of your posters, and sample copies to enclosed list of names. W. SCOTT GARNER.

☆ ☆ ☆

GLOBE, ARIZ., Nov. 2, 1901.

Dear "Old Blatherskite"—I am sorry to note that lickspittle Madden is trying to ape German Willie to the extent of trying to suppress THE CHALLENGE. I think, however, that it will do our cause good in the long run.

You spoke of making a fight. I am very poor (sick several years), but here's at you with a dollar to help fight his royal highness. Do me the kindness to publish the accompanying open letter to the comrades.

Yours to the bitter end (of the fight),

SAUL P. BARBER.

☆ ☆ ☆

GLOBE, ARIZ., Nov. 2, 1901.

Dear Comrades—You will see by THE CHALLENGE that Comrade Emperor Madden is trying to cut us off from our clabber. He, no doubt, "fares sumptuously every day," and like the dog in the manger, would bar us from using the surplus. Now, his action is a direct stab at our free institutions, and I think that each and every liberty loving American ought to jump in and help Brother Wilshire and down the tyrant. I feel confident *all* true Socialists *will* help their writer. I send him a small sum with this. He has not called on us, but I think we should contribute without being called on. It is *our* fight. If we don't help, we should not only be the slaves, we are now, but *chattel slaves the balance of our days*. Let us dig up and be quick about it; don't let anyone say, "I am too poor." If the Indians were after you, Geronimo style, you would not plead poverty; but you would get a first-class move on you. Still, what Madden has done is far worse (if he makes it stick) than if Geronimo had slain a thousand women and children.

I am yours (while you stay with the cause) through thick and thin. SAUL P. BARBER.

☆ ☆ ☆

PITTSBURG, PA., Nov. 6, 1901.

Dear Sir—Magazine received and read with intense interest and delight. Without doubt you are certainly the coming man. General Weaver was all right in his day, and tried his best to wake up the producers. General Coxey thought he had hit on the "right idee" in 1893. W. J. Bryan in '96-1900 thought free coinage of silver would be "the thing." Samuel M. Jones tried to have enforced the "golden rule." But the country has long waited for a Wilshire, and more power to you. "Whom the gods would destroy do they first Madden?" GEO. G. BURROWS.

MEDFORD, ORE., Oct. 17, 1901.

How very much my heart sympathizes with you to-day. Last evening I received CHALLENGE, October 12, with the sad news that THE CHALLENGE was silenced. I rather expect before this reaches you that you have gone to some prominent judge and have an injunction served on Mr. Madden.

As you know, I sent in a great many subs. for THE CHALLENGE, although I am a very sick man. This morning I ran round among the subscribers, and all, with one consent, said that each one of us would pay at least the extra 52 cents. Many are willing to pay $1 per year to keep your ideas before the people.

Would it not be a good plan to hold indignation meetings everywhere, protesting against such arbitrary decisions as that of Madden's?

Do not be discouraged. Victory is sure, and that, too, in the very near future. The Kingdom of Heaven is Socialism.

D. R. REAME.

☆ ☆ ☆

A Good Thing For Us, Too

If France has demonstrated to her own satisfaction that government ownership of the Tobacco Trust is a good thing, and is now considering government ownership of the French Standard Oil Trust, why should not we here in America cry out "Let the nation own the trusts."

The debates in the French Chamber concerning the best means of overcoming the deficit of 50,000,000 francs continue to raise many important questions of state policy. Among the expedients recommended were the suppression of the embassy at the Vatican, the abolition of the Ministry of Public Worship, and the state ownership and operation of the business of refining petroleum. It is needless to say that neither of the first two of these plans, with their far-reaching implications, will be adopted. The really dangerous scheme is the suggested seizure of the petroleum industry. The proposal apparently grows out of one of the measures recommended by M. Caillaux, who advocated the increase of the excise duty on petroleum. This suggestion was at once taken up and transformed into a plan for placing petroleum on the same footing with tobacco as a government monopoly. The enormous initial outlay and the elaborate organization which the scheme would necessitate seem to have been wholly ignored by the Budget Commission. Of course, such a measure would require considerable time to become effective, even under the most favorable circumstances, and to recommend it as a means of immediate relief is absurd.—*Evening Post.*

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE,
OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES ATTORNEY, DISTRICT OF OREGON.

PORTLAND, Nov. 6, 1901.

Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire,
225 Fourth avenue, New York:

Sir—Kindly discontinue sending me your monthly CHALLENGE, and oblige. Yours very respectfully, EDWIN MAYS.

[Is Mr. Mays terrified that the Old Man may learn he is educating himself?—H. G. W.]

☆ ☆ ☆

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 20, 1901.

The suppression is a despotic and indefensible act, and every lover of free thought and free speech should rise to utter his protest. Are 30,000 persons who desire to read your paper and your thoughts to be denied that privilege because those thoughts are not in accord with ideas held by the Republican administration? If so, let us rally round the ballot-box and insure a change that shall turn out these despots who would throttle free speech. If the public demands your paper, and thousands of people do, must it be suppressed by the enemies of free speech? If so, it is time for the American people to think and to act, to do something to stay this encroachment on our liberties—a free and untrammeled press. No explanation is needed for the suppression, the cause is too plain and apparent. The money power which runs this government does not like your ideas, and it does not want "society" to be disturbed by them. But if this high-handed proceeding is not generally condemned by the public press, it is safe to say we are forgetting the value of liberty. The blessings of freedom, which have been enjoyed for over 100 years of our national life, are now no longer appreciated.

CHANNING SEVERANCE.

☆ ☆ ☆

VAN HORNE, IA., Oct. 20, 1901.

For God's sake stay by your guns. I tell you what I believe. The action of the officials will teach the people that it costs something in money and labor to deliver them from bondage. It teaches every Socialist, not retrenchment and surrender, but sacrifice. Every subscriber should immediately and voluntarily agree to pay the additional postage. You ought to make this proposition at once to your subscribers. Make your subscription price $1 a year and pay first-class rates if you have to. If Socialist papers cost $1 apiece they would still be cheap and would still be read and more prized because more of a luxury. I expect to see the day when not only our papers will be at a great premium, but when we shall have to resort to all kinds of underground methods for their distribution. In spite of it all and by it all, Socialism will grow and flourish. Keep right after them. Let me hear from you. Hope my suggestion will meet your approval, and that you will place matter before your readers. Remember papers are not read because cheap nor discarded because dear, but to men of principle as Socialists are nothing is too dear a sacrifice for the cause of truth and justice.

DR. C. WIRTH.

☆ ☆ ☆

POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, Oct. 21, 1901.

Gentlemen—Your favor of the 18th inst. has been received, but with the force of carriers at present assigned to this office it will not, I regret to say, be practicable to comply with your request to place a mail package box at the corner of Eighteenth street and Fourth avenue. The law limits to eight hours the daily service of letter carriers, and under strict orders from the Postoffice Department they are not permitted in any circumstances to perform service in excess of the prescribed legal limit. The carriers serving this particular route are barely able to cover the same within schedule time, and you may therefore appreciate my reasons for declining at this time to meet your wishes in the matter. Very respectfully, C. VAN COTT, Postmaster.

Per E. N. Morgan, Assistant Postmaster.

[The eight-hour law is all right. Let us use some of that 2000 million-dollar surplus Depew worries about and hire more carriers.—H. G. W.]

☆ ☆ ☆

SALINA, PA., Oct. 23, 1901.

I believe if you would just say the word the boys would chip in and raise a fund, so you could still keep it a weekly.

H. CARNAHAN.

☆ ☆ ☆

EL PASO, TEX., Oct. 21, 1901.

Capitalism will grind. Trying to suppress the truth, as you are giving it to the world, is like trying to confine steam. Your paper is the safety valve, and if they suppress it, "it" "will out" if it come by an explosion. I have great hopes of seeing you start a "daily" soon. I would like above all things for Socialists' propaganda to see you start it. I'll head the list at $100 per year. I wouldn't be without your paper if I had to steal a copy. People cannot over-estimate the grand values you are giving them for their money. Rest assured the future will appreciate you and your noble mission if the present seems slow to do so. However, I am an optimist, and think we have every reason to rejoice. As the *Appeal to Reason's* army editor wrote me the other day, "It's coming like a cyclone." In my confidence, I feel like repeating the verse:

"Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
While we, the living, our lives are giving
To bring the bright new world to birth."

Come shoulder to shoulder ere the world grows older,
The cause spreads o'er land and sea;
Now the earth shaketh and fear awaketh,
And joy at last for thee and me."

Well we know you are not going to "lay down" without a fight. I hope your judgment in meeting the issue will be equal to your Socialistic logic, and I am tempted to grow enthusiastic and exclaim, "Go after 'em, grand old CHALLENGE; go after 'em. Give 'em h—l. I am. "ONE OF CHAUNCEY'S NON-SOCIALIST R. R. MEN."

☆ ☆ ☆

DAYTON, O., NOV. 12, 1901.

I got Blacksmiths' Local 133, of which I am a member, to subscribe for *Wilshire's Monthly* in a body and pay for same out of the treasury. I also got the Blacksmiths' Helpers' Union to subscribe and pay for the same out of their treasury. They all think it a good investment, too. I hope all union men who see this will go before their unions and do likewise. The reason why I like your paper so well is because it is not always slobbering over from the first to the last page about Trade Unionism. I think that is a great fault with all our Socialist papers, and I ought to be somewhat of a judge, as I am taking six of them. One would think that there is nobody to convert to Socialism except the man that belongs to a union, and that nobody else had a vote. Now, I don't believe in fighting the trade unions, but I believe where we convert one union man to vote our ticket we drive two away by having our party press filled with unionism all the time. I believe in letting the individual members work in their union to their best ability, as I have done. I hope the editors of some of our Socialist papers will see this letter.

JOHN DILLON.

☆ ☆ ☆

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 11, 1901.

At a meeting of the Socialist Club of the Twenty-fifth Ward last evening, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That the tyrannical action of the Postoffice Department in refusing to admit THE CHALLENGE as 'second-class matter' in the mails, meets with the unqualified condemnation of the club, and we tender to Mr. Wilshire our moral and financial support, hoping that he will continue the fight he has begun against all forms of oppression, and feeling assured that he will triumph over all opposition." H. C. KENDALL, Secretary.

☆ ☆ ☆

ELK GROVE, CAL., Oct. 15, 1901.

Suppression is the answer that in all ages tyrants have given to argument. I always liked your paper, but this makes me want it more than ever, and more willing to pay the "price of liberty."

A month is a long time to wait for your intellectual treat. A. E. BRIGGS.

☆ ☆ ☆

OAK HARBOR, O., Oct. 21, 1901.

I think it is the best magazine in America to-day. You say the postage would be "one cent on each paper." This would add 52 cents to the price of the paper per year. I propose that every reader of THE CHALLENGE pay this to Mr. Wilshire, and ask him to keep on with the good work, weekly. I would not give up the paper if the cost was five times what it is. Any man who has the cause at heart for which THE CHALLENGE stands, should be willing to do this. Mr. Wilshire is seeking the truth about the labor problem. THE CHALLENGE is the best reform paper in the U. S.

Let us all stand by, and I will wager my existence that CHALLENGE will be a power for good. F. WENNINGER.

☆ ☆ ☆

EASTERN STATE PENITENTIARY,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., Oct. 14, 1901.

You will be amused to learn how THE CHALLENGE helped to get me into trouble here. Previous to the recent calamity at Buffalo, I was assisting, with three other convicts, the clerk to keep the books of this prison. It happened that all three of my companions were "in" for "abstracting funds" from banks with which they had been connected. Thinking they might be interested in a commonwealth where the motive, much less the need, for "abstracting" other people's money would be absent, I introduced the subject of Socialism and loaned them THE CHALLENGE and some other papers to read. Strange to say, the successful thief is always the first to cry out against any change in existing social conditions. For, while the two younger, whose petty peculations to keep up social appearances had ruined them, became interested, the other, whose cool filching of thousands suggested premeditation, took strong exception to "all papers that preach discontent." The steel strike, he continued, was a consequence of their teachings. His son, it might be interesting to remark, is buying up "scrap" for the trust.

Then came the assassination. When I enentered the office that morning all three were looking over the ledger. Parallel with the startling news stood another flaring column: "Effects upon stock market," "Money still firm," etc. The glaring commercialism of the thing drew from me the remark that money greed is robbing us of all decency, that we watch the pulse of the money market with even greater interest than we do the sufferers; that, in fact, we are not above the level of the London merchants, who, between their sobs for their beloved Queen, petitioned Parliament to shorten the period of official mourning lest it injure the sale of colored goods.

Whereupon our ex-banker, who got away with only $109,000 of the people's savings, forcibly classified me, the editor of THE CHALLENGE, and "all the lot of you" as anarchists, as much to blame for the assassination as for the steel strike. To the latter, of course, I assented. But the meaning of his comprehensive ebullition became clearer when I learned that a quiet "pull" was being "worked" upon McKinley for a pardon. To escape half

his sentence, to dig up his buried loot, to go into business under his son's name as one of the "respectability," who but an envious anarchist inspired by THE CHALLENGE and its ilk could frustrate such a laudable ambition as that?

Next came the *Record*, containing a dispatch from York, Pa., that H. Gaylord Wilshire, editor of THE CHALLENGE, had attempted to speak there against the government and was confoundedly mobbed. This was such an unlikely lie (and you have since shown that you were 500 miles away), I thought I would cut it out and send it to you as a capitalistic sample of free advertisement, when, lo! I found it already gone. Never mind, I am only sorry you didn't get it instead of the officials here; I might not then have been called up to show cause why I should not be locked back in my cell as a sympathizer with Czolgosz. Yes, verily! Of course, I tried to explain that I abominated the anarchists and all their doings. But it was of no use. In such times nothing explains. It was sufficient that I confessed myself a convert to that political party which alone can ever reduce anarchy and crime. So the bars were put up. Capitalism can turn its key upon us, but never upon justice, our long-deferred but eternal hope. Sincerely,

GEO. H. STEPHENS.

☆ ☆ ☆

CALUMET, MICH., Oct. 20, 1901.

You have been debarred the use of the mails for the distribution of the most fearless paper ever published in any land anywhere. I know you will prove equal to the occasion and find a way out. H. M. DRAPER.

☆ ☆ ☆

BURLINGTON, VT., Oct. 15, 1901.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE:

Thirty thousand CHALLENGE subscribers will feel this indignity, I am sure, as deeply as I do; all may not give expression to it in writing. The exclusion for the reasons given would shut out every publication in the country. Such sheets as *Police Gazette*, *Town Topics* and that class of literature, or the New York *Herald*, with its columns of "Personals"; but your paper, containing articles from the pens of such men as Bishop Potter, B. Fay Mills, W. D. Howells and other thinkers is suppressed. It is easy to read between the lines the object of this attack, and there is a deeper significance than appears on the surface. It is the entering wedge of an attack upon Socialism. A protest should be sounded in no uncertain tone. This is every man's cause, as it is every Socialist's.

You get out only a yearly issue of THE CHALLENGE, and we'll wait for you, and you will have 30,000 subscribers that will stand by you and each will be a worker to bring in ten more. Blow loud your bugle of defiance, Brother Wilshire.

DR. C. H. BARBOUR.

Mass Meeting at the Highlands.

HIGHLAND, Cal., October 19, 1901.

The Socialists of Highland and vicinity held a mass meeting last night at True's Hall.

Prof. N. A. Richardson, the speaker of the evening, delivered a masterly address on the subject: "The Socialist Cure for Anarchy." The address was enthusiastically received and the meeting was a great success.

The following resolutions, offered by Wm. Penn Rogers, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, By the Socialists of Highland, California, in mass meeting assembled, that the attempted suppression of Wilshire's CHALLENGE, a Socialist newspaper published in New York City, through the refusal of the Third Assistant Postmaster-General to admit it into the mails as second-class matter is not only a high-handed outrage, so far as Socialists are concerned, but is an insult and an injury to every loyal American, and the probable beginning of a deliberate attempt on the part of the capitalistic Republican party to undermine American liberty by destroying the sacred right of a free press guaranteed to us by the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That this suppression of a Socialist newspaper, devoted to law and order, is all the more arbitrary and tyrannical at this time in view of the fact that the most rabid Anarchist newspapers, which openly advocate the suppression of free speech by the murderous methods of mob rule—such as the Los Angeles *Times*, for example—are admitted to the mails without any protest whatever from Republican postal officials.

Resolved, That H. Gaylord Wilshire, editor and proprietor of CHALLENGE, should have the moral and financial support of all Socialists and other patriotic citizens in the prosecution of any legal contest which he may be compelled to make against this act of Republican party anarchy in defense of his constitutional rights.

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A Blow at All "Isms"

We publish this week a part of the editorial in THE CHALLENGE which caused the Assistant Postmaster-General to exclude the paper from the mails as second-class matter; this action of the postoffice department menaces the very existence of a free press. Every paper in this country representing some ism or the organ of some fraternity is liable to the same penalty as was inflicted on THE CHALLENGE. It should not be in the power of any official to settle so delicate a question as to whether a paper shall or shall not be carried in the mails. Many papers are able to exist only because they are accorded the position of second-class matter; take this privilege away and they must suspend publication, and one man has the power to grant or suspend this privilege. Here we have virtually a censorship of the press.

There seems but little doubt that the dominant powers in the United States propose to interfere under one pretext or another with

free speech and a free press. Mayors of cities are forbidding persons obnoxious to them from addressing the people, even in a hall hired by themselves, and the postal authorities are discriminating against papers advocating radical reforms. What worse is done in Russia? We must indeed beware lest the very cornerstones of the republic be removed and despotism take the place of freedom.—*The Co-Operator*, Burley, Wash.

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A New Fourth Assistant P. M. General.

"The Government authorities are on the right track, and by the time they have duplicated several scores of times such performances as sending Herr Most to the penitentiary and the suppression of such publications as CHALLENGE the American people will have been placed in a position to enjoy the kind of liberty intended by the founders of this great nation."—Dixon (Cal.) *Tribune*.

[Now I know perfectly well if I should go to Dixon to make a speech, and should offer that editor as much money as he ever had in his life to come on to the stage and tell his townspeople why he wanted to trade off his immortal soul for the office of postmaster of Dixon, he would never dare to accept my offer.—H. G. W.]

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Suppression of Ideas.

The exclusion of THE CHALLENGE, a New York Socialist weekly, from second-class mail privileges by the postoffice authorities is the event of the week in national Socialist affairs. Whether it portends a general crusade against the Socialist press, or is merely the whim of an official, can hardly be determined just yet, though many signs point out plainly that just at present, socialism is getting considerable attention from quarters where heretofore it had been ignored, and there is a strong probability at least that the capitalist class has set its government machinery in motion to counteract if possible the threatened danger.

It seems that the reason given for the suppression of THE CHALLENGE (for exclusion from the second-class mail practically means suppression) was that it was being issued for advertising purposes. The matter so advertised, as was admitted by the official who appears to be the principal figure in the exclusion, consisted of ideas—said ideas being those of the editor of the paper. That these ideas were shared by hundreds of thousands of people throughout the country didn't seemingly affect the decision. Whether the fact that they were Socialist ideas had any influence in determining the action of the postal authorities, is a question which can only be answered by watching their attitude toward other Socialist publications. If the circulation of ideas is sufficient cause for excluding journals from second-class mailing privileges, we surely may prepare for the worst.

Under these circumstances the editor of THE CHALLENGE has temporarily transformed the paper into a monthly, pending the line of action he will pursue to have the decision set aside. And it is not unlikely that the cleverer capitalist politicians will see that the suppression of Socialist papers after this fashion, is even more dangerous than their circulation, and reverse the decision of their subordinate more especially that the individual comrade who owns and runs THE CHALLENGE, is particularly capable of getting more advertisement for Socialism out of the incident, than if his publication had been allowed to circulate without interruption.—*The Workers' Call*.

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Boston Sympathy.

Wilshire, the millionaire editor of THE CHALLENGE, a paper devoted to Socialism, will have a hard time trying to pose as a martyr because his paper has been refused admission to the mails as second-class matter. It means only the editor will hereafter have to pay one cent a copy in postage, instead of one cent a pound, and that whereas this item formerly cost but $30 a week, it will now cost $300 weekly. It also means that he can circulate it if he wishes, but he must do it according to the postal laws. There is no endeavor to keep him from publishing, and he can get no notoriety out of that.—Boston (Mass.) *Record*.

[I wonder what the *Record* would say if its competitors were allowed postage at 1-10 the rate it had to pay. H. G. W.]

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A Matter of Serious Regret

THE CHALLENGE edited by H. Gaylord Wilshire had no sooner got comfortably housed in New York City than it was suppressed by the refusal of the post office department to permit it to go through the mails as second-class matter. Of course Wilshire will make a fight but as the odds are all against him he may have to stop the publication of one of the best journals in the country and one of the most earnest Socialist publications in the United States. Every Socialist regrets this very much, but they still hope to see (with Wilshire) the tidal wave of Socialism rise so high that even this great government will acknowledge its supremacy and bless its coming.—Oklahoma *Socialist*.

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"Who's Who in America." A biographical dictionary of notable men and women of the United States. Edited by John W. Leonard. Cloth, pp. 1,352, $2.75. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.

[Sorry, I cannot recommend the book; my name does not appear in it. H..G. W.]

THE NEW CENSORSHIP.

THE SUPPRESSION OF "THE CHALLENGE"—ITS MOST STRIKING INSTANCE.

A. M. SIMONS.

THE CHALLENGE had attained a circulation of about 30,000 in a little over nine months. During this time, whatever criticism captious critics may have made on its style of presenting the subject, it had attracted more attention to Socialism than any previous effort had been able to do. The somewhat peculiar methods of the paper and its owner had succeeded in forcing more notice from the defenders of capitalism than all the other Socialist papers in the country combined. Suddenly a notice was served on the publishers that THE CHALLENGE was refused access to the second-class mail. The excuse given was that the paper was published mainly to "advertise Wilshire's ideas." Now exactly what a publication, not a news organ, is for save to "advertise" the ideas of the editors and contributors, is something which the post-office litterateurs did not attempt to explain. Indeed no man with a grain of sense can consider the reason offered seriously. It is a plain case of the suppression of a paper whose ideas did not suit the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, who, God save the mark, received his present position as a sop to the labor vote, he having previously been a locomotive engineer.

It thus appears that a definite policy of press censorship has been the ultimate outcome of the cry for "economy." Nevertheless we are not among those who believe that this policy will be greatly extended. The suppression of THE CHALLENGE has been the greatest of all the many free advertisements that it, together with its editor and his "ideas," have received. Notwithstanding the fact that any attack upon the post-office is liable, under the present arbitrary management, to endanger the existence of the protesting publications, the Socialist papers with a few conspicuous exceptions, have taken up the battle against this press censorship. If this is done effectively it will become quickly evident to those who actually control the strings that move the post-office puppets, that any such methods will but hasten the spread of Socialism and the downfall of exploitation. Forcible suppression has never permanently checked any movement that was in accord with economic progress. Especially if, as is the case at present with Socialism in the United States, the movement had sufficient strength to take advantage of the sympathy and indignation which would be aroused, any attempt at arbitrary suppression serves but to emphasize the arguments at which the suppression is aimed.—A. M. Simons, in his editorial in *International Socialist Review.*

Mauser of Monopoly.

The question of transportation has given rise to an interesting situation in the new oil region of Texas, and the outlook now is that the industrial history of the Ohio and other oilfields will be repeated. The average daily capacity of the fifty-two wells that have been opened up to this time is about 1,560,000 barrels. This large output could scarcely be handled with promptness by all the railways in Texas, even if they should combine in an effort to take care of the total product without discrimination. As a matter of fact, they are very far from placing transportation facilities at the disposal of all, without any respect to persons. Although the demand for the oil for use as fuel is greater than the railways can supply, only about 125,000 barrels a day are being shipped, and these come chiefly from a single company, which is now said to form part of the Standard Oil Company. The difficulty in shipping the oil from the wells, of course, prevents the smaller companies from earning anything, and the prospects are that, unless some measures can be taken to secure transportation, the stockholders in these companies will be obliged to sell out at a low figure. Such a necessity would practically repeat the experience of Ohio producers who competed with the Standard Oil Company twenty years ago, except that in this case the suppression of competition would be far from having the same beneficial results as formerly. The efforts of ex-Gov. Hogg to form a rival syndicate which shall construct pipe lines to the coast, and so market the output of the small producers, are therefore worthy of success from all points of view.—*The Nation.*

[I wonder when our New York Madame Nation will realize that her hatchet of competition is outclassed by the modern Mauser of Monopoly. H. G. W.]

A Millionaire Cure for Poverty.

And still they use the cut of that millionaire Socialist, Wilshire, in the Socialistic Free Press, and advertise him for a sure cure for poverty. I have a suggestion to make to him "free gratis for nothing": To take that million dollars and spread it round in this community, just to see how it will work.

At all events, I don't think it looks very pretty for a man with a million to waste his breath on a cure for poverty, when, by one little *act* of distribution, he could cure the poverty of a whole town, at least for a while—and nothing lasts, you know.

When your Socialistic experiments last a year or two, you call them a success, just as doctors do their surgical operations if the patient lives. And I think we could get along quite comfortably here for a year or two on a million dollars, and then he could use us as illustrations of the successful working of his grand experiment. But don't you think he will!—*Rocket and Independent.*

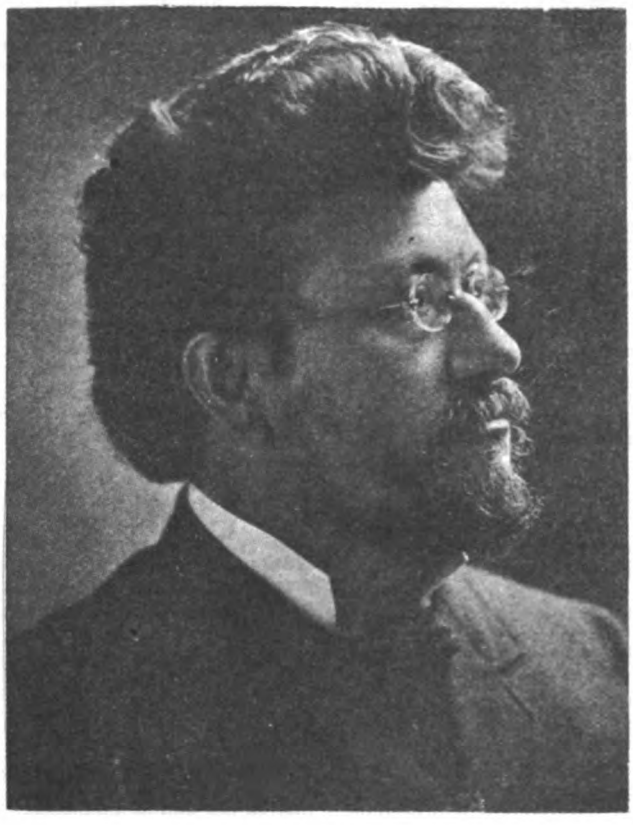
What Might Be Done.

Without waiting for congressional action in the matter, the postmaster-general appears to have advanced a step on his own account. According to the press dispatches THE CHALLENGE, a socialist paper heretofore published at Los Angeles, but which was recently removed to New York by its editor and publisher, H. Gaylord Wilshire, has been refused further newspaper rights in the mails. The reason reported is that the paper is merely an advertising sheet. If that is really the reason, the department is guilty of a transparent subterfuge. Though there was a good deal of "faking" about THE CHALLENGE and its editor, it was the kind of "faking" that violates good taste and not the kind that violates postal laws. The paper was one of the many socialist publications of the country, and if the postmaster-general may suppress it with impunity, there would seem to be no reason why he may not suppress every other socialist paper. He need only be discreet enough to pitch upon them one at a time.—Louis F. Post, Editor *The Public*, Chicagao.

A Humorist.

H. Gaylord Wilshire—a gentleman, by the way, not unknown to Cincinnatians—has just written a letter to the New York *Evening Post* which should give him a high place among that great group of Americans who are possessed of a very keen sense of humor, not unaccompanied by an ability to put their ideas on paper. Mr. Wilshire is the editor of a rather remarkable sheet called THE CHALLENGE. A few weeks ago this paper was denied the privilege of second-class mail entry by the post-office department on the ground that it was an advertising medium, pure and simple, and on this account not entitled to the enjoyment of privileges usually extended to legitimate publications.

Mr. Wilshire's paper is not charged with advertising any particular brand of manufactured articles. It neither mentions the unequaled merits of an especially well-favored kind of soap, nor does it refer with feeling to the benefits derived by suffering humanity through the use during long years of some wonderful and newly discovered medicine.



Louis F. Post

Mr. Wilshire's paper advertises something far more original than any of these—the estimable Mr. Wilshire himself.

Mr. Wilshire is more conspicuously successful as a wit than in the more serious rôle of political economist. At times he has even tried to delve into Socialism—and has succeeded in making himself only partially amusing. In his true field of humor, however, he does not have to be satisfied with partial success; there his triumph is immediate and complete. More than one good man has been spoiled in the past by the simple fault of taking himself too seriously, and delving into political economy when he could have distinguished himself in the more suitable rôle of jester. Mr. Wilshire has reformed in time. As a rival of Mr. Dooley he may amount to something; as a successor of Bellamy or Carl Marx his future was a hopeless one.—Cincinnati (Ohio) *Times-Star.*

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Wilshire is in Trouble in Gotham.

He Finds Himself a Very Small Toad in a Very Large Puddle and He Gets Himself or His Paper Suppressed as a Nuisance.

H. Gaylord Wilshire, Socialist, golf player, billboardist, of Los Angeles, is up a stump.

He moved the publication office of his weekly journal, THE CHALLENGE, from this city to New York, under the popular idea that Gotham is the best distributing center for all kinds of printed matter.

Unfortunately for H. Gayboy Billshire, the people of New York didn't know him so well. That city has tolerated Johann Most's paper, the *Freiheit,* and other publications as bad or worse, but the postoffice department promptly put the kibosh on Wilshire's CHALLENGE.

Because the postoffice department frowns upon his efforts to disseminate his own peculiar news of Socialism Wilshire is constrained to announce:

"My journal suppressed. Owing to a decision of the postal authorities, CHALLENGE will suspend as a weekly newspaper!"

This announcement appears in an issue of CHALLENGE dated October 12, accompanied, as usual, with a front-page portrait of Wilshire, looking pleasant.

The expression on Wilshire's countenance, as limned on the front page of the suppressed paper, does not indicate that he also has been suppressed. He exhibits a cynical smile, as though he has something up his sleeve by which he expects to rout, horse, foot and dragoon, the entire government.

Now, nobody ever accused Wilshire of being modest, and he makes the most of the fact that the postal authorities have ruled that his journal is too much impregnated with his own personal views to be admitted to the mails as second-class mail matter.

As Wilshire figures it out the necessity of paying postage at the rate of a cent a copy on his paper instead of one cent a pound will raise postage expense from $1,500 a year to over $15,000 a year. Wilshire may be wrong in the estimate of the size of his circulation, and consequently the figures may be somewhat erroneous, but the principle remains.

In his issue of the 12th, after telling how the postoffice department sat down upon his efforts to disseminate his views of Socialism, Wilshire writes:

"This decision from the postoffice department has come upon me so unexpectedly that I have no time to tell my readers what I shall do to meet the issue, nor what my chances of success are. I think, however, that no one knowing anything about me will anticipate that I am going to lay down without a struggle. It may be a long-drawn-out fight, and inasmuch as the postoffice rulings are more or less arbitrary, my case, although having every precedent in its favor, may go against me anyway."

Wilshire says that he will make his journal a monthly and if he finds it necessary will send it out by express instead of mail.

He says that CHALLENGE is excluded because it is "designed primarily for advertising." It advertises nobody but Wilshire.

Third Assistant Postmaster Madden said to Wilshire when the Socialist editor went to Washington to see about the suppression business: "CHALLENGE is manifestly designed primarily for advertising and the mere fact that what you sell happens to be your own ideas instead of your own soap does not let you escape. You don't even publish 'news of the week.'"—Los Angeles (Cal.) *Record.*

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What Do You Suppose is the Matter with Wilshire?

Those friends of H. Gaylord Wilshire who are fond of him for the entertainment he was wont to provide when he was combatting for the right of "free speech" in Central Park, fear that the picturesque Socialist has made a mistake in thinking that he can attract to himself as much attention in New York City as in Los Angeles.

It is suspected that H. Gaylord has discovered that in Gotham there are other personalities that are more or less the cynosure of all eyes and that, in his attempt to detract public attention from Dick Croker, Pat Fenessy, Johann Most and others, he has before him a task beyond his expectations. That he has succeeded only in having his peculiar personal organ barred from transit in the newspaper mail as second-class matter is discouraging. If the postoffice authorities had only ruled that the Wilshire ideas must be considered first-class there would have been some compensation; but to rate them third-class is galling.

The Los Angeles people who have been anxiously watching the aspirations of Socialist Wilshire think that he has missed his opportunity to make himself personally conspicuous

back there in New York. During the time when the American people were indignantly patriotic and anxious to smash anybody who would say aught in extenuation of Czolgosz, Wilshire was strangely quiet. In this he certainly missed an opportunity to become suddenly and temporarily notorious.

In Los Angeles H. Gaylord reveled in arrests, hungered for the Hibernian hand of the law, doted on buggy rides in the patrol wagon and gloated in glee in police court, when Justice Shallow decided that the Socialists and others had a right to expound their ideas in the public park, though the umbrageous retreat was thereby made unendurable to people of more quiet tastes.

So far as is known, Wilshire has not been arrested once in New York. The Tombs yawn for him, and the hurry-up wagons are going his way, and yet he does not ride.

Can it be that Socialist Wilshire has tired of public life and desires to retire on his glory?—Los Angeles (Cal.) *Record.*

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Despotism

The daily newspapers last week published the following item:

"THE CHALLENGE, a paper devoted to Socialism and said to have the largest circulation of any of its kind in the United States, has been refused admission to the mails as second-class matter. This means that the editor will hereafter have to pay 1 cent a copy in postage instead of 1 cent a pound, and that whereas this item formerly cost but $30 a week it would now cost $300 weekly."

That is the thing that the *Independent* has for a long time been warning the people was in store for them. That is just as despotic an act as was ever perpetrated by the czar of Russia. If it is allowed to go unchallenged it will not be long until there will be no freedom of the press in these United States. What right has the postmaster-general to exclude any newspaper from the mails? The American people are a freedom-loving people and when the narrow-minded gentlemen at Washington think that they can suppress the discussion of any question by that Bismarckian way, they show how silly they are. Bismarck tried that way of suppressing Socialism in Germany and now it is almost strong enough to take charge of the empire.

The *Independent* looks upon this despotic act of the postmaster-general as one of the most omnious things that has happened in the United States since the Civil War. How long will it be before an order will be issued excluding all Populist papers from the mails?

It should be borne in mind that this story may be one of the lies of black journalism, and that there are good and sufficient reasons for excluding the paper from the mails under the law, or, it may be a lie made up out of whole cloth just to test the temper of the people and see if they will submit to such acts of despotism.—The *Nebraska Independent,* Lincoln, Neb.

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Gorki's Popularity

The popularity of Maxime Gorki (Socialist) is rapidly becoming cosmopolitan. His stories, studies in that particular form of sympathetic realism which distinguishes so many Russian writers, are already widely read in France, and now Messrs. Scribner have started an issue of his works in America with the publication of "Foma Gordyeeff." In Russia appreciation of Gorki takes the embarrassing form of cheering him when he enters a theater. On one such occasion he protested by shouting: "I'm not a ballet dancer or a Venus of Milo. What are you staring at me for? Keep your eyes on the stage."—*Academy.*

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Wants a Press Censor Appointed

When an Anarchist kills a president, the only remedy is to suppress a free press. The Los Angeles *Times* says that "there has been too much disrespect for authority. The abuses of the privileges of a free press lead to all manner of evil results." Let a public censor be appointed. That would be better than the total suppression of newspapers that Madden is engaged in.—*Nebraska Independent* (Lincoln, Neb.)

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Organized Self Help

A History of American Labor.

By Herbert N. Casson, author of "The Crime of Credulity," "The Red Light," etc.

This book presents a collection of facts in favor of the claim that labor organizations promote national prosperity, education and morality.

The book is filled with interesting and significant facts and throws a new light upon the origin and development of our institutions.

PETER ECKLER, Publisher,
35 Fulton Street, N. Y.

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H. Gaylord Wilshire, the millionaire Socialist, called at the *News* office on Saturday, but during the course of his remarks he made no allusion to any intention on his part of changing his name to H. Gaylord Will-share. —*News,* Lynn, Mass.

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"Your well considered article on the trust problem."—W. D. Howells.

☆ ☆ ☆

"I read your paper with great interest."—Alice Meynell, author "Color of Life," etc., etc. The distinguished essayist whom a New York paper recently said has the reputation of being the "most brilliant conversationalist in London."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The Free Press.

Hail, young Prometheus, risen again to Time,
The friend of man and foeman of Man's Foe!
Climb the new heavens and seize the nobler fire.
Still teach the wisdom of the plough and loom,
The sweetness of the threshold and the hearth.
Be to the sower of the field a sign
To point the circuits of the frost, a voice
To cry the coming of a hurricane.
Be to the scholar, by his waning lamp,
A bringer of the tidings of the stars,
News of the forces and the frame of things.
Be to the poet, leagued with Death and Eld,
A Memnon whisper of the Mystery,
Life's lofty joy and immemorial grief.
Be to the calm historian a glass
Where, through the rush of phantoms, he can see
The majesty and quietness of Truth,
The craft of God, the lure and threat of Time.

II.

Hail, Titan, with the hair upon your breast!
Be terrible in battle to throw down
The stronghold of the traitors and their crew.
Flash down the sky-born lightnings of the Pen;
Let loose the cramped-up thunders of the Types.
Hurl on the Jupiter of Greed enthroned
Defiance, endless challenge, fire of scorn.
Stand out upon the walls of darkness—stand
A young god with a bugle at his lips
To rouse the watchmen sleeping on their towers.
Fling out the banner of the People's Right—
A flag in love with the winds of heaven;
Plunge your dread sword into the Spoiler's den;
Hurl down into the faces of the thieves
The blaze of its intolerable light.
Fail not, for in your failure Freedom fails!

From Edwin Markham's "LINCOLN AND OTHER POEMS,"
McCLURE, PHILIPS & Co.

A Question of Advertising.

To the Editor of the *Evening Post.*

Sir: My attention has been called to a letter from your Washington correspondent that appeared on October 29 relative to my weekly paper, THE CHALLENGE, having been denied the privilege of second-class entry.

Your correspondent justifies the postoffice department upon the ground, as taken by them, namely, that the paper was published to advertise myself; and, as a paper designed primarily for advertising is not entitled to second-class entry, he comes to the conclusion that the ruling was correct.

I will pass over the question of the truth of the allegation and come to the main question, namely, whether a man running a paper confessedly to advertise himself and getting enough fools to subscribe for his paper to read about himself would be violating either the spirit or letter of the law which proscribes papers primarily designed for advertising. I contend that he would not.

The government made a very low rate, less than cost, in fact, on second-class matter, for the general purpose of allowing people to inform themselves about anything if they were willing to pay for the information. There was no intent to prevent them from getting whatever literary provender they wished, the only provision being that they pay for it themselves. The reason they were required to pay for their literature out of their own pockets was simply because there were so many people with goods to sell who would be willing to send their circulars, under the guise of newspapers, through the mails at the second-class rates, that some such rule was absolutely necessary to prevent the postoffice department from being bankrupted with a flood of matter that would have to be carried at a loss. Hence, very sensibly, the postoffice ruled that while they were willing to give the people the benefit of a postal rate at less than cost, for the purpose of educating them, they were not willing that merchants with goods to sell should take advantage of the government postoffice to send out their advertising circulars under the guise of newspapers. However, even when a magazine carried an enormous amount of advertising in proportion to its reading matter, it was never excluded if it could be shown that the publisher was being paid for his paper by bona-fide subscribers, and that he was not himself interested in the sale of the goods advertised.

I believe there has never been a single paper except my own denied admittance to the second-class privilege that could show a bona-fide subscription list, and whose publishers had no interest in the sale of goods advertised in its columns.

Now, the contention of the postoffice regarding my paper is that while I am not advertising goods for sale, I am advertising myself and my ideas. Mr. Madden at first said that my ideas were just as much "goods" as was soap, and that my advertising ideas manufactured by myself put me in the same category with a soap-manufacturer, who might wish to run a newspaper to advertise his soap for sale. I see now that he has said that this was simply a little joke. Very well; if he has given up his theory that the sale of ideas is the same as the sale of soap, I will then take up his new theory that advertising myself is the same as advertising soap. To prove the analogy, he must show that I myself am up for sale. Certainly, nobody ever advertised an article without at the same time indicating his desire to sell that article. If I see an advertisement of Royal Baking Powder, it conveys to me instantly that the maker of that article wishes me to buy it. Now, when I write an article in my paper and sign my name to it, or publish a letter addressed to me as editor, of course, I cannot deny that I do thereby gain publicity to a certain extent. It may even be construed as "advertising one's self." But if I do not make any revenue from the advertisement, I cannot see that the postoffice has any cause to interfere.

The main point is that if my subscribers pay me for my editorials, and prefer them signed and written in the first person, what right has the postoffice to determine that they shall be written anonymously, and with the pompous editorial "we"?

It seems to me that when every contention is admitted as to the bad taste of my pressing forward my own individuality in my own paper, there yet remains no ground for the postoffice to tell my subscribers that they shall not be permitted to see such a vulgar display of egotism. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

New York, October 31.

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"Challenge" Suppressed.

H. Gaylord Wilshire's weekly Socialist paper, CHALLENGE, formerly published at Los Angeles, Cal., has been refused admission to the mails at second-class rates at the New York post office by the third assistant postmaster-general, which is equivalent to being suppressed. If Wilshire's paper were a rabid advocate of plutocracy, after the same style it champions the cause of working people, would any intelligent person imagine that it would have thus been summarily and arbitrarily suppressed? Well, hardly.

This indicates what a "free country" this will be when the Morgans, Rockefellers and Hannas get their plutocratic Juggernaut in first class rolling order. Then good-bye to free press, free speech and a free republic! Then will our Anglo-American-European alliance for greed and plunder of the working classes be perfected in that infamous garb of red-handed despotism that has been so pleasing to all tyrants who have blackened the pages of history during the centuries of the past.—Springfield (Mo.) *Express.*

A Last Word to Mr. Madden

OFFICE OF THE THIRD ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 9, 1901.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE,
Publisher WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE:

Sir—The department has received your letter of the 31st ultimo, with relation to an application for entry to the second-class of mail matter of a new periodical published by you at New York, under the name of WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The various features of the case require investigation for the securement of the exact facts. For that reason the department cannot comply with your request for an immediate ruling, but you may be sure that there will be no more delay than is necessary to a full and impartial investigation, for the purpose of giving to your new periodical all the rights to which it is entitled under the Postal Laws and Regulations.

In the meantime you will be allowed to mail it as second-class matter, upon conditional deposit of postage at the third-class rate.

Very respectfully,
EDWIN C. MADDEN,
Third Assistant Postmaster-General.

November 12th, 1901.

Edwin C. Madden, Esq.,
Third Assistant Postmaster-General,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 9th inst., acknowledging mine of the 31st ultimo, which you refer to as being "with" relation to an application for second-class entry, at hand. I presume you mean "in" relation, etc. You say also that the various features of the case require investigation for the "securement" of the facts. Again I infer you mean the "securing" of the facts.

I am referring to your unusual style of writing English because I must assume, judging from your previous letter, that your decision is to be based upon whether I conform to your ideas of style in expressing my thoughts in the English language. I wish to say right now that if the above letter from you is any criterion of the model you wish me to follow, I herewith refuse an entry. If I am to make a fool of myself I wish to do it in my own peculiar style, and will model my foolishness after no man's instructions. I cannot see any reason for delay on your part in coming to a decision. You simply have to decide one point: Does my magazine offend you "too much" by "advertising Wilshire too much"? You ought to be able to tell how you feel upon this subject at once.

It's purely a question of personal taste; and time cannot help a man decide whether he likes beer better than whiskey. If he doesn't know at once, he never will know. Are you waiting for another number to come out? The trouble with my getting out another number is that I must pay you a thousand dollars or so simply on the chance that you may then decide if I have overstepped the dead-line of "advertising Wilshire too much." When I get out a second number, how do I know you will not wait for a third, and so on indefinitely? I can tell you right now that the November number is a fair sample of what will follow. There will be plenty of "Wilshire" in all succeeding numbers to the finish. You may take that for granted, and if you are going to base your decision on that point, there is no need of any delay for "securement" of facts. I want to know at once. I am not desirous of paying the United States Post-office several thousand dollars while you are calculating the amount of space you will allow me in my own magzine in which to admire myself. I don't care what you decide, as I feel that no matter what your decision is I will be the ultimate victor; but what I do wish you to do is to make up your mind and decide at once without any further dilly-dallying.

I have made all arrangements to publish WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE in Canada in case you refuse me entry in the United States, and inasmuch as I can send my papers into this country at one-half cent per pound, I will be no loser on postage account. It is unnecessary to state that there is no censorship of "Wilshire's

advertising" in Canada, and that my entry at the Canadian Post-office is a foregone conclusion. As a matter of fact, I have already settled that point by correspondence with the Canadian postal authorities. Canada being under a monarchy, you have to remember, has still some rights preserved for her citizens. Banishing me to Canada will not only fail to suppress my paper, but will also deprive the United States Post-office of any revenue at all for carrying it in this country. Your endeavor to get eight cents per pound out of me for circulating my paper may result in your having to carry it absolutely free. However, your salary will go on undiminished all the same, so do not think I am trying to intimidate you.

Please don't take another ten days to tell me that you cannot decide upon my entry. Give me *sudden* death or liberty!

Faithfully,

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

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A Long-Distance Kick

SEATTLE, Wash., October 18, 1901.

To the Editor: Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden last week dealt the freedom of the press and speech a blow that would be a pointer to the press censor of Russia. He suppressed one of the best Socialist papers in this or any other country. The paper in question was called THE CHALLENGE, owned and edited by H. Gaylord Wilshire, a millionaire Socialist of Los Angeles, Cal. Wilshire made his paper one of the most witty, incisive and clear-cut exponents of Socialism ever published, but he also took an entirely new tack, using his own unique personality, lavish use of money and exquisite humor, all of which is so unusual in a Socialist, to attract attention, and then he would pour into the gaping multitude the hot shot of Socialism. And the inimitable Wilshire knows how to use printer's ink, getting out life-size pictures of himself, pasting them on every billboard in his district and making a race for Congress on an automobile, his own vote doubling that of his party. This new departure in journalism, the use of a personality as an advertisement, is absolutely original with Wilshire, and using it as liberally in THE CHALLENGE as elsewhere, he was building up a tremendous circulation and attracting attention of the liberals in all countries. All this was going merrily on when suddenly—biff, went Third Assistant Madden, closing the newspaper rates to THE CHALLENGE, with a swat like a steel trap. And when Wilshire inquired on what grounds he acted, he replied: "Why, there's nothing in the paper except Wilshire!"

Admitting that Wilshire used most of the space in his own peculiar style, yet much remained for the foremost economic writers at home and abroad. So the "nothing" of Assistant Madden is evidently the straight Socialist teachings found therein, and as it is still lawful for men to advertise themselves at newspaper rates, Mr. Madden has seized upon this flimsy pretext to suppress a good and growing Socialistic newspaper. What next? W. C. B. RANDOLPH, in Seattle (Wash.) *Post Intelligencer.*

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Lincoln Warned Us

The conspiracy to muzzle free speech and the press is making headway.

Last week we called attention to the fact that the journals owned by trade unions were prohibited from printing advertisements, thus adding to the burdens of labor organizations.

Now Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden has ruled out H. Gaylord Wilshire's CHALLENGE, published in New York, as second-class matter.

The excuses given by Madden may be summed up as follows: 1. Too many Wilshire editorials. 2. Too much advertising Wilshire lectures. 3. Too many clippings from other papers. 4. Too little general information. 5. Too few original communications. 6. Too many personal letters. 7. No "news of the week." 8. Too many "ideas" advertised.

Mr. Wilshire announces that he will fight for his rights. Those who know him know that he is as good as his word.

It is our opinion that THE CHALLENGE was attacked for no other reason than that it was a Socialist party paper, with 30,000 circulation and growing influence.

If Mr. Madden's outrageous conduct is approved by his superiors, then newspapers might as well be edited and managed by the authorities in Washington.

It is perhaps fitting that this would-be censor, Madden, was a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and is strongly recommended by the Vanderbilt family clown, Senator Depew.

Place a beggar on horseback, invest a knave with a little brief authority, and there is no knowing to what extremes of tyranny such a fellow will go.

It's high time that the people awaken to the danger that confronts them. The sappers and miners that Jefferson despised; the conspirators that Jackson fought, and the monarchists that Lincoln warned us against are at work!

Recent attacks upon free speech and a free press betray the fact that no stone will be left unturned to strengthen the power of capitalism and organized greed!—The Cleveland *Citizen.*

SURFACE vs SNEAK

THOS. NAST.

WHAT THEN?

By HERBERT NEWTON CASSON.

When the mind is mapped as streets are—row on row;
When the heart is tamed from Love's unreasoning throe;
When the poet's winged fancy
Is an outgrown necromancy;
When the rain of inspiration turns to snow:
What then?

When all doubts and fears alike are backward cast;
When the dream of world-wide Brotherhood is past;
When the prophet's radiant vision
Is too futile for derision;
When the soul is but a formula at last:
What then?

When the fierce machine has conquered flesh and blood;
When the labor-power is belt and wheel and rod;
When the unfit nations wonder
At the gold we stagger under;
When the world is but an economic clod:
What then?
—*The Outlook.*

☆ ☆ ☆

To those who are interested in co-operation, I would suggest that they write for a sample copy of *The Co-operator*, published at Burley, Washington, by the Universal Brotherhood.

Edwin Markham & New Freedom

Edwin Markham's poem, "The Free Press," should be nailed to the masthead of *Wilshire's Magazine*. It is from Mr. Markham's new book, *Lincoln and Other Poems*. The second stanza is a trumpet-voicing of the position you have taken before the American people.

The Sower he describes as

"The stone rejected, yet the stone
Whereon is built metropolis and throne.
Out of his toil come all their pompous shows,
Their purple luxury, and plush repose!
The grime of this bruised hand keeps tender white
The hands that never labor, day nor night.
His feet that only know the field's rough floors
Send lordly steps down echoing corridors.

"Yea, this vicarious toiler at the plow
Gives that fine pallor to my lady's brow.
And idle armies with their boom and blare
Flinging their foolish glory on the air—
He hides their nakedness, he gives them bed,
And by his alms their hungry mouths are fed."

Where in literature is there a more vivid picturing of the mushroom and barnacle classes, and their pretentiousness and hollowness?

Truly Mr. Markham is in earnest with his message, and we know that he is deeply prophetic as he sings in *The Leader of the People*:

"We sweep on to the century anear—
But something makes the heart of man forebode
There is a new sphinx watching by the road;
Its name is Labor, and the world must hear—
Must answer its dread question—yea
Or perish as the tribes of yesterday."

And by the way this book of Markham's ought to be in the hands of every one fighting for the freedom of man. It is full of texts for the good cause. Mr. Markham sees for our country a Messianic purpose in redeeming men to industrial freedom. Addressing America, in *The Errand Imperious*, he says:

"'Tis yours to bear the World-State in your dream—
To strike down mammon and his brazen breed—
To build the Brother-Future, beam on beam;
Yours, mighty one, to shape the Mighty Deed."

New York. A. MADISON.

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The vigor with which you are hurling your CHALLENGE at me across the ocean makes my heart leap from its case.—George Bernard Shaw, English dramatist and critic.

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Single copies of CHALLENGE, suppressed by postoffice for advertising ideas: 37, 38, 39 and 40 will be sent free on application. In quantities, $2.00 per 100, expressage prepaid.

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By the hands of many a great work is made light.

"As Ithers See Us."

Your valuable paper.—B. O. Flower.

☆ ☆ ☆

I read THE CHALLENGE with interest.—Sir Charles Dilke, M. P.

☆ ☆ ☆

A fine paper, ably edited and doing a noble work.—Imogene C. Fales.

☆ ☆ ☆

I am extremely well pleased with THE CHALLENGE.—Prof. George D. Herron.

☆ ☆ ☆

It will help keep the great ball of truth rolling.—S. M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo.

☆ ☆ ☆

You are to be congratulated at being able to start such a paper.—Corinne S. Brown.

☆ ☆ ☆

It is broad and generous in its treatment of social problems.—*Bulletin*, Santa Ana, Cal.

I thank you for sending me THE CHALLENGE. It is one of the brightest papers in America. I always read it with great interest.—John P. Altgeld.

☆ ☆ ☆

Its typographical appearance is excellent, and I have not seen a paper more stimulating and suggestive on questions of progressive politics.—Edwin Markham, author of "Man With the Hoe."

☆ ☆ ☆

I thank you most warmly for sending me your brilliant paper. I feel as if some one had given me a box full of precious stones and pearls.—Baroness Von Suttner, President Austrian Peace Society.

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THE CHALLENGE is going to be very useful. I hail with joy almost any man who comes along nowadays saying exactly what he believes, exactly as he believes it.—Gerald Stanley Lee, author "The Shadow Christ."

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American Socialists want such literature, imbued with deep Socialist spirit, and with a clear concept of the history, the philosophy, the ethics and the economics of the international Socialist movement.—Leonard D. Abbott.

Your excellent magazine.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Your excellent and striking article on the trusts.—Walter Crane, the great English artist.

☆ ☆ ☆

I have been much interested in reading THE CHALLENGE.—W. S. Caine, Esq., M. P., and member Royal Indian Finance Commission.

☆ ☆ ☆

You are issuing the ablest Socialist paper.—Prof. N. A. Richardson, Superintendent San Bernardino Public Schools.

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Mr. Wilshire's brilliant article, etc. He has made a study of and mastered Socialism.—*Saturday Post*, Los Angeles.

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Thank you for your article on the trust, which I have read with much interest.—Frank A. Munsey, proprietor of *Munsey's Magazine*.

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House of Lords, London.

I read THE CHALLENGE with pleasure and interest. EARL RUSSELL.

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You are storming the strongholds of the enemy and you keep the air filled with grape and canister and heavier missiles. THE CHALLENGE is a credit to you and to the cause. It means business, and says so in plain language.—Eugene V. Debs.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE CHALLENGE is the very best paper that has come under my observation as yet. I send out to you across the continent the earnest wishes of an earnest heart for your welfare and success.—Mary Elizabeth Lease.

☆ ☆ ☆

I have been much interested in reading a copy of THE CHALLENGE, and as I see you receive foreign stamps I enclose three shillings' worth, which represents about a year's subscription and postage.—W. S. Caine, M. P., member Royal Indian Finance Commission.

I write to tell you how much I appreciate THE CHALLENGE, and I send you my subscription. Please keep me on your books as I do not want to lose any of the numbers. It is a splendid paper and is doing a great service for Socialism.—Rev. William T. Brown, pastor Plymouth Church, Rochester, N. Y.

☆ ☆ ☆

You have succeeded in starting a thoroughly sound and uncompromising party organ. Hardly the most *en rage* of Socialists will be able to deny that you are fighting a good fight and keeping the faith of Social Democracy without any shirking. Long life and prosperity to THE CHALLENGE.—E. Belfort Bax, (London).

☆ ☆ ☆

Your paper is beautiful in appearance, rich in thought, and its clear, bold utterances are to me like a refreshing spring in a desert land. THE CHALLENGE has a place, and a work, and I hope it may live and its founder see the overthrow of Anarchy and strife and the ideal system of government yet established.—Rev. T. E. Wright.

☆ ☆ ☆

Permit me to congratulate you on the appearance of THE CHALLENGE. "It fills a long-felt want," and will make Socialists wherever it finds readers who know enough to draw conclusions from facts so submitted to them. It is certainly the "warmest number" of the Socialist press circle.—A. M. Simons, editor *International Socialist Review*.

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THE CHALLENGE seems the incarnation of the push and go of the period. I saw the first copies this morning and send in my subscription at once. There is a snap and go about your new venture which I must say I like, to say nothing of its intrinsic worth. I know I shall get my money back many fold ere the year is out.—Jack London, author of "The Son of the Wolf."

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I want the paper and wouldn't mind paying for it two or three times over. I am not exactly a Socialist, but it is always a cheering sight to see a man that knows exactly what he cares about, as you do—if I may be permitted to say so—and goes for it the shortest way. I believe it is true that sensible men are all of your religion.—Prof. Charles Ferguson, author "Religion of Democracy."

I'll do what I can to introduce your paper into New York circles. It is the best weekly in the country, without any exception; and the cheapest in the world. Will try to send you a bunch of subscribers soon. You're just on the right line, and should build up a great circulation. I can't suggest any improvements in THE CHALLENGE. It's tip-top.—Herbert N. Casson, editorial staff New York *Journal*.

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I have read the postal laws and I have also been a reader of CHALLENGE from its first number; and, in the light of all the facts, I am forced to say that to me the decision of the Third Assistant Postmaster-General against you seems a most unaccountable proceeding. Sincerely yours,

EDWIN MARKHAM,
Author, "Man With the Hoe."

☆ ☆ ☆

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, March 23, 1901.

DEAR WILSHIRE: I am glad you and your paper are doing well. You always prophesied that the trusts would go on till they got into one or two hands, and then the nation would take them over. It looks like happening now fairly soon. Keep pegging away at the monstrous industrial slavery you have exposed at Chicago so ably. I wish you all luck, and am, Yours faithfully,

F. York Powell, M. A.; Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford University, England.

☆ ☆ ☆

Fifteen years ago Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire foresaw the certainty of this impending revolution, and accordingly made a careful study of the industrial problem, both in America and Europe. Thus he stands among the foremost writers on economic questions, and every word he has to say is read with great interest. Hence THE CHALLENGE has the indorsement of every prominent Socialist in the United States, and the commendation of many conservative business men.—James T. Van Rensalaer.

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Your path has been trodden by the noble often before you.

May God bless and prosper and guide you. Yours, in love,

PAINESVILLE, O. [REV.] W. E. LINCOLN.

Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire Editor of The Challenge

I have not seen a paper more stimulating and suggestive on questions of progressive politics

Faithfully yours,

Edwin Markham

As to yourself, you have seen much of both worlds, the old and the new. You are experienced in business, have studied widely and have thought a great deal. Soundly and broadly based upon the true theories of material and industrial evolution, you can bring your fully developed mind to bear with ripe theoretical insight upon the last stage of capitalism, now extending all round you. You are thus able to keep constantly before your countrymen the true meaning of events which at present they scarcely appreciate, and through your CHALLENGE can thus help them to rise to the level of their opportunities as educated and class conscious citizens of the world. I know none who is better capable than yourself of rendering this great service to the workers of America and to mankind at large.—H. M. Hyndman, "England's Greatest Socialist."

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HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, March 29, 1901.

Dear Mr Wilshire Thank you
for the copies of your letter. I

have been so pressed by work as to have not been yet able to read it with the care it deserves, but I trust, as a parliamentary vacation is at hand, to be able to do so.

I remember very well our conversation when you visited me ten years ago. Since then, as you observe, things have developed themselves to a remarkable degree, and the question has become on your side, tho' not yet in Europe, one of vast magnitude. It is one whose developments we here find it hard to follow, but I am under the impression that no legislative scheme yet proposed for dealing with the problem has received the general support of reformers.

So far as I can judge, it is quite true that the industrial competition of the U. S. A. is going to press much more severely upon Europe in the future than it has done in the past. This would, I think, be even more markedly the case if the U. S. were to abandon the policy of protection. Tho' I know there are differences on this

know I was the opinion of Mr
Gladstone. I am
Faithfully yours
James Bryce

From Gladstones Cabinet Minister, the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, Author of "The American Commonwealth."

Ideas Are Dangerous

Wilshire's paper, CHALLENGE, is excluded from second-class mail privilege. There is a clause in the post-office rules which forbids this privilege to papers designed for advertising. This clause was inserted to exclude papers issued by manufacturers and merchants advertising merchandise, such as Hood's Sarsaparilla, Pears' Soap, etc. Now, then, Third Assistant Postmaster Madden makes a brilliant discovery. He discovers that Wilshire has ideas. Men of Madden's calibre are seldom keen enough to recognize ideas in any programme which conflicts with their own present comfort and ease. But Wilshire made a fatal mistake when he labeled his statements ideas, otherwise they would never have been detected by these Republican politicians. However, Madden, the Mighty, rises above the intent of the law and bars out Wilshire's paper, CHALLENGE, on the ground that he is advertising his ideas. Few Republican and Democratic papers can ever be shut out for exposing ideas.

Men with ideas are dangerous. Socrates was removed from earth for advertising his ideas. Christ was crucified for the same reason. Galileo would have had his head removed had he not withdrawn his ideas, and told his superiors that the earth didn't turn around.

Madden gives forth this oracular verdict for the benefit of us ignoramuses, that soap and ideas are all the same to him. Advertising is advertising. This seems to mean that where the Socialist has ideas Madden has soap or ideas, or both, it's all the same to him.

However, Wilshire will continue his paper as a monthly for the present. It remains to be seen whether the American people will accept this decision as final that soap and ideas are all the same.—*Clarion*, Haverhill, Mass.

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Three if they unite against a town will ruin it.—Arabian.

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Advice given in the midst of a crowd is loathsome.—Arabian.

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He that can reply calmly to an angry man is too hard for him.

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Advice after mischief is like medicine after death.—Dan.

☆ ☆ ☆

Many can bear adversity but few contempt.

☆ ☆ ☆

Adversity makes wise though not rich.

How the Revolution May be Accomplished.

This question does not trouble the avowed Socialist. When the proper time arrives ancient wrongs go down. Feudalism, chattel slavery, divine right of kings and imperial dominion yield to the necessity of the occasion as will private property.

For the consolation of the timid and strengthening of the weak we from time to time consult "eminent counsel" who suggest legal methods of transferring property from private to community ownership.

The Hon. Walter S. Logan, then president ot the New York State Bar Association, in his annual address at the Capitol in Albany, N. Y., on Jan. 16, 1900, took as his subject "The Limitation of Inheritances." The whole paper is well worth reading as the calm statement of one, certainly not a Socialist, who knows the tendency of social conditions. The following unassailable quotations, intended for another object, justify the Socialist's hope of a peaceful ending of social injustice. He said, in part (italics mine):

"The New York State Bar Association is composed of law-makers as well as law interpreters. We are a constituent part of the State Government and with other departments of government occupy the State Capitol. We are vested by law with important public functions and duties. The State looks to us for guidance and leadership when any important change is proposed in its legislative policy. We, of our profession, and especially we, the organized Bar of the State, are placed where perhaps better than others we can see the evils as well as the advantages attendant upon the present policy of permitting the transmission of property by will and inheritance without limitation. *Almost the entire private property of the State passes through our hands every generation.*

"There was a time when the title to property (that is, the more or less exclusive monopoly which men have in certain portions of the earth's surface and certain products of the earth) had a religious basis. The church taught that the right of property was a divine right and that men held their possessions by God's will. The progress of modern thought has brought about a change and it has now come to be pretty well recognized that *the only justification for its continuance is in the general acquiesence of the community.*

"I do not believe the time will ever come—I certainly hope it never will—when the community will change its opinion in this regard . . . *but if the time ever should come the institution of private property must of necessity cease.*

"The State has the power to prescribe the social and economic policy which shall govern the relation of its people to each other and to itself and to determine upon what principle the portion of the earth's blessings that come within its jurisdiction shall be distributed among its people. *If statutes are in the way, statutes can be repealed. If there exist constitutional limitations or restrictions, constitutions as well as statutes can be amended.* In the ultimate, the will of the people in regard to the existence, extent and continuance of private property will have to prevail and the title deed of the property owner has no other final sanction than such will."

Having boldly spoken the legal truth, Mr. Logan, like many other reformers, building upon unassailable premises, erects a fanciful house of cards in order to palliate, not destroy, vested wrongs. He advocates a constitutional limitation of inheritance to a sum not exceeding ten millions of dollars. He says:

"The State therefore, that has the power to say—if it choose to say it—that

private property shall not exist, has certainly the power to regulate its ownership. The greater implies the lesser." Here then is asserted the right of the State to take private property. There are no insurmountable legal or constitutional obstacles. The only question raised is as to its expediency, and it is admitted that the people (who are the State) are the ultimate judges of its expediency. The method is of minor importance, yet there are many who stumble over the question of method and compensation. Mr. Logan says: "I am very far indeed from being a Socialist. I am very willing that the State should extend its functions but I am very strongly opposed to the nationalizing of all property."

In fact, it would seem from the full tenor of his address that he proposes the limitation of inheritances as a means of staving off the otherwise inevitable abolition of private property. The expropriation of private property from its living owners presents some problems which Mr. Logan very ably avoids, saying:

"A live man's claim to live in the house that he has built has its foundation in the best of logic; but the claim of a man of the right to live there after he is dead or to dictate as to who shall continue to occupy it when he can have no more need of it himself, has no such clear logical basis. The earth is barely large enough for the people who are living on it now. If it is to be incumbered by the corpses or the spirits or the testaments of all who have gone before, live people will have a poor show.

"The power to transmit property by will, and the laws of descent and distribution in case of intestacy are purely artificial. Inheritance depends altogether upon the local statute prevailing at the time and place of the person's death. It is different in different states and countries and at different times in the same state or country. It is changed by a simple act of the legislature whenever the legislature wills. Such changes are usually of little importance, but they may at any time be revolutionary.

"A statute in the following words, if enacted by the New York Legislature, now sitting, *would undoubtedly be constitutional and be enforced by the courts.*

"Section 1. All statutes providing for the making and probating of wills of real or personal property are hereby repealed.

"Section 2. All laws providing for the descent and distribution of the real and personal property of persons dying intestate are hereby repealed.

"Section 3. All the property, real and personal, of every person dying after the passage of this act, shall escheat to the State."

After throwing this bomb among the assembled legal lights, the speaker proceeded to let them down easy and disarm hostile criticism, saying: "I am not advocating such a statute. It would find few advocates in our profession, and I am able to assure you that there is no danger of its passage at the present session. But the Legislature has the power to pass it and is restrained from doing so, not by any lack of authority, but by its conviction that it would not be for the public good." It is not necessary to say that a Legislature of Socialists, having a majority party of Socialists behind them might take a different view of the public good, and act accordingly. The speaker in his introduction assured his assembled colleagues that the programme was in two parts, First: "The address of the President to which you have to listen. Second: Other addresses to which you are glad to listen." He proceeded to clinch his position saying: "There is and there can be no vested right in a future inheritance. . . . The proposed legislation is not inimical to the constitutional provision that private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation. This constitutional provision applies to the person, not to the thing. It is only the property right of the individual that is protected. The right of the ancestor terminates with his death. The right of the heir does not attach

until the death of the ancestor and then the only right of the heir is to inherit that which the law allows him to inherit. If the law at the time of the ancestor's death allows him to inherit nothing, he has no right in the ancestor's estate. . . . The heir having no right to inherit that which the law does not permit him to inherit, no property right of the heir is taken away by a change in the law previous to the death of the ancestor.

". . . No court has ever recognized a vested right in an inheritance . . . The next of kin inherits from his ancestor, not by any virtue of his own, not because he is better than some other man, but simply by the grace of the State which has enacted a statute that *he* instead of *it,* may so inherit."

Having before us an easy method of transferring private property to the State, with full and approved assurance that it really belongs to the State and has only been given to private individuals by the grace of the State, the Socialist sees but one course open for him. He must press on to the conquest of the powers of the State at the ballot box. If the State were to continue to be as it now is, simply a committee of private owners for the furtherance of the interests of private owners, the transfer of titles from private to State or municipal ownership would be of slight advantage to the disinherited. The necessity of the State becoming the ideal "Of the people, for the people and by the people," becomes so much the greater as its functions extend. A Socialistic State must be composed of Socialists, its powers administered by those who believe in and uphold Socialism. Says Mr. Logan in answer to doubts of the State's ability to administer such trust: "The highest virtue in a State, as in a lover, is to dare. By daring it learns to do. If the State is not now competent to perform this function it must fit itself to perform it or it must cease to exist. The business of the modern State is the administration of public trusts. It must learn to do its business well or it must resign in favor of some other form of government that can do it better."

So much for the constitutional right and moral duty of the State to become sole heir of its deceased citizens, administering its inheritance for the benefit of all the living. The sons of Vanderbilts, Astors, and Rockefellers would not receive as much as under the old law, but they would be assured of all they could honestly earn and an opportunity to earn it. The State would soon inherit a majority of all corporate stocks and bonds and all corporations would then serve the people. A State controlled by Socialists would certainly assert its majority rights in all corporate bodies. Recognizing the right of every person to the opportunity to labor would make each industry productive until every want was supplied. Even a Vanderbilt would be happier in such a State. That a perfect State would immediately result is beyond possibility, but that a *better* State and unlimited opportunity for individual development would follow, no one can seriously question. Except in case of unlawful and treasonable resistance no harsher measures would be required. The Supreme Court, that bugbear of objectors, would not bar the way if the Socialists elected the officers, for as Mr. Dooley wittily says, "Whether the Constitution follows the flag or not, the Supreme Court follows the election returns."

The Socialist State having inherited the controlling interest in all industries a voluntary surrender of the remainder would probably follow and the Co-operative Commonwealth become an accomplished fact in a single generation.

S. S.

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By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.

☆ ☆ ☆

Three helping one another bear the burthen of six.

☆ ☆ ☆

Always keep your hook in the water; where you least expect one the fish will be found.—Ovid.

Industrial Democracy.

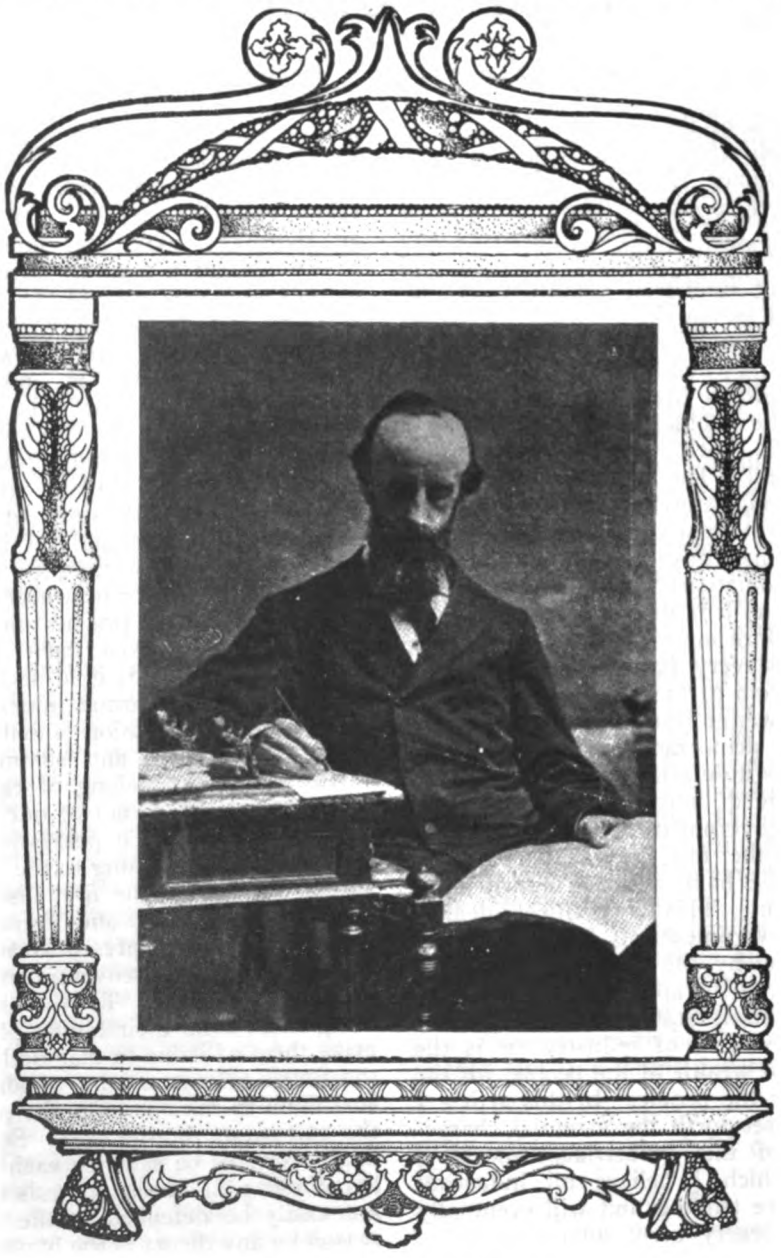
Rev. Lyman Abbott, in Forum, 1890.

In much of the writing and speaking on the subject of the industrial situation, it is assumed that the wages system, which divides society into two classes—capitalists and laborers, employers and employed—is the inherent, essential, and permanent industrial condition of society. It is, on the contrary, of recent origin; certainly modern, I believe transitional. A hundred years ago the weaver owned his loom, the tailor his bench, the cobbler his stall, the stage driver his coach, the woman her spinning wheel. The invention of steam, the spinning jenny, and the power loom, created a necessity for organized labor. Individualism gave place to combination, and combination created capitalism. I believe, and it is this faith which I wish to set before my readers in this article, that, as slavery gave place to serfdom and serfdom to the wages system, so in time the wages system will give place to industrial democracy.

What is industrial democracy? Aristotle divided government into three classes—government by the one, government by the few, government by the many. We have added a fourth—self government. This is political democracy—"government of the people, for the people, by the people." Industrial democracy is the application of the principles concisely stated in this motto, to the organization of industry; it is the doctrine of wealth of the people, for the people, by the people. In this article I desire to set forth the essential characteristics of this industrial democracy, toward which I believe all industrial changes are tending and will eventually peacefully carry us.

The wealth of the nation is wealth of the people; that is, it springs from the people. It therefore belongs of right to the people. For what are its sources? In twenty-five years the wealth of the nation is reported to have grown from fourteen billion to forty-four billion. Why? What is the secret of this marvelous growth of wealth? It is, first of all, discovery. We have found in this land unmeasured wealth, which God has in ages long past stored here—forests in northern and northwestern states, waiting to do obeisance to the woodman's axe; water power in northeastern streams, waiting to be lassoed and harnessed by Yankee enterprise; harbors and great river ways, built long before river and harbor bills were dreamed of; coal in Pennsylvania mines and oil in subterranean reservoirs, waiting for pick and blast to call them forth; wheat and corn sleeping in western prairies until Prince Labor should awaken them with his wand to fruitful life; gold and silver in Colorado and California mines, imprisoned until civilization should unbolt their prison doors and summon them forth. To whom belong of right these treasures which are not of our making? To the people first in possession of the soil? Then they belong to the despoiled Indian races. To the first discoverers? Then to the Spanish and French races; certainly not to the present owners, who are neither the discoverers nor their heirs or assignees. To the men who bring them from their hiding places and make them of value to mankind? Then the forest belongs to the woodman, the coal mine to the operator, the prairie to the cultivator of the soil. Something might perhaps be said for each of these hypotheses; the one hypothesis that cannot easily be defended in the court of reason by any theory is the hypothesis on which we have in fact acted—that they belong of right to the strongest (or to the most grasping and unscrupulous) in a struggle, not for existence, but for wealth, luxury, and power. This

wealth has been like a shower of gold pieces flung out into a populous Italian street by a passer-by. We have all scrambled for it; a few of the strongest have won the prize, while the rest look on with covetous eyes. This wealth of the continent belongs to the nation; and justice demands such methods of legislation as will give most equitably to the nation this common wealth, and to each member of the nation his share of advantage in the common store.



Rev. Lyman Abbott

Next to discovery of wealth hidden in the earth, is what we call invention, which is in truth simply the discovery and application of a like wealth hidden in the forces of nature. We are rich beyond all previous ages, because we have found a way to make nature do our work and accumulate our wealth for us. God puts his muscles at the disposal of our brains. He is the genie of the lamp who has come to do our bidding; to be, as it were, our drudge and servant. His water courses grind our grist for us; his fire summons from the water its secret energy and puts at our service unestimated horse power to drive our machinery for us; his lightning comes from the clouds to carry our messages and light our streets and public halls and private houses. To whom belong these natural forces? There is a reason in justice, and a reason in expediency, why a nation should give a large measure of the first profits they yield to the men whose insight first discovers, whose wisdom first applies to useful service, these divine forces. But the forces themselves are not private property; they belong to humanity. The very existence of our patent laws is public testimony to the truth that every such force is public property; private property only so far as the public chooses to relinquish its larger right for its own larger benefit. Industrial democracy claims as its own the crude wealth hidden in the earth, and the more subtle wealth concealed in the forces of nature. Mr. Edward Atkinson estimates that seven persons can with our improved machinery provide bread for a thousand. This fact, which ought to reduce the labor and enhance the wealth of the entire population, enriches the few and leaves the labor and the recompense of the many substantially as before—the labor but slightly lessened, the recompense but slightly increased.

A third source of national wealth has been in franchises created by the people for the public welfare, and transformed into private wealth through public neglect and private sagacity. The railroads of the United States are estimated as worth about eight thousand million dollars, about one-half of which is represented by stock. What gives them their value? It is not the road bed, the iron or steel rails, the stations and surrounding grounds; it is that the railroads are the public highways. Formerly our public highways afforded poor facilities for locomotion, but they were free; now they afford admirable facilities for locomotion, but they are private property. The telegraph wires are the nerves of the nation; the railroads are its arterial system. The body politic has sold or given away its nerves and its arteries. The nation could well afford to pay liberally the men who invented the telegraph and created the railroad system. It could afford to pay well for poles and wires, for road bed and stations. If it choose to leave pole and wire, road bed and station under private control, it may certainly do so; whether that is wise or not is matter for further consideration. Here it must suffice to say that the wealth of both telegraph and railroad, of long interstate lines and of short electric or horse-car lines, is due to the fact that they are indispensable means of intercommunication; this wealth is derived from the public and belongs to the public. Like the wealth of the forests, the mines and the prairies; like the wealth of gravitation, fire, electricity; it is the wealth of the people and belongs of right to the people.

All these values, and indeed all values of any considerable consequence, are themselves the product of that civilization which is the common contribution of the nation. The wealth of America has attracted hither millions of immigrants, and has given to our country a growth unprecedented, which fills the student of national life sometimes with a sense of exaltation, sometimes with a sense of awe akin to alarm. But it is this immigration which has created the wealth. These hungry mouths have given a value to our breadstuffs; these multiplied homes have made a market for our coal; these rushing hordes of immigrants and traders have enriched our railway com-

panies. No man ever, by himself, created or ever can create wealth. Into the locomotive have entered the hopes and fears, the successes and failures, the labors and achievements of many lives now ended. The railroad owner cannot, does not, recompense the grave. Your beautiful vase cost Palissy, the potter, many a pang, though he never saw it; and for the sake of it his wife and children often went supperless to bed. Can you pay them? The wharfage of New York City, which with reckless lack of prevision we have allowed to become private property, is valuable solely because of the 3,000,000 people who live on and about Manhattan Island. Every farmer in Illinois helps to enhance the value of the Illinois Central Railroad; every shopkeeper in New York adds to the value of every warehouse.

Thus it is clear that our wealth is in its source and origin a common wealth. Our system of exchange is a rude method of balancing values with one another. Possibly there may be no better one discoverable; possibly no amendment of it may be conceivable; but no thoughtful man will contend that it affords absolute adjustment or represents a divine equity. The wealth of every millionaire comes from the resources of the land of which he has gotten control; or from natural sources, the chief grist of which falls into his meal bags; or from public franchises given by the state and created for the state; or from that general advantage which grows spontaneously out of the presence and power of a generally diffused civilization and an increasing population. The least part of it is that which his own effort has created. The basis of a democracy of wealth is found in the fact that all wealth springs from the people. The basilar factor in our civilization is that wealth, like political power, is of the people.

And therefore it ought to be for the people. At present it certainly is not. It is not necessary, on the one hand, to contend that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer; it is in vain, on the other hand, to point to the truth that wages are appreciating and interest depreciating. The fundamental fact remains, that while in the United States political power and public education are distributed, wealth is concentrated. The plutocracy which De Tocqueville dreaded is here. Elaborate statistics are unnecessary. Accurate statistics are impossible. A single brief statement may suffice to illustrate a fact patent to any observer of life or reader of the daily press. Mr. Thomas G. Shearmen has made a careful collection and comparison of statistics for the purpose of considering the question, Who own the United States? and reaches the conclusion that 40,000 persons own one-half the wealth of the United States; that one-seventieth of the population own two-thirds of its wealth; and that 250,000 families, aggregating possibly 750,000 to 1,000,000 persons, own upwards of three-quarters of the whole. A friend, an authority in economics, to whom I submit this article in manuscript to insure accuracy in its statistics, thinks Mr. Shearman's estimate of the number of owners too low, but he writes: "It is quite certain that 1 per cent. of the families of America own as much as the remaining 99 per cent.;" and he adds that the concentration of wealth is worse in Great Britain. If these estimates are either of them even approximately correct—and the latter one probably minimizes the concentration—it is clear that the second condition of a democracy of wealth does not exist in the United States; the wealth which really springs from the people is not in fact controlled by, or administered for, the people.

Industrial democracy does not demand simply a division of the wealth of a nation among its 60,000,000 of population. Such a division would have to be repeated in every generation, and would end, not in a common wealth, but in a common poverty. It does not demand that all labor shall receive equal wages, and all men possess equal wealth. It demands equity, not equality. It does not adopt as its own the motto of modern Socialism: "From every man ac-

cording to his ability; to every man according to his need." That is the motto of the church, not of the nation. It is the principle of benevolence, not of justice; and not benevolence but justice should be the basis of the state. But industrial democracy does demand, with Laveleye, "To each worker his produce, his entire produce, nothing but his produce." It agrees with him that "the great problem of social organization is to realize this formula of justice." I do not indeed hold with Laveleye that "if this were once applied, pauperism and divitism, misery and idleness, vice and spoliation, pride and servitude would disappear as if by magic" from among us. Social transformations are not wrought by magic, but by patient labor and painfully slow processes of evolution. There would still be lazy folk who would rather live by begging than by industry; still inefficient folk who could live only by servitude to the more efficient. But organized injustice would disappear from our industrial organization; and with injustice would disappear dangerous, because reasonable, discontent, and the division into two classes of the very rich and the very poor. Society would still exist in grades, but no longer in castes; and Lazarus would no longer worry Dives with his importunity, nor Dives afflict Lazarus with his scorn.

What is the true basis of ownership? We brought nothing into this world; no infidel was ever so skeptical as to deny that proposition. How then do we get anything? There are three ways. We may create it by our own industry; that is, it may be the product of our own labor. It may be given to us by some one who has created it by his industry, either as a free-will offering or in exchange for a product of our own; that is, it may be acquired by gift or purchase. Or we may take possession of it, without leave. In the latter case, if we take it from a private owner, the act is called stealing; if from the public fund, it is called speculation. The wages paid respectively to brain and brawn are perhaps not unfairly balanced; the values of the respective products of industry are perhaps not unfairly matched. But the great fortunes are not made by industry. They are made by men who have had the opportunity and the ability to get possession of the common wealth. They have been acquired by owners of coal and gold and silver mines taking as their own the wealth of the hills; by oil corporations taking as their own the wealth of the subterranean reservoirs; by railroad kings taking as their own the public highways; by landlords taking as their own the wealth of the prairies and the greater wealth of suddenly upspringing cities. The just reformer will not condemn these makers of great fortunes. He may even commend their sagacity in discerning the opportunity, their forcefulness in seizing it, and their generosity in so using their advantage as to make the public real sharers in their wealth. But he will condemn the system which has to many workers given very much less than the entire produce of their labor, and to many others has given immensely more. Jay Gould commenced life with a mouse trap; after twenty-five years he displayed securities worth $100,000,000. Who will claim that he has created this wealth by his industry? Part of it? Yes; but most of it our industrial system has enabled him to take from the public stores—from wealth of natural resources and public highways that is the product of no man's labor and therefore of right the private property of no man. Industrial democracy may be quite willing that the ratio of profit between brain worker and brawn worker, between captains of industry and privates of industry, be left to be determined in a free and open market by the law of demand and supply; but it will insist more and more strenuously, that the wealth which is not the product of individual labor shall not become individual property; that what is by its nature common wealth shall remain wealth common to all the people.

Industrial democracy involves the further principle that, as the wealth of the

nation comes from the people and belongs to the people, so it should be administered by the people. This is the point concerning which most readers will be skeptical, and here the advocates of the existing system will make their stand. The doctrine that wealth is properly a common wealth, is familiar to political economy and is the basis of the doctrine of eminent domain. The doctrine that it is to be used for the people, underlies the familiar doctrine of the New Testament that wealth is a trust, and the equally familiar doctrine of political economy that it must be active to be profitable. But the doctrine that the common people are competent to administer wealth, will be received with the same sort of skepticism with which its predecessors in the evolution of democracy have been received. Democracy, the doctrine that the common people are better able to manage their own affairs than any one is to manage for them, is accepted by Protestantism in religion, by republicanism in politics, and by industrial democracy in industrialism. The Reformation assumes the capacity of men to answer each for himself the profoundest question of life: Is there a God? Is the soul immortal? Has God spoken to the soul? How? By church, Bible, conscience, or all three? What are the laws of right and wrong? On what do they rest and how are they enforced? And it regards all priests and prophets as advisers, not rulers, servants, not masters, of the people. Republicanism follows Protestantism in the evolution of liberty. If man can settle for himself the problems of the kingdom of God, he can settle those of the kingdoms of men. If he can solve the problems of eternity, he can solve those of time. Priestcraft being repudiated, kingcraft follows. Democracy calls no man master and all men brethren; chooses its own leaders, who become, like the priests and prophets of the church, advisers, not rulers, servants, not masters. Industrial democracy carries this evolution one stage further. It is the necessary corollary of religious and political democracy. If the people are competent to govern an empire, they are competent to govern a cotton mill; if they can select servants to administer a treasury department, they can choose servants to carry on banking; if they can conduct a gigantic civil war to a fortunate conclusion, they can conduct civil industries with successful results; if they can select their own captains for a few years of military service, they can choose their own captains of industry. The real origin of what men miscall our labor troubles is to be traced back to Luther. When men were taught that they had a right to think, the whole world of thought was opened to them; when they were taught that they had a right to govern themselves in the church, self-government, first in the state and then in industry, followed as the day follows the dawn. In America our churches, our politics, our school boards, are based on the competence of the people; our industries on their incompetence. Both views cannot be right; one must overturn the other. We cannot permanently have a state based on democratic principles, and an industrial system based on oligarchical principles. We shall become, sooner or later, consistently democratic or consistently oligarchic. The whole labor movement, with its organizations of workingmen, its labor legislation, its strikes and boycotts, its brotherhood of industry, its demand for shorter hours and larger wages, its rude and sometimes barbaric attempts to exercise control over industrial enterprises in which it has no capital invested, its attempts at profit-sharing and co-operation, its proposed nationalization of land and of industries, is all a movement toward industrial democracy; that is, toward such an industrial reconstruction as shall recognize the truth, that wealth, like education and political power, is of the people and for the people, and therefore should be administered by the people.

Industrial democracy is not anarchism and does not tend toward it. Anarchism is the doctrine that government is an evil and should be abolished; the doctrine that "gov-

ernment is a necessary evil," pushed to its extreme by striking out the word necessary; an exaggeration of individualism; *laissez-faire* gone to seed. It is, indeed, the antipodes of democracy, for democracy assumes in men a competence for organization, political, educational, industrial. The one is founded upon a profound distrust of man, the other upon a profound faith in him. Industrial democracy is not nationalism or state socialism. It does not confound the functions of government and of industry; it does not propose to put two incongruous duties upon the same organization. It does not propose that the state shall own all the tools and order all the industries of the community. It does not necessarily even look in that direction. It is certainly not individualism with its pagan motto, "Every one for himself and the devil take the hindermost," and the equally brutal motto (which belongs to the beasts of the forest, but not to man made in God's image and for the realm of mutual service), "The struggle for existence, the survival of the fittest," and, as a consequence, the tragic "unsurvival" of the unfittest. Yet it involves something of each one of these three systems. The industrial democrat would, with the anarchist, reduce government and enlarge liberty; but, unlike the anarchist, he would preserve government as a necessary and beneficent means of preserving liberty. With the Socialist he would give to every man a share in the control of the world's industries, and, consequently, in their gains and losses; but, unlike the Socialist, he would adjust both control and participation in the profits according to the measure of each man's contribution, not in the ratio of his need, and in the inverse ratio of his contribution. With the individualist, he would leave each individual with a free contract in the open market; but, unlike the individualist, he would recognize the truth of the aphorism, "When combination is possible competition is impossible," and he would make unauthorized and undemocratic combinations impossible by promoting combinations of labor and capital upon democratic principles; that is, upon the simple principle of the greatest good to the greatest number.

If I am asked to be more specific, and to indicate what reforms industrial democracy involves, and what are the first steps it will take toward their realization, I reply illustratively, not comprehensively. Industrial democracy means the recognition in private industries of Professor Jevons's aphorism, that combinations should be perpendicular, not horizontal; that is, that there should be a combination of labor and capital in one organization, in competition with a similar combination of labor and capital in a rival organization, not a combination of all capital in battle array against a combination of all labor. Thus it means an extension of profit-sharing and co-operation, for both of which the device of joint-stock corporations is preparing the way. It means certainly not a nationalization of all wealth, but such legislation as will preserve to the people the values which properly belong to the people—the mines and oil wells, the undeveloped land values, the forests, the great franchises, and the forces of nature given by our present patent laws too absolutely to the patentee, who is rarely the real discoverer or inventor. It means such reform of taxation as shall prevent the imposition of taxes on the many, to create a surplus in the treasury out of which to pay bonuses or to lend money to the few, whether the borrowers be manufacturers, railroads, ship-owners, sugar-growers, or farmers. It means the total abolition of the methods of partnership now in vogue, by which the state furnishes funds to certain enterprises—sometimes ecclesiastical, sometimes educational, sometimes industrial—and leaves the control in private hands, and the profits, when there are any, in private pockets. It means the adoption of the broad principle, "No appropriations by the government to any organizations not under public control and for the public benefit." It means, not the conduct of the industries of the community by the state, but the regulation by the state of all industries on

which the life of the state depends; of all natural and necessary monopolies, such as telegraphs, railroads, water-supplies, public lighting, and the like and the absolute ownership and administration by the state of all such industries, in the measure in which cautious experiments may indicate that the public can serve itself cheaper and better than it can hire private corporations to serve it. It seems to me to involve municipal ownership and administration of all street-lighting, and all street-car routes; federal ownership of all the telegraph and telephone service; state regulation of all mines and oil wells; and federal regulation, though probably not federal ownership, of all inter-state railway systems.

These seem to me to be the first steps in the forward movement. Yet respecting these specific steps I am not dogmatic. My object is accomplished if I have succeeded in setting clearly before the reader the process of the evolution of industry—from slavery, or ownership of the laborer by the capitalist, to feudalism, or ownership by the capitalist of the land, with a lien on the laborer; from feudalism to individualism, or free competition, in an open market, of an almost wholly unorganized industry; from individualism to the wages system, or the organization of industry on oligarchic principles under captains of industry, responsible only to God and their own consciences; from the wages system to industrial democracy, or a system of industry founded upon, and effectually applying, the principle that wealth is *of* the people, should be *for* the people, and must eventually be administered and controlled *by* the people.

☆ ☆ ☆

[I don't think that Socialists would find much fault with defining Socialism as Industrial Democracy. In fact, it is one of my own favorite definitions. Eliminating one or two fantastic ideas, such, for instance, as the desirability of having two profit-sharing corporations competing with each other instead of having a single co-operative concern, the Socialist will have little fault to find with Dr. Abbott's economics.

The Doctor erroneously seems to conceive the possibility of a "government" existing to "govern" people and working alongside of an organization of the people which will own and manage industry.

He makes this mistake because he sees a "government" to-day owned nominally by the people and an industrial "government" owned admittedly by the capitalists. Of course the ownership of the political machinery is really in the hands of those who own the industrial machinery. Hence, while there is apparently a dual control of politics and industry there is in reality but a single control. Socialists recognize clearly that control of the industrial machinery will surely control the political machinery. They therefore do not see the possibility of any other "government" as existing to manage our politics when the people have taken over to themselves the control of the industrial machinery. Under Socialism there will be no function of "government" such as Doctor Abbott and my Seattle "fighter" seem to think. We will not have need for the "governing men," we will simply need an organization to "administer things."—H.G.W.]

☆ ☆ ☆

In Gaylord Wilshire's open letter to the President he commences by saying that he "does not wish to embarrass the administration," etc. Well, that was thoughtful in his Billboard Majesty, sure.—Santa Monica, Cal., *Outlook*, Nov. 8, 1901.

☆ ☆ ☆

What Democracy Needs.

MR. DOOLEY.

HE dimmycratic party," says Mr. Dooley, "ain't on speakin' terms with itsilf." He advises the party to advertise for a suitable candidate and suggests the following qualifications for a representative standard-bearer:

"Wanted: A good active, inergetic dimmycrat, sthrong iv lung an' limb; must be in favor iv sound money, but not too sound, an' anti-impeeryalist, but f'r holdin' onto what we've got, an' inimy iv thrusts, but a frind iv organized capital, a sympathizer with th' crushed an' down-trodden people, but not be anny means hostile to vested inthrests; must advocate sthrikes, gover'mint be injunction, free silver, sound money, greenbacks, a single tax, a tariff f'r rivinoo, th' constitootion to follow th' flag as far as it can an' no farther, civil service rayform iv th' la-ads in office an' all th' gr-reat an' gloryous principles iv our gr-reat an' gloryous party or anny gr-reat an' gloryous parts thereof."

TRADES UNION LABOR COUNCIL TORONTO
MAIL JOB, TORONTO

No. 43 FEBRUARY, 1902 10 cents

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

President Roosevelt—
Oh, why did I ever try to break in this American Mustang?

"Apologies to Remington."

Published at Toronto and entered as Second-class Matter at the Canadian Post Office

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1902.

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"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS."

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Wilshire's Magazine

February, 1902

UNITED STATES MENACED BY CUBA.

IT is strange how our politicians and editors can see the menace of the Cuban situation and can prophesy it taking on a "revolutionary" character, yet when I, with practically the same premises for my argument about the American situation, presume to prophesy that America too may become revolutionary, I am first laughed at, and when I begin to get a hearing, am "banished to Canada."

I am in receipt of the following letter from Mr. F. B. Thurber, president of the United States Export Association, which body, it will be noted, takes a most gloomy view of the situation in the Ever Faithful Isle:

NEW YORK, January 15, 1902.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE,
Editor Wilshire's Magazine;

We ask your consideration of the utterances of President Roosevelt, Secretary of War Root, and General Wood, Military Governor, in regard to Cuba; and if you think the views they express are right, won't you write a short editorial saying so and mail a marked copy to each of the United States Senators and each of the members of Congress from your State, and also send us a copy?

We think that fair play and good faith to a young republic whose existence we are responsible for, and a little neighbor who will become an important customer of our products if we do not cripple her purchasing power with an excessive tariff on her products, demand prompt concurrence by Congress with the suggestions of President Roosevelt, Secretary Root and General Wood.

Respectfully Yours,
U. S. EXPORT ASSOCIATION,
F. B. Thurber, President.

I hasten to comply with Mr. Thurber's request for an editorial expression of opinion on the situation in Cuba, and the necessity of immediate action in relieving it. Let me say at once that I quite agree in all that has been said about the imperative need of something being done for Cuba if we do not wish to see anarchy in that island. The Cuban problem of today is really much more difficult of solution than it was in the days of Spanish rule.

In his recent message to Congress President Roosevelt gave serious attention to the danger threatened by the grave condition of affairs in Cuba and pointed out the necessity of immediate steps to avert it. He said:

"I most earnestly ask your attention to the wisdom, indeed to the vital need, of providing for a substantial reduction in the tariff duties on Cuban imports into the United States. Cuba has in her Constitution affirmed what we desired, that she should stand, in international matters, in closer and more friendly relations with us than with any other Power; and we are bound by every consideration of honor and expediency to pass commercial measures in the interest of her commercial well-being."

Since this statement by the President, Governor-General Wood has declared that unless something is done at once to relieve the planters bankruptcy will befall the greater number of them.

The total consumption of sugar in the United States will be about 2,360,585 tons. Of this quantity 1,000,000 tons in round figures will come from American sources, say Louisiana being able to produce 350,000 tons, United States beet factories 150,000, Hawaii 350,000, and Porto Rico 150,000, all being free of duty, leaving 1,360,585 tons to come from other sources and on which duty is paid. The average duty assessed is $36 per ton, or a total of $48,981,060. The price of all sugar consumed, however, being enhanced to the extent of the duty of $36 per ton, or a total of $84,981,060, it is evident that $36,000,000 additional is paid by the people in order to provide the government with 49 millions for revenue, of which the government is not now in need. If the duty is taken off Cuba sugar the benefit of 85 millions goes to the people.

The quotation for Cuba centrifrugal sugar, 96 degrees test, free on board Cuba, is about 1.96 cents per pound, duty on same amounts to 1.685 cents—equivalent to 86 per cent ad.valorem.

Sugar at two cents a pound means a loss on every pound raised, and it is a plain enough proposition that unless the United States does something to help the Cuban planter to get a better price, then he is going bankrupt. Inasmuch as half of the population of Cuba is directly or indirectly connected with sugar growing it means that if the industry is ruined Cuba is ruined. The planters have been going on now ever since the war raising bigger and bigger crops and every year going deeper into debt with the steady lowering of the price of their product, until now they are at the end of their rope. We can't blame them for this conduct for there was nothing else for them to raise. Here are the facts of the case and nobody attempts to deny them. Unless something is done there is certainly going to be a huge unemployed army in Cuba composed of the former employees in the sugar business, and this army is going to be a much more difficult army to conquer than the Spanish army was. In fact there will be no way of conquering it except by feeding it, and this feeding might as well be arranged for now before the revolt as after the damage has been done. The question is, how? The first suggestion that springs to the mind is a reduction of our American duty on Cuban sugar. Every penny less taken in at our custom house means a gain for the Cuban planter. If the whole duty were taken off it would mean that some $40,000,000 less would go to the United States custom house than at present.

However this is of no great moment, as we have more money there now than we know what to do with. The admission of this sugar free into the United States would mean a loss of this sum to the United States Treasury and a corresponding gain, partly to the consumers in the United States and partly to the sugar growers in Cuba. The price of sugar would be lower, but the new price would not be exactly the present price less the duty. If that were so then of course the Cuban would be no better off than before the duty was removed. The new price would be determined altogether by the increase of the volume of sugar imported after the duty was removed, and would lie somewhere between the present price and that price less the duty. However, it is more or less academic to discuss to a hair how much the Cuban planter and how much the American consumer will each benefit by the remission of the duty

on sugar, especially when it seems doubtful whether or not we are going to take any duty off at all.

I say doubtful with good reason. Notwithstanding that the Cuban situation is quite as dark and dangerous as General Wood has painted it there is great room for doubting that the United States will meet the crisis by lowering the duty on sugar. The reason for this doubt is easy to find. There are millions of American dollars invested in growing of sugar beets in the West and of sugar cane in Louisiana, not to mention the dollars invested in this industry in Hawaii and our other new insular possessions. All these interests are a power in politics, and while they see well enough the necessity of doing something for Cuba they say, "But why do it at *our* expense?"

And there is nothing particularly unreasonable in this contention. They say to Uncle Sam, "Yes, Cuba is in a bad way and if you don't help her out there will be a revolution there, all right enough. But you have led us to believe that if we started in to grow beets and cane here you would continue the protective tariff. Now if you take the tariff off in order to get out of your Cuban difficulty, which by the way was none of our making, you are throwing upon our shoulders the whole brunt of a burden which by every dictate of justice should be borne by the whole nation. If you let Cuban sugar in free you may give employment to Cuban capital and Cuban labor, but you will be doing so simply by taking away employment from our American capital and American labor."

Now Uncle Sam might admit the justice of this plea and nevertheless turn a deaf ear to the American sugar growers, so great is the need of Cuba, were not these sugar men calling to their aid all the other protected industries of the United States. It has always been a motto of these industries that "an injury to one is an injury to all," and the sugar men are not likely to let it be forgotten now. The only alternative proposition to lowering the duty is for the United States to allow the duty to stand as it is but to pay the Cuban growers a bounty of so much a ton. This really has the merit of fairness as far as dealing with our own sugar interests is concerned but it would probably encounter a great deal of opposition from the people at large, who cannot easily be convinced that this country should vote millions to subsidize the Cuban farmer and not a cent to subsidize the American farmer.

Theoretically as well as practically a bounty and a duty are simply different modes of attaining the same economic result, but there is a tremendous difference *sentimentally* between them. Hence in a country where a people's emotions count at the ballot box the question of sentiment must always be weighed. Then too there are difficulties owing to our foreign treaties with their "most favored nation" clauses. It is doubtful if we could pay Cuba a bounty without our being called upon to pay it to all other sugar growing nations, and this of course is manifestly an impossibility. Therefore, no matter how we look at it, the Cuban question literally bristles with difficulties.

I myself, declare that there is no solution to the question. There is no solution, nor can there be until we have Socialism in the United States. Cuba is in no position to adopt Socialism; she has neither the industrial nor the intellectual equipment. If we do not relieve her present necessities there will indeed be rioting and anarchy, but this will not mean Socialism any more than breaking a fresh egg means hatching a chicken. However the whole situation is of great interest to the social student.

Here we have the richest and most fertile island in the whole world, the "Gem of the Antilles," at the very verge of starvation, not because of too little being produced but because of too much! Could anything in the realm of reason be more absurd? If it were a case of Cuba being ruined by misgovernment it might be explicable, but as a matter of fact she now has good government for the first time for centuries, yet during all the days of the tyranny of Spain she was never in danger of such poverty as now threatens to overwhelm her.

Is it not supremely ridiculous? Here she is under what is supposed to be the best of governments, a benevolent despotism, and General Wood is the beau-ideal of a benevolent despot; yet that despotism confesses that it has not the power at hand to meet the situation unless a foreign nation, the United States, will change its tariff laws simply out of the goodness of its heart. It is no answer to say that if Cuba were entirely independent of the United States she would be able to solve her own problems without looking to us for help. She could not. Cuba must get rid of her sugar.

The German sugar "kartel" and hostile tariffs will always close European markets to her and she would be no more able to sell to Europe if she were free of the United States than now. Nor would her freedom help her one iota in reducing the opposition of our American sugar growers to her entry free of duty here. Cuba is a most beautiful illustration of the inability of the most perfect and most powerful political organization to control the industrial organization. General Wood has all the good qualities of an effective administrative officer, honest, intelligent, fearless, energetic. He has the most powerful nation in the world at his back to enforce his edicts. He has changed Havana from a sink-hole of disease to one of the most salubrious of cities. There is no material opposition to his rule that he cannot at once control. In fact I doubt if there is a ruler in the world today who has his orders carried out as he wishes and as much to the letter as has General Wood.

And what does it all amount to? Simply a confession from him that the industrial situation is quite beyond his power to cope with. This in fact is simply a corroboration of my contention regarding the future industrial problem in the United States. For we too have our benevolent despotism here. Morgan and Rockefeller are the despots and Roosevelt is their political agent. However, they are different from General Wood inasmuch as they are quite unconscious of their positions and refuse to accept the responsibility an acknowledgment would imply. But whether they accept the responsibility or not there is no question but that when our industrial position assumes the color that now tinges Cuba's position, namely a threat of a great unemployed problem, they then will be forced to either assume responsibility or abdicate. And that day is not far off, either. The trouble with Cuba is simply that there is an overproduction of the world's crop of sugar, and as sugar is her main crop she is in danger of ruin because she cannot find a market. Her malady is simply a miniature and somewhat aggravated form of the disease which today is threatening the life of all European nations. They too are crying for the United States to open our markets to them or they perish. The only difference is that they do not confine their plea to sugar but are praying for the entry of all their products. They too are met with the opposition of the American producers of similar goods,

who have the same arguments to bear against their entry of miscellaneous goods that the sugar men have against the entrance of sugar.

Not only this, but the European nations have a double problem to solve. They not only must find a way of getting their own goods into America, but they must also find a way of keeping American goods out of Europe. Here then is a problem that far transcends any solution with Krupp guns. When the unemployed army marches forth from the idle workshops the only ammunition that will stay their advance is bread. Lead would be useless.

The advance guard of the world's unemployed army is mobilizing now in Cuba; it is mobilizing now in Europe. It takes no trained ear to hear its ominous tread. The American contingent is, so to speak, sleeping on its arms, ready at any moment to go on the march whenever the last whistle blows to stop work owing to the market being satisfied. When this occurs then will be the time for the consideration of "abstract theories," which I see were tabooed at the recent Hanna-Potter-Gompers labor conference in New York which was to solve the labor problem by waving olive branches. It is the "abstract problems" that are the very ones which are the most important for such conferences to solve.

The great "abstract problem" of the future to solve is, "How can Mr. Mark Hanna find work for labor when there is no demand for the products of labor?" When there is a demand then the only problem to be solved is that of wages and hours. It is simply a question of "How much of the loaf can the worker get from Hanna and how much can Hanna keep for himself?" That is easy. Each takes as much as he can get and must live satisfied with the result. But when there is no loaf at all there is no possibility of satisfaction, no matter how good natured both sides may be. Nobody is yet such a saint that he is satisfied to starve.

There is another strikingly modern feature about the Cuban situation. There have been dependencies of great nations before that have been threatened with starvation but it has always been owing to short crops—certainly never to good crops. India has a famine when there is lack of rain and consequent failure of crops. Ireland starves when the potato blight appears. Cuba used to starve because of the rapacity of the Spanish government and her Governor Weylers. Now she starves notwithstanding the honesty and capacity of the American government, although her great crop of sugar today is on hand very largely owing to the confidence of the planters in investing their capital under our rule.

I suppose the net result of the Cuban business will be the creation of an irresistible sentiment in Cuba for annexation to the United States. Indeed this would seem their only hope of life. When annexed, her sugar and tobacco will of course come in free. How the domestic cane men of Louisiana and the beet men of Nebraska and other western States will ever be able to live when this occurs is past finding out.

However, their profits have been so enormous that they have long ago gotten back all the money originally invested. As far as their workmen go, any pretense of regard for their interest is such a miserable farce that it may be omitted from the category of practical politics.

To sum up shortly. I regard the existing industrial situation as the best evidence of the impossibility of an industrial despotism based upon the competitive wage system that it is possible to imagine. I moreover regard the

position of Cuba today with her menace of revolution owing to overproduction, but a picture of the position that the United States will be in herself within the next very few years. Cuba must look further than the tariff for relief.

THE CRIME OF SUPPRESSING GREAT SOULS.

An Idyl of Elbert Hubbard.

ELBERT HUBBARD is a man much misunderstood, and especially by those who think the most of him. Even I, who rarely make a wrong estimate of human character, seem to have been misled.

Some time ago his advertising agent in New York, Miss Schmid, a charming and beguiling young lady, by the way, waylaid me and I did not escape until I had contracted for an ad. for WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE at $100 the page in Mr. Hubbard's Philistine. I wrote out the copy and in due time a proof came for my "O.K." and I then waited anxiously for it to appear in his next issue. However, I had a call from Miss Schmid, who came to apologize for the fact that at the last moment Mr. Hubbard had refused me entry in his advertising columns without vouchsafing an explanation. I then wrote to Mr. Hubbard myself asking his reason for the refusal and suggesting that if there was anything in the wording of the ad. that was "indelicate" I would no doubt be able to modify it to meet his wishes. No reply. Now all this was naturally very exciting to my curiosity. It was so very inexplicable. Here is Mr. Hubbard telling the story of his life, *vide* last month's Cosmopolitan, and relating the impossibility of getting his articles in the various magazines because all the editors alleged them to be not worth publishing, and that therefore he has to publish them himself in order to get them before the public.

It did not seem possible that Mr. Hubbard could be so inconsistent as to complain about editors refusing to pay him for *his* stuff and then refuse me the privilege of paying him to print *my* stuff. Certainly, as editor of this magazine, I do not propose to print everything that is offered to me, and especially do I refuse to *pay* for all that is offered, but there is nothing I would refuse to publish at regular advertising rates when the advertiser offers to modify his copy to suit my taste. Still somehow I feel that I am not Mr. Hubbard.

Now I admit that I did not start out with any prejudice in Mr. Hubbard's favor. I apologize for the wrong conclusions I drew of that great but much misunderstood man. I was silly enough in my conceit to think that he was jealous of Wilshire when he apparently refused to advertise my journal. I was mistaken, for lo and behold! what do I see *lying* before my eyes in his December number but a most glowing account of Wilshire and his magazine, and a scathing rebuke to the postoffice author-

ities. Among the many appropriate things that Mr. Hubbard says in alluding to the criminality of trying to suppress a great individuality I must quote the following (*vide* December Philistine, page 5.):

"The man of masterly mind is perforce an Egotist. When he speaks he says, "Thus saith the Lord." If he did not believe in himself, how could he ever make others believe in him? Small men are apologetic and give excuses for being on earth, and reasons for staying here so long, and run and peek about to find themselves dishonorable graves. Not so the Great Souls—the fact that they are here is proof that God sent them. Their actions are regal, their language oracular, their manners affirmative."

Modesty forbids more extensive quotations. If curious buy the number.

It was quite unnecessary for any explanation that Mr. Hubbard was really hurt when I had proposed to pay him for noticing me.

"What! take pay from Mr. Wilshire, from that intimate friend and comrade of my master, William Morris? Why I should never hold up my head again among honest men and artists. No, no, no, he always shall have the place of an honored guest, without price, in my editorial columns and on demand. I could never so dishonor myself as to let such a distinguished friend of William Morris appear in my advertising columns when I have an editorial page at my command."

Now this is what I call handsome, and I confess that I did not expect it, for although Mr. Hubbard professes a great admiration for William Morris I certainly never heard him speak a good word for Mr. Hubbard. Morris and I both evidently misunderstood Mr. Hubbard. And what makes the whole affair speak so well for Mr. Hubbard is the moral courage displayed in writing as he did.

His Philistine is so confessedly merely an advertising circular published to advance the sale of the books he publishes, that he already has had the greatest trouble in retaining his second-class entry. That he should still further jeopardize it in sticking by me in my trouble is about as great a proof of moral fibre and courage as could well be given.

I salute you, Mr. Hubbard, and I think that I have once more demonstrated that I am always ready to give any man his true measure of value.

$5,000 FOR AN ENTRY

Grand Postoffice Handicap.

Is Third Assistant Postmaster General Edwin C. Madden aware of a clique organized in the United States for the purpose of blackmailing publishers whose business success depends upon their uninterrupted enjoyment of second-class mail privileges for their publications?

Is WILSHIRE an exile from home, and was this Magazine suppressed by Mr. Madden because its editor declined to be bled for $5,000 to swell the funds of this delectable gang?

THESE are two questions that should be of more than passing moment to every American citizen. They are questions that cannot be answered off-hand, but the following information is submitted to our readers to the end that they may draw their own conclusions. No one in his proper senses ever thought that the reasons given by Mr. Madden for refusing second-class privileges to THE CHALLENGE, or to WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, were sincere or legal. Even newspapers and individuals totally out of sympathy with the views and principles of these publications, have been outspoken in their denunciation of Mr. Madden's action in suppressing them. However, it is safe to say that no one for a moment suspected that this action was caused by any other motive than an unwarranted desire on the part of an over-zealous partisan to cripple a political opposition to the class to which he owed his position and his allegiance.

The following story from the Washington correspondent of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, however, puts the matter in a very different light, and if true, stamps the present administration of the postoffice in the United States as the most venal and corrupt of any department of the national government since its inception. Our correspondent says:

"In this war which the Postoffice Department has been making on all publications which do not bear the imprimitur of the Republican National Committee, there is a phase that has not been made public as yet. This secrecy is not due to the fact that all the particulars of the disgraceful intrigue are not well known. On the contrary many of the most prominent publishers of the country are, to their sorrow, well acquainted with every detail of the plot. But those who have an inside knowledge of the affair have also very good reason for keeping the matter quiet if they expect to continue in the publishing business.

In the language of the stock raiser, there has been a "round-up" of the publishers of the United States and it is es-

timated that upwards of $100,000 has been secured, chiefly from publishers of New York and other eastern states, although the middle west did not entirely escape.

How such a "hold-up" could be worked in "free" America is not as difficult to understand as would at first appear. The Post Office Department has, whether knowingly or not, been the principal dependence of these journalistic "road agents" and Third Assistant Postmaster General Madden has contributed his full quota towards making the game successful.

The first act in the drama was the famous letter of April 13th, 1901, issued by Mr. Madden, to four hundred of the leading publishers of the country. In this letter he asked the opinion of those addressed as to whether or not a ruling against the use of bonuses or premiums to subscribers would be injurious to legitimate periodicals. Nothing was intimated about the illegality of "advertising ideas," or about fraternal and labor papers accepting outside advertising, the legality of a subscription by a friend, and a score of other points which have since developed as the exigencies of the situation from time to time have called for them. The circular letter had anything but the expected effect, If Mr. Madden relied on the cupidity of the big publishers to back him up in his move to debar the smaller fry from the privileges of the second-class rate he had a severe disappointment. Instead a vigorous protest was drawn up and signed by over a hundred of the most representative publishing firms in the United States. Prominent newspapers all over the country denounced the the Post Office officials for attempting to usurp the functions of Congress, and pointed out the menace to the freedom of the press that such action constituted.

But the protest of the publishers and the newspapers alike were in vain. Mr. Madden had launched his scheme and with bull-dog tenacity had determined to put it through. At this point the cinching of the publishers began.

They soon began to hear, in a roundabout way, that "money talks" and that the only way for them to save their scalps was to consult a young lawyer who had just opened his office in Baltimore. While this attorney was almost wholly unknown in that city, had no visible means of support and did not practise in the Baltimore courts, yet the publishers were given the tip that he was "it" on postal business.

The game worked. The lawyer received the anxious publishers with smiles and invitations to champagne dinners. After dinner the "business" talk would begin, and the lawyer would open the ball by asking, "how large is your circulation?" His fee would be fixed on the basis of "all the traffic would bear."

To make a long story short, these publishers who had been steered up against "Baltimore" were assessed all the way from $200 to $5,000 per. One who is on the inside of the transaction estimates that they were "held up" to the tune of $100,000 in the aggregate. Many of the publications represented investments of hundreds of thousands of dollars, all of which were endangered by this menace of Madden's ruling, and the owners were more than willing to pungle a "fee" of a thousand dollars as a kind of "insurance" fund against trouble.

And it proved to be a good "insurance," for good old "Baltimore" *never lost a case.* Everybody who employed him was retained among the elect, and his business continued undisturbed. On the other hand most of those who failed to take the tip and employ "Baltimore" found their pathway strewn with thorns

and briars. While "Baltimore" was conducting his negotiations, Madden was busy making a hullaballoo among the publishers. Collections were easy for "Baltimore." On July 17th the Department issued orders which practically would have excluded from the mails all periodicals which offered and gave premiums to their subscribers, but the publishers were given until October to square themselves, and incidentally to dine with "Baltimore." Mr. Madden also threatened that he would hold all postmasters responsible on their official bond for any losses which might be suffered by the government by evasion of his order through their negligence.

This dire threat frightened some postmasters and they began to take summary action on all periodicals they suspected of being under Mr. Madden's ban. Collections became still easier for "Baltimore." The net result of all this excitement is this: the premium-giving publications as a general thing have broken bread with "Baltimore," and are saved. The first of October has long since passed, yet this class of publications, against whom the most terrible threats were made, have not been disturbed. In fact the Youths' Companion, the best known of all the premium-giving papers, now comes out with a big double issue with nearly thirty pages given up entirely to advertising premiums for subscribers.

One publisher who had long been in the habit of offering premiums to subscribers, was threatened by the Madden order and finally the Department ruled that it could no longer be admitted to second-class mail privileges. Ruin stared him in the face, but an angel friend who was "on the inside" advised him to see "Baltimore." He took the hint. What is your circulation? How large are your profits? were, as usual, the first questions asked. The fee was arranged. Madden not only promptly reversed his former ruling but intimated that the publisher could keep on offering premiums to his heart's content. That publisher devoted seven whole pages of his December issue to advertising premiums to subscribers.

So far as is known, not a single one of the hundreds of threatened premium-giving papers have been actually interfered with by Mr. Madden, although they were the chief ones at whom the threats were first levelled. However after so much noise had been made, it was felt that something must be done in the way of making a showing. And so it came to pass that Madden transferred his war from the premium papers (after they had been "milked") to labor and Socialist papers, which could not be "Baltimored" because they were either too poor or too spunky to pay black-mail.

And so we have a ruling that the Appeal to Reason (Socialist) *cannot* accept subscriptions which have been donated by some friend, and within a week another ruling that Success, of New York, *can* accept such subscriptions.

Indians, while fishing in winter, are wont to catch suckers by the snagging process. One fisher sits by a hole in the ice while others pound the ice up and down the stream. The fish are snagged from the hole by the man sitting there with a hook spear. The suckers only know the man at the hole in the transaction, though they may have grave suspicions of the fellows who made the racket on the ice. Just so in this fish-hunt for publishers. The victims only know "Baltimore Indian" who sits at the hole in the ice and snags their checks, yet they cannot but have grave misgivings about the maker of the maddening hullabaloo which scared them into seeking refuge from danger."

In connection with the rather interesting story of my Washington correspondent as to the curious ins and outs of the United States Post Office I feel that possibly a little incident that happened to myself will be of interest to the public. When Mr. Madden first made his ruling against me I was in a very uncertain frame of mind as to what course I should take to meet the emergency. Now as I always have said, there is nothing of the heroic in my make up. My usual plan of life is to "get there Eli;" never mind how you do it so long as you really "do." That is the reason why I go in for "advertising ideas." It may be opposed to all the conventional "made in Germany" notions as to methods of conducting propaganda but as long as it "conducts" just so long will I "advertise" even though I have to live in Canada to do it. However, as said, my first thought was not how to "down Madden" but how to "up Wilshire." Hence when I was "tipped" that Mr. Harrison J. Barrett, a young lawyer of Baltimore, was great on Post Office business I did not hesitate a moment in enquiring as to how much it would cost to get his services. I knew that Mr. Barrett was a nephew of the Assistant Attorney General of the Post Office, James N. Tyner, and that he had been at no late date his assistant in that office. He resigned about a year ago. In fact his resignation proved to have occurred at a most fortunate time, for Mr. Madden soon after began his crusade, and this gave Mr. Barrett a chance to gain distinction and cash that seldom befalls so young a man, especially in so short a time. In the one short year since Mr. Barrett took up the practice of law on his own account I doubt if any man in America has had a success as great as has fallen to him. And it is the reward of merit too, for while no doubt his uncle, Mr. Tyner, helped him, still if Mr. Barrett had not the making of a success within him no uncle would have made it for him. Of course the fact that he had served such a long apprenticeship in the Post Office also tended in no small degree to make him no new hand at the ropes when he started in for himself.

In reply to my enquiry, Mr. Barrett answered as follows:

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 8, 1901.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE,
225 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have received your letter of the 7th inst., and copies of CHALLENGE of October 12th, and of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, its successor. In these papers is set out your side of the controversy you are now engaged in with the Post Office Department in connection with the admission of your publication as second-class matter, and you ask if I can do anything for you, and if so, what my fee would be.

Taking the case as presented in the articles in the copies of the publication, the reason for its rejection as second-class matter, seems to be that it is a publication "designed primarily for advertising purposes;" this upon the ground that it advertises your views and ideas. If this is the position of the Department, I do not see how it can possibly sustain the same. There are many publications which are established and designed to promulgate the views of the owners; indeed, the editorial columns of every newspaper set forth the views of its editor. The terms in the law "primarily designed for advertising purposes" certainly will not bear any such construction as you indicate is placed thereon by the Third Assistant Postmaster General. I have examined the two copies of the publication, and I do not see, if you comply with the usual requirements for admission as second-class matter, why the publication should not be admitted. While a consideration of all the facts in the case might put a different phase thereon, yet I feel that on the facts as presented by you, you are in the right under the law.

If you wish me to act as your counsel in this matter, I will do so upon the payment of a retainer of $2,500.00, and an agreement for an additional contingent fee of $2,500.00, provided the publication is admitted as second-class matter. I would say, however, that I would not partake of any personal feeling or controversy that may have arisen or may arise in this matter, nor would I take into consideration the views

expressed in your publication; it would simply be a matter of your rights under the law.

Very truly yours,

HARRISON J. BARRETT.

No one can read that letter without seeing that it was penned by a master hand. Mr. Barrett sees at once all the strong points of my case, and they are many, and he does not fail to disclose the rottenness of the Madden case. It's a cinch for me if I only care to let him take the matter up. One might think that with such an easy case the fee would be made proportionately easy, and it is. Only half down and the balance contingent upon success. That shows Mr. Barrett has not only confidence in his own judgment but so much so that he actually offers to present me with $2,500 if he doesn't win out, or, what is the same thing, he will not charge me the other $2,500 if he doesn't win. With such an attractive offer I was strongly tempted to close at once with Mr. Barrett, but two things deterred me. One the feeling that as a kind Providence had put Madden in my way to advertise my Magazine, it would be almost impious to triumph by hiring Barrett. I felt too that I should think twice before I let Mr. Barrett take my case owing to the risk he might be running to his reputation. I do not mean that there would be any risk to his reputation owing to losing my case, just the contrary. It would be from the gaining of it.

I give in another column an interesting account of the disgraceful black-mailing intriguing game that is supposed to be going on in the Post Office right now. This story, while more or less new to print, is anything but news to publishers. Now, with the publicity that this rumor has gained it is evident that whatever lawyer took up my case would take it at the peril of his reputation *if he won*, and this would be doubly the case if Mr. Barrett were the successful man. For both on account of his relationship with Mr. Tyner and his previous connection with the Post Office he would have been in a doubly suspicious position. Having this in mind I simply decided as a matter of duty and honor that much as I would have liked to have won my case that I simply could not ask Mr. Barrett to make such a sacrifice for me for a mere $5,000.

I am aware that this seems a very Quixotic position to take up, but I am an emotional creature and act so upon impulse. The best I can offer Mr. Barrett in the way of recompense is my strong recommendation to the President that he be put in Mr. Madden's place whenever Madden decides to go back to the cab. Mr. Barrett is just. It fairly makes my blood boil to think that a miserable gang of black-mailers can so ply their nefarious trade that not only are publishers brought to the verge of ruin but honest men quite out of the publishing line, like Mr. Barrett, are really liable to be as much injured as are publishers themselves.

EDITORIAL IDEAS & OPINIONS.

ARS EST CELARE ARTEM.

THE art is to conceal the art. I am really the essence of modesty and good taste, but since modesty and good taste in an editor are fatal to publicity, and since publicity is the life of a publication, I have so carefully concealed my natural qualities that I have successfully established my reputation as a vulgar blow-hard. Sometimes the task becomes wearisome, and dissimulating the simulation, or rather simulating the dissimulation, becomes such a bore that were it not for the reward I get in the way of hisses and applause I might drop the whole affair and adjourn to Lakewood, giving my life up to polo and ping pong.

Last month I gave a sample hiss, the one from Seattle, and the editor in replying to my remarks has the following to say:

> Gaylord Wilshire complains that "The Socialist" advocates slavery and too much "government," because we disapprove his making Wilshire more prominent in his paper than Socialism.
>
> Oh, no, Comrade Wilshire, both now and under Socialism, every individual is at perfect liberty to make as big a fool of himself as he chooses, but he must not expect sensible people to agree with him and praise him and fight for him in his foolishness. Under Socialism no "government" will interfere with "individualism," but an offensive individuality will be suppressed, as now, by a defensive public opinion.

In the first place I would say that when anybody has anything to criticise about me or my remarks I do not make a reply and then omit to publish the criticism. Seattle evidently considers that one story is good until another is told and then he sees that the other side is never told, not in Seattle, anyhow. I do not think that what I said about him could be very well termed a "complaint." Wilshire has yet to "complain" about anything; he "remarks." I should not expect sensible people to fight for me in my foolishness, he says. Now I understand that The Socialist is owned and published under the control of the Socialist party of Seattle. I would like to ask that Party if their paper expresses their idea that an editor should have his paper suppressed because he makes himself more prominent than Socialism. Agreeing entirely that the indictment is correct I would simply like a direct answer to my question. This question has absolutely nothing to do with anything except that of a free press. Granting that I ran my paper simply to blow about myself, do I understand that, with this admission, when I am suppressed the Socialists of Seattle say that they cannot be expected to fight for me? This attitude simply means that as long as an editor advocates Socialism you will fight for him but when he advocates Wilshire, or Smith or Jones and their ideas, then the mere matter of his paper being suppressed is of no moment to you. Well

if this is the idea of Seattle socialists then I cannot see why they should complain that the Capitalist papers see nothing "to fight about" when papers that advocate Socialism are suppressed. My idea of a free press is the right to publish what you wish. Such views by official Socialist papers simply afford the enemy their ammunition when they wish to show that Socialists propose having all men wear blue jeans and drink nothing stronger than catnip tea.

Seattle winds up his argument that "offensive individuality" will be suppressed under Socialism, *as now*, by "public opinion." By "offensive individuality" he means, of course, "Wilshire" individuality and by "public opinion" *as now*, he of necessity means Mr. Madden as there has been no other agent that has suppressed my "offensive individuality." It's a very lovely pass when a socialist paper can without the party rebuke make "public opinion" and "Madden" synonymous. Again, Mr. Madden, I congratulate you upon having at least one champion from the ranks of the labor papers. I notice also that since this editor has become your staunch defender he has dared to publish in his paper a lovely picture of himself with a biography that quite puts all of my own efforts in that line out of countenance. He evidently feels that he is too good a friend of yours to endanger his postal entry by "advertising himself." The next paper I start in the United States I will take my cue from Seattle. Puff Madden before puffing Wilshire.

TO THE GREAT APOSTLE OF "HONESTY."

PERHAPS it may be that while President Roosevelt will pay no attention to the suppression of a paper when he thinks it done merely for the sake of suppressing the ideas it advocates, he will take a different view of a case where the suppression takes place in order to line an official's pocket. I myself think this extremely likely. President Roosevelt is honest enough. He is simply an autocrat born in the wrong century. He has in him all that would have made another Philip the Second if he had been born a few centuries ago. However, autocracy is out of date in our political world of to-day, except where it is a direct reflection of our industrial world, and there no man could well be a greater autocrat than a Morgan or a Rockefeller. As Alfred Beit, the great South African millionaire, says: "A man with a million can tell the world to go to the devil." Now, not only is the millionaire an autocrat himself, but he of necessity naturally expects his subordinates to be likewise autocrats to all below them.

Vanderbilt says, "The public be damned," and while he may not expect his conductors to express by actual words this sentiment, he certainly expects them to act upon it whenever it is for his profit for them to do so. But while Vanderbilt may expect his conductors to be petty aristocrats he would never stand for them to knock down fares. President Roosevelt is so thoroughly saturated with the commercial spirit that he looks at the doings of his post-office officials exactly the same as Vanderbilt does at those of his railway officials. Autocratic actions against the public are all right if they are in line with the Roosevelt idea of what is right. President Roosevelt thinks a paper like mine is a nuisance, so he thoroughly approves of any means of getting rid of it; but if he thought that I could get re-instated by paying blackmail no one would give way to virtuous indignation sooner than he. The President makes a god of honesty. A man may have all the vices, yet if he be

"honest" he will pass into the Roosevelt heaven.

Now I do not accuse Mr. Madden of withdrawing the second-class entry from this paper in order to blackmail me for the price of re-instatement. I really do not credit Mr. Madden with having either the brains or the gall to be a blackmailer. Mr. Madden is a stool pigeon. But what I do say is that it looks as if there is a man somewhere in the post-office who is standing in with a gang of black-mailers in a miserable post-office intrigue, and I call upon President Roosevelt to give the matter his attention. As I said before, blackmailing is a crime that certainly should attract the Roosevelt eye, while the mere breaking of the constitutional guarantee of a free press would never do so.

These blackmailing lawyers charge high rates for their services, not only on account of their being able to get what they ask, being the only ones able to guarantee results, but also because they must divide up with so many others, not to mention the risk of Wilshire. The high fees asked by these "ring" lawyers has had the effect of raising the fees of lawyers outside the ring who feel that they would be making themselves too cheap if they did not ask equally big rates for their services. This of course accounts for the $5,000 fee asked me by my correspondent in another column. He, of course, is not in the magic circle but the fee he asks is a direct corroboration of the theory that some other lawyers are.

Now, Mr. President, I have laid some interesting theories before you. They should certainly excite your righteous wrath, either against me for suggesting such vile things, or against the people who have incited such vile thoughts in my poor suspicious head. Of course I know that you will be loath to lop off any heads, even if you think the necessity has disclosed itself, because you will feel that you are giving Wilshire too much satisfaction. Calm yourself. It is nothing to me. I will not gloat over the poor victims even if they land in Sing Sing, nor will I crow about "my victory over the Administration." I am not on any mission to get "honest" men in or out of office. That is not a strenuous enough job for me. My job is to make things so that there will be no temptation for men to get into office.

However, I will not worry you over such vain theories. Honesty is such a kindergarten virtue that the lack of it is certain to awaken surprise and therefore I simply call attention to the lack of it, not to cure the vice, but to "advertise my ideas."

CANADA PROTECTS EGOTISM.

MR. MADDEN may plead that his action against WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE was not inspired by a wish to interfere with the dissemination of Wilshire ideas, but I would like him to mention a single instance in which the Post Office has ever at any time made a similar ruling against any other editor. It's a singularly unique brand of egotism that I am producing. I am the only advertiser of "myself" that has ever before been excluded from the mails. If I have any influence in the matter I will be the last. It's too unique an honor to be ruined by division.

Come now, Mr. Madden, you no doubt pose to the President as a man whom Wilshire has grossly maligned, and the President is too busy being strenuous to investigate trifles like the suppression of the press. I say, come now and tell me of any other political editor whom you have ever suppressed for "advertising himself" and I will let you keep that money of mine you have on deposit at the New York Post Office. Did you

ever before suppress an editor who had nothing to advertise himself for except to draw attention to his political ideas? No, you did not. Again I might ask, how is it that, whereas the Canadian Post Office regulations are identical with those of the United States, here they find no reason to rule in the same manner that you do? I can tell you in one word why Canada allows me the entry that you refuse. She is honest. Canada has not yet sold her government to the Trusts, and as a consequence such miserable tools as yourself are not found in her Post Office Department.

'TIS BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect or of undue selfishness.

* * * * * *

By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet and we should sell everywhere we can buy and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem.

These paragraphs from President McKinley's last speech convey clearly and concisely the danger this country is confronting—overproduction resulting in an unemployed problem.

Either Mr. McKinley was wrong in his statements of our condition or he was right. There is no middle ground. If he was right in his diagnosis of our disease then he was right in declaring we must find a remedy—reciprocity. He suggests foreign trade. I agree that a remedy is necessary, but I disagree as to the efficacy of foreign trade. I declare the remedy to be Socialism and only Socialism. However the interesting point is that upon the danger now menacing us, namely overproduction, everyone seems agreed, and there is but one remedy proposed other than Socialism, namely, reciprocity. Is it not then likely that if reciprocity is tried and found no remedy and the disease of overproduction gets worse and worse, and threatens our industrial life, that we may be forced to try Socialism? Socialism is simply a system whereby those that produce can get what they produce. This at any rate would seem to prevent overproduction, for if a surplus were produced it would be consumed quick enough by the producers if they had the right to get at it. However it is often the very simplest and plainest plans that are overlooked. The problem of today is how to get rid of our surplus—our cake. I say let us eat it ourselves.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT & IGLESIAS.

YES, there are funny things connected with the evolution of industry, and I take many things lightly that some think should be only approached most reverentially. There are, however, some things that it is difficult for even the lightest jester to jest about, but if you do not jest people will not listen, and if they do not listen, what is the use of crying to empty walls.

Now if I could have my audience pad-locked in a hall, and could have the parties responsible for the sentencing of Santiago Iglesias to Porto Rico jail for three years, in that hall, I feel that I could go into as fine a fury of denunciation as any one could wish.

Iglesias was visiting this country from Porto Rico last summer. I saw him a number of times. He took great interest in labor union affairs in this country as well as his own. He was elected the agent for the American Federation of Labor for Porto Rico, and before returning there went to Washington, accompanied by Samuel Gompers, the President of the Federation, where they had an apparently very cordial interview with President Roosevelt. When Iglesias returned home, he was no sooner off the steamer than he was arrested upon a charge of violating the old Spanish law of Porto Rico of having conspired to raise the rate of wages. He has now been tried and convicted and sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

The act under which he was convicted would not stand for a moment as constitutional in the United States; yet in Porto Rico, a possession of the United States, it is good law.

Now I say if there ever were a time for one to rave at a most serious violation of personal liberty, it is right now. Yet what good does raving do? If the mere reciting of the facts as they are is not sufficient to rouse a keen sense of indignation within the breast of the reader, then objuration will not do so.

There is one man who can right this heinous wrong. He is a man, too, who is personally acquainted with Iglesias, and who is fully posted as to the facts. That man is Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.

What say you, President Roosevelt? Are you going to let Iglesias rot in that Spanish dungeon? When his corpse is carried out of those walls to the grave,—men don't live long in that place, you know,—will a strenuous life prevent your remorse?

And you, Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, a man who always advises labor to stay out of politics, will you advise your members at the next election to do nothing to prevent the re-election of a President of the United States who allows such an outrage upon one of your agents to pass without raising a hand to stay the wrong? What say you, Mr. Gompers, about President Roosevelt?

TWO VERY DIVERSE VIEWS.

THE CHALLENGE, which was refused the rights of a second class mail permit on the ground that its circulation was not bona fide, is making capital of its exclusion. The cry that it was barred because it advocated the national ownership of the trust is dishonest. The attempt to counterfeit persecution is still more dishonest.—The People, N. Y.

When I said I limited Mr. Madden to a single defender from the labor press I made a mistake as the above clipping shows that he has two. There are two or three mistakes in the above. The circulation was not brought into question, 30,000 being admitted. I am not "ccunterfeiting persecution." I have always declared that the "suppression" was of the greatest advertising value to me.

In contrast to the foregoing I give a sample of applause from the editor of the organ of the Socialist Party of Chicago, the Worker's Call;

The January number of your magazine is in my opinion the best yet. I think, however it has one fault. There isn't quite enough "Wilshire" in it. If your "egotism" makes them howl, you should give them even larger doses of it. Get out some sort of a bombastic proclamation with I, I, I and H. Gaylord Wilshire in every other line. "Know all men by these presents that I, H. Gaylord Wilshire, do hereby

announce that I, etc., etc." You can't overdo it; on the contrary you have not yet given them enough. Part of the kickers seem to me to be merely the ordinary stupid bourgeois, whose slavish following of what they have been told is "good form" and "literary taste" has deprived them of the ability to comprehend that "egotism" may be used for a definite purpose. Such people have neither sense nor humor. Others, more shrewd, not only see the purpose of it, but also see the danger of attracting public attention, and they pretend a disgust, though if class interests were not involved they would readily admit that it was a unique and original method of getting Socialism before the public. Your visit to Chicago some six or seven months ago did a good deal toward making some of our fellows finally comprehend the Wilshire method of getting THE CHALLENGE before the public eye, for here too we had some suspicious comrades who disapproved of your prominence in its columns. Being so long trained in the old style tactics of propaganda, they could with difficulty be brought to see that there could be other effective methods. However most of them havé now got on to you and your magazine is always in demand amongst the visitors to this office. Sometimes even yet, however, I have to go through an explanation about your egotism with a few particularly dense and suspicious individuals, but I generally succeed in giving them some sort of an idea of what you are after. Those copies of CHALLENGE in which you step before the curtain and give the audience an explanation of the acting on the stage, I always keep on hand for this purpose, though it does not, in my opinion, say much for their perceptive power when such a procedure is necessary. As for Mr. Madden, we have been doing all possible both in the "Call" and through personal inquiry letters, to prevent him from forgetting you, and I imagine that if this were kept up persistently it would, at least so far as he is concerned, "embarrass the administration" somewhat. I think that it would be good policy for every Socialist paper in the country to devote lots of space to this question of press censorship. We have been doing it for the last few weeks in the "Call" and next week I think I shall run that "Last Word to Mr. Madden" article which appears in your January number. If this "Jack in office" can be exhibited as the ignorant and illiterate jackass that he really is, I think the effort will be well worth making, and you are in a good position to appreciate and enjoy it. I I dare say you get more fun a thousand times over out of the rumpus that you are kicking up through your paper, than you could possibly get in any other manner. Most of us had confined our efforts to making the workers "class conscious" in the orthodox Socialist manner, and as a result our cynicism is rather sour than good natured. We are able of course to see the comedy as well as the tragedy in the whole business, but our attention has been necessarily centred more on the latter than the former. You, who can stand aside in a sense, and point to the coming changes which are inevitable through the concentration of capital that is now going on, are better able to view both in proper proportion. If I had a choice of a role to play in present society, I would ask nothing better than to be a "millionaire Socialist" exhibiting my "egotism" in a magazine, and enjoying the chorus of yelps and snarls with which my efforts were greeted. However we are all doing our appointed work, capitalists and Socialists alike. That magazine of yours and its career will make an incident in the history of the Socialist movement in this country, of which the significance will only be fully recognized when those who come after us take a look backward at the progress of the struggle. They will be better able to judge as to whether "Wilshire" or Socialism was the central figure therein. In the meantime keep on blowing—make all the noise possible—there are lots of long ears to listen and empty heads to fill. Fraternally,

JOS. WANHOPE, Ed. Worker's Call.

Yes, my dear Wanhope, there is no greater fun on earth than being a Socialist and "expressing" yourself. If only there were a few other men like myself with a little money and plenty of brains to form a sort of a light brigade for the advance army of Socialists the way we would make this world hum would be a caution to cats. It is really one of the most extraordinary phenomena of the whole social drama that with the plot of the play spread out before everyone and expressed in the language of the Trust so that no one but a fool can fail to read, that more men of leisure do not come and join our company of players, just, as you express it, for the simple fun of the thing. As to the dolts who cannot see the necessity of having a paper read before it can have any effect, I have great patience

with them. They are, as you say, so bound to the old conventional methods that they would really almost refuse Socialism unless it was handed them on a platform constructed by themselves. They have forgotten the end in their building of the means. The following letter which you recently published, to a friend of mine who fails to agree with my "advertising ideas" expresses in a way my theory:

Dear Comrade,—Yours of the 16th at hand and note that you style my going into the advertising of myself a "propensity." As a matter of fact I have no more propensity for advertising myself than a man has for the smell of bone-dust when he fertilizes his orange orchard. It is necessary, in order to get before the public, to advertise: and it is not more agreeable for me to advertise than it is for me to fertilize my orange orchard. Theoretically, the way to run an orange orchard is to sit under a shady orange tree and read poetry. Practically, the way to do is to spread manure: but that is no indication that a man prefers scattering manure to reading poetry. I suppose, however, it is useless for me to try to explain this thing to you or to anyone else, because everyone seems to misunderstand me, although I have been writing from the very first number of the Challenge exactly what I have been trying to do. The proposition is that the end is Socialism, and the means by which we get people into Socialism is inconsequential. If "fertilizing" the public mind with advertising is the way to stimulate it, I propose doing it, notwithstanding the fact that I have no particular propensity for bone-dust. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

—Worker's Call.

HALF LOAF BETTER THAN NO LOAF AT ALL.

In the Guide it was noted that a paper run by H. Gaylord Wilshire, Brooklyn, had been denied second-class rates on the ridiculous plea that it was "advertising" the publisher's ideas. It now appears that this paper is devoted to the public ownership of the trusts, the "New Thought," and such things, and this is why the Department refused it a franchise. The publisher will now forcibly realize one of the slight disadvantages of the public ownership program. As the Philadelphia Sun says: "The Post Office Department is an unanswerable argument against Government ownership. It's too rotten to think about indoors."—Advertiser's Guide.

This looks like good logic and it is, from a certain standpoint, but the standpoint is wrong.

If conditions were going to remain as they are for an indefinite period, the argument against state ownership would be in a much stronger position than it is. But inasmuch as present social conditions cannot last, owing to the progress of industrial evolution, I am justifiably in favor of such partial steps toward Socialism, as are involved in say the nationalization of the railways, because all such steps make the great final transition so much the less abrupt. In other words, when I walk to the river to get a drink it is no argument against my going there to ask me when I am half way there, "Are you any less thirsty because you are so much *nearer* to the water?" If I answered "No," would any one but a fool conclude that this admission carried with it an admission that I was mistaken in thinking that I would completely satisfy my thirst when I should finally arrive at the river?

So it is with Socialism, the promised river of life for man. The steps which we are taking toward Socialism bring us nearer our river, but our thirst is not necessarily less until we bathe at will in the living stream.

I have no doubt, if some man of common business ability *owned* the United States Post Office Department, say a glorified Rockefeller or Morgan, that he might give us a much better, a more honest, a cheaper and a more reliable service than we get to-day. That would be easy. He would do this from purely business reasons, as he would fear that if he did not he might lose the Post Office altogether by reason of its being taken over by the government.

Now with President Roosevelt and Mr. Madden, his servant, of course no such fear can exist. The very worst that can happen to them is losing their jobs at the end of a four year term, but this is nothing like as bad as a man losing his whole shop, which Morgan would lose if he owned the Post Office and it happened to be nationalized.

Morgan as a great capitalist, holding his property by the consent of the people as long as his holding satisfies them, is really in a position almost as delicate as that of say the Czar of Russia. He is given great power staked on his ability to satisfy the people, and he is not going to jeopardize it by any exhibition of "strenuousness" simply for the sake of exhibiting. Capitalism to-day, like the Russian Empire, is a great pyramid balancing on its apex. Morgan and the Czar are not such fools as to jeopardize their kingdoms by any ungloving of the mailed hand of despotism unless there is a real call for it.

Now this explains why Roosevelt as chief of our Republic, dares, upon the slightest incentive, to resort to arbitrary measures that both the Czar and Morgan would shrink from. The United States, politically, is a Republic, and the difference between a Republic and a Despotism, is the difference between a pyramid on its base and one on its apex. Roosevelt feels that nothing he can do can disturb the equilibrium of the state. This indeed would be true were not the political state resting upon the industrial state. And as the industrial state rests upon an inverted pyramid the seeming stability of the American Republic is entirely an illusion.

If the editor of the Guide and others of my individualist friends think they have me in a hole on this Post Office business because I am an advocate of government ownership of all industries, it simply means that they have not followed out to the end my chain of argument.

We are going to have governmental ownership of all industries in a very few years as a matter of absolute economic necessity. I am a very lukewarm advocate of stepping toward the goal of this complete nationalization by any partial nationalization, both because I consider that the people will never get waked up to anything until half-way measures are impossible, and because I consider that such half-way measures even if carried, would not ameliorate conditions.

I am always willing to take a half loaf if I can get it with very much less trouble than I can the whole loaf, but when it is more trouble to get the half than the whole, and the half when you get it is not worth the getting, then I certainly am not going in for any half-way measures.

No, Wilshire is not in the least cured of his desire for governmental control of industry by the taste he is getting of partial control. It is not a case of his thinking that a hair of the Maddened dog will cure the bite, either.

THE PRESIDENT LEARNING.

THERE were two interesting admissions in President Roosevelt's address. One, that trusts are a natural evolution of business, and that the old idea, so long advocated by both Republican and Democrat politicians, that they could be destroyed was as absurd. Now that the true nature of the trust is beginning to be recognized, the time when the proper remedy can be applied is not so far off as it was in the days of the Sherman Anti-trust bills.

The other admission in the President's speech was in his paragraph ad-

vocating national irrigation. His argument was that inasmuch as in the arid west the ownership of the water controlled the owners of the land, the only practical method of preventing this enslavement of the land owners was to nationalize the water. Yes, this is sound enough argument, but I would suggest that he might also have added that inasmuch as the ownership of the land controls the *people* on the land, the only way to prevent the enslavement of the people was to nationalize the land as well as the water. Why should the President of the American Republic set himself out to protect the land owners from the water owners, and forget to even mention the need of protecting the people who own neither land nor water, from those that own both?

The Virginian-Pilot, Norfolk, has this to say in explanation of the President's advocacy of National Irrigation:—

> The greater part of the arid lands are not public, but private property, and so would not be subject to "homestead entry," but to private sale for the benefit of private persons, instead of the irrigation fund. In other words, while the government is improving its own lands, it would also improve the lands of private persons incidentally and necessarily.

However, I think nationalizing any thing a good plan, and it is impossible to spend government money on even a post office building without benefitting the adjoining land owners.

SOAP AS WELL AS IDEAS.

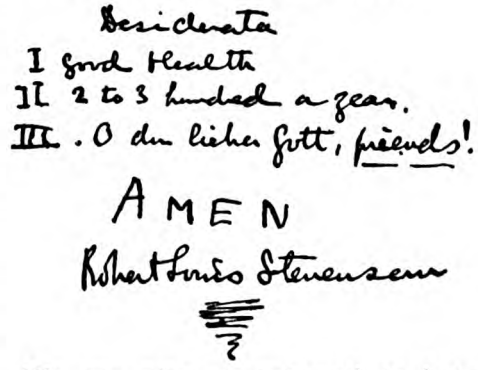
H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, a soap manufacturer, was recently denied second-class rights for his paper, THE CHALLENGE, says the National Advertiser, on the ground that he was "advertising his ideas." A publisher, we suppose, ought not to have any ideas. The Postal Department probably is not used to them.

Wilshire gives the Department some needed instructions in his public reply.—Advertisers' Guide.

This is fame. I did think I might have some claims to go down to posterity as a prosperous manufacturer of "ideas," but to be also famed as a "soap" manufacturer was quite beyond my hopes. "Good morning; have you used Wilshire's Challenge Soap?"

Louis Post, of the Public, also refers to me as a "soap" manufacturer. So I suppose Madden was not so far wrong after all when he came to the conclusion that he was not the only man who thought ideas and soap all the same thing.

WHAT A MAN DESIRES.



We are often accustomed to hear people object to the Socialist plan of distribution, alleging that there would be no incentive for the great authors and artists to produce their best work unless they were rewarded in the order of their genius.

As a matter of fact, art being simply an expression of the joy of work, the greatest reward possible for an artist is the means to continue producing the means to continue joyful.

I give a little memento from Stevenson found among his papers after his death, showing how moderate were his ideas of the *desiderata* necessary for a happy life. Good health, $100 a month, friends.

Many valued and interesting communications were crowded out of this issue for lack of space.

PROGRESS NOT WANTED

ROBERT FULTON CUTTING is one of those men who think they can best achieve social reform by working in "reform" movements. For years he has been about the one single man in New York of money and position who has earnestly given up his life to such work.

He has at last achieved a signal personal triumph in the election of Seth Low as Mayor of New York. But for Mr. Cutting it is certain that Dick Croker would still be "Boss of New York." However, Mr. Cutting did not set out on any program to "turn the rascals out." He proposed progressive measures. He wanted better schools, more parks, public baths, municipal ownership of public utilities—in fact Mr. Cutting is an American Fabian Socialist.

Having now won his election let us see how much "progress" he will make. I think the following from the New York Evening Post tells the story:

In the work done by Mr. Robert Fulton Cutting for the redemption of the city we have still another encouraging example of what a patriotic and high-minded man may do for his city without an office to keep him before the public and to lend him influence. To Mr. Cutting, and practically to Mr. Cutting alone, is due the existence of the Citizen's Union at this time. There was but little left of its prestige and influence after the election of 1897, and pitifully few of its 150,000 voters could be found to shoulder the burden of keeping alive the organization which represented the great idea of non-partisanship in municipal affairs during the depressing four years of Tammany rule. Even the task of raising sufficient money to maintain an office and a small office force seemed impossible.

Thanks to Mr. Cutting's devotion to the cause and to his limitless generosity, the organization was kept alive, to be of inestimable service in the last campaign. Its existence alone forced the Republicans to accept a non-partisan platform and to join in a fusion movement, which proved to be the best of its kind ever seen in this city. Thanks to Mr. Cutting, the Citizens' Union was well organized before the actual campaigning began, and thanks to him, it was a representative body. Under his leadership it entered the joint conference of the different bodies composing the fusion movement determined to achieve the result aimed at—namely, the selection of a non-partisan ticket which should win at the polls,—and the result has justified the wisdom displayed.

The Evening Post could by no means always agree with all of Mr. Cutting's views or methods. It thought the so-called "progressive platform" of the Citizens Union, in which he was so deeply interested, unnecessary, if not dangerous, and it early prophesied what actually took place, the total disappearance of the elaborate declarations which made up that extraordinary document. Its contents were never mentioned during the last weeks of the campaign. As could have been foreseen as far back as May, the question of right and wrong, of morality and immorality, and of public decency against public indecency, were all that counted. As long as cities last, there can be no more "progressive" platform than the simple one of honesty and justice upon which Justice Jerome stood.

But whatever the mistakes made, Mr. Cutting has come out of the campaign with a record second to none as a self-sacrificing citizen of the highest type. When the Fusion Conference Committee practically united upon him as its choice for Mayor, Mr. Cutting had the wisdom and foresight to decline—an action as creditable to himself and to his motives as it was beneficial to the cause, which thereby received its final stamp of unselfishness. To men of his own type, men of affairs and of wealth, he has set a splendid example of readiness to recognize the claims of the city upon his time and means, and for this example alone he is clearly entitled to the thanks of the community. If there were decorations for civic virtue, Mr. Cutting would be entitled to that 'pour le merite', and of the first class.

Now, Mr. Cutting, you have it straight from the high priest of reform editors.

The only "progression" wanted is "honesty." Let us have honest men, says Astor, and my taxes will be lower. Let us have honest aldermen and save the expense of bribery to get franchises, says Whitney.

Yes, of course, honesty is better than dishonesty; but, Mr. Cutting, would you give up your life in order that Astor's and Whitney's incomes may be made larger?

SOCIALIST LEGISLATORS *of* MASSACHUSETTS

Hon. James F. Carey

Hon. Frederick O. Mac Cartney

Carey was the first Socialist to be elected to a legislative assembly in the United States. This was in 1897. He has been successfully returned at all the succeeding annual elections, last November being elected for the fourth successive term. Mac Cartney has had a similarly successful career excepting that he started in one year later than Carey. They have succeeded in having passed a number of bills favorable to labor in the Massachusetts Assembly. However, both are fully agreed with the general position taken by all fully fledged Socialists that the advantage of electing a Socialist lies not in what he can do when seated but in the "advertising" it gives Socialism to have successful candidates.

MADDEN'S SOLILOQUY

The following sad soliloquy took place very recently, after several hundred thousand American citizens had written to Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden, indignantly protesting against his arbitrary and illegal suppression of certain newspapers that do not support the present Republican administration. It may be of historic interest in future years to have a record of how an official of the United States treated the subjects of that magnificent despotism in the closing years of its Government by Wealth.

[SCENE: Postoffice Department, Washington, D. C. Department clerk enters, hands Madden two car-loads of fresh protests, salaams and withdraws. Madden breaks loose:]

"Ye Gods! I am aweariedof this trash
That pours upon me from north, south and east and west,
From brazen knaves who dare to interfere
With what I do. I, who have acted as beseemed me wise
To best conserve the interest of those
Who placed me where I am. What do I care
For these befuddled fools who prate about their rights?
A Constitution violated; broken laws;
The danger to the land a muzzled Press implies?
And so on—God knows what they do not think to say!
What! Do they hope to move him by their screeds,
Whose iron will is stronger than the nation's law?
Who laughs at right, if right is in his way?
I am the Chief! I wield o'er eighty million slaves
A power that czars would hesitate to claim.

Mine is the power to say: 'This thou may read, and this,
But this is bad and not to be allowed—so read it not!'
And they who hear me, heed—heed and obey my will.
Mine is the power absolute to pass on what men write—
Aye, and on what they *think!* I am above the law;
Above the Congress that has made the law. I am a Force
More potent than the Constitution of these fools
Who vainly think that such a *thing* has life.
My good right hand, by one imperious sweep,
May make men bankrupt; may deprive them of their right
(So called) to publish what they think.
But what of that? If what they think is bad,
And I, the sole arbiter of its worth, declare it so,
Why should they dare to think—much less to print
Their traitorous thoughts for other men to read?

Yet there is one, a very thorn to me, who bids
Defiance to my august will and holds me up to public scorn.
WILSHIRE, whose vicious paper I have late suppressed.
I mind the caitiff well; his pen reeks with the wild
Disordered schemes of Socialism. *He also has Ideas!*
His noxious CHALLENGE teemed with plots and plans
To make men free and equal in the land.
Nay, worse than that, the wretch declares it wrong
That men should toil and sweat, that other men may live
A life of ease, who do not work. He does stir up
The workingmen to *think!* Why should I wait on Congress
For the word to shut the varlet up? Aye, why should I wait?
What is the 'Freedom of the Press' or 'Right of Speech',
Of which these agitators prate until I'm sick,
Compared with crimes like this, against the State?

Yet while I did suppress him in my realm,
Though thousands pestered me with vicious screeds,
(Had I my way no workingman could write)
It seems that I have over-shot the mark. For Wilshire—
May the devil take him soon and hold him fast—
Has given me the slip and will not stay put down.
Indeed, he has o'er-reached me by his wit,
And 'neath the safe protection of a foreign flag
Defies me to my teeth, and sends more broadcast than before
His treasonous paper through the mail I own.
And I am at an end of my resource. I do not care
For 'Public Opinion' nor 'The People's Rights.'
They both be damned! But I am powerless to cope
With Wilshire, 'neath the shadow of the British Flag.
God's malediction on the King that does consent
That men should Think and Write and Publish what they will!"

—*A. Bert Bynon.*

A PROPHECY of TEN YEARS AGO

A Communication from the Editor to the Workman's Times, dated September, 1892.

To the Editor of The Workman's Times, London, England,

Sir:—I would like to call your attention to certain industrial developments in the United States which are soon going to have a tremendous effect on the English labor movement. We are all accustomed to say that the labor question is an international one, but we are at the same time very apt to look at this as simply a theoretical proposition, and not coming within the domain of things to be considered practically. It is true we point out that the American workman already has all that the John Morleys are contending for, and yet they are no better off than the Britisher.

Then a "Homestead Affair" for the moment forces itself upon us as a foreign object lesson, but I contend that when the American industrial condition is rightly looked at, that it will be seen that the monopolistic combinations of capitalists are of far more significance to the "Labor" movement than a hundred "Homesteads."

Eliminating the "Pinkertons," of whom entirely too much has been made, a "Homestead" could occur any day in Europe as well as in America. Whatever country you may take, if an employer should try to substitute a thousand non-union men for a like number of union men, he couldn't do it without the aid of the State's strong arm. If there should be too few troops provided there would be sure to be a row. It is very difficult to see any vital difference between the "Pinkertons" and the militia. Both are, in the United States at least, never used but for the one purpose —to protect "scabs" from union men. They are both equally at the service of the capitalist, the only difference being that the "Pinkertons" can be had on hand before the row takes place, while the militia is usually called out to prevent the continuation of a row that has already begun. I have no doubt but that the "Pinkertons" will be suppressed; but certainly no one can think that then there will be no more labor riots in America. The recent events in Idaho and Tennessee indicate that the American workman has very little more compunction about firing away at the state troops than he has at the "Pinkertons." Besides, it is conceded that it is not the fact that the troops now at Homestead are state militia rather than "Pinkertons" that gives them any superior authority. It is simply because they are 8,000 strong, while the "Pinkertons" mustered but 200.

Anyway, it is not the movements of labor but the movement of capital that is at present the interesting feature in the social movement in America. It is a remarkable thing to say that the youngest of the nations, from a capitalist point of view, is the nearest maturity, yet this is exactly what I am prepared

to substantiate. Broadly speaking, the industrial machinery of the United States is practically finished. Not only is there enough machinery, but there is actually a great deal too much. If anyone feels inclined to doubt this statement, let him read the United States Labor Report for 1886. There he will find a direct corroboration in an official report. If the doubter happens to be a capitalist, and wishes better evidence, let him make inquiries as to how he may invest money in the United States in the construction of new machinery of production. He will find that there is practically no opening at all for such investments. The railways are obviously completed, certainly as far as all the great trunk lines are concerned. The same applies, with even more force, to the flour mills, the parafine refineries, the steel mills, the cotton and woolen mills, and so on throughout the whole list of industries. The most convincing proof, however, is found in the appearance of monoply, as succeeding competition, in the business world of America. That this change was not made voluntarily by the American capitalist there is any amount of evidence. The machinery of production was so much too great for the demand that overproduction* of goods, and the resulting cutting of prices, was threatening them with ruin unless some remedy was had.

At first they tried to better things by agreeing not to sell goods below a certain fixed price, but this was an utter failure. After the goods are produced they simply must be gotten rid of, if not at one price then at another, all agreements to the contrary notwithstanding. Breaches of faith were encouraged because the very agreement itself was held by the courts to be illegal, as being against public policy to allow the legality of combinations in restraint of trade, and so no penalties could be enforced against the pledge breakers. Sometimes to insure against treachery they arranged that each party to the agreement should put a certain amount of money in a mutual pool to be forfeited if it were proven that pledges were broken. However, the end of the matter was that agreements between a number of different owners of plants to fix prices and restrict production proved utterly ineffectual to achieve the end desired. There now remained but one more remedy to be tried, and that was a common ownership of the different plants—a consolidation of the various companies into one vast company.

This revolutionary step was first made by the kerosene oil refiners, and it was made most timidly too, with every precaution being taken to secure a safe retreat if the step should have proven to have been a false one. There was no need for fear, however, as the Standard Oil Company, under the leadership of Rockefeller, was a howling success from the start. Originally with a capital of $50,000, it has now increased to $90,000,000, upon which it pays 12 per cent per annum, and its stock is selling at 100 per cent premium. Citizen Rockefeller is credited with an income of $25,000,000 per annum, making him the richest man in the world. The success of the oil refiners in the consolidating line naturally attracted other manufacturers, likewise harassed by the fierce warfare of competition, to try their luck at forming a financial haven of rest for themselves. These efforts have been uniformly successful until there is hardly a manufacturing business left today

* Over-production is used with the meaning attached to it by the business man. From his standpoint there is an over-production of goods whenever the quantity of goods on the market forces the price below the cost of production. Wants unaccompanied by cash constitute no relief for the anxious producer. "If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride."

in the United States that sells its product in an open competitive market.

But all this is past history. The only point to be dwelt upon is the fact that it was, in the first place at least, necessity and not mere desire that induced the American capitalists to combine. It is true that the capitalists themselves have conclusively shown that they were forced into the step when they were officially investigated, but as the admission of their defense would result in the logical surrender of the whole individualistic theory of society, the American public, like the mediæval church and Galileo, stuck to their theory regardless of facts, and tried to force the capitalists to forego monopoly. Innumerable laws were passed against the monopolists. They were threatened with the confiscation of their property and with personal imprisonment, but all in vain. Monopoly grew apace until today the Americans recognize that "it has come to stay", as they say. The anti-monopoly laws are dead letters, as it is seen that their enforcement would mean the total stoppage of the wheels of commerce.

Karl Marx's prediction that competition would some day be succeeded by monopoly is having its verification in America.

But it will be asked, "How can it possibly be that America, the youngest of the nations, has come to her maturity first?" It is an economic truism that a nation is rich not so much on account of its wealth in hand as on account of its ability to produce wealth. John Stuart Mill is very explicit on this point: "The greater part, in value, of the wealth now existing in England has been produced by human hands within the last twelve months. A very small proportion indeed of that large aggregate was in existence ten years ago." (Political Economy, Book I., chap. v.) This fact readily explains how the Americans could have started centuries behind the European countries, with their unrivalled natural resources, their wonderful labor-saving machinery, the intense devotion of all classes to the production of wealth, for in America there is no crippling of the effective labor force by huge drafts being made upon it to constitute a military establishment, nor is there any large leisure class of wealthy idlers, as in European countries. Every scribbling traveler that has written up his experiences has been sure to comment upon the fascination that "business" seems to have for Americans, but none have ever realized the possibility of the work being finally completed.

And why is it so incredible if we consider the conditions? By the application of steam and electricity to the constantly being improved Labour machinery, there has been an enormous increase in productivity of labor. There is no corresponding increase in consumption to compensate. Statistics, in fact, go to show that the American laborer is not as well fed now as he was at the beginning of the period; he certainly is no better clothed, and he is not as well housed. Of course, there has been a vast increased consumption among the rich, but their number is insignificant compared with that of the laboring classes. It would be rather a puzzle to have to discover where all the product went were not it readily explained by the fact that an immense section of the American labor force has been, and even yet is, engaged not in the direct production of consumable commodities, but in the making of more machinery to facilitate the production of goods. Now that the machinery is practically completed, this section of workers will find their services no longer needed, and how to find them new em-

ployment is going soon to be the problem offered the Americans for solution.

The workers are unconsciously recognizing the fate that is hanging over them, and are doing all in their power to keep up consumption with production by endeavoring to increase their wages, and hence their power to consume, and on the other hand, by reducing their hours of labor, to somewhat restrict production; but the bloody scenes now being enacted as the direct result of such efforts would seem to clearly indicate that there is little to be hoped for in this direction, at least not in time to avert the impending catastrophe. It is true that the capitalists themselves, by the aid of their monopolistic combinations are restricting production, but their method of shutting down the surplus mills, etc., and discharging surplus hands to still further augment the army of the unemployed affords no relief—just the contrary. As a temporary measure of relief, it would seem that a general reduction of the hours of labor by statutory enactment is decidedly the most practical one. America is in a peculiarly good position to adopt such a measure from the fact that by reason of her protective tariff she does not stand in that fear of the longer hours of labor in competing nations that is the bugbear of English manufacturers. However, it is idle to think that a nation of democrats can continue to allow the despotic management of their industrial machinery to go on forever. Carnegies, as well as Napoleons, are ephemeral.

All things point to the extension of the functions of the collective activity of the people, of the democracy. It is not only desirable—it is becoming imperative. H. G. WILSHIRE.

The point I wish to call attention to in the foregoing letter, written away back in in 1892, was my calling a warning to England of the danger to her industrial supremacy from America.

There was practically nobody then dwelling upon this phase of industrial evolution, while today it is the problem of the hour. Very few, even of the Socialists, recognized at that time the importance of American supremacy in the program of social drama. I remember well lecturing before the Fabian Society of London in 1891, and dwelling particularly upon the theory that the industrial competition of America would soon be so keen in Europe that it would cause a social revolution, because of the unemployed problem it was bound to give rise to. After I had finished my lecture and the time for questioning arrived, there was not a single man in the hall who seemed to agree with me, and Bernard Shaw even took the platform to prove that about everything I said was wrong, and particularly took exception to my statement that the United States was in anything like a state of industrial completion or that in consequence it was soon to be a dangerous competitor of Europe. I was not armed that evening with any statistics upon the subject—they were not so plentiful in those days as they are now—and all I could say in reply was that "time would show who was right."

The curious sequel to it all is that while Shaw now readily enough admits that I was right in my premises as to American industrial supremacy, he fails to see the logic of my deduction. The difference of view between us arises because Shaw thinks social evolution a conscious process while I believe it to be almost entirely unconscious. Shaw thinks that because the workers are now so lamentably ignorant and indifferent to social conditions, therefore it is absurd for me to look for any social change being imminent. His position

would be well taken did he not forget that I based my prediction upon the theory that American industrial supremacy is going to create a world's unemployed problem. I have stated time and time again that it would begin in Europe. It has.

I said it would extend to the United States. It will—very shortly, too.

Now the workers may not have class-consciousness enough to impel them to demand a change as long as their wages are sufficent to give them a living, although they may be well enough aware that those wages represent only a fraction of what they produce. But when the employers are compelled to tell them that they cannot pay them any wages at all, there will be a different story to tell of the stupidity and apathy of the laborers. They may be contented enough on a half-loaf, all right enough, but there is a big difference between a half-loaf and no loaf at all.

I am no believer in an imminent social change because the workers are so badly fed under the present system, but I believe in it because I can see a time coming when it will be impossible for them to be fed at all.

The mere fact that the workers do not and cannot understand the truth of my prophecy today is no reason for their not understanding its truth when the event occurs.

As the following letter will illustrate, Shaw is still pessimistic in regard to the ability or desire of the workers to strive for any betterment of their condition:

10 ADELPHI TERRACE, W. C.
13th September, 1901.

DEAR WILSHIRE: The vigor with which you are hurling your CHALLENGE at me across the ocean makes my pen leap from its case. I envy you your youth, your spirits and your conviction that the revolution is coming at last. Of course it isn't; but all the same, it is something to live for. You remember me as a poor, laborious and moderately honest (considering) man. That man is dead. I am now an Irish landlord, an English capitalist, a Borough Councilor, a married man, and most of the other things that barricade the way to Socialism. But even if there were no landlords or capitalists or Councilors, or even married men, the great modern democratic workman in the south of England would have no Socialism. He has discovered the American millionaire, and is touching his hat to him for all he is worth. And the A. M. is taking to it like a duck to a pond. Yon cannot imagine the exquisite sense of balm with which a rich American, fresh from an atmosphere of the crudest assertion of equality by republican citizens, receives the first civilities of an English railway guard, the first alacrities of an English railway porter, the first touching of an English coachman's hat the first diploma of aristocracy conveyed in the acknowledgment of a handsome tip by an English gamekeeper. Here respectability in a workman means that workman's sense that the country exists for the upper classes. On the railway platform there is the third-class man who gives the porter twopence, the second-class man who gives the porter sixpence, and the first-class god who gives the porter a shilling and the guard at least half a crown for locking him in so that he shall have six seats all to himself. And not one of these twopenny and sixpenny folk challenge the millionaire's position as the triumph and express end of creation. They bask in it; they love it; they shine with satisfaction in the light it reflects on them. And the American appreciates their attitude intensely. It makes him feel that nature meant him to be the Dean of a cathedral or the proprietor of a lawn leveled by the rolling of a thousand years. And so he hastens to settle here, and leaves the United States to the labor that produce and exports his dividends. There are drawbacks, it is true. These well-mannered English retainers and tradesmen over-charge him, and extract tips from him at every turn for services that he does not require. They are strict with him as to his clothes and his pronunciation. The gardener takes care that he never feels as if he owned his own fruit trees; the coachman makes a compliment of letting him take out his own horses. The rest of his retinue are equally trained and skilled in the same arts. They subtly break his spirit and courage, and make him feel that he cannot go back to a land where the poorest wage slave feels bound in honor to outface his servitude with Fourth of July bounce. They make him build huge mansions and let him have a room or two for himself in them to pay their wages in. They order all the delicacies of the

season for him from the tradesmen who pay the highest commission on orders, and diligently save him the trouble of eating them. He may sweat the Pennsylvania miner and the Pittsburg puddler; but they know how to transfer the plunder to their own pockets with a touch of the hat.

And you, presumptious Gaylord Wilshire, think that the English working and shop-keeping classes will tamely allow you to rob them of this easy life by expropriating your millionaires! Never, Gaylord, never! We have yielded much to you. We have handed over the making of our tube railways to you, just as we have handed over the making of electric plants to the Swiss-German firms. We are ready to hand over all the other industries as fast as you are ready for them: we think that work agreees with you. But if you do anything to interfere with the export of dividends to the British Isles, we will rally as one man to the standard of the Empire, of Liberty, of Religion, of Morals, of Patriotism, of Your Own Best Interests, and of anything else that comes handy; but by all our gods, we will force you to continue letting us squeeze your millionaires. Are English grooms and gardeners and laborers and respectable tradesmen to be robbed of the custom of Croker, of Carnegie, of Nat Goodwin, because Wilshire happens to be a crank? Never, I tell you again —never, never, never, NEVER! We want millionaires; and we prefer American ones, because they are afraid of making themselves by objecting to letting people impose on them. And we will have them, too, or know the reason why. What is America for, if not to roll the lawns of England, and pay Income Tax to our Chancellor of the Exchequer?

Our friend Hyndman,* you have no doubt heard, has shaken the dust of the Social-Democratic Federation off his feet because, he says, the workers have no class consciousness. He says those very words—"no class consciousness." Why, good Lord, my dear Wilshire, they have absolutely no other sort of consciousness. The consciousness of class blinds England to-day to the consciousness of manhood, of self-respect, of the commonest instincts of political self-preservation. The result of enfranchising the working classes in 1885 has been a rehabilitation of class supremacy that would have scandalized George III. Nothing but the relics of the Radicalism of the Eighteenth Century stands between us and the substitution for parliamentary institutions of a Council of Ten consisting of Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Roberts, Sir Henry Irving, the King, the Duke of York, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Andrew Carnegie.

Now, on your honor, my dear Wilshire, are you quite sure that the American working classes are not just the same? When even Mark Twain, who is really about your best man (Morris always named him when snobbish literary amateurs used to challenge him to produce a greater writer than Thackeray)—when Mark, I say, writes articles to declare that he blushes because American ambassadors do not wear liveries at the European Courts, I begin to doubt whether you will not take advantage of the Duke of York's visit to Canada to offer him the perpetual hereditary Presidency of the United States.

Take my advice: change the name of CHALLENGE to Blue Blood; and it will be worth fifty oil wells to you.

When may we expect to see you again on this side?

Yours ever
G. Bernard Shaw.

*Hyndman has simply resigned from the executive council of the S. D. F. He is still an active member of the general body, devoting practically as much time and energy to it as ever he did.—H. G. W.

CURRENT CARICATURE

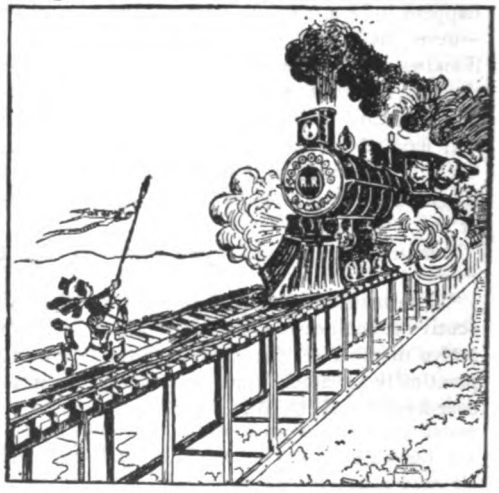
The Adoption of The Trust

NOTHING is more significant of the rapid change of public opinion regarding the possibity of restricting or destroying by law the gigantic industrial combinations that

ROOSEVELT'S REMEDY FOR TRUSTS
—Minneapolis Journal.

have steadily increased in number and magnitude in the United States of late, than the cartoons of the American illustrated press. Suggested remedies for Trust aggression which would but a few years ago have received serious consideration by old party statesmen are now made subjects for cartoons ridiculing the idea of legislative control or correction of such combinations.

With the general acceptance of the Trust as the legitimate outcome of the industrial growth and development of the United States, and the futility, if not indeed the undesirability, of antagonising its natural fruition, the American press naturally lends its support to any legislation likely to inure to the advantage of the Trusts, which, although in a new and somewhat bewildering form, are still recognized as the "business of the country," before which all other interests must give way as a matter of course. Hence the acquiescence of the leading journals of both old parties in the demand of the Trusts



VAN SANT DECLARES WAR ON THE FOUR HUNDRED MILLION DOLLAR COMBINE.—The Chicago Record-Herald.

for foreign markets, whether they be obtained through the simple method of conquering weak nations or the more diplomatic feat of working off reciprocity treaties on more powerful ones.

The Panacea of Reciprocity

It is interesting to notice the faith which these papers profess to have in the ability of reciprocal treaties to avert the serious industrial complications that even the most careless observer of passing events must feel to be imminent.

The Minneapolis Tribune treats the subject as if it were a matter to be set-

THE TARIFF REVISION HORSE AND THE CONGRESSIONAL RIDER.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: "I could ride that critter, but I havn't any intention of trying it."
—From the Tribune (Minneapolis).

tled out of hand and permanently by the action of the American Congress, if not by the President himself. There is evidently no fear that the same paralysis which is creeping over the purchasing powers of the American people may have spread to the people of the lands from which this wonderful reciprocity is to come. The Record-Herald of Chicago is another paper that sees only the rosy side of reciprocity. One would imagine from its cartoon that all that stands in the way of the unlimited foreign sale of American goods is the tariff. How the foreigner is to pay for these goods is not shown in the cartoon, however. Uncle Sam is depicted as in the act of passing his merchandise through the reciprocity breach in the tariff wall to the foreigner, but the for-

PROSPERITY IN RECIPROCITY.

"We have come to the parting of the ways. We must go to the left on the Spanish road of exclusiveness and industrial stagnation in our home market and for our insular possessions, or we must go to the right on the smooth highway of reciprocity and industrial expansion."—(JOHN A. KASSON, at banquet of the Manufacturers' Association.)

—From the Record-Herald (Chicago).

eigner is not shown as passing back his sack of goods in return. Reciprocity can only increase the sale of American goods by increasing the ability of the

A DEEP SUBJECT THAT NEEDS CAREFUL STUDY.
—From the (Philadelphia) Inquirer.

foreigner to pay for what he buys. The only way he can be helped is to let him sell his goods, and this is exactly what our own manufacturers and farmers, already burdened with a surplus of their own American goods, will refuse to allow.

The American Invasion of Europe

The two cartoons here reproduced from London Punch are illustrative of the general awakening of the European press to the fact that the commercial conquest of their home markets by the American manufacturer is almost completed. The deep concern displayed in America at the rapid absorption of every branch of industry by the Trusts is quite likely to be reflected on the other side when the European National Shopkeeper realizes that Master Jonathan is not only ready to buy the "whole shop,"

JONATHAN SHOPPING.

JOHN BULL—Now, my little man what can I do for you?"

MASTER JONATHAN—"Wal, guess I'll buy the whole store!"

[American millionaires agree to purchase the Leyland Line (Mediterranean, Portugal, Montreal and Antwerp) Fleets. A meeting of shareholders has been called in order to confirm the arrangements."—Vide Daily News.]

—From London Punch.

ANOTHER OF SIR JONATHAN'S ADVENTURES IN ENGLAND.

How Sir Jonathan D'Outre-Mer desired the sole control of the Lady Nicotine, and challenged John de Bull to do battle for this cause.—From Punch (London).

but intends to have the *fixtures* as well. John Bull is naturally portrayed as bewildered at the easy assurance of his customer, although from previous dealings he doubtless is aware that the order given is bona fide and represents to a nicety the wants of his purchaser.

In the International Tournament for the control of the world's tobacco trade, into which the American Tobacco Trust has entered, the result will be a repetition of American triumphs in such contests in other industries.

Lady Nicotine will follow in the footsteps of many another illustrious personage of her class; indeed the cartoon represents her as in traveling dress and ready to accompany the dashing American Duke directly he has won her by performing the perfunctory feat of wiping his rival off the face of the earth.

The Dilemma of The Democratic Party

THAT the struggle for political supremacy in the United States will in the near future lie between Capital, as represented by the Republican party, and Labor, under the standard of Socialism, finds further confirmation in the plight of the Democratic press in their search for a presidential candidate for 1904.

William Jennings Bryan, their idol of two campaigns, has been discarded as an impossible for another battle. His policies have twice been rejected by the people and his party leaders are forced to the unwilling conclusion that his re-nomination would be suicidal to the party. In this dilemma it is natural that they

TOM L. JOHNSON, OF CLEVELAND: "Now watch me make it in three jumps."—From the Journal (Detroit).

should turn to a man more in touch with public sentiment and in whom the people have confidence. Tom L. Johnson is the man to whom these papers have turned. He is, of all prominent democrats, at present easily the favorite with the public, but this is due more to his championship of the doctrine of single-tax and the municipal ownership of public utilities than to his democracy. Mr. Johnson has long been prominent as a reformer, his chief hobby being to compel the street railways to grant lower fares instead of paying the city a percentage of receipts; which is certainly a sound policy, too. He was elected mayor of Cleveland last year on a municipal ownership platform, and his success in that election has attracted to his standard some of the leading Democratic papers of the country.

The striking feature of this turning to such a radical as Mr. Johnson, by the leaders of the once great Democratic party, is the tacit recognition conveyed that the people are tired of the old war-cries and are demanding a new program for the next campaign. And in this conclusion they are right. But the great uprising of the people will not be under the present Democracy. That party, as faithless to the common people as its Republican opposition, is dead. Socialism is the only opponent that Capitalism fears and the only hope of Labor to gain its alienated but not forgotten rights.

—*A. Bert Bynon.*

THE TREND of EVENTS

An English Opinion of America

AT the Thanksgiving dinner of the American Society in London, Dr. A. Conan Doyle created a sensation by announcing that the pendulum of the British world had now shifted to somewhere between New York and Chicago.

This is an idea that seems to be prevalent in England just now. It has been expressed almost in Dr. Doyle's very words by Mr. H. G. Wells, in the eighth installment of his "Anticipations" appearing in the November number of the Fortnightly Review. Mr. Wells thinks that the center of the English-speaking world during the coming century will be in the urban region between Chicago and New York, on both sides of the present international boundary but principally to the south of it, and that the whole race will unite about this nucleus.

Mr. W. T. Stead, always at the head of the procession, or a little in front of it, has devoted his Review of Reviews Annual this year entirely to "The Americanization of the World, or the Trend of the Twentieth Century." The book is advertised by a prospectus bearing a brilliantly colored starry flag.

Mr. Stead thinks "no movement now visibly in progress among us is so significant, none is fraught with such momentous issues as the triumphal advance of the Americans to the first place among the leading nations of the world."

He observes: "The nineteenth century was the century of the British Empire; the twentieth is the century of the American Republic. The headship of the English-speaking world passed with the century from the older to the younger branch."

Mr. Stead cruelly throws a shade over the approaching ceremonies at Westminster Abbey for which our American peeresses are laying in silver gilt coronets, by remarking: "Next year will witness the coronation of the first British sovereign who has ascended the throne since the primacy of the English-speaking race has passed from its hereditary to its elective head."

That is enough to make Mr. W. W. Astor arise, dust off the knees of his trousers and hunt some new sovereign —perhaps the Czar.

Mr. Stead promises that his book "will discuss with some detail the probable effect of the law of gravitation upon the loosely compacted congeries of commonwealths which in the nineteenth century, belonged to the British Empire, but which may, in the twentieth, gravitate to the Republic which now promises to become the center of the political system of our race." And he adds:

> If the author does not exactly take as his motto, "Ave Cæsar, te morituri salutant," he is entirely free from any prejudice due to personal bias in favor of his own national parish, and is prepared to welcome with philosophic optimism the result of the working out of the law of the survival of the fittest.
>
> Such a survey may be of value at the present time, when the hearts of many are failing them through fear at the thought of the American in-

vasion, and may tend to reassure some of those timorous souls who appear to imagine that the Sun of the Old World will set in the darkness of black night if the Americans are left free to place their unrivalled inventive genius, their restless energy, and the limitless resources of their continent at the disposal of the whole human family.

Evidently American progress is a live subject in England. We have been accustomed in this country to living in the future. Adams and Monroe foresaw the great destiny of this Republic when most European observers saw only a sparsely settled and semi-barbarous waste, and regarded our talk of "manifest destiny" as ridiculous bombast. The future that few but Americans have been able to see hitherto is so nearly the present now that only the blind can miss it. But to Europe its approach has the effect of a sudden and portentous apparition.—New York Journal.

Repression of Free Press & Speech

WELL, WHAT are you going to do about it? Press censorship is here, and repression of free speech is at hand. Not alone in the underhand concealed manner in which they have been practiced these many years. It is not simply that alleged organs of public opinion are in the hands of capitalism, and distort news to further the ends of exploitation. We are now confronted with a direct suppression of all publications that do not crawl before that same capitalism and defend that exploitation. Evidence nas now been accumulated until no sane man can deny the fact that Socialist papers are to be forced from now on to fight not simply the unorganized hostility and indifference of the general ignorant, slavish public and the scanty, grudging financial support of sympathisers, but they must also face the open, or covert, organized opposition of a plutocratic government machine.

Nor is the suppression of free speech to be any longer left to the chance efforts of ruffian assemblages and officious policemen, and to mask behind "irresponsible mobs" and "obstruction of the street." Now it is boldly debated in Congress and advocated from the pulpit and public press. It seems as if American plutocracy, drunk with power and wild at the thought of seeing themselves dethroned at the height of their glory, at a time when their tribute rolls in upon them in a golden tide so high as to overwhelm them in its very grandeur, are determined to make one last desperate stand for this privilege of plunder. Old, forgotten laws are revived in Porto Rico to place Santiago Iglesias in prison for "conspiring to raise the price of labor"—a phrase that smacks of the middle ages.

Think of it, workingmen of America! It is now a crime beneath the stars and stripes to "conspire" to bring more of happiness into the homes of those who do the work of the world. They are sending men to the penitentiary openly and with full publicity because they entered into a conspiracy to better clothe and house and feed and educate the children of those whose hands and brains make possible all clothing and shelter and food and culture. This has long been done indirectly and secretly and by round-about means. At Chicago, Virden, Cour d'Alene, Homestead and a host of other places men have been killed for this, the most terrible crime of capitalism, an attack upon profits. But ostensibly they are shot as rioters, disturbers of the peace, destroyers of private property, etc. But today the mask is torn off and it is to be made a crime to ask men to stand together as men in defense of the miserable homes and living that the capitalist system grants its slaves. Enjoined against picketing, forbidden to boycott,

and denied the right to circulate literature defending their homes and families; herded in the palisaded workshop by day and packed in foul tenements by night, truly the free American citizen is a sight to make gods weep,—and men swear.

But all this means but that the chains of slavery are becoming more galling—not that new ones have necessarily been added. It means that the fact of master and slave stands forth in all its hideous ugliness, and that means simply a fight in the open instead of in secret. It means the line up by armies instead of a guerilla warfare in a thousand isolated shops and factories.

The Socialist who has seen this from the beginning welcomes this new development. To him it is but the natural inevitable climax of the class struggle. But to the opportunist, to the pseudo-Socialist who hoped to help the capitalist society to become Socialist in spots, all this is inexplicable. He becomes panic stricken. At the very moment when according to his belief capitalist governments should begin to grant little slices of the co-operative commonwealth, when the demands of labor should be receiving a most respectful attention from its economic and governmental masters, the chains are suddenly tightened and the class struggle, which they had been so carefully ignoring, stands forth in bold and sullen nakedness. The opportunist loses his head completely. He cries for force and begins to see spots of blood floating before his eyes. "Let us arm and drill the workers," he shrieks, as if capitalism would permit any such action, even if it would be desirable. For once we may be sure that capitalism will "save us from our fool friends."

But the revolutionary Socialist who has watched the course of social evolution and has been expecting and waiting for this day, knows that the world is not going to fall to pieces. He has no fear of any "catastrophe." He leaves that to the Bersteinian. He sees in all this but the signs that economic development has reached the stage where it cannot be much longer contained within capitalist political control. He therefore redoubles his energies in educating the proletariat and preparing it for its political mission. He sees no reason for getting frightened at the approach of a realization of his expectations. Unlike Tom Sawyer's cat he has not been asking for something he did not want, and is not going to have a fit when he gets it.

The most urgent need among Socialists at the present time is not guns but brains, not military but intellectual drill, not hysterics but intelligence.

It behooves us to bend every energy to perfecting our political organization ready to take advantage of the political situation which is so soon to develop. Within the unions every effort should be made to show the union men that the time has now come for them to act intelligently at the polls. Every moment that passes offers new illustrations of the futility of strikes unsupported by political effort. The greatest obstacle to the extension of such an intelligent movement is the appearance of anarchistic idiots who would have the labor unions reject the strike in favor of the still more primitive and antiquated physical force struggle, instead of pressing on to the more advanced and really more revolutionary method of the ballot.—Workers' Call.

Huge Pneumatic Tool Trust.

A PLAN is now being formulated to organize a pneumatic tool Trust, to include both British and American concerns, to be known

probably as the Chicago Pneumatic Tool Company, and capitalized at $10,000,000. The purpose is to unite all the plants necessary to the production of pneumatic machinery, such as drills and riveters, which are used extensively in mining, submarine and bridge work, as well as in steel working and railroad shops. It is proposed to include the following companies, together with other manufacturing cranes and hoisting machinery, for which negotiations are still pending: The Chicago Pneumatic Tool Company, the Boyer Machine Company of Detroit, the Franklin Air Compressor Company of Cincinnati, and the Tate Howard Company of Manchester, England. J. W. Duntley, President of the Chicago Company, is at the head of the new company.

Willing to Unload Some Time.

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN is being warned by some of the newspapers that he will not be allowed to acquire control of the railways of the United States, and that his efforts to gain this control only hurries the day when the Government will step in and assume possession. The Hartford Times says that these warnings do not alarm Mr. Morgan and those associated with him, but that Government ownership would suit them to a nicety. "The Government control of railways," says the Times, "means a federal guarantee of the interest on the bonds that Mr. Morgan and his friends are issuing." Stocks and bonds are different—the former might be bought by the Government at an appraisal, but bonds must pay interest. "The only thing," says our contemporary, "that concerns these able promoters now is to get a sufficient amount of bonds into legal existence before Uncle Sam walks in and says that he really must insist on making the property of Messrs. Morgan, Hill, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Rockefellers, and all the others, a part of the national debt."

Nobody will be readier for Government ownership than these big trusts if they can draw up the contracts by which they sell out to the people, as our contemporary suggests. But perhaps they will not be able to dictate terms. Outsiders are not sure that the people of the United States have such a respect for law and the sanctity of property rights as to pay good money for the bonds with which the railways and other concerns are being loaded down. Respect for law is not on the increase in the United States, and public opinion is the supreme authority. Perhaps if Uncle Sam is to buy out Mr. Pierpont Morgan the bargain cannot be too long delayed, or there may develop such a situation as will lead to the repudiation of bonds and contracts and the overturning and ending of many things.—Toronto Star.

Symptoms of a Mighty Change.

TO a philosophic mind, all the discussion about reciprocity and tariff revision is but the symptom of a mighty change already wrought by great natural forces and the fated march of civilization. At bottom, the cause and explanation of it all lie in the now acknowledged transfer to this country of supremacy in the world's manufacturing. That supremacy rests upon two things—cheap power, and cheap capital. We now have both, and to an extent to which none of our commercial rivals can pretend. Power in the modern industrial world means coal. If any one says that falling water must also be reckoned in, we agree, but ask what other country has a Niagara or a

St. Mary's to harness? Now, in the amount of our production of coal, we have crept up to and surpassed England. Moreover, the average price at the pit's mouth in the United States is lower than the average English price. In that one great element of natural power, therefore, we stand first. And we also have now abundant and cheap capital to apply the power. The best proof of this is that our rate of interest has fallen to the English level. United States bonds yield the investor no more than consols. The return on first-class railway stocks here is no greater than on the securities of leading English roads. Unrivalled, therefore, in the possession of natural power, leading the world in our output of coal and of iron and steel, and with an unlimiteed supply of the cheapest capital, we have reached that supremacy in industry and that command of the world's manufacturing which was long ago predicted by Mr. Gladstone. As early as 1854 it was said by Thiers that the time would come when America would be more powerful than England, France, and Russia all put together.

Here, then, we put our finger upon vast forces in our national development deeper than party, stronger than the historic shibboleths of opposing schools in political economy. We have reached a position when we stand to win in the great world-contest. The more freely we are permitted to strive with our competitors, the more surely we shall outstrip them. Call it free trade, or facile trade, reciprocity or treaty of commerce or tariff revision, or what you will—the main thing is to give the thews of our giant free play. Make the world's trade as large as possible—our share of it will be biggest and most profitable. Speed the ships to our shores, or from our shores—either way they will heap up wealth for us. We are bound to win by every facility that can be given to trade; we can lose only if our own stupidity, or the hostility we stupidly provoke abroad, puts fetters upon our native strength.—New York Evening Post.

Extrication or Permeation--Which?

A Sermon, by Rev. William Thurston Brown, Rochester, N. Y.

I WANT to begin my sermon this morning with a question—a question which seems to me to concern all of us in one way or another. The question is this: What is the best thing one man can give to another? What is the best thing a father can give to his son? a mother to her daughter? a teacher to her pupil? What is the worthiest bequest one generation can make to the next? What is the richest heritage the young can receive from the old?

Here are thousands of children, boys and girls, coming into the world. Here are multitudes of young men and young women just entering upon their active life. Within a month or two many thousands of young men and women will leave college or professional school to take their places in the world of affairs. What is far more important, though it may not attract as much attention, many thousands of young men and women and boys and girls are all the while making their entrance into this same world of affairs with nothing of the preparation of the professional school or the college, perhaps with no training at all. They are forced very early into the stern realities of this world by the necessity of food and clothing. Here is a fact worth thinking about. A vast and increasing stream of humanity is pouring into the world. We may deplore the fact, but nothing has so far been found to check it,—nothing ought to be found to check it. When the birth of human beings becomes a grave social problem, as it seems to have been to the Rev. (?) Malthus, we may rest assured that our earth is utterly damned! That the culture of pigs and the multiplication of other live stock for table consumption should be regarded by men with smug satisfaction while they gravely discuss the problem of lessening human fecundity, is the best possible evidence that we are living as near to the center of hell as it is likely we ever shall be. In some of the members of this vast army we have a lively interest. I am satisfied that there is no good reason for our being interested in some of them which is not also a reason for our being just as deeply and vitally interested in all the rest.

It cannot be said that this stream of humanity is altogether clear and pure. Nor has any method been discovered by which the current of this vast river can be made wholesome. The water supply of this city is thrown up into the air and purified before it is allowed to flow into the mains which bear it to our homes. By our public school system and other agencies the attempt is rightly made to clarify and purify this

human stream before it flows for good or ill into all the numberless channels of public and private power and influence. These schools and churches and other institutions are meant to be the lungs by which the blood of our personal and social and political life shall be purified for its sublime tasks.

There are those among us, as you know, who would abolish the public school system entirely and every other agency of a purely public nature for the training and equipment of children for their life. They would insist that parents themselves be made responsible for the children they bring into the world. They hold that it is manifestly unjust to tax one man for the purpose of educating another man's children. Say they: "Let every man take care of his own. Every man has a right to use his own property in his own way and for his own purposes. Any abridgment of that right is an intolerable tyranny." This is the creed of some men who would be public teachers and leaders. It will never be the creed of very many people who have any capacity for thought, for the simple reason that it is not in harmony with the facts. It is a very superficial view of human life that lies back of that creed. There is no reconciliation between it and the truth written large all over the pages of history and the life of man.

No drop of water in the river can separate itself from the rest. It cannot have a separate existence. It is a part of the stream. It is the stream that is the unit, not the drop. The stream is the drop's world and it has an existence at all only as part of that world. We cannot have a water-supply that is half pure and half defiled, nor nine-tenths pure and one-tenth defiled. If defilement exists, it communicates itself through the whole body and will be found in every artery and vein of the system. If poison is in the reservoir, it will flow from every faucet. It is not eliminated by attempting to purify the separate drops. Whatever means are used for the purification of the water supply are applied to the whole current, not to a small part of it.

No individual in this vast stream of humanity can isolate himself from the rest and say that he stands alone, that he has no relation to the whole, that he owes nothing to the mass. *Every soul that comes into the world owes an unreckonable debt to all the rest.* No man can ever discharge the duty he owes to society, nor can society ever completely fulfil its obligation to the individual. *Human capacity is the only just standard by which to measure either the duty of the individual or that of the state.* Human life, find it where you will, but especially in the midst of civilization, is one vast tissue of relationship and interdependence. We live in one world, and we are all a part of that world which is made up of us all. The destiny of one depends upon the destiny of all. The character of the world we live in is not determined for us just by the thought or purpose by which we are personally animated, but by the thoughts and purposes which inspire the minds of our fellows.

A worker in the slums of Philadelphia tells a story which illustrates the principle of which I am thinking. A boy went out from a home where all the influences had been the very best—a home of plenty, of piety, of affection, of all that is supposed to make a home potent for good in the world. He went out into the world of affairs as thousands are obliged every year to do. A few years later he came back to his mother a physical and moral wreck, bruised and shattered and soiled and stained by the experiences through which he had passed. And what he

said was something like this: "Mother, you were very careful to do all that love could do for me in my childhood. You surrounded me with every wholesome influence in my home. You prepared me well to live in such an atmosphere, but I found that it was a totally different kind of world that I had to live in. I found myself with no preparation for living in the world to which I went. You did much for me, and I am not ungrateful. *But why didn't you do something to make that other world a better place to live in?*"

I do not repeat this story with any desire to make it bear a truth which has no validity and I am well aware that the answer will easily be made that this mother had done all that she could possibly be expected to do. I will not deny that she had done all that, under the circumstances, she could be expected to do, but it is at least an open question whether the mothers of this or the next generation will not find a somewhat larger task on their hands than the mothers of the past. *No mother or father has discharged the duty and responsibility of that relationship who has not given at least as large a place in their esteem to the claims of that world within which every child must live out its life as they give to the environment of home.*

What is the best thing that can be given to these children that are coming into the world? That is a world question. It belongs to us all. Our civilization is an acknowledgement of responsibility. Fathers and mothers are naturally held responsible for their offspring, and yet that responsibility is a very limited one, must necessarily be. But society assumes responsibility for the children of the whole nation. It is impossible that society will ever repudiate that responsibility. It cannot do so without ceasing to be.

Now, suppose it to be possible to decide in some degree what shall be the heritage of the coming generation. Suppose it were possible to determine in a measure the equipment of these children who are to be the coming men and women, the fathers and mothers, the voters and officials, the legislators and leaders of the time to come. What shall we say is the best thing we can do for them? What is the one thing which we prefer above all others to give them? If we cannot give them all we would like to, what would we choose to give them, if choice were possible?

There is much to create the impression that in the minds of a great many of us the one thing best worth giving to our children is *property*. That man is commonly regarded as a very high type of a good father who manages to leave to his children a good property. Now, if that is really the best thing we can leave our children, if that is the measure of fatherly affection and responsibility, then does it not follow that a radical change is necessary is our present arrangements? There are certain vocations which have always been regarded with some esteem in which the accumulation of property to any appreciable extent is simply out of the question. The man or woman who chooses to enter the profession of teaching or preaching or of some purely scientific study or investigation, the poet, the artist, the philosopher, the prophet, the reformer, puts aside all hope or expectation of accumulating property. Such a person cannot hope to leave his children anything in the shape of material wealth. One of two things must, therefore, follow. Either these professions must be given up and the whole race must devote itself to the pursuit of property; or else every man who enters any of these callings must abjure marriage. Moreover, the doctrine must be ac-

cepted that those persons are best fitted to become the fathers and mothers of the coming race who excel in the one direction of money-making. Indeed, everything must be reduced to a commercial basis. Must we not admit, however reluctantly, that for a large number of our young men and young women, as they stand upon the threshold of their active life, as they try to decide what they will do, the whole thing is now reduced practically to a commercial basis? It is not so very long ago that a large percentage of every class that entered Yale or Harvard had in view either teaching or preaching. To-day, not more than three or four per cent choose the ministry and the vast majority decide upon that calling which promises the largest financial returns.

It is sometimes declared by good men and women that the great mass of the working class, so called, are just as selfish and sordid as those who are sometimes called "capitalists," perhaps more so. That assertion is no doubt true, but how could it be otherwise when everything is reduced to a matter of dollars and cents? How could it be otherwise when no other course is open to men and women, when the question of bread and butter is necessarily the primary one in the lives of the millions and when all hope of rising in the world is conditioned upon commercial success?

But I do not believe that this is the best thing we can do for our children. It may be the best thing we can do for them under the present circumstances, though I doubt whether that is true. It may be said that they must live. "Men must live," we hear it often said. But what a sordid meaning that phrase has been given! What a sordid meaning it must necessarily have! Yes, it is true that men must live. That is the noblest thing they can do. But I hope you do not call the existence which most of them have by such a word as "life"! I must frankly say that material gain is not the highest and best thing we can put in the hands of our children or any one else's children. I do not believe that property to hold or use or lose is the best heritage we can bestow upon our children. But if it is, then it will grow increasingly apparent that this is the measure of society's obligation to every child. After physical health, without which life can hardly be a joy to any one, there are two things which, to my mind, constitute the richest bequest we can make to the men and women who are to be. And those two things are "freedom" and "ideals." I can conceive it possible to have a state of society in which life would be possible without private property. But I cannot imagine a condition of things under which anything worthy to be called "life" would be possible to men and women without freedom and ideals. I am convinced that neither freedom nor high ideals will be very generally realized until the chains of material slavery are broken. And yet it may be that the spread of nobler ideals will hasten the day of emancipation. And I want especially in the remaining time to consider with you two ideals between which, it seems to me, we shall make a choice. I cannot better put them before your minds than by recalling two pictures or parables from the New Testament.

The one is in the 25th chapter of Matthew, the other in the 13th chapter of the same book. The one of which I shall speak first has usually been thought of as a picture of a final judgment day. You will remember the picture, so vividly drawn, of the sheep and the goats, the separation of the righteous and the wicked, one company passing into the joy of paradise, the other going away into eternal punishment. We can not at this late day think of this as a

picture of a final judgment day, for such an event is absurd in itself. There can be no final judgment day, no such scene as this would ever be possible. The real judgment of life takes place always in a far different way. It is never spectacular. The spectacular belongs to the courts of justice, so called. But human courts of justice are not places where justice is done or where the real judgments of life are pronounced. It does not lie in the power of such institutions to deal with these inner verities. The real judgments of human life are recorded in character. We often foolishly long to see the wrong action receive a visible punishment. We want to see the transgressor suffer. And much of our so-called law processes are purely for that purpose. But the most terrible avenging of wrongdoing is always coincident with it. What more fearful punishment could be conceived than that which nature has ordained in making the evil thing to become an essential part of the character of the evil doer?

Behind that parable of the final judgment is an ideal, a conception of life and a purpose concerning it. Whoever conceived that picture believed that the principle which it illustrates is a good and true principle. It is the principle of *extrication*. The gospel which that parable has been preaching to men and women for a good many centuries is that it is a good thing to separate the bad people from the good. In accordance with that idea the Christian world has been looking forward to a future life in which there should be but two classes, and between these an impassable gulf. "And these shall go away into eternal punishment, but the righteous into eternal life." Strangely enough, the man who is said to have spoken that parable spent his life most earnestly in accordance with a totally different principle. He seemed to think it was a distinct misfortune to separate the bad from the good. He deliberately cast in his lot with those whom the world would unanimously pronounce bad, and declared in defense of his course that he had not come to call the righteous, but sinners. Indeed, there is nothing to show that he ever had much respect for the righteous. He is reported to have told men that unless their righteousness exceeded that of the best representatives of righteousness in that day, they could have no part in the heavenly life which he was preaching about.

The other ideal is that which lies in the frame of the parable of the leaven. "The kingdom of heaven," we are told, "is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till it was all leavened." It is the ideal of *permeation*. The office of leaven or yeast is to permeate the whole mass.

Here, then, are the two ideals, one of which we shall give to our sons and daughters, to the vast multitude of human beings who are coming all the while into the world of affairs: the ideal of *extrication* and the ideal of *permeation*. You will bear me witness that the ideal of extrication had been the dominant one in theoretical religion for centuries. The absorbing purpose with which the minds of men have been inspired has been that of saving their souls, of extricating themselves from a condition of spiritual danger. Here is the one burden we have tried to lay upon the conscience of every man and woman: "Make your calling and election sure." The one question with which the ministers of religion have gone to their fellows has been, "Is your soul saved?" And all the doctrines of Christianity have been interpreted in harmony with that thought. The noblest of them all, as I think, the doctrine of incarnation,

had been thought of as a manifestation of this purpose of extricating men from sin and its consequences. The drama of history has been thought of as one long process of extrication. God exerting all the powers of his infinite being for the rescue of doomed and perishing humanity.

You and I do not see any such process in the unfolding of history. We see something far nobler and grander. There be many ways in which to describe what the thinking and inspiring world is seeing to-day, but it is not quite that vision which our fathers had. Some of us think of this vast human unfolding as the progressive emergence in our life of a Divine intelligence and benevolence which enwraps the universe. We think of the Incarnation as something vastly more than the appearance in that one man of Nazareth of a divine life. We think of it as a perpetual process in the life of humanity. We are more and more seeing, are we not, that all those moral perfections which we have reverenced under the name of God are bound to become a part of the collective life of man? We ought to be able to see that it is perfectly idle to talk to the mass of men about a Divine Father who cares for all and loves all and provides for all and expect them to believe what we say, or expect them to become religious, expect them to reverence what we think we reverence, so long as we can bring no material proof of the reality and verity of that Father. It is possible, of course, for the few who have a trained imagination to conceive of things as real which as yet have no material embodiment. But that is not possible for the vast majority. And religion is surely meant for all alike. Its problem, therefore, is to put all in possession of its realities. This can be done only as they are given material form. If men are to believe in a Divine Love as sovereign over the universe, they must have some tangible proof of it, and that proof can come only from men. It cannot come from the sights and scenes of nature. It must be seen and felt in such human institutions and such human association as shall prove love to be omnipotent.

The supreme thought of religion today is becoming the thought of permeation. We are not thinking so much now of getting safely out of the world as we are of living a true and happy life in the world. We are not seeking so much to induce men and women to accept a sound religious philosophy, as we are to put into concrete form right here on this earth those ideals which we have inherited as the richest bequest of the ages. We are finding it all the while more difficult to accomplish any great purpose by acting alone. We have to act together. We find extrication to be practically impossible. Indeed, it is no longer desirable. *The man to-day who would be willing to enter a future heaven from whose gates one solitary soul was forever barred, who would consent to join the procession of the saved and turn his back upon any form of human misery, who would have anything to do with a God who would make such an arrangement as that, who would be a party to any such system of things in the world to come is a man mho has lost the respect of all good men, has violated all that is finest in his own nature, and takes his place below the pagan and the savage. Any such being as that would cease to be human. A collection of such beings would make paradise a hell.*

But we ought to know that the principle of extrication is no better in one place than it is in another. And the principle of permeation must be universally applicable, if at all. The old idea of heaven is gone, for most of us. That is to say, the old idea of happiness

is gone. We know perfectly well that if happiness is to be the portion of one, it must be made the portion of all. Our noblest ideal to-day is to make every good thing the possession of all. A new humanity is being slowly created, a humanity so closely and sympathetically bound together with a million sensitive cords, that it is becoming literally true that we are members of one body and one member cannot suffer without communicating pain to all the rest.

It is inevitable that what seems intolerable in the life to come will sometime seem intolerable in the life that is. If the idea of separation and alienation in that future world is losing its hold on human thought and affection, is it not likely that the idea of separation and alienation among men in this world will become obsolete? If we cannot think of any good thing in the life to come under the monopoly of one man or one group of men, must not the same feeling prevail as to the possession and enjoyment of good things here on the earth? I cannot look with unconcern upon the tendency which prevails to-day to place before our young men and women the ambition to rise in the world at the expense of their fellows. I cannot think that it is the best thing we can do for the real life of our sons and daughters to center their whole thought and efforts upon the idea of "getting ahead." I dare to say that it is a crime against the human soul blacker and more terrible than any for which death is made the penalty by common law to create in the minds of human beings on the very threshold of their years the impression that it is a wise or a good thing to gain and hold opportunities or privileges in this world to which thousands and millions of their fellows can never hope to aspire. *To be willing to rise while others are sinking in the mire, to be willing to have an eminence which is attained by standing upon a pyramid of struggling human bodies, to be contented to have and enjoy while others starve, to be satisfied to prosper while any earnest, honest toiler plods on toward the goal of despair and death, betrays a moral sense which the beasts of the field put to shame.*

We are coming in sight of a thought of religion and of an actual earthly possibility which is inspiring and uplifting and glorious beyond all words. The world is radiant with hope. The soul of humanity is awaking. The consciousness grows that the world is one. You cannot have a permanent alienation. We belong together and nothing can permanently draw us asunder. Our hopes are one. Our destiny is one. Our sorrow is one. Our despair is one. Our joy is one. We are brothers. We cannot disown that relationship without violating all that is human or true or good in us. Our happiness, nay, our very life, lies not in the direction of extrication. Extrication is death. Permeation is the condition of life. The measure of our life is the measure of the life of our brothers and sisters. In the words of William Morris: "Forsooth, brothers, fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell; fellowship is life and lack of fellowship is death; and the deeds that ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them."

[Copies of the above to be had of the author.]

A BREEZY LETTER FROM HOBSON.

The Distinguished English Writer Touches on Many Points of Interest In Conveying His Congratulations to Wilshire's Magazine.

HASTINGS HOUSE, LONDON, W. C.
November 19th, 1901.

MY DEAR WILSHIRE:

Just as the workingman cannot dodge the law of rent, so in like manner the American postoffice authorities cannot dodge you. They jump upon the CHALLENGE and hey presto! out springs WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE. Congratulations! You had better go a step farther and make the magazine international, with publishing offices in New York, Montreal, Mexico, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Constantinople, Nijni-Novogorod, Okotsk and Timbuctoo. When you have all these offices dealing out WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE by the million, you will be able to rest content—for at least six months.

I have read your article "The Significance of the Trust" with great pleasure. It is needless to say that I agree with you in your general analyses, both on the industrial and financial side of the problem. If you are a little too absolute in your judgment, that is the fault of your nature and not the fault of your argument. You bring the whole question down to practical politics in a discussion which takes place between John the workman and Mr. Capitalist. Mr. Capitalist says: "Why John, you can't run a flour mill by yourself; that takes a thousand men. You cannot transport that flour on a railway by yourself, when the railway takes another thousand men to run it." And so on, *ad lib.* John says that he will run the flour mills and railways by a public corporation, to-wit, the United States government, all of which is as much my gospel as yours. But another point has to be driven home. As things are, when John and Mr. Capitalist come to discuss terms, everything will depend upon John's efficiency. I can easily imagine Mr. Capitalist saying to John: "John, you old tom-fool, you have not got enough pluck to pay high enough salaries to those who will manage your business for you when you have got it, while I not only pay my manager well, but give him a share in the profits." Then John either scratches his head and gives up the job in despair, or he will say: "A fig for you and your manager. I know a dozen men who will run the business better than either you or your manager can run it." This is what I call efficiency among the workers.

The more I study the economic side of the Socialist movement, the more vividly am I impressed with the need for capable men in the ranks of Socialism—not merely men able to make great speeches on platforms or to write brilliant articles in WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, but men capable of mastering every little detail of industry, so that they may be ready to face any and every industrial eventuality.

In America this problem will become with you acute, because there is not the same distinction between the owner of

a works and a manager on your side as there is on ours. In America it has been the practice to admit as stockholders the various heads of departments, men who have in a large degree made the business. Thus it is quite possible for Schwab to become president of the United States Steel Corporation in America at the age of forty years. He could not have done that in this country at the age of seventy. What does this mean? It means that in all probability it will be much easier for the proletariat of Great Britain to detach from the service of the private capitalist the the actual administrative captains of industry than it will be on your side of the Atlantic. The really capable business men of the United States are practically the owners of the concerns they manage, and as such may be considered not only industrial administrators, but also themselves capitalists.

Therefore I say to the American Socialists, aim to impress the real bearing of the Trust question upon capable men.

S. G. HOBSON

The distinguished contributor to English magazines upon economic subjects, and whose article in the Contemporary Review, for last August, on the Billion Dollar Steel Trust, written in collaboration with H. W. Macrosty, created such great interest.

Capture the foremen of the various trades, and make them good Socialists. This cannot be done by street-corner gas works, but can only be managed by the advocates of Socialism showing themselves masters of the actual facts of industrial growth. An incapable workman with a glib tongue can make more enemies for Socialism than any other agency I know. His shop mates

all say of him that he finds talking easier than working, and tell tales of his failures. Wilshire, *mon ami*, I am sick to death of "talky-talky." What we want is the preaching of Socialism by deed and not by word. Let it be said of every Socialist that he is a good man at his trade, can handle his tools with love and skill, and then we shall be in a position to snap our fingers at private capitalism, no matter what shape it may assume.

It is just here that one realises the political side of Socialism. Obviously, if we stand by and let the Trust develop itself, we are in for a fearfully bad time all the way round. What is to happen to the debtor countries when the Trusts have unloaded their surplus products over the face of the world? What will happen when unrestrained capitalism seeks in vain for fresh territory to exploit? Clearly, just as the big fish are now eating the little fish, so in like manner when only the big fish are left, we may look for an Armageddon that will indeed "stagger humanity." It is by the exercise of a little imagination in this direction that we at once are impressed with the importance of expediting the process of evolution in industrial affairs. If soon the workmen of all countries, inspired not only with principles of self-preservation, but also with principles of international fraternity can step in and nationalize industry, all these more terrible phases may finally be obviated.

And it is because I observe that running through your magazine as through everything you write is a very real sense of the significance of these things that I wish you the very best of good luck, and am, my dear Wilshire,

Faithfully yours, S. G. HOBSON.

CITY GOVERNMENT IN CANADA

(Condensed from Canadian Magazine.)

By S. MORLEY WICKETT, Ph. D.

IT is interesting to note that during the last generation and a half municipal problems have never violently agitated the Canadian public. The explanation is that in the main they have been disposed of almost as they arose. This summary dealing with municipal matters, from session to session of the Provincial Legislature, has been possible because of the tardy growth of the population, which has not advanced, generally or locally, by leaps and bounds as in the United States. In fact, the rise of great cities is scarcely yet a feature in the growth of the Dominion. Only two cities have a population of over 100,000 inhabitants: Toronto, estimated at 220,000, and Montreal, at 275,000 or—including the outlying municipalities, all of which may be considered as forming part of the city—320,000. Winnipeg, Vancouver, B.C., and Calgary, N.W.T., show signs of becoming, along with Montreal and Toronto, great emporiums of trade. Yet all three are cities of less than forty-five thousand. This may, indeed, be said practically of all the cities outside of Ontario and Quebec. The twenty large cities, according to the census just taken, have a general average of only 48,978, or, excluding Montreal and Toronto, of 28,000. A comparison will throw further light on this point. In the United States in 1870 places with 8,000 or more inhabitants contained nearly 21 per cent. of the entire population; in 1880 22.57 per cent.; and in 1890 29.20 per cent. In Canada in 1871 only 13.01 per cent. of the population lived in cities and towns of over 5,000 inhabitants; in 1881 16.91 per cent.; and in 1891 21.09 per cent. Were the basis of the calculation 8,000, as in the United States, the percentage for Canadian cities and towns would of course be much smaller.

But the increasing concentration of population which has caused such changes in economic and political conditions in the various countries of the world is not absent in Canada. For in the more settled districts rural population has become much sparser than it was ten years ago. And, in spite even of the great extension of settlement in "the virgin Province" of Manitoba and the West, the number of people living in the towns and cities has steadily grown. The census returns for 1891 allocate one-fourth of this increase in population between 1871 and 1891 to cities and towns of over 5,000 inhabitants. Conversely for the rural regions, although the figures are not in themselves quite conclusive, while the area of "improved land" in the Dominion advanced in the decade preceding 1891 somewhat over 6,638,000 acres, the number of "farmers and farmers' sons" shrank from 656,712 to 649,506. In the Province of Ontario population in-

creased between 1878 and 1896, according to the reports of the Bureau of Industries (Toronto), from 1,652,686 to 1,972,286 or 19.3 per cent. Yet, despite a great expansion in dairying, there was a decrease in rural population of 1.1 per cent. Meanwhile the population of towns and villages increased 37.8 per cent., and that of cities somewhat over 100 per cent. These figures will probably apply generally to the other Provinces of Eastern Canada as well, with the possible exception of Quebec. Lack of adequate returns of the actual population prevents a more exact statement. The figures given are certainly sufficiently significant for those in Canada who are beginning to give more attention to matters municipal.

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Precedent in the United States, as already observed, has influenced Canadian civic organization in many important respects. For this reason, and because New World influences also prevail in Canada, certain features of city government in the United States may be used as a standard of comparison. In the simplicity of its detailed organization, however, urban government in Canada approximates rather to the English than to the American type.

Perhaps the most striking contrast between municipal organization in Canada and in the United States is found in the one being in a state of free development, while the other is conditioned by the requirements of a system. In the one country the municipal constitution is changing from Parliament to Parliament, from session to session, unfolding new powers here, dropping others there, according as requirements dictate or experience advises; in the United States the springing up of large towns and the rapid growth of great metropolitan centres have necessitated their being housed in administrative structures whose lines were suggested, as Mr. Bryce and others point out,* by the already existing state governments. That the process of adaptation has demanded many alterations was only to be expected; for city and state are so different, both from the standpoint of party politics and from that of general administration, that an organization which has been eminently successful for the larger unit may not be at all adapted to the smaller. In Canada, on the other hand, the municipal organization is, in the main, a reliable reflection of local growth. The series of municipal amendments passed from session to session of the Provincial Legislatures, mostly on the initiative of the local councils, bears this out. In Toronto, whose plan of action is characteristic of much of Canada, it is the practice to suggest to Parliament any changes in the Municipal Act which the experiences of the preceding year may have warranted. As a result the Municipal Committee of the Ontario Legislature has come to be one of the most important of the standing committees. The civic organization of Canada is in this way the outcome of a steady development covering approximately half a century.

A second important factor in Canadian municipal growth is the homogeneity of the population—setting aside the French element, which forms practically a distinct group in a single province.† In this respect again, the contrast with the United States is marked. In 1891, in every 100 of our population 96.7 were British and 1.2 American born. This leaves but the small percentage of 2.1 to be credited the various other

* Bryce, as cited, vol. i, ch. 1; and Goodnow, Municipal Problems, pp. 16, 21, where the author speaks of a too strict adherence in American municipal legislation to doctrinaire teachings.

nationalities. Or, taking Ottawa, Montreal and six out of the seven provincial capitals (that of Prince Edward Island not being specially referred to in the census report), I find that in 100 of the mean population of these cities only 6.5 were of foreign birth; or, excluding those born in the United States, but 3.21. A comparison in this regard with the latter country is remarkable. In every 100 of the mean population of fifty of its largest cities 30.77 are foreign born, while for the rest of the country the figures are 11.29. The homogeneity of Canada's population certainly simplifies the problem of city government. Montreal and Ottawa alone among the cities appear to be somewhat trammelled in their municipal activity by racial and concomitant religious influences. Of Montreal's population considerably over one-half is French-Canadian, of Ottawa's one-third.

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But while homogeneity of population and a restricted franchise have undoubtedly favored municipal government in Canada, they do not altogether explain its unusually placid course. An influence even more potent is to be found in the non-interference of political parties. Here again is a striking contrast to condition in the United States. Generally speaking, public opinion in Canada has been thus far opposed to the direct introduction of party politics into municipal matters. Partisan influences are, it is true, never wholly neutral; in a few places they are decidedly active, though this is fortunately the exception. The explanation of this exemption from political interference will be found mainly in the smallness of many of our cities, the homogeneity of our population and the predominance of local interests and influences. To this should be added the conservatism of our civic franchise, and certain regulations as to municipal patronage, through which political spoils are in part shielded from local politicians and in part removed to the more suitable field of the Province.

In the first place, municipal offices throughout Canada are filled, not by popular election, but through appointment by mayor and council. Moreover, as a rule, the appointments are not for a specified term, but in practice are permanent during good behavior.

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In the second place, the liquor-license patronage, has been transferred in most of the provinces from direct municipal control to provincial supervision. Ontario began the march in this direction in 1876, by entrusting the granting of all liquor licenses to a board of three liquor-license commissioners, appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, reserving to each municipality the right to decide for itself how many licenses are to be granted within its limits. Manitoba followed in 1889, British Columbia in 1892, New Brunswick in 1896, and the Northwest Territories in 1897.

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Another problem that is now under vigorous discussion in the American Union is that as to the administrative and financial relation between state and

† The census of 1891 returns 1,404,974, or 29 per cent. of the Dominion's population as of French descent. As these figures are based on the de jure system of enumeration, under which people are enumerated according to their permanent domicile, they probably include many thousands, probably many tens of thousands, of French Canadians working in New England factories. Of these 1,186,346, or 85 per cent. of those enumerated, are ascribed to the Province of Quebec. Quebec City, since the withdrawal of the British regulars some years ago, is now almost altogether French-Canadian, although at present one or two of its aldermen are British-Canadians. Of the 91,605 French-Canadians (6.5 per cent. of the whole) returned for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick very few appear in the larger towns or cities.

city. It is to be noted, at the outset, that the seven large provinces of Canada and the four organized territories are much more important, relatively to their cities, than are the forty-nine states and territories of the Union. This is more or less evident from their size alone. But up to the present there has been no pronounced attempt at administrative supervision, such as that afforded in England by the English Local Government Board. What measure of central supervision exists is exercised, as in the United States, solely by the legislatures. But, partly as the result of a vigorous local spirit, partly as the consequence of concentration of power and personal responsibility, in the various cabinets,—which is more marked in the provinces than at Ottawa,—the Provincial Legislatures have usually shown sufficient regard for the wishes of their municipalities. Although, curiously enough, in most provinces it has so happened that the majority of city members have been for a long time identified with the parliamentary opposition! The fact remains, however, that theoretically the provincial legislatures have an overshadowing power, as compared with cities, on whom is thus laid the burden of constant watchfulness in "safeguarding" their interests. The present dispute with the telephone and telegraph companies as to their rights over city streets is an instance in point. Complaints have also been raised in several of the provinces that members of the provincial legislatures from rural constituencies are sometimes too easily brought into line against those representing cities.

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As regards the control of municipal franchises, it is to be noted, in the first place, that there has long been in Canada a marked disinclination to direct municipal management of public works with perhaps the one exception of waterworks. Though it must be said that in this respect a revolution in public sentiment has taken place lately in many parts of Canada. The difficulties experienced by municipalities in attempting to control enfranchised corporations and the danger of corporation influence upon the course of legislation have been potent factors leading to the change of front. In Ontario legislation has recently provided for the taking over of such corporation property and franchises. There are a few cities already possessing electric-light plants, *e.g.*, New Westminster, Three Rivers, Windsor, (until recently) Brantford, and now Winnipeg. But, with these exceptions, the various city franchises have been let usually as monopolies to private companies. With the growth of population and on the expiration of past contracts, the new franchises are being made to yield returns to the city, in the form of percentages on gross earnings. Hamilton, Ottawa, Toronto and Halifax, for example, receive percentages from their street-railway companies; and up to a few years ago Toronto received a percentage from the local branch of the Bell Telephone Company.

The term for which franchises are granted varies. For electric lighting it is usually ten years, but Quebec's recent contract with the Montmorency Company is for the long period of thirty years. For street railways it is from fifteen to thirty years, the latter period obtaining, for example, in Montreal and Toronto. London's street railway franchise is an old one, running for fifty years, of which thirty have already expired.

The prices obtained by the cities for the monoply privileges have, on the whole, been favorable. It is rather in-

teresting to note, in this connection, that in their standards for such prices Canadians have looked rather to England than to the United States; yet, as a matter of fact, with the possible exception of telephone charges, their prices are nearer to the American than to the English. The rentals for business and residence telephones in Toronto are $45 and $25, respectively; in London a telephone license costs $10 (with a reduction to one or two professions, such as doctors and dentists), after which a small charge is made for each message; in Quebec a telephone costs $35 per year, or $75 for three years; the average cost in Montreal, where prices vary according to distance from a central district, may be placed at $55. Along with the federal ownership of the telegraph system, which, if reports are to be credited, will probably be attempted within the near future, some voices have been raised for the provincial ownership of the telephones. A consideration of this question would not be inopportune.

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In Quebec City the mayor is chosen from among the aldermen by a majority vote of the board, while in both Montreal and Quebec he holds office for two years.

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A growing desire for broader discussion of municipal problems is becoming evident. Besides the annual municipal convention for Ontario, which has met several times, a union of Canadian municipalities has just been formed largely owing to the efforts of the present mayor of Toronto. There is a great educational work for such an organization to do, and plenty of room for combined effort on the part of the municipalities.

On the whole, though perfection is not written across the face of city organization or administration in the Dominion, the basis of city government in Canada must be said to have been "well and truly laid." The conservatism of the urban franchise; the homogeneity of the city population, which the future will probably not affect to the same extent as in the United States; the general policy with regard to municipal patronage and the consequent absence in large measure of party politics in city elections; and, finally, the efficacy of "conservative innovation" and gradual growth and expansion of municipal legislation—these are features whose importance cannot be lost sight of. The conditions for good city government seem, therefore, propitious. Certainly the phrase, "the one conspicuous failure," which Mr. Bryce attaches to the government of cities in the United States, will not be held applicable to city government in Canada. Though it will not do for Canadians to boast. They are not yet out of the wood. Foreign elements are coming more into evidence in some of the cities, and there are many problems yet to be settled concerning the relations of province and city, and important matters more directly affecting municipal organization still to be disposed of.

H. G. WELLS' NEW REPUBLIC.

Of course I was transported with pride and delight at seeing my name and journal mentioned in such an eminently respectable magazine as The North American Review, *vide* article by H. G. Wells, November last. The aforesaid mentioning, however, had such an abrupt termination that I came to the conclusion that there must have been more of it, but that it was of too flattering a nature to pass the censorship of an editor of a magazine owned by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, as is the case with the North American. I wrote to Mr. Wells for confirmation of my suspicions, and here is his reply:—

SPADE HOUSE, SANDGATE, ENG.,
December 15, 1901.

DEAR WILSHIRE:— The "Anticipations" articles in the North American Review have been printed from rather bad duplicates of typewritten copies of my patched and ill-written original. I have seen no proofs, and consequently there is an abnormal number of printer's errors. You may be sure that if the passage you refer to, makes little or no sense, you are dealing with one of the multitude. The first three of these articles were amazingly cut down in that magazine in order to overtake and become simultaneous with the Fortnightly Review for the rest of the series, but since then I don't suppose there has been any editorial retouching. I've not seen the North American Review at all, so that I can't be absolutely sure about that, but if it has happened I shall be surprised. The American book is being set up and corrected from the corrected proofs of the English book, so that I hope the text of the two books will be approximately the same, and correct. The American publishers will, I presume, send you a copy for notice on publication, and then you will be able to settle the point you raise.

I am glad to find you catching on to this particular work of mine. I'm rather keen to get the idea of New Republicanism, which is the gist of the whole thing, widely discussed. Over here the work has been out some days, and I am beginning to feel that it is going to make a lot of talk and thinking. I shall look out for what you say about it with keen interest.

Publish this letter if you like, but I don't see that it is going to interest any one, and I will send you a photograph in a day or so. But my line is not personality, and I'm not after it,—The New Republic, that is what I am after.

Very sincerely,
H. G. WELLS.

After having my entire office force at work trying to decipher Mr. Wells' chirography, I am quite ready to believe that any omissions or errors are a thousand times more likely to have occurred from what he admits to have been "an ill-written original" than owing to any censorship by Mr. Morgan. I make the *amende honorable*.

However, here is a passage verbatim, containing the reference to myself, and I leave it to any fair-minded man to say if he knows what was meant:—

The synthetic process that is going on in the case of many of the larger businesses of the world, that formation of Trusts that bulks so large in American discussion, is of the utmost significance in this connection. Conceivably the first impulse to form Trusts came from a mere desire to control competition and economize working expenses, but even in its very first stages this process of coalescence has passed out of the region of commercial operations into that of public affairs. The Trust develops into the organization under men more capable than any sort of public officials, of entire industries, of entire departments of public life, quite outside the ostensible democratic government system altogether. The whole apparatus of communications, which we have seen to be of such primary importance in the making of the future, promises to pass, in the case of the United States at least, out of the region of scramble into the domain of deliberate control. The American iron and steel industries have been drawn together and developed in a manner that is a necessary preliminary to the capture of the empire of the

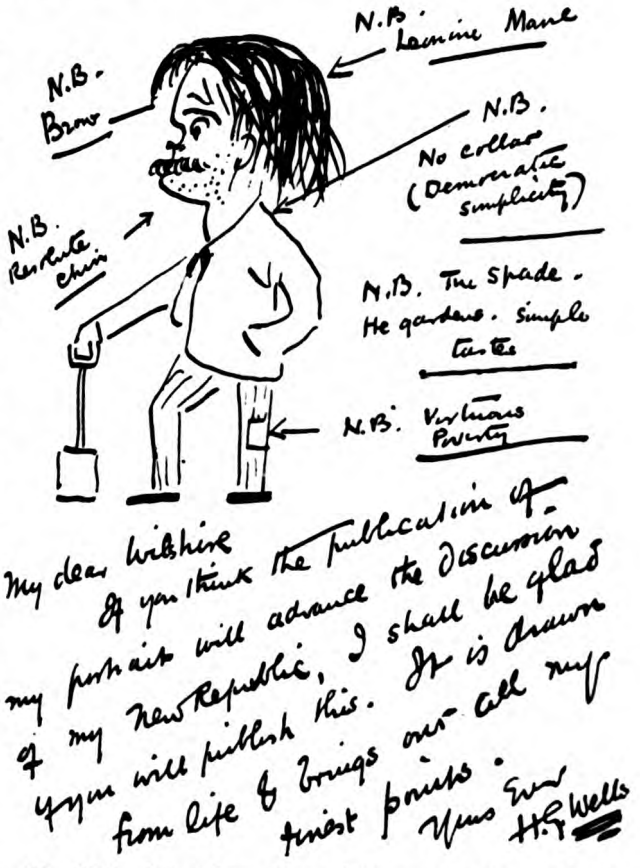
seas. These things are not the work of dividend hunting imbeciles, but of men who regard wealth as a convention, as a means of specious material ends. There is an animated little paper published in Los Angeles by Mr. Wilshire, which bears upon its forefront the maxim, "Let the Nation Own the Trusts." Well, under their mantle of property, the Trusts grow into continually more elaborate and efficient machines of production and public service and the formal Nation chooses its Bosses and reads its illustrated press. I must confess I do not see the negro and the poor Irishman and all the emigrant sweepings of Europe, which constitute the American Abyss, uniting to form that great Socialist party that with a little demonstrating and balloting will presently take over the foundry and the electrical works, the engine shed and the signal box, from the capable men in charge. But that a confluent system of Trust-owned business and of universities and reorganized military and naval services, may presently discover an essential unity of purpose and presently begin thinking a literature and behaving like a State, is a much more possible thing.

Mr. Wells predicts that "Trust-owned businesses will begin acting like a State." Why, they are already the State. "*L'etat c'est Morgan.*" The Trusts are the State, and the political organization at Washington, which Mr. Wells aptly styles the "formal nation," simply registers what is decided upon in Wall street.

I do not propose the impossible, the moving of Wall street to Washington. Not at all. I would move Washington to Wall street. I recognize fully with Mr. Wells that the owners of the industrial machinery must control the political machinery, and therefore I say let the people own the industrial machinery if they wish to control their political machinery. Mr. Wells seems to think I would put the cart before the horse, and that I think the people can control the Trusts before they own them.

This is entirely erroneous. I am simply contending that owing to the completion of the world's industrial equipment the "captains of industry" will be absolutely unable to give employment to labor and at the same time get rid of the products under the present distributive method based upon the competitive wage system.

The laboring classes are not going to sit down quietly and starve when the



Mr. Wells differs from Bernard Shaw as to the merits of photography and "hand" work; therefore he has sent a pen sketch of himself instead of the photograph. That hand writing below the portrait is not a fair sample. It was made for exhibition purposes.

"captains" tell them that they can have nothing to eat because they produce too much, and in fact the "captains" themselves are not going to be such fools as to dare tell them any such a tale. In fact, the impossibility of the further continuance of the competitive wage-system is very likely to be realized by the "captains" at about the same time it is realized by the workers. The worker will realize it through his stomach when his food stops, and the "captain" through his brain when his profit stops.

A re-organization of society must ensue, and society as a whole will determine who are the best men to have charge of our industrial functions, and if it decide that Mr. Schwab is really the best man to have charge of the steel industry then Mr. Schwab will not lose his job. This I myself consider not at all unlikely; and what I can guarantee will never happen is the placing of a man in charge of a locomotive who has never been in a cab, simply because he can pass an examination in Karl Marx.

Mr. Wells has made an interesting criticism upon what he, with many others, falsely assume to be the Socialist position, namely, that Socialists wish and anticipate that there is going to be a great militant Socialist organization formed that is to take by force the iron works, the railways, and various other parts of the world's industrial machinery, and then parcel out the fat jobs, not according to the ability of the man to fill such positions, but according to his ability to make a good clear cut, class-conscious, revolutionary, Socialist speech.

That Mr. Wells is thoroughly sound in the Socialist position that the form of industry determines the social form, may be seen from the following:—

> The essential process arising out of the growth of science and mechanism and more particularly out of the still developing new facilities of locomotion and communication which science has afforded is the deliquescence of the social organizations of the past and the synthesis of ampler and still ampler and more complicated and still more complicated social unities. The suggestion is powerful, the conclusion is hard to resist, that, through whatever disorders of danger and conflict, whatever centuries of misunderstanding and bloodshed, men may still have to pass, this process, nevertheless aims at and will finally attain to the establishment of one world state at peace within itself. In the economic sense indeed a world state is already established. Even to-day we do all buy and sell in the same markets —albeit the owners of certain ancient rights levy their tolls here and there—and the Hindoo starves, the Italian feels the pinch, before the Germans or the English go short of bread. There is no real autonomy any more in the world, no simple right to an absolute independence such as formerly the Swiss could claim. The nations and boundaries of to-day do no more than mark claims to exemptions, privileges and corners in the market, claims valid enough to those whose minds and souls are turned towards the past, but absurdities to those who look to the future as the end and justification of our present stresses. The claim to political liberty amounts, as a rule, to no more than the claim of a man to live in a parish without observing sanitary precautions or paying rates—because he had an excellent great-grandfather. Against all these old isolations, these obsolescent particularisms, the forces of mechanical and scientific development fight and fight irresistibly; and upon the general recognition of this conflict, upon the intelligence and courage with which its inflexible conditions are negotiated, depends very largely the amount of bloodshed and avoidable misery the coming years will hold.
>
> The final attainment of this great synthesis, like the social deliquescence and reconstruction dealt with in the earlier of these Anticipations, has an air of being a process independent of any collective or conscious will in man, as being the expression of a greater Will; it is working now and may work out to its end vastly, and yet at times almost imperceptibly, as some huge secular movement in Nature goes on to its culmination.

However, it is singular that after Mr. Wells has shown himself to so thor-

oughly agreed with the conventional socialist position that the social organization develops with the industrial organization, and that inasmuch as the industrial organization has attained a world wide synthesis, therefore the social organization is bound to follow suit, he goes off on a tangent and suggests syntheses not based on industrial organization but upon racial origin.

And while the great states of the continent of Europe are hammering down their obstructions of language and national tradition or raising the educational level above them until a working unity is possible, will there also be a great synthesis of the English-speaking peoples going on? I am inclined to believe that there will be such a synthesis and that the head and centre of the new unity will be the great urban region that is developing between Chicago and the Atlantic, and which will lie mainly but not entirely south of the St. Lawrence. Inevitably, I think, that region must become the intellectual, political and industrial centre of any permanent unification of the English-speaking states. There will, I believe, develop about that centre a great federation of white English-speaking peoples, a federation having America north of Mexico as its central mass, a federation that may conceivably include Scandinavia, and its federal government will sustain a common fleet and protect or dominate or actually administer most or all of the non-white states of the present British Empire, and in addition much of the south and middle Pacific, the East and West Indies, the rest of America, and the larger part of black Africa. Quite apart from the dominated races, such an English-speaking state should have by the century-end a practically homogeneous citizenship of at least a hundred million sound-bodied, educated and capable men. It should be the first of the three powers of the world, and it should face the organizing syntheses of Europe and eastern Asia with an intelligent sympathy. By the year 2000 all its common citizens should certainly be in touch with the thought of continental Europe through the medium of French, its English language should be already rooting firmly through all the world beyond its confines, and its statesmanship should be preparing openly and surely, and discussing calmly with the public mind of the European and probably of the Yellow state, the possible coalescences and conventions, the obliteration of custom houses, the homologization of laws and coinage and measures and the mitigation of monopolies and special claims, by which the final peace of the world may be assured forever. Such a synthesis at any rate of the peoples now using the English tongue I regard not only as a possible but as a probable thing.

Now, the more one descends from the open uplands of wide generalization to the parallel jungle of particulars the more dangerous does the road of prophesying become, yet nevertheless there may be some possibility of speculating how in the case of the English-speaking synthesis at least this effective New Republic may begin visibly to shape itself out and appear. It will appear first, I believe, as a conscious organization of intelligent and quite possibly in some cases wealthy men, as a movement having distinct social and political aims, confessedly ignoring most of the existing apparatus of political control or using it only as an incidental implement, in the attainment of these aims. It will be very loosely organized in its earlier stages, a mere movement of a number of people in a certain direction, who will presently discover with a sort of surprise the common object towards which they are all moving.

Already there are some interesting aspects of public activity that, diverse though their aims may seem, do nevertheless serve to show the possible line of the development of this New Republic in the coming time. For example, as a sort of preliminary sigh before the stirring of a larger movement there are various Anglo-American movements and leagues to be noted. Associations for entertaining travelling samples of the American leisure class in guaranteed English country houses (vide G. Bernard Shaw's Letter in our January number), for bringing them into momentary physical contact with real titled persons at lunches and dinners, and for having them collectively lectured by respectable English authors and divines, are no doubt trivial things enough, but a snob sometimes shows how the wind blows better than a serious man. The Empire may catch the American as the soldier caught the Tartar. There is something very much more spacious than such things as this, latent in both the British and the American mind and observable, for instance, in the altered tone of the presses of both countries since the Venezuela Message and the Spanish-American war. Certain projects of a much ampler sort have already been put forward. An interesting proposal of an interchangeable citizenship, so that with a change of domicile an Englishman should have the chance of becoming a citizen of the

United States and an American a British citizen or a voter in an autonomous British colony, for example has been made. Such schemes will no doubt become frequent and will afford much scope for discussion in both countries during the next decade or so. The American Constitution and the British crown and constitution will have to be modified or shelved at some stage in this synthesis, and for certain types of intelligence there could be no more attractive problem. Certain curious changes in the colonial point of view will occur as these discussions open out. The United States of America are rapidly taking, or have already taken, the ascendency in the iron and steel and electrical industries out of the hands of the British, they are developing a far ampler and more thorough system of higher scientific education than the British, and the spirit of efficiency percolating from their more efficient businesses is probably higher in their public services. These things render the transfer of the present mercantile and naval ascendancy of Great Britain to the United States during the next two or three decades a very probable thing, and when this is accomplished the problem how far Colonial loyalty is the fruit of Royal Visits and sporadic knighthood and how far it has relation to the existence of a predominant fleet, will be near its solution. An interesting point about such discussion as this, in which, indeed, in all probability the nascent consciousness of the New Republic will emerge, will be the solution which this larger synthesis will offer to certain miserable difficulties of the present time. Government by the elect of the first families of Great Britain has in the last hundred years made Ireland and South Africa two open sores of irreconcilable wrong. These two English-speaking communities will never emerge from wretchedness under the vacillating, vote-catching incapacity of British Imperialism, and it is impossible that the British power having embittered them should ever dare to set them free. But within such an ampler synthesis as the New Republic will seek, these states could emerge to an equal fellowship that would take all the bitterness from their unforgettable past.

All these anticipations of Mr. Wells are based upon the erroneous supposition that the present competitive wage-system is going to endure for an indefinite period, and that industry will be continued under the control of a capitalist class of owners. With this premise accepted as being correct I consider his idea of the future not exceedingly improbable, and in any case as most ingenious, but inasmuch as he fails to realize entirely the absolute impossibility of the continuance of the present system for any great number of years to come the practical importance of his prophesies is very much diminished. For instance, if we are going to have, of necessity, a federation of the world politically, owing to the industrial world federation, which is the Socialist view, then there is not much sense in discussing the necessity of standing armies to preserve the entity of great nations which are never to be born. He again refers to the ignoring of the political apparatus or the using of it incidentally by the wealthy men as if that were to be a development of the future instead of it already being one of the most salient facts in our world of to-day. Has he never heard of Jay Gould's reply to the interrogation as to his politics? "I am a Republican in a Republican county," said Mr. Gould, "and a Democrat in a Democratic county, but I am an Erie man in every county."

As to the proposal that we have an interchangeable citizenship for the English-speaking nations I would say that as far as I myself am personally concerned this is already a fact. When I live in the United States I am an American citizen by virtue of my having been born in Ohio, and my father in Maine. But when I am in England or Canada I am held to be a British citizen and am awarded all the rights thereof, because my grandfather happened to have been a British citizen.

Hence, I can one year vote and run for Congress in the United States, and the next year vote and run for Parliament in England. In fact, I have already accomplished this remarkable feat. I am to-day a living example of

an actual international citizen. No, my dear Wells, you are really faking too much, giving all these mothy chestnuts as something we are going to do in the future when we have been doing them for years. You may work the editor of the North American to pay for such stuff, but I am glad you have sense enough to know that what you send to me must be gratis. Thanks for it by the way, anyway. However, I am bound to admit that all the following you say is most excellent, and will reprieve you for your previous fraud. I see you have justified me in my procedure to get an audience in admitting that a teacher to-day must "please and interest the public before he may reason with it." That's what I was trying to do when Madden sat down an me, condemning me as guilty of "advertising ideas."

What will we do with Madden when we have our New Republic? I suggested once that he would make a good janitor, but I see the President won't have him. He has a bully imagination. We might let him write our biographies.

The old-fashioned university, secure in its omniscience, merely taught; the university of coming time will as its larger function criticise and learn. It will be organized for research, for the criticism, that is, of thought and nature. And a subtler and a greater task before those who will presently swear allegiance to the New Republic is to aid and stimulate that process of sound adult mental activity which is the cardinal element in human life. After all, in spite of the pretentious impostors who trade upon the claim, literature — contemporary literature — is the breath of civilized life, and those who sincerely think and write the salt of the social body. To mumble over the past, to live on the classics, however splendid, is senility. The New Republic will sustain its authors. In the past the author lived within the limits of his patron's susceptibility, and led the world, so far as he did lead it, from that cage. In the present he lives within the limits of a particularly distressful and ill-managed market. He must please and interest the public before he may reason with it, and even to reach the public ear involves other assiduities than writing. To write one's best is surely sufficient work for a man, but unless the author is prepared to add to his literary toil the correspondence and alert activity of a business man, he may find that no measure of acceptance will save him from a mysterious poverty. Publishing has become a trade, differing only from the trade in pork or butter, in the tradesman's careless book-keeping and his professed indifference to the quality of his goods. But, unless the whole mass of argument in these Anticipations is false, publishing is as much or even more of a public concern than education and as little to be properly discharged by private men working for profit. On the other hand, it is not to be undertaken by a government of the gray, for a confusion cannot undertake to clarify itself. It is an activity in which the New Republic will necessarily engage.

However, my principal indictment against you, my dear Wells, is that you call your future social organization "The New Republic," yet you do not at all make clear to me that it is going to be anything but a Glorified Plutocracy. Let me ask you directly, who are going to own the Trusts—the People or the Rich? If the People, then how do you propose they will run the Trusts—democratically or autocratically?

When you declare that the political government of to-day is a pure sham, I agree with you. The mere question whether it is a democracy or an autocracy amounts to little or nothing inasmuch as the thing itself amounts to nothing. Therefore, in nominating your nation as The New Republic leads me to suppose that you must mean a Republican Industrial Government. You certainly could not so stultify yourself as to limit your Republicanism to politics when you call the political government the empty shell.

Now, therefore, if perforce you mean the future is to be a New Republic of Industry, or, as Dr. Lyman Abbott puts it, an Industrial Democracy, I would like to ask wherein you differ from me in my presentation of Socialism as being a "state of society in which

industry is democratically managed?" You may say that you believe in the best men being at the top. Well, so does every sane man. The only point is that I say that the election of the best men must devolve upon society, and I cannot see that you differ from me, yet somehow you do not admit of all my conclusions? Enlighten me. Wherein do our ways diverge?

FROM ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED HOBSON ECONOMIST.

OXTED, SURREY, Eng., Dec. 15, '01.

Dear Wilshire:—Your article, "Significance of the Trust," which I have just read, is the straightest, strongest, most convincing, and most scientifically accurate account of the relation between capital and imperialism that has yet appeared. For many years I have been striving, in vain, to drive into the dull or biased brains of our economists this analysis of "over-production," or "under-consumption" which is the connective tissue of these two cancerous growths upon the body politic. I wish you better luck in addressing the open ears of the people.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN A. HOBSON.

"CAUGHT" (?)

GUARANTEED ONCE WORM BY ROOSEVELT-WHEN HE SHOT HIS LAST GRIZZLY
ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD
LIGHTNING ROD WILSHIRE
STILL ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD
CANADA & PROTECTION
MADDEN
GUARANTEED ONCE WORM BY ROOSEVELT-WHEN HE SHOT HIS LAST GRIZZLY

The Prospects of Socialism in Italy.

Signor L. Villari has a long but not very luminous paper upon "Wealth, Poverty, and Socialism in Italy." He admits that the Socialists have a very good *prima facie* case to show that there is urgent need for reform in the general corruption and illicit government pressure which finds favor with the governing party. But he doubts whether the peasants really understand Socialistic theories, or sympathize with them, excepting in so far as they use them against the landlords. — Monthly Review.

The French Association Law.

Mr. Wilfranc Hubbard describes the law which has brought about the great exodus of religious orders of France from the anti-clerical point of view. He regards the majority of the religious orders as sworn enemies of the state, whose one idea was to destroy the republic. He regards the action of M. Waldeck-Rousseau as a justifiable measure of self-defense. He thinks that the Jesuits practically admit in their parting manifesto that they are flying, not so much from the tyranny of the government as from future subordination to the bishops of the Catholic Church. The fact that so many religious orders have applied for authorization and remain in France proves that it would not have been impossible for many of those which are now scattered over Europe to have acquiesced in the inevitable. — Nineteenth Century, November.

Can the Sea Be Fished Out?

Mr. R. B. Marston answers this question in the negative. Every second in every month, in every day of the year, more fish are produced in the sea than all humanity combined could devour in the same time. Dr. Hjort has proved that there are great quantities of edible fish in the ocean depths where it was believed that no fish could live. A year ago it was thought impossible that the young of cod, haddock, coal-fish, and whiting could live out in the open sea, but Dr. Hjort has demolished this theory and proved that there are many million times more young fish in the sea than we had any idea of. In his article he mentions two curious facts,—one that within the last year or two a countless army of octopuses has advanced along the northern coast of France, and has absolutely destroyed—for a time, at least—the crab and lobster fisheries. The other fact he mentions is that the annual harvest of the North Sea in fish is estimated at eight million sterling ($40,000,000), of which more than one-half is is reaped by Englishmen.—Nineteenth Century.

WILSHIRE IN TORONTO.

Takes His Magazine to Canada to Secure Second-Class Privileges.

Gaylord Wilshire, the aggressive and irrepressible editor who brought his paper, THE CHALLENGE, from Los Angeles to New York, where it was denied the second-class rate by the Post Office Department, compelling him to pay 2 cents for every copy sent out to his 40,000 subscribers, has shaken the dust of Gotham from his feet and has established himself and his paper in Toronto, where he is publishing Wilshire's Magazine under the protection of the British Crown. He is now able to send out his periodical to all parts of the United States as second-class matter at a saving of a great expense and annoyance to himself.

The second-class privileges were withheld from him in New York on the ground that the magazine was simply an advertising organ used by him to

advertise his ideas and his lectures on sociological questions. The January number, which has just reached us, consists of seventy-eight pages of reading matter and 19 pages of advertising.

While we do not agree with Mr. Wilshire's views on many subjects, we cannot help admiring his ability and his sterling steadfastness of purpose. He honestly believes what he preaches and, at much personal discomfort, has presented his views not only in type, but upon the platform. We hope that he will find Toronto much more congenial to his tastes than New York.—Editor and Publisher, New York.

Can't Down Wilshire.

The January number of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE has reached our table. It is the successor of THE CHALLENGE, which was a weekly Socialist paper with 30,000 circulation, which Censor Madden denied second-class rates because it "advertised Wilshire and his ideas." Mr. Wilshire moved his office of publication to Toronto, Canada, where he is getting out his magazine and getting mail privileges at half of the rate which is second-class in this country. In other words he now has to pay but one-sixteenth of the rate which Censor Madden wanted to impose, which was a prohibitive rate, which no newspaper in the land could pay and exist. WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE can now circulate all over the United States, as Censor Madden has no power to revoke the International Postal Union. Doubtless he would do so if he could. Think of it, ye patriots! an American citizen forced to take refuge under a monarchy in order to secure freedom of the press! Think of it, and blush with shame!

F. O. MacCartney, a Socialist member of the Massachusetts Legislature, thinking that if the circumstances were explained to President Roosevelt, he would surely call Czar Madden down and insure just treatment in the matter, wrote a letter to the President requesting an audience with him for himself and Mr. Wilshire. The president, through his secretary, referred the matter back to the postal department, and did not grant an interview. Wilshire thinks Teddy is too strenuous to worry over a little matter like the freedom of the press.

The truth of the matter is that the capitalist class feared Wilshire and his influence. He had just moved his paper, THE CHALLENGE, to New York City, where he could fight capitalism at its fountain head. The capitalistic influence behind Madden without doubt inspired him to squelch Wilshire's paper. Wilshire is a rich man, reported to be a millionaire, and he was reaching the well-to-do middle class and by his irresistible logic winning them over to Socialism. His paper had the strong endorsement of members of the British Parliament and of prominent thinkers the world over. In the short space of nine months he had built up for his paper a circulation of 30,000. This was rapidly increasing and the capitalist class decreed that it must be suppressed, at all hazards. It was done, although the constitution had to be trampled on and the postal laws abrogated, in order to do it. But it seems they didn't figure on the possibility of his moving the paper to Canada, where there are no insufferable Maddens to abridge the freedom of the press. The free advertising Madden has given Wilshire's publication will without doubt boost its circulation, and the denial of mail privileges to it will cause many more liberty-loving Americans to cast their lot with the Socialist party, as a protest against such despotic acts.

The current number of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE is a fine one. Among other valuable features it contains portraits of the celebrated Socialist poets, Edwin Markham and Ella Wheeler-Wilcox. Our readers should write to H. G. Wilshire, Toronto, Canada, and request a sample copy of his magazine. Sample copies of the suppressed CHALLENGE will also be sent to those requesting them.—The New Era, Sargent, Neb.

The Word.

Utterance of the Soul's longings:

Effluence born from the Depths of Consciousness:

Confession that brings relief and satisfaction!

O to be free to SPEAK, giving vent to long-stored accumulated conviction:

To pronounce the WORD—the word born of the Silence—the only child of God—at once the universal creator and savior:

To give Expression!

Mighty power of Language; includ-

ing also the secret of great joys and delights:

Force of potencies inestimable:

You contain the promise of celestial joys:

For you are most surely the germ of all creation.

Let the word go forth and it shall renew the earth.

Open your mouths, unlock your lips, give freedom to your tongues, O nations of the Earth.

Let the divine Utterance be born: let Expression have full sway.

Give birth to Knowledge, which is Power.

Yield to the Inspirations which rise within: let each one do his share in the work of Interpretation.

The time has gone for nought but Silence; as the days have also departed for wilful blindness.

We must now open our eyes—and we must also Speak.

The world is aching to throw off its shroud of Secrecy and Deception.

Men now long, O they long and long, to face one another with absolute and complete Sincerity.

TRUTH has come to the Front.

The Light now shines.

Let the shades of darkness fall.

Let all Lies sink into their place of Oblivion.

As has been so long announced, "The Word was made Flesh."

Yes, the Word is Flesh.

Whatever the ancient legends mean, we now attach a new meaning to the sentence.

Matter is the expression of Thought.

Out of Silence is born a living World.

All Nature is the Expression of Mind.

Man shall now view himself, his being, as everstanding at the Centre of all Life, as forever in touch more or less conscious with every atom of the Infinite Cosmos.

He shall now no longer run to and fro seeking happiness and satisfaction.

He shall ascend to the throne of Conscious Dominion: from there he shall express his Desire and it shall be granted.

The Word has created him, and the Word shall save him:

Even the offspring of Intelligence and Love, the Child of Reason and Intuition —the Word of Faith.

To me there are no books; all our writings are but the frail attempts at making books. They are but the beginnings of efforts in this direction, a ripple of chords in the minor key by fearing souls who dare not strike the major note or rather perhaps by those who have not yet dreamed that the world holds a major note. — HELEN WILMANS.

"Necessary Regulation."

MR. MADDEN says he does not discriminate in his decisions. How then does he explain that he allows a man to present to a friend an annual subscription of any paper in the country except the Socialist paper, "The Appeal to Reason?"

Mr. Madden answers an inquiry saying, "Yes, it is perfectly legal to give a subscription to anyone you choose." But when he finds that men are receiving "The Appeal to Reason" as a gift he refuses such the right of entry. If this is not discrimination, what is it?

I would like also to know under what authority Mr. Madden held up for three issues "Discontent," another paper with whose views he does not agree; and I would also ask if he has ever held up a Republican newspaper in a similar manner? Oh, no, we have no censorship in America. It's simply a little necessary regulation.

The American Invasion of England.

A Day with John Bull.

He Looks in the Shop Windows and This is What He Sees.

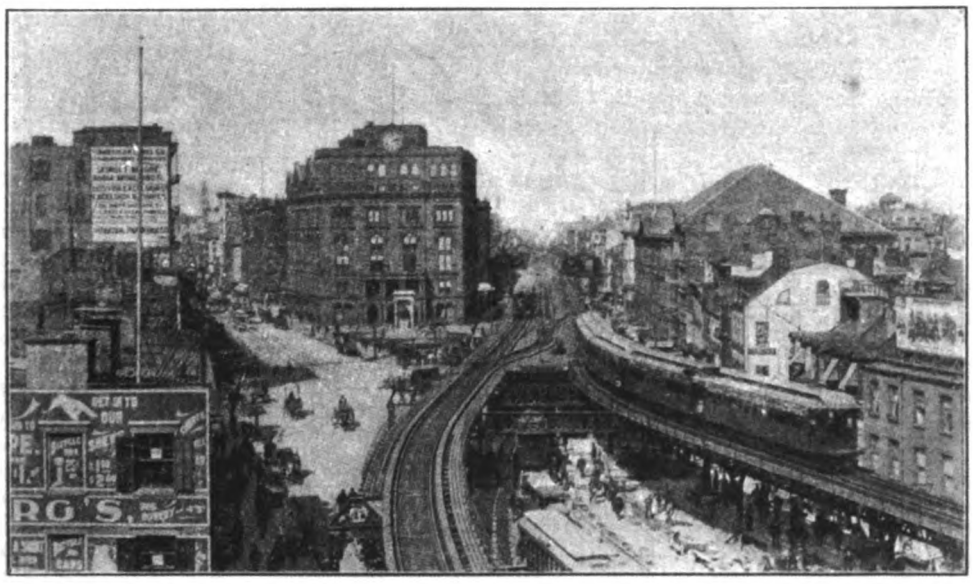
FOURIER'S PROPHECY REALIZED.

THIS is the great Park Row structure, the tallest office building in the world, and where on the twenty-fifth story our editor had his first New York office. It is of interest from the economic standpoint, demonstrating most uniquely that capital, like other things in nature, flows in the direction of the least resistance, and in this particular case that direction happens to be perpendicular. The high rental value of New York City property, arising from its circumscribed area on Manhattan Island, is a most effectual bar against lateral extension of buildings as long as there is to be had free space in the air for twenty-five story buildings. However, like many things that man has had primarily to do of necessity it is a possibility that when the necessity which originally gave rise to the development disappears he may find good reason to contiuue in the new path anyway.

It is also interesting to note that in the great office buildings the landlord furnishes light, heat, janitor service and perpendicular trolley car service free. I call the elevator "trolley service" to emphasize the essential similarity between the elevator service within the building and the street-car service without. There is not a single reason which justifies a capitalist in furnishing free elevator service to his tenants that would not justify him in furnishing free trolley-car service to the inhabitants of a city if he owned the whole city. If Astor owned every building and all the street-

cars and all the real estate of New York City, it would become at once apparent that he would receive no greater income by charging fares on his cars on the streets than he would be by instituting a tariff on the elevators in his buildings. As owner of New York he would naturally charge to the citizens as rent the largest amount possible to collect.

Now, if he should commence to charge transportation on his elevators it would simply mean so much rent lost. If on the other hand he should knock off the charges for fare on his street cars



THE HISTORIC COOPER UNION, NEW YORK.

it would mean either more rent from new tenants from other cities or a larger rent from those who are already there.

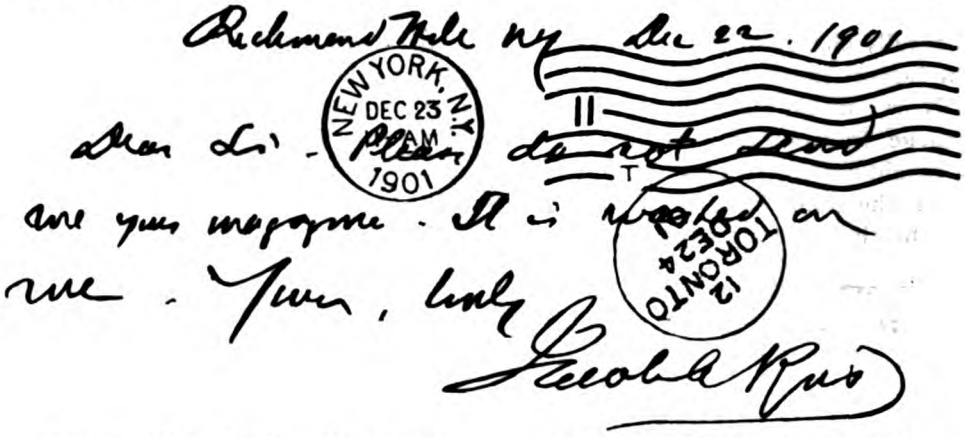
All this is indirectly an argument in favor of the municipalization of street car lines and making traffic free, charging the cost up to the taxes. It is also an argument against taxing street car companies on their franchises if there is a means of making them reduce their fares instead. Better a 3-cent fare and no tax than a 5-cent fare with one.

The high building, both for residence, hotel and office purposes has many features of economy and convenience arising altogether apart from the question of the value of the real estate upon which it is built. Certainly, for providing in a comfortable and healthy manner a joint abode where several thousand people can have at once either the pleasures of society or perfect seclusion, there is nothing the future can promise better than a hotel built like the Waldorf-Astoria. The best proof of this is that the very rich of Europe and America are deserting their palatial residences for the great hotels. Fourier and his prediction of phalansteries, the butt of eighteenth century economists, are being justified in the events of the twentieth.

Our other illustration is of the historic Cooper Union, at the head of the Bowery in New York City. It was built with funds left by Peter Cooper and has been of great educational advantage to the young people of that city. It is the favorite hall in New York City for political meetings, owing to its size and central location

WOULDN'T THIS J.A.R. YOU?

[Please do not send me your magazine. It is wasted on me.—Yours truly, JACOB A. RIIS.]



TORONTO, CANADA, December 24, 1901.

JACOB A. RIIS, ESQ.,

RICHMOND HILL STATION, JAMAICA, N. Y.

DEAR MR. RIIS.—Your postal of the 22nd at hand, and it points such an excellent moral of the difference between a reformer and a revolutionist, that I am desirous of exploiting it to the full extent. If you will kindly send your photograph to run with my article, I will be greatly indebted.

I will agree that your position of trying to patch up the present system and making the workers satisfied with their lot in life by the building of sanitary tenement houses, etc., is eminently the correct one, provided the present system is going to last; but inasmuch as I don't think it will last much longer it is obvious that you and I are not interested in the social problem from the same standpoint. We are both interested in bettering the lot of the working-class, but while you propose doing it by reforming the present system, I propose doing it by abolishing it; or rather, I prophesy that the present system will abolish itself by a natural evolution.

By the way, you are writing a great deal for various periodicals. I would be very glad to pay you double your regular rates for a criticism of my article on "The Significance of the Trust," which appeared in the November number. Let me have an article of say 2,500 words. I am sending you a copy of the magazine per this mail.

Very truly yours,

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

RICHMOND HILL, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1901.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE,

DEAR SIR.—I have no sympathy with your doctrines or with your means of advocating them (vide enclosed), and decline to advertise them by entering into the discussion you propose. Also, I trust I can put my time to better use.

If your Social system, as you say, "will abolish itself by natural evolution," suppose you leave it to its fate. What is the use of all the rumpus you make? My plan is to help the worker to all the light there is to be had by enabling him to live as a citizen of the Republic should, and to learn all he can. That ought to help on the end you foresee, if you are right. So just let him be. By trying to rush him you are merely injuring your own cause. His improvement can be lasting only on the basis of his sound knowledge, of the right and wrong of economical facts.

Drop your foolishness and go to work on sensible lines. You shall not have my photograph or the article you ask for. I have no time. And as I shall be traveling in the West all winter, you will really be wasting your paper by sending it here. You would be wasting it anyhow.

Truly yours,

JACOB A. RIIS.

Some people would never have thought there was any fun in running a journal of the revolution. They don't know.

Now the foregoing letter if received by some editors, would not have filled all their souls with delight. They simply don't see the game, even if it is thrust right under their nose. I do. Now most people would take up Mr. Riis as a last resort to have fun with, especially when he has warned you not to waste your time over him.

Mr. Riis is apparently a preternaturally solemn man. It is all a bluff; he must make an appearance. It is his trade mark guaranteeing him a genuine pure and undefiled "reformer."

Mr. Riis must keep up this reputation, at all hazards. His living depends upon it.

He is one of the peculiar products of this day of degeneracy, a "professional reformer." He writes and he writes and he writes about the poor, poor workingman. He pities him, pities him at so much per 1000 words. The poor are his living, just as the buffaloes were the living of

JACOB A. RIIS.

"THE MOST USEFUL CITIZEN OF NEW YORK."—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

the Indians. He views with a jealous eye any attempt to exterminate poverty. Natural enough, his job would be gone.

Mr. Riis' idea of a millenium is a glorified east side of New York City with model tenement houses, not too many saloons, clean streets, Riis as sanitary inspector liberally subsidized by the charitable societies to keep the inhabitants in a proper state of thankfulness at being alive.

Now I do not wish to be thought ill-natured or to underrate the good work Mr. Riis has certainly done in educating the public as to "How the Other Half Lives." Mr. Riis has done an immense amount of good and effective work in the way of "reforming" the evils of poverty, but my point against him is principally that he sees no further ahead than a condition of poverty where the poor will have a little better sanitary and moral conditions than at present. There is a certain amount of truth in the remark of President Roosevelt about him—which is now being paraded in the press—viz.: "That he is the most useful citizen of New York." This presidental recommendation which has so delighted Mr. Riis also probably explains why he refuses his photograph to a magazine which ventures to criticise the President. Roosevelt may have caused Riis to refuse my paper. Mr. Riis landed himself a poor immigrant boy at Castle Garden not so very many years ago, and he has had a struggle with poverty. His knowledge regarding the condition of the poor has been gained in the best possible school, experience.

However, he has been so much in poverty that he does not perceive its real nature. He is like the man who could not see the forest for the trees.

He answers my very polite note requesting an article from him, for which I offered double usual rates, by a blunt "no." Why he refuses to write for me I know not. He says that his "plan is to help the worker to all the light to be had." Now certainly this magazine goes to a great many workers, and if Mr. Riis has any light to shed that he considers worth shedding I cannot see why he makes an invidious distinction against my readers. Yes, Mr. Riis I quite agree with you that educating the workers "ought to help on the end." But I would like to know why it is that you refuse to either educate in your way when I offer you the chance or to allow me to do it in my way?

If I am "trying to rush him," as you say, then why not put the brakes on me at so much per? Certainly you cannot object to the price I offered you, as I let you name your own price, and then offered you the double.

You say to me "drop your foolishness and go to work on sensible lines." Now this is exactly what I am willing to do as soon as you show me what those lines are, and that is what you will be paid to do.

My position is that there is approaching a day when the worker is going to face a most desperate situation, owing to being out of work because over-production makes it impossible for the capitalist to find him work. Now you must admit that if my theory is a sound one that all the model tenement houses in Christendom will be of no avail to solve such a problem.

This thing of my vainly offering money to lecturers and writers to lecture or write for me is getting me to believe that I am up against a new sort of a trust. An Anti-Wilshire Trust, whose object is to freeze out Wilshire by refusing to sell him any thing that any one else in the world can buy.

First, came Professional Orator Bryan. He refused $10,000 to make one oration for me. Second, there was Professor Laughlin, a professional lecturer, refused $1,500 for one lecture. Third, was Mayor Tom Johnson, amateur debater, would not come in on a free ante. I have fourthly, Mr. Riis, champion writer on "How to Abolish Poverty by Keeping the Poor Healthy," who refuses to take a double fee for informing my poor subscribers "How to Be Happy, though Poor."

Mr. Riis says he is too busy even to send me a photograph. It is not so very long ago that he had time to write a certain glowing eulogy upon President Roosevelt. I wonder if it may have occurred to him that if he should contribute to Wilshire's the President might re-consider a certain prospective federal appointment?

However, everything seems to go by contraries. Every man I offer to hire to work for me at his trade, refuses to work at any price, and then on the other hand, men of whom I make no request to serve, come forward and volunteer without price. One of these paradoxical creatures is in the very last class where you would look for him. He is a lawyer. He says he is from my own town, also, Los Angeles. True, I never heard of him before, but that's not conclusive evidence against him.

Now here, ladies and gentlemen, is the phenomenon of the hour. First, however, before I exhibit, let the prodigy speak.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Dec. 20, 1901.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE,

SIR:—From reading your magazine I think you are the d——dest fool it has ever been my misfortune to meet. Kindly discontinue sending the magazine. Yours truly, G. P. ADAMS.

Here is a strange thing. A lawyer, who is supposed to only read your brief for a retainer. Here is one who reads mine gratuitously. One step to the millenium accomplished. He not only reads, but he offers an opinion, also gratuitous, and it is no ordinary opinion of the ordinary lawyer who leaves you in doubt as to exactly what he means. You know most lawyers always leave a string tied to their opinions, so that if you lose your case they can say that they "always thought it a little doubtful."

No, Mr. Adams gives you one of those reassuring, positive opinions which you always want but never get—anyway, you never get them when you buy them. I am a fool, and a fool of a very superlative degree. But the wonderful part of it all, I am to him a kind of a wireless photographic fool. Mr. Adams says very positively that just from the mere reading of my magazine he "meets" me. Well, how do you do, Mr. Adams. Although you have the better of me, yet I feel now as if I had the better of you.

I will of course "kindly" discontinue sending you the magazine, but I am sure you will wish to see this number, anyway. So I will send this as the last, and will remit to you the balance due upon your unexpired subscription together with a douceur for your gratuitous professional service, which will be of such generous proportions that I know you will never regret having chanced to cast your bread upon waters.

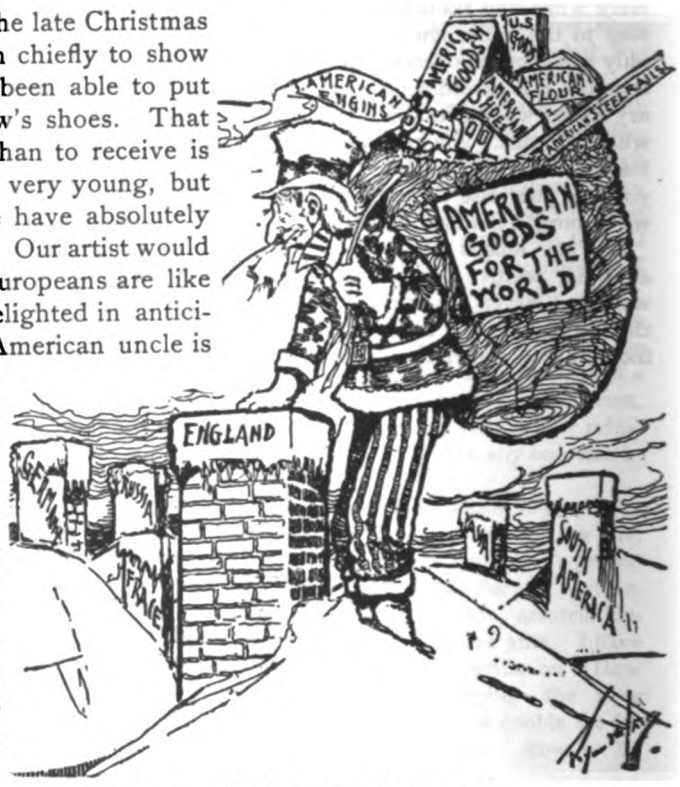
A Bow of Promise O'er the World.

A great star, quick to be released,
  Sends, like a glorious flag unfurled,
Its broad, bright streamers up the East,
  A bow of promise o'er the world;
A great star up from darkness rolled,
  With marvelous heralds of the morn:
The seers of old to earth foretold
  This birth for which the years were born—
Socialism!

It has been night. It will be day.
  And such a day! All days beside
Are but the mouldering cells of clay
  From which the flower springs glorified!
The clinging death-robes of the past
  We'll leave in graves of old desire,
And live, oh, Sun of Love! at last,
  New-born, in baptism of thy fire!
Socialism!

—BY WM. R. FOX.

AN UNWELCOME SANTA CLAUS.



THE above is one of the late Christmas cartoons and is given chiefly to show how little the artist has been able to put himself in the other fellow's shoes. That it is more blessed to give than to receive is sometimes doubted by the very young, but the nations of old Europe have absolutely no doubts on the subject. Our artist would have us believe that the Europeans are like a lot of children, wildly delighted in anticipation of what their rich American uncle is going to give them for Christmas. As a matter of fact they would rather have small-pox given to them than American goods. Small-pox does not attack everyone; many recover, and vaccination is supposed to protect. American goods in Europe mean the loss of profit to all capitalists and the loss of a job to all workmen.

It is an epidemic that none escape, and is growing more and more virulent, and for which there is absolutely no remedy. Uncle Sam, to the European, appears much more like a Death's Head than a Santa Claus. However, the artist does reflect truly the current short-sighted idea held by most of our American politicians that our foreign trade can prosper on a basis of our giving everything and taking nothing.

In fact this idea is at the basis of our present protective system. The old cry of "Protection to American Labor and to our Infant Industries" is clean out of date. The modern cry is: "We Must Have Protection if we expect to Continue our Triumphant Conquest of Markets." On the other hand, those advocates of free trade, euphemistically called reciprocity, while they may see more clearly the impossibility of our continuing much longer our present game with Europe of "Give All and Take Nothing," nevertheless are Utopian dreamers in thinking that one section of our American capitalists is going to let in foreign goods to stop the sale of their goods in order that another part of them may dispose of theirs. Such an idea is palpably ridiculous. The reciprocity man must first learn, above all things, that trade is not conducted upon the basis of the Golden Rule. I may recognize well enough that the poor Porto Rican may starve if I do not let his oranges enter the United States market, but this is nothing to me. As an American orange grower I know that when the Porto Rican oranges are allowed to cut off my market I will starve. Reciprocity may be the first law of trade, but self-preservation trumps it —*that* is the first law of nature.

MARCH, 1902

10 cents

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

Morgan's Annexation of Canada

The Postoffice Censorship
Hon. William J. Bryan

Is Industrial Peace at Hand?
—Henry White

Public Ownership of Private Property
—W. S. Varnum

The Billion Dollar Steel Trust
—S. G. Hobson and H. W. Macrosty

And Many Other Interesting Features

UNITED STATES PUBLICATION CO.
TORONTO NEW YORK
ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE TORONTO POST OFFICE

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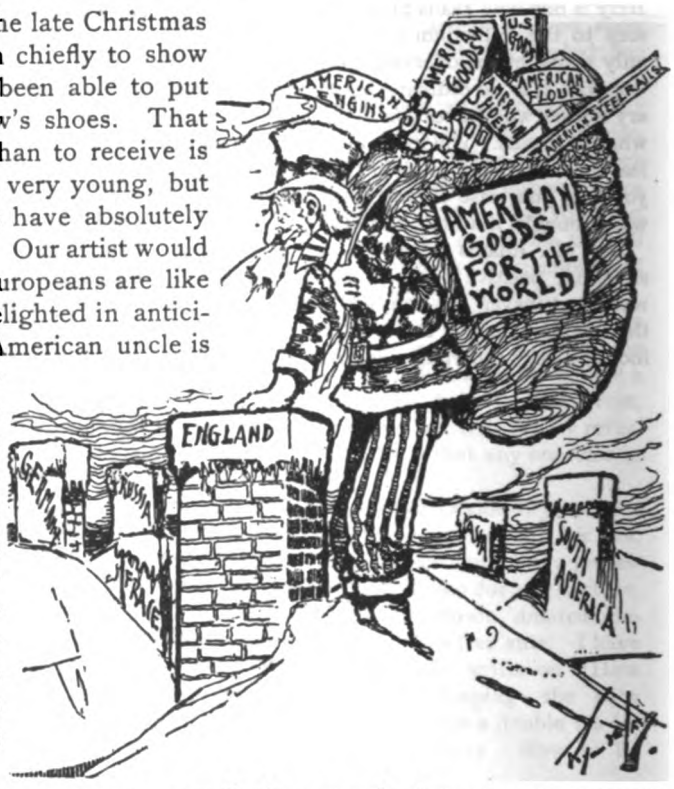

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WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

NO. 44 March 1902

MORGAN'S ANNEXATION of CANADA.

HE "American Invasion" has reached Canada and it is forcing her to face issues of considerably more human interest than those hitherto current as of Sabbath breaking and of whiskey drinking. While the Canadians have been busy purifying their souls and bodies, the Americans have been busy buying their country. Every day some new transfer of Canadian property to American hands takes place, the most notable recently being the purchase of the Canada Atlantic railway by the Vanderbilts. I have no doubt at all but that the control of the great Canadian Pacific railway has really already passed to Pierpont Morgan & Co., although there has as yet been no announcement to that effect. It is hardly reasonable to suppose that Mr. Morgan would leave a competing transcontinental line out of his plan for the control of America's trade. Canada is in a decidedly backward condition compared with the United States. Her tariff has not been high enough to afford sufficient inducement for the development of her domestic industries to the fullest extent, and they are small anyway, as the domestic market of Canada is small with her five million people compared with our eighty millions, and could not develop very large industrial plants. But the big American monopolists having gobbled up nearly all the fat, juicy capitalistic tid-bits at home are of necessity compelled to take the next best at hand, therefore he is today in evidence in Canada, in England and all the rest of the world. That his movements are not made without just apprehension of the Canadians is seen by the following from the Toronto Daily Star of February 6, under the caption "What shall we do?"

Is there to be an American invasion of Canada? If so, what should be our attitude towards it?

The invasion referred to is not war-like, but peaceful—an invasion of capitalists with their money, and men with their wives and families. The buying of the Canada Atlantic railway by

New York capitalists has started the question, accompanied as this transaction is by rumors of other large purchases of railway and steamship lines. The coal fields of Cape Breton are largely owned by an American company, the big iron works at Sydney, the Clergue enterprises at the Soo, with arms reaching all over New Ontario, the Cramps at Collingwood, and many other important enterprises are operated by American capitalists. The Yukon Territory is full of Americans, and they are very numerous in British Columbia. Of the 9,108 homestead entries taken out in the Northwest Territories last year 3,258 were taken out by people from the United States, 205 by Canadians returned from that country, 3,521 by citizens of our own country, Of the new-comers who entered the West and made homestead entries 3,258 were Americans, and only 2,124 came from all the rest of the world, including Great Britain, which sent only 945 of these. Many of our own people have moved from one part of the country to another, but of the new population that came in last year to the Territories the Americans were more than three times as numerous as the Britishers, and one-third larger than those of all other nationalities combined.

The inrush of capital seeking investment in manufactures and in developing the country's resources, and the inrush of people as evidenced by the above figures, is causing some people to feel anxious about the result to our political institutions. The Ottawa Citizen discusses the subject at length, expressing the belief that the movement is inevitable. To those who are alarmed by it, and who urge that Canadian capital should do battle with the invading wealth for possession of our railways and other properties, our contemporary says that Canadian capital is not strong enough to do it, even if it were considered to be the wise thing to do. There is to be, it says, half a million dollars of American money spent on improving the Canada Atlantic forthwith. "Foreign capital," says the Citizen, "never makes trouble for the country in which it is invested so long as its interests are protected and the Government is ready and able to deal equitably in conserving those interests. On the other hand there are abundant examples of foreign investors being a fruitful source of danger to the independence of a small country where the reverse is the case."

The discussion suggests the question whether we want to encourage money and people from the United States to come here. For several years we have been admiring the Clergue industries at the Soo; Collingwood gave a bonus to the Cramps; we have boasted that Cape Breton is as a place risen from the dead at the touch of the capitalistic hand; we have had Government agents in the United States inducing farmers to move across to our western prairies. The people are beginning to come in large numbers; capital, having made some successes, grows interested in our resources. Do we want the people? Do we want this outside capital?

If we do not want them it will be a singular and difficult task to turn them back, now that the homeseekers have turned our way and the capital of the United States exceeds its own requirements.

It was said of the Boer republics that they were fated to fall because they stood stubbornly and unwisely in the way of the world's progress. They had a population about the same as that of the city of Toronto, and they sought to monopolize nearly one-half of one of the five great divisions of the earth, withholding it from the urgent and imperative uses of mankind. They neither developed their country nor allowed of its development, and the on-moving world had to carry them away. It was charged against them that, unlike other countries, they did not invite settlement, did not welcome those who came nor allow them citizenship on equal terms with themselves, as was the rule under modern civilization.

What could we do in Canada, if American capital and American settlers came in here with a force and numbers always increasing? Can we resort to the Boer method of denying citizenship to those who are willing to be good citicens? We suppose nobody will suggest it. But we can stand by our institutions and see that they are not overborne in the rush. No matter how strong the inrush may be—and its dimensions and dangers are often exaggerated—our great security lies in the fact that our institutions are in themselves admirable, and do not require to be overturned in order to give free scope to any legitimate purpose that may actuate new-comers. Our institutions, being elastic, will adapt themselves to changing conditions, and the man from the United States will find nothing here essentially different from what he has been accustomed to at home. He should, therefore, readily become a good citizen. Capital is non-patriotic. It speaks all languages equally well and is indifferent to flags, so long as it does not find that a particular flag prevents it from thriving.

If there is to be an invasion of American men

and money we cannot close the gates, nor do we wish to. All that is left, then, is to inspire with our own Canadian spirit those who come among us, and win them to the best service of the country. Meanwhile, we do not cut a good figure if we stand trembling before the immigration and investments which we have invited, and which we do not wish so exclude.

The foregoing is essentially typical of the editor who feels he must write something upon an important subject, yet not knowing what to say obscures his meaning in a cloud of words. Yes, there certainly is a flood of capital moving on Canada from the United States, and as the Star truly says there is no tariff that can prevent its entry. As long as American capitalists wish to buy and the Canadian capitalists wish to sell, who is to say nay? However, it is idle to say that this invasion of American capital is no menace to Canadian institutions. The Americans are not only masters of the business of industry but they are past masters of the business of politics. There is no political institution in Canada or anywhere else that can stand up against the force of this massed American capital. Surrender to me the capital of your country and I will let you sing your campaign songs and elect your puppets. The Southern Pacific Railway has absolute control of the politics of the State of California, names the members of Congress, the judges and the governor. The owners of the Southern Pacific live in New York but for that matter it doesn't make much difference where they live as Pierpont Morgan controls them wherever they live. Now to a very large extent what is true of the Southern Pacific is true of the Canadian Pacific Railway and Canada. The Canadian Pacific is controlled, or at least has been controlled by Englishmen, and so at any rate the Canadians, if serfs, are not serfs to Morgan.

It might be thought a small matter by some as to who owns you as long as you do not own yourself. However, the Canadians are not of that way of thinking, and it makes a great deal of difference to them, sentimentally, whether they are ruled from London or New York. They think just now that if the English sell out the Canadian Pacific to Morgan that then they must free themselves by nationalizing the railways. Morgan will never be deterred from any raid on Canada by any such threats. First, because he will doubt very much the possibility of Canada doing anything politically that the Canadian financial interests are opposed to, and he will control those interests. Second, he knows that if at worst the railroads are nationalized, that he will not receive any less than he will pay for them.

As indicative of the feeling toward this threatened coup of Mr. Morgan I give the following account of a speech made on Feb. 9 by Mr. Tarte, the Canadian Minister of Public Works.

Mr. Tarte then took up the recent action of the Canadian Pacific Railway directors, which had been approved of by the Canadian Government—the increase of capital to the extent of $20,000,000. Supposing that stock, he said, had been placed on the open market, it would have been quite an easy matter for Mr. Morgan and his allies to secure the whole. Then the speaker said that as a matter of fact the time might come when the Canadian Government would have to do with the Canadian Pacific Railway what the British Government did with the Suez Canal. The British Cabinet, he added, had secured the Suez shares to safeguard Imperial interests, and a similar patriotic policy might some day prompt the Government of Canada. "There is no danger now," he added, "but one can never tell what the future may bring forth." He then declared that the Americans are making desperate efforts to crush this country, industrially and commercially, by forming combinations on land and sea. He declared that a crisis was at hand, for the Americans are making a slaughter market of Canada, and urged that we should have a

tariff which would protect our natural industries, and improved waterways to protect our national trade.

Mr. Tarte's remarks about transportation and the necessity of guarding Canadian waterways and Canadian industries from American aggression were loudly applauded.

As a contrast to how Canada really feels towards America, for I think Mr. Tarte expresses perfectly the national feeling, with the way some deluded Americans think she feels, I give the following excerpt from a speech delivered last January in New York by Charles A. Gardiner, on "The Commercial Expansion of the United States" before the New York Credit Men's Association:

"Canada presents today the best opportunity in the world for reciprocity. Agriculture there reigns supreme. Her inhabitants need our manufactures, and although only 5,500,000 in number, actually bought from us last year not only as much as did the 52,000,000 people in Mexico, Central and South America, but $23,000,000 more! I advocate reciprocity with Canada; not merely a 20 per cent. preferential, but absolute free trade.

"The grandest achievement of the new century will be the political union of the Anglo-Saxon peoples on the new continent. So far as in us lies let us in our day consummate the union of the United States and Canada into the freest, most enlightened, most powerful sovereignty ever organized among men."

If Mr. Gardiner thinks that Canada is going to suffer herself to be annexed to the United States in order to find a free market for her agricultural products, he mistakes very much the temper of the Canadian people. He evidently doesn't know the history of the United Empire Loyalists. Canada has as much an inclination to become a part of the United States as she has to annex herself to Russia. She has felt that way for a good many years, too, and it didn't take our treatment of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines to enlighten her. Even the matter of Mr. Madden driving me to her confines in order to be able to publish this paper was quite an unnecessary step to put her next. She had long ago made up her mind to stay single all her life if Uncle Sam was the only offering. But she never thought of losing her freedom *by purchase*, hence she did not look upon Pierpont Morgan as a contingency until the last few months.

It is very funny, in a way, that only recently the Canadians were fretting about so many young Canadians going to the United States to make their way in life, and now she is fretting because there is such a heavy immigration from the United States to Canada, something like 50,000 Americans having settled in Canada, not counting myself, within the last three years.

However the Globe, the leading daily paper of Toronto, hits the nail on the head when it suggests Socialism as the only possible remedy to preserve Canada for Canadians.

Canada has been discovered by our neighbors to the south. American farmers are settling in our west in large and ever-increasing numbers. Their shrewd moneyed men are looking out for Canadian investments. This is all the more gratifying to us because we know it is done, not in any spirit of patronizing kindness, but because the American knows a good thing when he sees it. The country is winning its way to its own merits. And now, just as we are getting what we have been clamoring for for years—men, money and markets—some of us begin to discover flies in the ointment. We are increasing our sales to Great Britain by leaps and bounds, but we are ill-treated because she does not give us preference over others. Some of us grumble, not because she does not buy from us but because she buys too freely from others. Then we are all to be bought out with American money and swamped with American immigrants. Our plaint about the million Canadians in the United States has hardly died away when murmurs of apprehension arise because the tide is beginning to flow the other way.

Now, all this worrying is a useless waste of nervous energy. We cannot, even if we de-

sired it, prevent American capital from being invested in our enterprises. Money flows from where it is more abundant to where it is less abundant—from London and New York to regions all over the world, which are capable of yielding wealth by the application of capital. We might possibly nationalize the railways to keep them out of the clutches of foreigners, but unless we go to Socialism outright we cannot nationalize all the factories, all the wholesale houses, all the departmental stores, all the varied activities of the country. These will be owned and managed by those who have the most money and the best business capacity. Why should not these heads of capital and industry be Canadians? Canadians go to the United States and more than hold their own in all kinds of business and industry, and there is no reason why they should not continue to hold their own in Canada. But as to whose money is invested, it must be recognized that the ownership is likely to go where there is the most money to spare. Political influence does not necessarily follow investments of this kind. For a long time American railways and industries were largely carried on with English money; but the Americans did not therefore pay any great deference to English opinion. What happened was that as the development of the country went on, the money came more and more from American sources. The country became less, not more, dependent. The same thing will probably happen in Canada; as its resources are developed it will be less and less dependent on foreign capital.

This is a frank admission by the Globe, that inasmuch as the Americans have the most surplus cash they will certainly acquire the ownership of Canadian industries. It consoles itself with the comforting reflection that probably the Americans will hire Canadians to manage and work the Canadian industries that they may buy. Very probably, the Americans are not going to buy the Canadian plants in order to give jobs to their poor American relations. Not at all, they are buying them to make money, and there is no doubt that the Canadians will get most of the jobs. However I would like to ask the Globe if it does not think that if the question were put to the Canadians today baldly and plainly, "Do you prefer to have your Canadian Government own your Canadian industries and work for it, or would you prefer to have Pierpont Morgan own your industries and work for him? I do not think there would be much doubt as to what the Canadians would answer. Perhaps the Globe would assist me in having a referendum taken?

Shall Canada or Morgan own Canada?

Press Censorship.

WE take it that the third assistant postmaster general is anxious to purge the post-office department of the abuses which the second-class mail privilege has suffered. Millions of public revenue have been squandered in carrying matter at the cent-a-pound rate, which has no right to the privilege. The chief offenders were those of the cheap novel class and the proprietors of advertising schemes pure and simple. The whole country was back of Mr. Madden when he shut out these unworthy publications from the second-class privileges. But Mr. Madden's head swelled with the power he had exercised and he has been injecting a vein of partisanship into his official actions that ought to bring about his immediate resignation.

In his ruling that a publication advertising a doctrine or theory is unmailable at second-class rates, Mr. Madden goes farther than any congress would ever dare go. He should be promptly called back, called down and thrown out. There isn't a periodical or newspaper published today that couldn't be shut out on an extension of this same vicious and wholly un-American principle. We ought to export Mr. Madden to Russia, where censorship of the press is at its height. Not a publication of today, of merit, is there which does not stand for some things and against others. Not one of value that does not carry with it through every issue the dominant tone of the opinion and the individuality of those who conduct the enterprise. Under his ruling Mr. Madden can shut off every paper which is guilty of the offense of having any opinions at all, especially such as he doesn't like.

Mr. Madden threatened to shut out the Appeal to Reason on the ground that its circulation was not bona fide. He harassed WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE on the ground that it was advertising Wilshire too much, and finally drove this publication over to Canada, where it was admitted without question to second-class privileges and is now going through the mails of the United States paying less than half the revenue to us that it otherwise would pay. These two publications are widely read and profoundly appreciated by a class of readers who have just as much right to be catered to through the press and second-class mail privileges as have those of Mr. Madden's own particular political faith and creed. There are a score of protectionist publications that ought to be shut down upon if WILSHIRE'S and the Appeal to Reason are unmailable. The Sea Breeze, Florida, row, in which "Freedom" was for a time cut off, together with the unjust arbitrary and reversed suspensions that a host of minor publications have suffered is enough to show that this official should get out. A watch dog who can't discriminate between a rogue and his owner is a dangerous nuisance. Mr. Madden seems to be all this and more.

The straw that will break the camel's back of public sufferance is this autocrat's assault upon the mailing privileges of the Commoner, Mr. Bryan's paper. A Republican senator, W. E. Mason, has handed over his official frank to circulate champagne "ads" free of cost. Yet the paper which voices the opinions of the man who twice has been the choice of a very large minority of the people of this country for president is partly debarred from circulation though it pays the nominal rate. Mr. Bryan's opinions are, or have been, the views of a very considerable number of the common people of this country. They are offensive to Mr. Madden, hence the paper is unmailable. How long will it take President Roosevelt to order this foolish and petty tyrant out of the office he so basely maladministers? We want no press censorship. Congress should act and act promptly to remove this assumption of his own and the supreme court's duties from the province of petty official underlings. By his unconscionable folly Mr. Madden has impugned the little good work that he has unquestionably done. He has immensely boomed the circulation of every legitimate publication he has attacked. We take it that Mr. Bryan's Commoner will not suffer by reason of this marplot's meddling. Mr. Madden should go away back and ex-officially sit down.—Toledo (O.) News.

"Banished to Canada."

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, formerly published in New York, was suppressed by the United States postoffice, and was removed to Toronto, Canada. There is something so remarkable in this banishment of an American periodical, that we have subscribed for the magazine in order to see, for ourselves, what manner of man this H. Gaylord Wilshire can be, that his magazine should be shut out of the United States mails and yet is given a friendly welcome by the Canadian government.

Copies of the magazine have been received, also copies of CHALLENGE, a paper which Mr. Wilshire endeavored to have entered at the New York postoffice as second-class matter, but which was denied admission on the ground that the

paper advertised the publisher of the paper.

Mr. Wilshire has taken his tabooed publications to Canada, and the United States government is now carrying them all over the United States absolutely free of all postal charges.

Mr. Wilshire is also sending out some remarkable advertising. His return envelopes are printed in red and black ink. The black ink gives the name of his magazine, his own name and his old address in New York. But the red ink gives the interesting information. In the upper left-hand corner we read: "Now published under protection King Edward." The next line is startling: "Banished to Canada." Next comes ("Suppressed by the U. S. Post Office"), and then the new address, "74 Wellesley St., Toronto, Canada."

Mr. Wilshire is a millionaire Socialist who says: "Let the nation own the trusts." He is a man of courage as well as wealth and ability, and his determination to remain on the earth and fight the trusts will please many of his fellowmen. The Canadian government sees no reason for rejecting his publications, and his magazines are now carried by the United States free of charge. Has somebody blundered?—Milwaukee Times.

How Franklin Figured.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN estimated that, if all would work, four hours labor a day, intelligently applied, would supply the wants of all. If that was true in his time what shall we say of the present era, with its wonderful increase in productive power? John Stuart Mill wrote, almost with a wail: "It is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being." This cannot continue. The forces are gathering which will demand that machinery be utilized to lighten the labor and increase the comforts of life for every producer of wealth.

The trusts, now forming so rapidly, are in the line of progress. They are doing a great work in organizing industry. The manufacturing plants will naturally deal with the department stores, or better, open stores of their own, passing by, or leaving out, the jobbers and wholesalers, and so getting rid of their profit. The trusts are discharging traveling salesmen, as already commented on. They are in some cases doing their own insuring and so getting rid of the large commissions formerly paid for that. They are stopping, or cutting down, advertising and getting rid of that needless waste. Where, under the old system, each firm employed its own attorney, when a dozen consolidate two or three attorneys act for the trust and many lawyers are dispensed with, and that expense is saved. A large trust, recently formed, issued a prospectus in which it stated that by thus combining the firms would save about forty per cent. of their former expenses for selling goods. The middle men must become producers.

But the practical men who are forming trusts, caring nothing whatever about abstract principles or scholastic discussions, see clearly the economies which can be effected, and so the profits which they can realize by combining and systematically organizing and getting rid of the wastes of competition. And thus they are giving the people a practical demonstration of the advantages of that method. Possibly the advance would be long deferred without some such pioneers.

At the present time we have a political democracy and an industrial oligarchy. The great effort of the near future, in which all will be forced to take part, will be to establish an industrial democracy, and to that struggle events are rapidly drifting. The trusts are simply hastening the crisis.

The milkman, for example, who works from 4 a. m. to 4 or 6 p. m., to deliver an amount of milk which, under a rational system, might easily be delivered in two hours, cannot be blamed because he does not work hard enough. He works too hard. He does not have the leisure which he ought to have for recreation and self-improvement. But the trouble is that most of his hard work is pure waste—of no benefit to himself or any one else. He is in a tangle which he as an individual cannot alone escape from. Society desires to get pure milk, and to get it as cheaply as possible. The present wild, competitive scramble facilitates neither. The delivery of milk is simply an attempt to supply a social want. Society as a whole should assume the business and organize it to supply that want, as it now provides for the delivery of its letters. Some time, when it gets intelligent enough, it will do so.

The same reasoning applies to the vast army of retailers, and other middlemen, who now make such a heavy drain on the resources of society. Try to think what a tremendous saving might be made by consolidating retail stores and by introducing some rational system of organized co-operative effort, like the postoffice, in place of the present enormous outlay for rents, clerks, interest, insurance, and so on,

from the multitude of stores. Suppose the public owned the plant, and, paying neither rent, interest or profits to middlemen, shipped goods direct from the factory to great, central bazaars, where it furnished them to the people at the actual cost of production, would that not clearly greatly benefit the producing classes? This is what public ownership would do.—J. B. SMILEY.

An English View.

BRIGHTON, ENG., Jan. 8, 1902.

DEAR SIR :—I like your magazine very much, and I enclose herewith Postoffice Order for 5s. to renew my subscription.

I may say I had the pleasure of meeting you when you were over here some years ago, and I admire your energy in tackling these social problems. I am a member of the Brighton Town Council, and also of the Board of Guardians, and I am of opinion that more can be done through the municipalities, than through the Government. I am sending you a copy of George Haw's "Today's Work," also a Christmas number of the "Clarion." If you like at any time to send me spare copies of your magazine, I shall be pleased to distribute them amongst the members of the Town Council here.

By all means advocate the national ownership of the trusts, but in the meanwhile let the municipalities make a start by acquiring the local monopolies, such as gas, water, tramways, telephones, etc. May I point out to you that the debt incurred by the Local Authorities in England is now about £300,000,000. In fifty years' time the whole of this will have been paid off, by means of the annual sinking funds, and the Local Authorities will own £300,000,000 worth of assets, entirely paid for, and bringing in magnificent revenue to the citizens of the various towns.

If you ever spare the time to get so far as Brighton again, I shall be very pleased to have a talk with you on these matters.

Yours truly, HERBERT CARDER.

If you are on a river bank and it rains, the rain will wet you. If it rains long enough the river will rise and not only wet you, but sweep you off your feet. This tendency to nationalize and municipalize wealth is the preliminary rain fall betokening the coming flood of a complete Socialism. Meanwhile the rain is grateful.

Look at the Number on Your Wrapper.

Numerous inquiries have been received at this office as to how subscribers to THE CHALLENGE may know when their subscription to WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE will expire, seeing that the numbering of the monthly magazine follows that of the weekly CHALLENGE consecutively. Subscribers will be duly notified from this office when their subscriptions have expired, but if anyone wants to work out the problem for himself by the number on his wrapper, he can do so in this wise: Suppose the expiration number of your wrapper is 72. The last number of THE CHALLENGE being 40, you would, at the time of its suspension, have been entitled to thirty-two more weekly numbers, which is equal to eight of the monthly. You have already received four numbers of the monthly, the current number being 44, and are, therefore, now entitled to four more. Your subscription would expire with the July number, 1902, which will be number 48.

If the number on your wrapper is 60, then the April number (45) of this magazine marks the expiration of your subscription.

If you wish to help in publication of literature, tracts, books, etc., upon Socialism and economic subjects, the best way to do is to buy a $10 share in the co-operative publishing house of C. H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago. Stockholders get a special discount on all publications. Write to Chicago for further particulars.

A most attractive proposition to anyone desiring to act as agent. $2.50 outfit free. Write this magazine for full particulars at once.

EDITORIAL IDEAS & OPINIONS.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM.

THE claim of the inevitability of Socialism places it upon a somewhat different plane than that of any other economic doctrine. No protectionist ever claims that "protection" is the result of industrial evolution, and that hence all the world must adopt it. No "single-tax" man thinks that his plan of taxation will come about as a natural process of human thought.

This insistence of the inevitability of Socialism by Socialists often gives rise to the query, which is seen in the following letter:—

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 21, 1901.
22 Worcester Sq.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:—I attended the lecture given by you last evening (Oct. 20), in Paine Memorial, by invitation of a friend of mine. I have belonged to the Democratic party, but am now very much interested in Socialism. There was a statement, if I remember, made by you, in the course of your lecture, that Socialism was inevitable — something which the laws of nature would force to come to pass. Now, if you really think so, "why not let things take their course? The ultimate result will be the same?" By way of explanation I will say that I don't ask you this question for the purpose of "sticking" you, as the small boy says, but as a matter of information for myself and others who are interested in the movement. Hoping you will oblige by answering this question, I am,

Yours sincerely,
THOS. J. SMITH.

This is at base a problem in psychology. If you wish a man to perform a task is he more likely to do it if you tell him beforehand that it will be very easy, or if you tell him it will be extremely difficult, perhaps impossible?

Of course, there can be but one answer. The easier a desirable thing is to acquire, the more likely is the man to attempt it.

The baby wants the moon and reaches for it until he grows old enough to learn he cannot get it. Then he tries for the earth, and finds that Morgan has been there first. It is, of course, true that if I think my breakfast is going to fall down from heaven whenever I wish it, and exactly in the form, place and time that I wish it, then it might appear that I will not be likely to work for it. However, we do know that as a matter of fact the rich man will spend long hours of the most arduous labor stalking deer, or killing salmon, when no motive of the knowledge that he will go hungry unless he does such work, can

be alleged. He simply obeys a natural and irresistible instinct to work for his living, notwithstanding that he is under no necessity of doing so.

Man's pleasure in life is the exercise of his activities, and inasmuch as the problem of getting food has for so many thousand of years been his greatest stimulus to activity he cannot resist continuing in that mode of action, even when the immediate stimulus is withdrawn. He acts simply from the momentum gained through his forefathers. The very phrase, "pleasures of the chase" shows the imperative nature of this call to the rich.

It is evident that there would be no fun hunting deer if you knew positively that there were no deer in the forest. So with Socialism. The reason we want it is not only because we think that it will benefit humanity, but also because we think we can get it. Take either one of these factors away and we would never struggle for it. The nearer at hand it is the more we will struggle for it. It is notorious that those men who have the clearest conception of the economic inevitability of Socialism are always the most persistent workers for it.

For instance, there has never been a man in England that has devoted so much of his life to Socialism as Hyndman, yet he himself always declares that it is his knowledge of the inevitability of the advent of Socialism in a comparatively short period of time that keeps him active in the movement. I myself have probably always been, and am yet, the most optimistic man in the whole Socialistic movement. Since the time I became a Socialist I have never placed the social revolution away over five years, and the mere fact that it has never come off according to my predictions has never daunted me. I am still a "five year man, with a possibility of three," and I will never be anything else. If I had to be in "the hundred year, step at a time, take-what-you-can-get" class, you would find me automobiling my life away down at Newport with Reggie Vanderbilt instead of editing this magazine. There is nothing of the Salvation Army stuff about me—preaching to save a man's life after he is dead. Nor is there anything of the Seth Low-Jerome business either—grubbing away trying to reform the Crokers, Platts and Deverys. That sort of thing may amuse Jacob A. Riis, and Carl Schurz, and President Roosevelt, but it has no attractions for me. As said, I would rather chase down the pike on my Red Dragon at 'steen hundred miles an hour, terrifying the farmers, than go in for any "reform game." Socialism is the only game that amuses me, and humanity the only stake worth my while wasting my time playing for. Let the Schwabs go in for Monte Carlo if they will. They are fools to be ignorant of what America can furnish in the way of sport with its Maddens and Roosevelts. I will take my chances on a man working for Socialism if I can shove the economics into him far enough, while I won't give a cent for a man who will only get along far enough to admit that it is a "good thing." He must not only see that it is "good," but that it is "coming." Show me a man who is a Marxian in economics, and who knows the extent of our industrial evolution—who understands the significance of the trust, and I will show you a good Socialist. I am not afraid that such a man will not work for the cause simply because he thinks it will come anyway.

Socialism will not come without our working for it any more than the egg would be hatched unless the chick

worked itself out of its shell. However, the chick, we know, will work itself out at the proper time, because we know it must obey an irresistible instinct.

The same with humanity, when it is ready to be hatched from the shell of capitalism into the new life of Socialism it will instinctively work its own salvation. Humanity will struggle to free itself from the shell, simply because it cannot help obeying the irresistible instinct of self-preservation, which is just as strong a social instinct as it is an individual instinct.

It is quite true that the particular class of humanity which will bear the brunt of the struggle will be the working-class, and it is to that class we must look for the great organization which is to form from the result of the industrial evolution. Again referring back to the chick breaking out of its shell, we may think the bill or the legs have more to do with the breaking out than the feathers or the lungs, but we know that back of all the struggle is the nervous organization, the brain, which must first be formed before any concerted action can take place. So it is with the working class. They must first become conscious of their class. They must become "class-conscious" before we can expect intelligent action from them. The chick will have motion within the shell long days before its brain is formed—the brain comes last in development in all life—but this motion will not be intelligently directed to break the shell until the brain is sufficiently developed to give it this conscious direction. It is the same way with the labor movement of today. It staggers blindly. When the labor giant is hurt it strikes out blindly, like a man half paralyzed, as liable to hurt itself as its enemy. Labor's brain is as yet undeveloped. It has now reached the "trade-union" stage of development, which is as far from maturity as is the brain of a week-old infant. However "trade-unionism" is a necessary stage in the progress of the labor brain, and it is as foolish to think that this step could be skipped as it is to think that while labor has this kind of a brain that it can think out clearly the Socialist program.

A smart child will learn to read without a teacher, but he will learn more rapidly if he has one. Socialists are the instructors of ignorant and immature humanity.

THE UNITED STATES PUBLICATION CO.

IT is a great delight to find that the Madden-Roosevelt Advertising Agency does not let up on its good work of booming my circulation. This latest decision of the United States Postoffice has absolutely no effect upon my posting from Canada, as usual, at the pound rates.

Madden objects to the fact that thirty-five pages of the January number were devoted to Wilshire. Perhaps he will feel more kindly toward the February number when he notices that eight pages are devoted to Madden.

Mr. Madden makes an invidious distinction in Mr. Bryan's favor as against me. Mr. Bryan's paper is alleged by Mr. Madden to be published merely to advertise Mr. Bryan's ideas, and therefore, Mr. Bryan is not to be allowed to send "free" copies by the pound rate. He goes one step further in regard to me, for he won't let me send my paper even to "paid" subscribers. If Mr. Bryan has not the right to send out "free" copies, then under the ruling now applied to me he has no right to send out "paid" copies.

The American News Company writes as follows:—

NEW YORK, Feb'y 10, 1902.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE,
Toronto, Canada.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to our application on your behalf for American registry of your publication as second-class matter, we received from the United States Postoffice Department the following reply:—

POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Office of the Postmaster.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
New York, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—I have to inform you that the Department has denied the application for admission of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE to the second-class of mail matter as a foreign publication. The grounds upon which this action was taken are explained in a letter to this office which will be shown to your representative if you so desire. The Department states that consideration will be given to a new application for entry, if the publication be modified so as to come within the law, and the publisher, or his agent, has therefor a legitimate list of subscribers as required by law for domestic publications.

Very respectfully,
(Signed) C. VAN COTT, Postmaster.
Per E. S. POST, Ass't. P. M.

The principal objection that they make is that thirty-five pages of the reading matter are given over to matter relating to yourself, and that, in their judgment, the mere use of a publication determines its classification. They further claim that the primary purpose of publishing your magazine, as evinced in the January, '02, number before the Department, is to exploit its publisher and editor outside of his position as such, and it is thus designed, in their judgment, primarily for advertising purposes, and is within the provisions of the proviso of Paragraph 4, Section 277, of the Post Office Laws and Regulations. They further say that if it is altered or changed so as to take it out of the class that are published primarily for advertising purposes, and that we can show them that you have a legitimate list of subscribers, they will entertain again a request for its admission.

Truly yours,
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
Per P. J.

In order to conform to United States Censor Madden's desire for anonymity, as far as possible, this magazine will hereafter be published by the United States Publication Co. That ought to sound enough like a Trust to make Madden give me an entry without another application.

TRUSTS NO LONGER NEED PROTECTION.

TORONTO, February 16, 1902.

TO THE EDITOR OF WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE.

SIR:—In dealing with the withdrawal of protection from the trusts in your November issue you mention as alternative results: "1st. The foreigner will destroy the trust by his ability to sell at a lower cost. 2nd. The trust will destroy foreign competition by lowering its price." In all industries except exotics, which may be illustrated by the growing of tropical fruit under glass in a northern country, it is clear that the second result will follow. Every trust will accept reasonable and normal prices and profits in preference to destruction. But this conclusion, which is clearly unavoidable, is in direct contradiction to your later assertion: "A protective tariff gives better employment to labor, exactly as inferior machinery requires more men to operate it than superior." The lowering of prices which will follow the withdrawal of protection makes an immediate increase in the quality of goods which the people are able to consume and enjoy. That means an equal increase in the demand for workmen, and a consequent proportionate increase in wages. Take protection from, say, the steel wire trust, and every farmer would have better fences, the trust employing more men to supply the wire. In reality the farmers would supply more necessaries for a greater number of workers and fewer luxuries for trust operators. This theory, if such it may be called, has been sustained wherever the experiment has been tried.

A trust may injure the community in two ways,—by charging too much for wares, by paying too little to its workmen. Either or both these injuries may be inflicted with or without the formation of a trust. The removal of protection will avert the former injury, and the taxation of land so as to eliminate the mere holder and open opportunities for self-employment will avert the latter.

ANTI-PROTECTION.

I clearly said that there were two classes of protected industries, one that needed protection to live, and one that could survive foreign competition.

Those that need protection for life

are what my critic aptly styles "exotics." Growing bananas in Canada would certainly be "exotic" trade, in every sense of the word, notwithstanding that Toronto's climate in winter is ten degrees warmer than Chicago. Now to grow, say, a ton of bananas in Canada would take more labor than it would to grow the wheat which would be necessary to effect an exchange for a ton of bananas grown in Cuba.

Therefore, if Canada had such a high tariff on bananas that it made it pay to raise bananas there, it is easily enough seen that the increased number of men employed in the banana-growing over the number formerly required to grow the wheat to exchange for those bananas represents a certain credit to the protectionist system for giving an increased employment to labor. If a law were passed in Canada prohibiting the use of combined reapers and binders in her wheat fields, the same effect would be produced—more men required for producing a given quantity of wheat. I did not deny that it would be of benefit to the people to have the tariff taken off of goods manufactured which could be manufactured *cheaper* than the foreigner could import them. I simply said that so lowering the tariff might give us lower prices, yet it would not destroy the trust. This my critic admits, so he has made no point. I was not discussing the pros and cons of high and low prices. I was simply discussing the possibility of free-trade destroying a trust composed of manufacturers who did not need the tariff anyway.

As to the question he extraneously introduced into the discussion, that of the effect of lower prices, I would say I do not share his roseate views.

Dun's Review, which makes a study of prices, reckons that it costs the average man about $30 a year more to live now that it did four and a half years ago. Some of our readers who study economy occassionally, from necessity or choice, may be interested to know how little the average man is supposed to get along on, according to this financial authority. On the basis of the prices of July 1, 1897, the man could live a year on $72.46, although the editor of The Review does not say whether he ever tried to perform this feat himself or not. This year, life is supposed to cost $101.59. The $101.59 can be spent in any way the man pleases, but Dun's divides it into seven parts; about $20 is supposed to go for breadstuffs, $9.67 for meats, $15.25 for dairy and garden "truck," $8.95 for other food, $15.55 for clothing, $15.38 for metals, and $16.79 for "miscellaneous."

Turning to the query as to who is making all the money on this ruinous expense of living, The Review expresses its regret that the figures in regard to high prices have been "quoted in support of efforts to stir up antagonism between wage-earners and employers," and it goes on to say:—

> "The claim has been made that the remarkable advance in the cost of living since July 1, 1897, was due to combinations of capital, and that the manufacturer secured all the difference in price, while the wage-earners were not earning any more money, although compelled to pay the advanced quotations for all things consumed. These statements are very far from the truth. Not only are the wage-earners receiving much better pay than at the earlier date, but they are well employed. It was this factor, more than any other, which produced the depression that culminated on July 1, 1897, with prices at the lowest point in the nation's history. The rate of wages is of trifling importance when there is no work. It was estimated by labor experts at the time that three million men were unable to find employment. This means that fifteen million persons were living on as little as possible, and consequently the consumptive demand was reduced to the lowest point."

As Dun well says, "The rate of wages is of trifling importance where there is no work." And it might also have added that the *low prices* of '97 were of trifling advantage to a man who had no money to buy anything.

Even granted that a low tariff gives lower prices it's a long step from that to prove that these lower prices mean wages that can take advantage of them. The social problem of today is to prevent over-production, and to the extent that protective tariffs cripple the world's productive forces, to that same extent do those protective tariffs help solve the problem. It's an absurd way of solving it—just as absurd as if we were to destroy all modern machinery. The only difference is that the latter method would be much more effective in its solution.

Yes, of course, the single-tax would afford a method of getting at the land, but the next question would be what would be the use of getting at the land without controlling the tools of production. What is the use of raising wheat in Manitoba on "free" land if the Canadian Pacific Railway is at hand with its freight tariff skilfully arranged on the basis of "all the traffic will bear?"

Finally, what is the use of free land if there is an over-production of agricultural products which forces the price below cost of production? Land is no good without a market, and it is this very elemental proposition that single taxers always fail to consider.

H. G. W.

MR. BRYAN EXTENDS HIS HAND.

MR. MADDEN declared to me when I had my talk with him that he saw no reason why, if he chose, he could not apply the same ruling to Mr. Bryan's Commoner that he applied to my journal and suppress it in the same manner—Mr. Bryan was simply being allowed on sufferance to continue, was the inference. I did not attach much importance to this remark at the time, although I reported it in my account of that famous conversation upon the theory of the identity of soap and ideas. Of course I thought Madden a fool, but I did not think him such a colossal one as later developments have exhibited him, and therefore I never dreamed then that he would ever think of interfering with Mr. Bryan. It is one thing to suppress Wilshire, an obscurity, but to suppress Bryan, a man who twice has been a presidential possibility, the leader of the great Democratic party, and a man with infinitely the largest political personal following in America, seemed to me too ridiculous to even consider.

Well, Mr. Madden has not "suppressed" the Commoner, not yet, but he has threatened to do so if Mr. Bryan does not refrain from sending free copies at second-class rates to Congressmen. Mr. Madden says that this is tantamount to allowing the manufacturer of soap to mail his soap circulars to people whom he wishes to use his goods, because Mr. Bryan simply sends his paper to these Congressmen to advertise his (Bryan's) ideas for the purpose of inducing Congressmen to use said ideas.

What Mr. Madden always forgets in comparing soap and ideas is that the subsidy of the low second-class rates was given to publishers for the purpose of disseminating ideas among the people at the lowest possible cost. The subsidy was granted for the same reason that subsidies are granted educational institutions. It was thought by Congress that the same policy which provided free education for the people by

means of public schools could be well extended, and lighten the burden upon the publishers of papers to the end that the people might be still further educated at the minimum of cost. The essential reason of the second-class rate was the desire of Congress to encourage the dissemination of ideas. But Congress made a mistake, thinks Mr. Madden; and he is proposing to nullify their action by the ridiculous rulings he has applied to me, and now threatens to apply to Mr. Bryan.

When I heard of Mr. Bryan's trouble I immediately wrote him offering him the use of my columns to speak to the Congressmen, from my point of vantage, under protection of His Gracious Majesty King Edward the Seventh, whence I am able to send free copies to Congressmen without being liable to having my paper suppressed by Mr. Madden. Canada not only allows me to send free copies of my magazine to American Congressmen, but actually allows me to send them free of postage to members of her own Parliament. Canada has sense enough to put no bar in the way of the enlightenment of her legislators.

Now, while Mr. Bryan and myself are not by any means at accord upon economics, we are believers in the freedom of the press. Hence, while we may be antagonists upon a single ground, we are comrades upon the broad field of the battle for liberty. What is the use of my differing from Mr. Bryan or he from me upon the Trust question, if neither of us are to be allowed to express our thoughts? Mr. Bryan offers me his sword in the fight for a free press, and I gladly accept it. When we win this fight we can then settle our own differences. In the meanwhile we unite to dethrone the Maddens.

It appears that Mr. Madden has written one of those wonderful letters of his to Mr. Bryan, a letter that no fellow can ever tell exactly what it means. Mr. Bryan has evidently asked for information as to whether he can continue sending the free copies to Congressmen. Mr. Madden says that a publisher can send a "few." What Mr. Madden means by a "few" is what Mr. Bryan is now trying to find out. However, let Mr. Bryan speak for himself.

LINCOLN, NEB., Feb. 4, 1902.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE,

MY DEAR SIR :—Your favor at hand. The enclosed editorials answer your inquiry. There has been no ruling on my inquiry, and I doubt very much whether the department will so construe the word "few" as to exclude the copies sent free to certain senators and representatives. The decision of this question, however, will not effect the general circulation. The authorities have never intimated that they object to the paper because of the doctrines it advocates, and that question has only arisen in regard to copies subscribed for by others than the ones receiving them.

One of the enclosed editorials (it appeared some weeks ago), criticizes the ruling made in regard to your paper. You can republish these editorials if you like with your comments, and then send a marked copy of your paper to the members of Congress.

I expect to call the matter to the attention of Congress, not because the department has given me any trouble, but because I regard as essentially wrong the ruling which places a subscription made because of the doctrines advocated upon the same footing as a subscription made to aid an advertiser. Yours truly,

This is the editorial which Mr. Bryan encloses giving his correspondence with Mr. Madden :—

A Post-Office Ruling.

The Postoffice department has given out information in regard to correspondence which has passed between the third assistant postmas-

ter general and the editor of The Commoner but the newspapers have not accurately reported the action of the department. Objection having been made by outside parties to the action of the editor of The Commoner in sending the paper free to certain Democratic and Fusion members of the senate and house who had not subscribed for the same, the case was submitted to the post-office department with a request for a ruling thereon. Mr. Madden's answer not being sufficiently explicit, the following further inquiry has been submitted :—

LINCOLN, NEB., Jan. 31, 1902.

HON. EDWIN C. MADDEN,
Washington.

DEAR SIR :—I am in receipt of your favor of January 25th, but it does not give a direct answer to the question which I submitted. You say that in case of a bona fide gift a person may subscribe for another, and yet in your ruling you seem to place a limitation upon this provision of the law, namely, that a person is not allowed to subscribe for another, even as a bona fide gift, when the subscription is made because of the doctrines advocated by the paper. Is it incumbent upon the proprietor of a paper to inquire into the reason for a subscription when the subscription is received?

You state in another paragraph that "no objection has been made to a publisher sending a few complimentary copies," but you add that from what is said in the letter it will not be difficult for me to "differentiate." The number of copies sent to members and senators is small compared with the circulation, and I would like a construction of the word "few" in this connection. Does it mean "few" absolutely, or "few" relatively? If a publisher having a circulation of one thousand is permitted to send ten complimentary copies, would a paper having a circulation of one hundred thousand be permitted to send one hundred times ten?

The copies which I have sent complimentary do not amount to one-half of one per cent of the total circulation. I ask, therefore, for a ruling that will enable me to comply with the wishes of the department. If one-half of one per cent does not exceed the "few" permitted by your ruling, my list is not subject to criticism. If the term "few" is not relative, but is intended to cover some fixed number, please let me know the number in order that I may either discontinue those in excess of the number or pay regular rates upon them.

Appreciating your prompt reply, I am, very truly yours, (Signed) W. J. BRYAN.

As soon as the department construes the word "few" I shall know whether the free copies sent to senators and members are entitled to be mailed at second-class rates. The ruling, however, whatever it may be, will have no effect upon the general circulation of the paper. The copies mailed to members and senators who are not regular subscribers constitute an inconsiderable part of the circulation, and it will not be a great drain upon The Commoner's exchequer even if they cannot be paid for at pound rates. They are sent because The Commoner is constantly discussing questions involved in national politics and often quotes from authorities that might not otherwise be brought to the attention of our legislators.

The only part of the controversy that concerns the general public is the ruling which takes out of the legitimate list of subscriptions those made by one person for another when the person subscribing for the other does so because of "the principles advocated." To class such subscriptions with those made in the interest of an advertiser is not only illogical, but absurd, and opens the door to grave abuses. This ruling ought to be corrected by act of Congress and the weekly papers throughout the country should bring the matter to the attention of their congressmen and senators.

This is the first editorial on the subject that Mr. Bryan published in The Commoner of January 3 :—

The postoffice department is discriminating against newspapers published in the interest of political reforms. THE CHALLENGE, a Socialistic paper published at Los Angeles, and later at New York; the Appeal to Reason, a Socialistic paper published at Girard, Kansas; the Farmers' Advocate, of Topeka, Kansas, and the Pawnee Chief, of Pawnee City, Nebraska, (both the latter antagonistic to republican policies) have recently been asked to show cause why the should not be denied second-class rates. The postoffice department justified its action in regard to THE CHALLENGE on the ground that that paper was violating the following provision of the statute; "Provided, however, that nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to admit to the second-class rate regular publications designed primarily for advertising purposes or for free circulation at nominal rates." It was asserted by the department that THE CHALLENGE was the personal organ of its owner and publisher; that it was a vehicle for his articles on public questions, the announcement of his lecture subjects and their places and dates; the printing of those lectures or speeches after delivery; the printing of newspaper comment thereon, and also the printing of letters and invitations to speak and the replies of the editor thereto.

The department alleged that these things filled the columns of the publication; that it contained little or no matter which did not pertain to the editor and that he confessed his intention

to advertise himself, his sayings and his doings.

Whether the editor conducted his paper in a modest way or whether he unduly injected himself into his paper is not a question with which the postoffice department has anything to do. The third assistant postmaster general is not a censor in the sense that he is to supervise the editorial management of a paper. If the editor of THE CHALLENGE advertises himself in such a way as to make the paper offensive to his readers, the readers have their remedy; they can refuse to receive the paper.

In regard to the Appeal to Reason the postoffice department claims that it violated the ruling requiring approximately half of the circulation to be composed of subscriptions paid for by bona fide subscribers. The department resorted to the test which is customary in such cases, namely, it sent out inquiries to one hundred of the readers asking whether they were bona fide subscribers, and received answers from sixty-six. Out of sixty-six, thirty-seven claimed that they were subscribers, while twenty-nine denied that they were subscribers. Thirty-four did not answer at all.

Upon this showing an order was issued denying the paper second-class privileges until it could show that approximately half of its readers were bona fide subscribers. This test is not a fair one. Because a letter to a subscriber was not answered or because the answer was delayed until the department had already acted does not raise a presumption sufficiently strong to justify the department in putting the publisher to the expense of a trial. The answers received furnish information, but unanswered letters ought not to count against the publisher.

In the case of the Appeal to Reason a clear majority of those who answered claimed to be subscribers.

The charge made against the Farmers' Advocate was that it did not comply with the law requiring that a majority of the circulation be composed of bona fide subscriptions. Just how the test was made is not known, but if it was made as it was in the case of the Appeal to Reason, what has been said in that case will apply to the Farmers' Advocate. It may be added that the Advocate has been put to this trouble so often that it smacks of persecution.

The charge against the Pawnee Chief was that it was conducted primarily for advertising purposes. As the editor has presented his proofs on the subject it is probable that the case will be decided in his favor and that he will be relieved from further embarrassment. But there is evidence of the purpose of the department to discriminate against political papers.

While it is perfectly proper that there should be a reasonable proportion between the number of actual subscribers and the total circulation (and the proportion fixed is reasonable) the department has issued an order which is unjust to papers which are published in the interest of legislative reform. According to the ruling of the department a "reasonable number" of papers can be subscribed for by others and counted among bona fide subscriptions, provided the paper is not subscribed for "because of the doctrines it advocates or because of the goods it advertises." In other words, if a man is interested in a paper because it gives the most foreign news or the most domestic news or the best report of prize fights or the most complete review of criminal doings or of divorce proceedings, it is perfectly proper to send it to a friend, but if he subscribes for the paper because it discusses political questions in which he is interested, the subscription cannot be counted in the "legitimate list of subscribers." It would be difficult to conceive of a more unfair discrimination against reform papers. It would be difficult to imagine a rule more capable of misuse and tyrannical abuse, and the present Congress should immediately take such action as will be necessary to correct this ruling. To say that a paper which has no political principles shall have an advantage over a paper which has political principles is worse than ridiculous. To say that an editor who is more interested in current news than he is in the science of government should have an advantage over an editor who endeavors to make his paper instrumental in securing good government is a reflection upon the intelligence or the patriotism of the man who is responsible for the order.

At this time the rule can be used to discriminate against Democratic papers, but under a Democratic administration the same rule might be used to discriminate against Republican papers. The fact that it is just now used to discriminate against Socialistic papers does not alter the case. The Commoner is not an advocate of the doctrines supported by THE CHALLENGE and the Appeal to Reason, but The Commoner is an advocate of free speech and of a free press, and it does insist that discussion is the only means of arriving at the truth. If an editor has anything to say in regard to political principles or public policies let him say it. If his reasoning is sound, his cause will grow; if his argument is faulty, his cause will fail. Let him

appeal to public opinion; before that court all questions are finally settled, and we must assume that under free discussion they will be settled right. If a man reads a paper and likes it, he ought to be permitted to subscribe for it for his neighbor; if his neighbor accepts the paper he is a subscriber as much as if he paid for it himself. It he does not want the paper he can refuse to receive it, and then the paper can not be counted in the list of legitimate subscribers.

It is necessary that we should have laws defining and limiting the postal privileges, but in construing them the department should observe the spirit of the laws and not pervert them to suit the whims or prejudices of the man at the head of the department.

I take pleasure in reproducing Mr. Bryan's two editorials and can assure him that the suggestion contained in his letter that a marked copy be sent to every Congressman will be acted upon. However, I have little faith that the present Congress will ever do much toward re-establishing a free press in the United States. I had a good illustration of what one can expect from them in my reply from Senator Bard, who is the United States Senator from Southern California. I wrote him the story of the suppression of my paper, and added that inasmuch as I was a citizen of Southern California, I looked to him as being especially my champion. The Senator replied that his "official duties" were so heavy that it was impossible for him to take the matter up. To my second letter enquiring if he did not consider the protection of the liberty of the press a part of a Senator's duties, the Senator wisely made no reply. I have already sent full particulars of my case to every single member of Congress, and not a single one has had the courage to take the matter up.

Mr. Bryan says he "expects to bring the matter to the attention of Congress." I hope he has better grounds for his expectations than I had. Does Mr. Bryan ever consider that their "official duties" might prevent them from letting even him from awakening their attention?

However, in the case of Senator Bard I might explain that he really has some "official duties" which are taking up all his attention just now. The Senator owns many acres in California devoted to the growing of sugar beets. Just now there is a possibility that the present sugar tariff may be so modified, owing to the Cuban danger, that the Senator's income may thus be considerably curtailed. President Roosevelt is already committed for a lower tariff and if Senator Bard should do anything towards bringing my matter before Congress he knows that this would not help him change the President's mind. Preserving one's self by sugar or any other old way is a natural law, thinks our California Senator. Therefore, one Bard is not singing for sweet liberty.

Bard has no business being Senator anyway—he stole his election by means of a political trade, from the man who had a right to a clear title to the seat if money paid down can give a clear title to anything in this world.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

The Daily News (London) in speaking of the rubber trade on the Congo, says: "The unspeakable horrors narrated by Captain Burrows —the payment of cannibal workers by corpses, the horrible mutilation of workers—all these things are even worse than the slave trade. Slavery is in history the first step in the emergence from mere massacre; and now in Central Africa we seem to have got back to the first stage."

This is horrible, but it makes not much difference to a man whether he suffers slow death in a sweater's den in New York, or a more sudden one on

the Congo. There are more ways than one of converting human corpses into gold.

In Africa the transmutation is through the rubber trade, in this country there is more than one trade where there is money made by making corpses out of men. Not to mention the clothing trade and white lead business, I may say that the manufacture of rubber shoes has a process in it which is deadly to the operatives.

In Africa they are very crude in their way of murdering for gain, but they are in the "crude" rubber trade. Here, when we work the refined rubber we have a correspondingly more refined method of murder. Slow death by phosphorous poisoning is our method of giving the happy despatch to our rubber workers.

EUROPE BROKE IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

IT is strange how men can come so near hitting the mark without ever being aware of their luck. They had a banquet out west the other day and Governor Cummins of Iowa said in answer to the toast,

"The Present Prosperity of the Republic—What are the Essentials to its Continuance?"

"I might with brevity and accuracy, if not with propriety, say of 'The Present Prosperity of the Republic—What are the Essentials to its Continuance?' McKinley brought it, Roosevelt will keep it; Republicanism achieved it, and Republicanism will continue it: or, indulging in a glittering generality, it sprang from good government and will continue with good government.

"Recognizing, however, that this is a non-partisan meeting, I appreciate the necessity of presenting what I have to say without a label, and I perfectly understand that a diplomatic paraphrase of the plain statement already made is required.

"Let us first attend to definitions. Prosperity is a comparative term, and does not imply the furious pace of the last three years. Twenty-five years under existing conditions would bankrupt every country in Europe and make the United States the industrial and financial master of the world. Confident as I am of the superior quality of American brains and the greater potency of American energy, I am not prepared to predict the absolute extinction of our adversaries in the commercial war, the lines of which are now for the first time clearly drawn. Therefore, when I speak of prosperity I have in mind a reasonable, moderate, but constant advance that will keep us well at the head of the march, but will not completely exhaust our competitors in their efforts to keep in the procession."

This reminds me of an old cat advising her kittens to play with the mouse as long as they could for nobody knew when they might get another one. Governor Cummins advises not to be too rough on poor old Europe for if we push her too rapidly she will die on our hands, and then we will have killed the goose that lays our $600,000,000 golden egg every year. Well, Governor, that is exactly my point; only I say that there is no way of our preventing our manufacturers pushing Europe too hard and she is sure to die on us. What with the expense attending her funeral, together with the loss of our best customer, America is going bankrupt as a dead certainty.

You, Governor, were expected to tell us in your speech how we are to "peruate prosperity." You made a dismal failure of it. You did, it is true, warn us that we could not expect to continue going on as we are now and have any hope for the perpetuation of prosperity, but you certainly did not throw any light upon how we are to either help Europe or ourselves out of our dilemma. However, Governor, I don't blame you. There is no way of averting universal bankruptcy.

It is said that Americans are negotiating to supply Paris with gas.

PLUTOCRACY AND ART.

TODAY our rich Americans are largely the autocratic owners of art galleries in this country. If there is one thing to be owned by the public it is the work of art. While we do not class bibliomaniacs as necessarily artists, yet we sympathize somewhat with the despair and disgust of H. Pene du Bois when he writes thusly in the New York Journal:

"Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt is not a book lover. I know this because he has written to A. J. Bowden, wisest of bibliotaphs, this letter: "Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your letter. I am unable to give you any information on the matter you mention. Very truly, ALFRED G. VANDERBILT." The "matter" is that Cornelius Vanderbilt III had a copy of the Bay Psalm Book; that it may have been burned in the fire that destroyed the Breakers at Newport; that all the book lovers in the world have an interest in the copy of the Bay Psalm Book that Cornelius Vanderbilt III had.

He paid for it $1,200 at the sale by auction, in 1878, of the collection of books formed by George Brinley of Hartford. It was the first book printed in New England. Mr. Brinley's copy had the distinction of being the only perfect one in a private library. It is an octavo. The title page says: "The Whole Booke of Psalmes Faithfully Translated into English meter. Whereunto is prefixed a discourse declaring not only the unlawfulness, but also the necessity of singing Scripture Psalmes in the Churches of God. Cambridge, Stephen Daye, 1640."

The "Bay Psalm Book" might just as easily have been one of the real art treasures of the world and lost through the ignorance and stupidity of Custodian Vanderbilt.

FROM AN ANGLOPHOBE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3, 1902.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE,

So long as you publish WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE on English soil, do not send it to me.

Yours, J. W. COCHRAN.

Here is a pretty how do you do.

Roosevelt says I can't publish on American soil, and Cochran won't read me unless I do.

Suppose I send you, Mr. Cochran, a little rubber stamp, "Published on American Soil," so you can stamp WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, the London Times, The Spectator, The Contemporary Review, and other foreign periodicals, and so fool yourself to educate yourself.

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY.

THERE is such a thing as being in luck, and it seems that I have struck my streak. It is not so many moons ago when to breathe a word except in adoration of President Roosevelt was, to certain people, almost like referring slightingly to the Deity. Hence when I made my first protest at the President's action in suppressing my paper it was uphill work gaining the ear of the public. It is true his little dinner with Booker Washington put the Southerners in a receptive mood, but the boorish insult to the veteran Gen. Miles and the resulting hostility aroused by the powerful Miles-Dewey-Schley contingent has made the very opening I needed in the Strenuous One's armor. One more Roosevelt break and Wilshire may be invited to return to the United States.

A PURE FOOD CO-OPERATION.

THE Socialis of Chicago have started a co-operators institution for supplying members with pure food at cost price. Orders will be filled from any part of the United States.

It is a good plan, and should succeed if managed right. Anyone may join the institution by sending $5 to C. H. Kerr, Treasurer, 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

CURRENT CARICATURE

IT is a matter of history that our politicians no sooner determine that the tariff must never again be interfered with than certain unexpected exigencies are always sure to arise and make a change absolutely necessary. The triumphant re-election of President McKinley was taken to be the final seal of approval by the people that the high tariff was all right, and it became almost treason for anyone to suggest any modification.

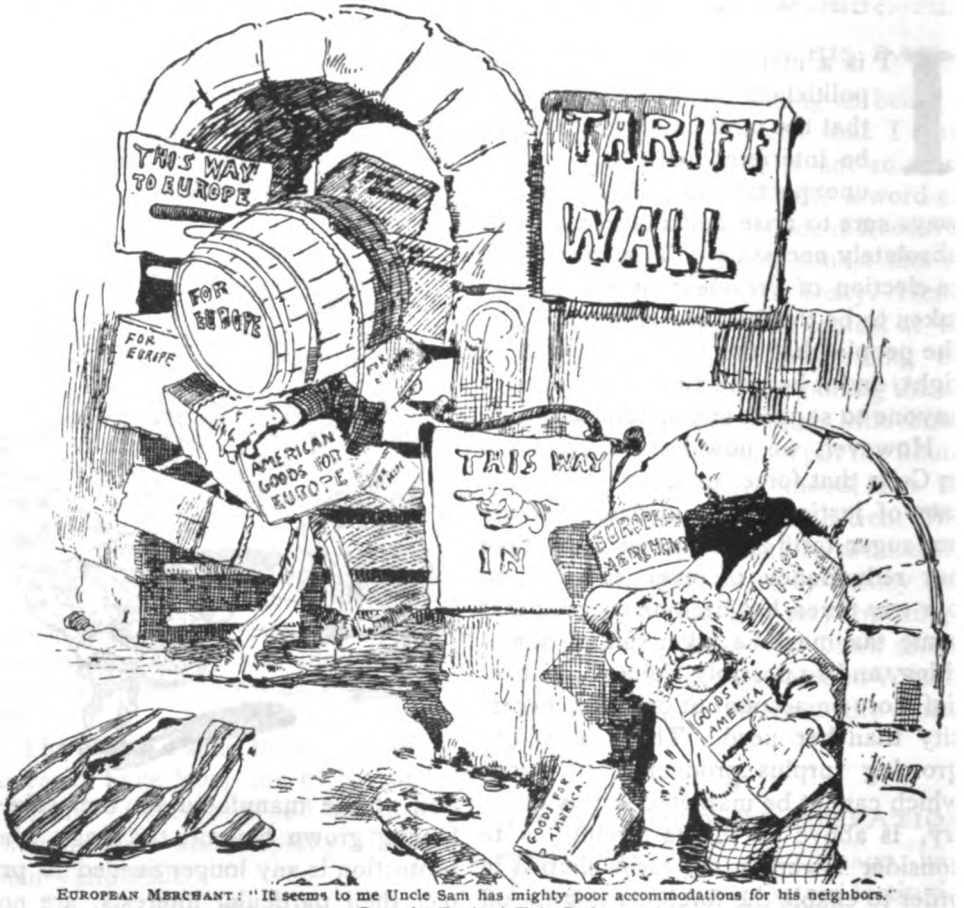
However, we now have a condition in Cuba that forces us, from every dictate of justice and prudence, to lower our sugar tariff; and at the same time our redundancy of revenue, owing to our war taxes, has become so great that some tax must be taken off of something, and so possibly Cuba will get relief more on account of our own necessity than her need. Then, also, our growing surplus production of goods which cannot be marketed in this country, is above all things forcing us to consider lowering the tariff simply in order to enable the foreigner to trade off some of his surplus for some of our surplus.

When the protectionist had simply the consumer to contend against, he had easy victories at the political game. There were a million consumers to an hundred manufacturers, but the latter more than made up for their lack of numbers by a perfect organization and unlimited resources. However, the day has past when the unorganized mob of consumers is the only foe the protected manufacturers must meet. A large sec-

tion of the manufacturers themselves, having grown beyond the stage when protection is any longer needed to protect their particular interests, are now either luke-warm in their advocacy of protection, or what is still more dreadful, are actually deserting that doctrine altogether and are going over to the enemy. It is true they have not been so wholly lost to shame, considering their previous record, as to have actually become avowed free-traders, but they have

enrolled under the banner of reciprocity which is quite as bad in the eyes of the old guard of hide-bound protectionists.

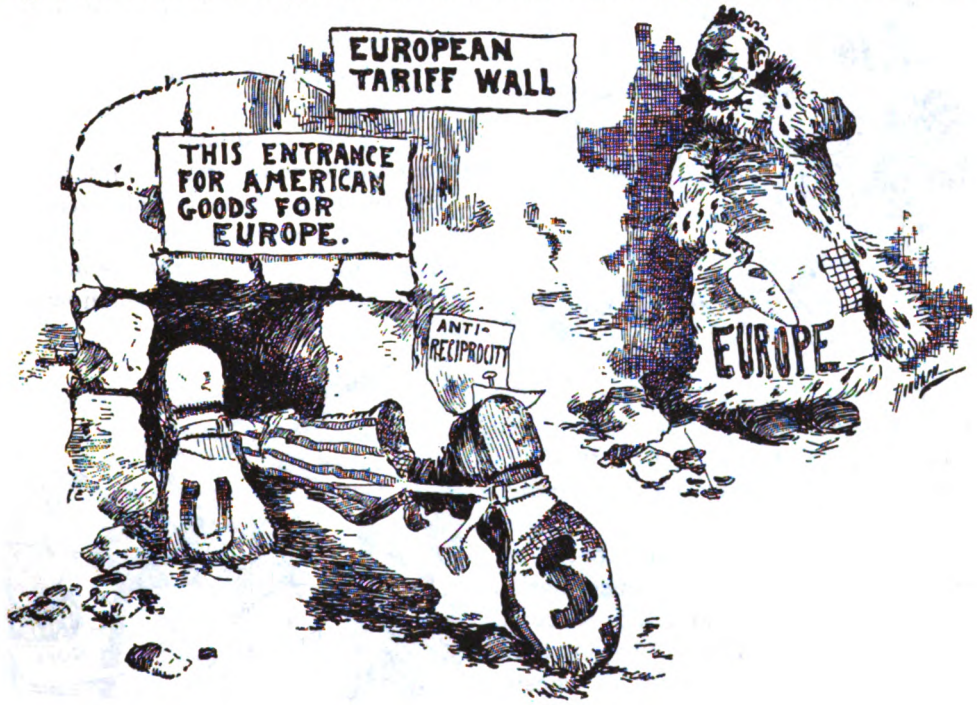
That this idea is becoming popular is shown by the current cartoons of the daily press, one of which here given indicates the terror of the high protectionists lest the exuberance of the "trade boom" young man disturb old Father Tariff from his siesta.



EUROPEAN MERCHANT: "It seems to me Uncle Sam has mighty poor accommodations for his neighbors."
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is true that just at present it would seem that Germany, France and England, not being able to grow enough to feed their population, would be forced to let in American food-stuffs. Probably this is only partially true. There is no question but that those countries could raise an enormous amount of food-stuffs more than they do at present if trade conditions made it profitable to do so. It is not that their soils will not produce more food, but that there is more money for the capitalist in directing labor into channels other than agriculture. If Germany passes her "hunger duty" tariff bill it will be a move to test this theory. It is true that such a tariff, by making the cost of food higher, will force the German manufacturer to pay his laborers more if he wishes to keep them alive, and it is also true that the higher wages are the more difficult it will be for him to export his goods to foreign markets, but even ad-

mitting this, it does not dispose of the matter. Germany might make her tariff prohibitory, and while the result might make exports impossible, yet it is open to argument whether she would not by this policy be better able to meet an unemployed problem than she is at present. A prohibitory tariff would cripple production, but inasmuch as the social disease of today is over-production, a tariff which limits production might act to limit over-production and



to that extent solve the labor problem.

We consider it a rather good joke on the foreigner when we compare the miserable gateway we allow him for crawling into our country with the ample entrance he has provided for Uncle Sam's exports. And yet the advocates of reciprocity contend that with the steadily increasing production of American goods in excess of home consumption the door to European markets, wide as it is, will soon prove totally inadequate to accommodate the traffic that must pass through it with the increasing productive capacity of American manufactories. It is clear that foreigners will be much more disposed to afford Americans better trade facilities if in return they are accorded better means of selling their goods to American consumers. If the foreigner should take a lesson from us and, by raising his tariff, force us down on our hands and knees to sell our goods to him, the result will be more than humiliating. It would mean national bankruptcy for us. The tariff business is a game that two can play at, and it will not be so funny when our foreign competitors discover it, a discovery that is not improbable to be made at any moment. The cartoon showing the stone-mason grinning at his handiwork in reducing the "American entrance" to the mean proportions of the entrance provided by us for European goods, depicts a state of affairs not at all impossible of realization.

Canada is at last awakening to the fact

that she has been getting the small end of the tariff deal between the United States and herself. Last year we sent her 116 million dollars worth of goods while we allowed her to send us but 68 million, and out of that 68 million more than a third was her Klondyke gold. However, notwithstanding the

unfairness of the adjustment of the United States imposing a duty of two dollars against Canada to every dollar she imposes against us, Canada's industries are prospering. Prospering indeed so much that the Americans are buying them all up, much to the consternation of Canadians who thought they could prevent annexation by voting against a political alliance. Vanderbilt doesn't care whether his railroad runs in the dominions of Eddy the Seventh or of Teddy the First. The other day he bought the Canada Atlantic railway from the Canadian owners and is to make it a part of his New York Central system. The Canadian government pays a considerable subsidy to this road which hereafter Vanderbilt will have the pleasure of gathering in.

However, notwithstanding that Canada is prospering even in spite of the poor tariff bargain she has made with Uncle Sam, that is no reason why she is not awake to the fact that there is no reason for her taking crow when she can have the turkey for the asking. Canada will have reciprocity with the United States whenever she threatens to retaliate with a tariff as high as that of the American one now enforced against her but she never will get reciprocity by begging for it. She must demand it.

When reciprocity is discussed from a general standpoint all are agreed that it is a good thing, but whenever it is suggested that the duty upon any one particular commodity be lowered then the manufacturers of that article have no difficulty in proving that it would be the grossest injustice to interfere with them. The cartoon shows the great industries of the country suavely urging the "other fellow" to step up and drink, but it also shows the

cork still undrawn. "You first, my dear fellow," says each of these polite gentlemen to his neighbor. However, the fact that they all agree now that it is just the tonic for the others is a great advance. It is not very long ago when one and all would have solemnly sworn

that "reciprocity" was too rank a poison for any industry to meddle with. When the people learn that freer trade is considered a good thing by those men who only yesterday were telling them that it was a vile thing they may come to the conclusion that a trial of it might be worth the while. Reciprocity is like an apple with a decayed core, rosy but rotten. However we often refuse to believe a thing is rotten without making a test of it, so "reciprocity" may have its day as the other political fads have had theirs.

It is still the correct thing with the rich American youth to have their clothes "made in Lunnon, you know." But Punch scents the day when John Bull may be fashioning his clothes after the Yankee. Fashions are set by the wealthy, and the reason London leads in this regard for men is because that city is the financial centre of the world. The day when New York will step into her place is not now so very distant, and it will not be long thereafter when Dame Fashion will also move her kingdom to this side of the Atlantic.

A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE.—*London Punch*

Imitation is the sincerest flattery and we only flatter those whom we wish to conciliate, those who can help us. The man today who can "help" another is the man with money, and he is the man we naturally will flatter by imitation.

But John Bull is not donning American clothes in order to flatter Uncle Sam. Not by a long shot. He is doing so from necessity. In some cases he has sold his control of a business entirely as in the London underground railway system, and so is in no position anyway to object to the imposition of American styles of running things. In other cases where he has not sold out entirely, he has had to either adopt American methods or lose what he has left. This is strikingly exemplified in the war now going on in the tobacco trade in England. The American Tobacco Co. has entered the English field with its usual aggressive tactics, tactics which it learned in its battle for supremacy in the American market. With its unlimited capital, by tremendous advertising, offering of special discounts to dealers who would handle their goods exclusively and even by buying outright a great number of

the Engilsh retail shops it was on the high road to exterminate the small English tobacco firms. However, the Englishmen saw the danger and have now combined in a $75,000,000 trust to fight the American trust. Now no one would say that this imitating the Americans was done in order simply to flatter them. Nor when the British trust, they call it the Imperial Tobacco Co., takes whole pages in the London dailies to advertise their tobacco where formerly they took a few lines, would anyone think that was done simply to flatter by the imitation. The Americans have taught the English some valuable lessons in the strategy of business exactly as the Boers have taught them some equally valuable lessons in the strategy of war.

The English are simply taking advantage of some valuable but horribly costly lessons and are adopting new fashions of necessity, not choice.

THE BILLION DOLLAR TRUST

By S. G. HOBSON and H. W. MACROSTY

(*An Excerpt*)

WHATEVER may be the ultimate effect of the operations of the Steel Trust so far as regards the growth and final triumph of the free trade idea, the immediate practical fact is that both Great Britain and Germany may at any moment expect keen competition in all departments of the world's steel trade. At the present moment it is true that the American home demand is keeping the steel mills of America fully employed, and for some months British and German steel manufacturers will scarcely feel the full force of American competition. Even three years ago Mr. Carnegie could declare that Europe had become a "dumping-ground" for American surplus; and now it needs only the slightest relaxation of effective demand in the United States to compel the Steel Trust to ship its products to foreign markets. There cannot be the slightest doubt on this point. Already the metal markets in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and London are being affected by the weekly reports which reach us as to the parity between production and demand in the United States. Is there a temporary lull in the American market, then the British manufacturer may expect to hear of prompt quotations from the agents of the American Trust in this country. Prices immediately slacken, sometimes even without substantial reason. The American Steel Trust is a standing threat to a "panicky" British market. If this be so today, when American steel manufacturers are busy with home buyers, what will be the state of the British market when there is a large surplus of American steel over and beyond American needs? This is not precisely a new state of things, for we have had successful American competition in wire products, in structural steel, and in rails prior to the formation of the Steel Trust. We have, however, pointed out that the Steel Trust is, after all, only a combination of combinations. If, therefore, under the smaller combinations, and mainly as the outcome of the American faculty of working co-operatively, American competition has proved itself to be an important factor, this will be much more the case when the combinations themselves have combined and practically eliminated the more wasteful elements of competition. Some of the smaller constituent companies of the Trust, as President Schwab has pointed out, have not been favorably situated in the past for foreign business, since their surplus was too small

to justify the establishment of extensive and expensive foreign agencies. With the consolidation of foreign agencies that disadvantage disappears. We have also shown how the constituent sections of the Trust have ceased to compete with each other, save in the direction of intense emulation to excel in the direction of reducing the cost of production. Through their President, they have avowed their intention of cutting prices to any extent to secure foreign trade in order to keep their mills running full, even if there should be a loss in so doing.* We can conceive nothing more dangerous than for English manufacturers and the English nation at large to ignore the significance of this latest development of industry.

Hitherto the chief difficulty which American manufacturers have had to face has been the maintenance of regular and uninterrupted trade relations with foreign consumers. Americans have lost enormously in the past by capriciousness. One day they would be in the market selling at unheard-of prices, and then for months nothing more would be heard from them. The result of this has been a disposition on the part of consumers to use the Americans only as a convenience; to buy from them only when all else has failed. A successful business connection cannot be built up in this way. Prompt attention to the requests of all possible customers in small as in big things is essential. We understand that the leaders of the Steel Trust are alive to this weakness in their armor, and that for the future their agents in Europe and elsewhere will be able to rely upon selling a fixed quantity of steel, whether market prices serve or not. A certain proportion of the output of the Trust will be allocated to foreign markets to be sold even at a loss, if needs must, for the express purpose of keeping in organic touch with the consumer and of luring him away from the home products to which he naturally turns. This means the thin edge of the wedge; it means that for the future American competition will be a permanent factor. And, of course, immediately the demand in America slackens, this wedge will be driven in farther and farther.

There seems no doubt that Great Britain can produce pig-iron as cheaply as the United States, but it is beyond cavil that under present conditions British manufacturers are behind their American colleagues in the manufacture of tin-plate bars, soft steel billets, plates and strips, and, indeed, of Bessemer steel generally. We are far from blaming the British manufacturer for this. One reason alone largely exonerates him from any blame as to slackness. It is this: the conditions which obtain in British industry are far more complex than they are in America. For example, a British steel maker may today be called upon to roll steel carbonized to a certain proportion; tomorrow, for other purposes, the proportion may have to be altered. The strong position of the American manufacturer lies in the fact that with his specialized plants he is able continuously to roll enormous quantities with the constituent parts in fixed proportions. This disadvantage under which British makers of necessity labor is inherent in the British commercial system. As long as the present system continues, that is to say, as long as habits of isolation

* "When we have as much as we can do at home, as we have today, we are not anxious to sell at low foreign prices; but when our mills are not running steadily, we will take anything at any price, even if there is some loss in so doing, in order to keep running."—PRESIDENT SCHWAB, Evidence before Industrial Commission.

characterize British practice, the difficulty will continue. The United States Steel Corporation, by adapting to manufacture the principle of association, have at one spring left their British competitors behind in this respect. Those who desire to follow up the technical side of the problem in greater detail would do well to study the proceedings of the May meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute. At that meeting a paper was read by Mr. William Garrett, of Cleveland, Ohio, in which a very thorough comparison was made between American and British rolling mill practice. Mr. Garrett's paper is not one which Englishmen will read with any sense of pleasure, any more than Frenchmen may be expected to peruse the details of the Battle of Waterloo with delight. But the statements made by a practical man like Mr. Garrett must be faced, and without delay. In the discussion which followed his paper, the ironmasters present betrayed, more or less consciously, the weakness of their own position. For example, Sir Lowthian Bell discussed the question of capital outlay on works. He remarked that we were in a totally different position from that of the American ironmaster, who was about to erect an entirely new works at an expense, say, of £25,000. He might choose to go to the expense of £25,000 in order to make steel or iron as cheaply as it could be made, so far as mechanical means were concerned. But the English ironmaster was differently circumstanced, because if he spent £25,000 in order to effect that saving, he would have to sacrifice £25,000 he had laid out already, and consequently the American manufacturer had the advantage. Mr. Walter Dixon, in the same discussion, hit upon two points of real importance. Commenting upon the readiness with which Americans will exchange old works for new, he said he had been told by a well-known American manufacturer, a few years before, that they could not make tin-plate at their old works. The American's statement was colossal in its simplicity. "There are the old works; there are six hundred thousand dollars gone there, and if the concern is of any use to you, you can have it; it is no use to us." Mr. Dixon went on to recognize frankly that Americans did, *bona fide*, make money in the manufacture of iron and steel, and that there was really nothing in the charge that they made their money by combinations and Stock Exchange manipulation. The second point made by the speaker was that when visiting works in America he gained the general impression that men under 35 years of age controlled the policy of the iron and steel trade. At the end of the discussion, Mr. Garrett genially remarked that he had come to England to "put a little ginger to the Englishman." It is much to be hoped that the ginger so enthusiastically applied will result in a healthy stimulation.

In dealing then with the United States Steel Corporation as a competitive factor in the world's market, we can only ignore these facts at our peril. We have already seen that the officials of the Trust are agreed upon the importance of cultivating a foreign trade. They admit that their foreign trade in itself is not sufficiently profitable to keep their works going, but they are fully aware that low export prices must be quoted not only in order to secure a foreign trade as a second line of defence in maintaining the home trade, but for the purpose also of systematically tempting foreigners to extend their preference to America rather than to Great Britain or Germany. We do not think

we are overstating the truth when we say that, given continuance of the present conditions in America and the present conditions in Great Britain, the supremacy in the foreign steel trade will rest with America. Foreign trade obviously depends upon the possession (1) of raw materials, (2) of a mercantile marine, and (3) of strong commercial organization. Applying these tests to the Steel Trust, there cannot, we think, be any doubt that the advantage lies with our trans-Atlantic kinsmen. They have certainly got the trade organization, and despite the recent large discoveries of ore in Norway, they have an enormous advantage in the quantity and situation of their ores. Their recent purchases of steamship lines show that they are determined to establish a mercantile marine which will be much accelerated when a system of shipping bounties is introduced, an event likely to occur at a time not far distant. More than all this, they have the will to secure the world's trade and are setting about it with characteristic energy. The new shopkeeper in a district will, in the nature of things, cut prices to attract to himself the trade he desires. The analogy holds good in the larger concerns of commercial life.

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A violent controversy has raged over the capitalization of the American Steel Trust, but we must own to a complete indifference to the exact amount of water in its stock, for only experience of the future can enable us to tell which sect of the prophets is right. If the nominal capital really represents intrinsic value, so much the better for the investors, but whether the concern is fairly capitalized or over-capitalized, the final test of the Trust as a commercial organization will depend, not upon its financial basis, but upon its efficiency as an organization claiming to supply steel and its finished products on the best possible conditions.

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We are thus driven to the conclusion that, whether we are to have in this country a number of trusts in essentials similar to that of the American Steel Corporation, or whether Government intervention in England will take place earlier than in America, the British nation for its own safety cannot permit the continuance of any private monopoly, particularly in a trade so necessary to the national well-being as that of iron and steel. Already the case is made out for the nationalization of railways; it will not be long, we think, before the country will become conscious of a like movement in regard to coal mines, iron and steel works, cotton mills, tin-plate works, and much else. The great value of the Steel Trust is that it comes opportunely as a new model which constructive statesmen in this country can use in working towards a more perfect form. To us the only conclusion must be either nationalization of the iron and steel industry in many respects as it is now, or nationalization a little later when the work of amalgamation has gone on and the English Iron and Steel Trust falls into the national possession as ripe fruit falls from the tree.—The Contemporary Review, Sept., 1901.

IS INDUSTRIAL PEACE AT HAND?

HENRY WHITE.

[Mr. White is the secretary of the United Garment Workers of America and a member of the Industrial Committee of the National Civic Federation.—H. G. W.]

T was an epoch-making event, that gathering of men, few in number, but eminently qualified to represent the vast employing interests of the country, the multitude of workers, and the public in general which met for the purpose of promoting industrial peace the other day at the Board of Trade rooms in this city, under the auspices of the National Civic Federation, says Mr. White in the Independent. Such a conference would not have been possible a few years ago. Until recently employers, and many others as well, were imbued with the feeling that the unions were a menace to industry, a danger to society, and that they constituted an irresponsible power that knew no limit to its demands. While the organized wage workers on the other hand maintained a sullen and defiant attitude, and charged the employing class with being actuated solely by greed. The earnestness with which all the participants in the conference pleaded for peace could come only after the stress and heat of conflict. The workers by virtue of their aggressiveness have commanded recognition, and the employers likewise with equal energy disputed their progress step by step; and so this fervid desire for a better understanding on the part of both. Had a similar conference taken place composed of other men, its object might have been thought Utopian, but the reputation of the men who have seriously undertaken the task of reconciling what may be considered irreconcilable differences places it at least above ridicule.

Before criticism is passed upon the work of the committee appointed, it is well to know that none of the members were so sanguine as to suppose that industrial war is over, that strikes and lockouts and boycotts are of the past; but they all do hold that the waste and damage of the economic conflict can be lessened and the battle fought out in a more humane way. Their declared purpose, in other words, is to get as near a condition of industrial peace as circumstances will permit. Some of the addresses made upon the occasion savored somewhat of the idealistic, and the harmonizing of the interests of capitalist and laborer was treated as if it were simply a matter of "whereas" and a "resolve," but allowances should be made for oratorical indulgence, and the optimistic tone of the speeches, all of which was subsequently qualified in the formal statement of the committee outlining its plan and scope.

In that statement, emphasis is put upon *conciliation* as the means of "establishing rightful relations between em-

ployers and workers." "Mutual agreements as to conditions under which labor shall be performed" is commended, and the committee offers to "act as a forum to adjust and decide upon questions at issue between workers and their employers." Surely this does not smack of the visionary.

The mere formation of such a committee containing men who have led the opposing forces of capital and labor in their strife, is in itself an augury of a brighter future. If it does nothing more than create a more tolerant spirit between employer and employee and stimulate a closer study of economic problems it will justify its existence. The measure of success it meets with in the accomplishment of its ambitious plans will at all times depend upon the confidence which it inspires.

HENRY WHITE.

The prime requisite for the establishment of more wholesome relations between the capitalist and wage worker is more frankness and a better understanding as to the character of the relationship which exists. To fall into one another's arms, to avow friendship, to express regret at the injury which has been done, would not alter the facts of the situation. Workingmen will continue to demand more pay and the employer will naturally oppose them. The readiness and ability of the workman to fight will, as usual, largely determine the amount of their wages or their share in the product. As that share is a variable quantity, wages which are considered equitable at one time may become inadequate at another time. The compensation of unorganized or organized workmen is fixed by the least they can be made to take; and the standard of living they are accustomed to determines that limit. Even unorganized workingmen receive more wages than they otherwise would where their latent power of creating trouble is feared and where there is a likelihood of their joining a union under pressure. This is why the militant aspect of the labor organizations will under all conditions be retained. Hence there is no prospect, as some newspapers said, of a general "disarmament." The first step toward it will not and cannot be made by the employer, because his position is naturally a fortified one. Individually he can always cope with his organized employees, and only as they are united can they treat with him upon more even terms.

We can all agree that there is and should be harmony between capital and labor, inasmuch as both are indispensable to production. But when it comes to dividing the proceeds, there is the rub. We can also agree that the larger the product through the employment of labor-saving methods, the better, as there will be more to be divided, but again the question of the division. This is the pith of the problem. Altho there is natural harmony between capital and labor, the interest of capitalist and laborer are by no means identical, but as both must somehow get along together, the friction should be reduced to a minimum. Such being the situation it does not exclude the element of justice or fair dealing. A Conciliation Committee, with the confidence of the community and composed of men possessing practical knowledge of industrial affairs, can therefore aid in mitigating this antagonism, in preventing avoidable conflicts, in bringing about a *truce*—I use the word truce because the understanding can only be temporary. The mutual agreements recommended by the Committee could only apply for a limited period, and the terms of the agreement must for the most part depend upon the combative capacity of the laborers.

What is implied by the term peace is capable of a wide construction. As ordinarily used it is a mere platitude, and I regret to say was mentioned in that sense by some of the speakers at the conference. It is the meaning given to the word which is significant, for every right minded person favors industrial peace in preference to war; even the employer who seeks to crush a union in order to rid himself of its interference, has that object in view. It is the quality of peace desired which is supremely important. Is it the peace due to passiveness, dependence, or subjection; or the peace which comes as the result of mutual concessions obtained through the ability of the workers to assert themselves? Tranquility, altho the happiest state, under normal conditions, is not an end in itself any more than war; it is the purpose that it serves which is to be considered. There is a quietude even more dreadful than war, and that is submission to injustice. A revolt under provocation is often a glorious vindication of human nature. The advancement of the working class from their historic servitude can alone be attributed to the power of resistance which they gradually acquired, and which was promoted by the extension of education through which they were enabled to act in concert. It will thus be seen that the workers had literally to fight their way upward, not only to wrest concessions from the employing class, but also to secure recognition from society. If history teaches anything, it is that an unresisting class has always been a subject class. The evil, therefore, was not in the fighting, but in the conditions which made a recourse to such desperate means essential to the preservation of the race. The very strife we have gone through is the evidence of virility. The healthiest state is where neither side has such a commanding advantage that one can afford to ignore the other or disregard public sentiment. It is under circumstances like these that there is a disposition to meet and discuss and adjust differences upon their merits; and a committee of the character appointed can assist powerfully in creating a *wholesome* peace.

[Mr. White says that, "the healthiest state is where neither side has a commanding advantage." Capital is the weapon we all depend upon and until all are equally armed with capital of necessity the battle must lean to those having capital as opposed to those who do not. Hence to avoid one side having a commanding advantage, capital must be equally held and this can only be accomplished by national ownership or socialism. Pending this, however, the trade-unionism advocated by Mr. White offers the simplest method for labor to obtain a fuller share of what it produces.—H. G. W.]

SYMPATHY FROM AN EXILE *of* RUSSIA

HIS EXILÆ-ENCY, H. GAYLORDSKY WILSHIREOFFKOVICH,
Martyr-Editor of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, Formerly of New York.
(DENIED SECOND-CLASS ENTRY FOR BEING A FIRST-CLASS MAGAZINE.)

MY DEAR SIR AND COMRADE:—

Misery loves company. Let us embrace each other in pure Russian style, for I too am an exile from a country that was once my fatherland which I loved, and still love, so well. Though I hail from Darkest Russia where the people have for centuries been trodden under the iron heel of cruel tzarism, without a single ray of liberty to cheer them, and *you*, my dear sir, are a native-born citizen of a free republic, whose foundation was laid over a century ago as a consequence of a glorious victory over tyranny by the heroes of the revolution, yet there is a striking similarity between my case of twenty years ago and your case of the present day. Let me show the points of similarity in parallel columns:

1—The Russian government came to the conclusion that MY ideas and their dissemination among the people were "dangerous" to the existing order of things in Russia.	1—The United States "authorities" (a big word, isn't it?) in Washington and the Trusts came to the same conclusion concerning YOUR ideas which you were disseminating in America.
2—Not being able to fasten on me the actual commission of any other political crime than thinking independently and sharing my thoughts with my fellow-men, the Russian "authorities" and "under-under-authorities" resorted to their usual "dog-worrying" methods, harassing me in every possible way, with the view to either having me give up my objectionable ideas or, under the provocation of annoyance, commit some overt act that would justify them in stopping my "thinker" in royal Muscovite fashion.	2—Not being able, evidently, to find in your possession any other "bombs" than "ideas," they have resorted to the Russian methods of harassing you to suppress both THE CHALLENGE and the Challenger.
3—Finding that I could not very well stop my thinking apparatus myself, and not feeling inclined to trust the delicate job to my friends, the Russian authorities, I went into voluntary exile and emigrated to America.	3—But as you could not well afford to let them succeed in their design, you went into voluntary exile to push your challenges to Trusts more vigorously than ever, even though it required you to submit to banishment.

The similarity of the two cases is almost perfect, and I call on any Fourth of July orator to prove that it is not. That a young republic only a little over a hundred years old, a republic with its celebrated Declaration of Independence and its vaunted Constitution, should so soon, and in this age of freedom, deteriorate to the barbaric standard of a despotic monarchy is food for melancholy thought. It is a national humiliation and you have emphasized it in a striking

manner in the title-page of your January number of your magazine, bearing the coat of arms of Great Britain with the printed inscription, "'I' Be Now Under Protection of The British Crown."

A native-born American citizen, seeking redress under the protection of the King of England for a wrong done to him, or a right denied him in his own country in violation of its Constitution! What irony of fate! My poor Uncle Sam! Who are they, these would-be "authorities" who thus bring disgrace upon your head? They are patriots for revenue only. They abuse the power of office, into which, by hook or crook, they manage to get through a trap-door. They divert the course of the nation's progress to their selfish ends, and class interests, violating the laws in the name of the law. No wonder they cannot stand a CHALLENGE! And a Wilshire at large, going through the country and preaching the Truth of a higher social order is a trouble unto them; they fear their own drugged conscience might be roused and their peace of mind gone. To prevent this they do not hesitate to attempt suppression of free speech and a free press, and if they dare not do that directly, by means of an established censorship and police surveillance *a la* Russia, they attempt it indirectly by throwing obstructions in a man's way under all sorts of false charges and misinterpretation of the law.

Electricity, accumulated in the summer sky, is bound to break out in thunder and lightning. So too, ideas, marking an epoch in the historical development of human affairs, are bound to sweep society no matter what some individuals may desire. It is even so in your case, my dear Wilshire, and the Post-office authorities in Washington must have already found it out. Permit me to congratulate you on the victory you have scored in the combat for the principle of a free press. It was a brilliant move taking the publication of the magazine to Toronto, and making the cover page tell the whole incident. I hope that you will, ere long, be visited by a delegation from the "second-class" Washington "authorities" who will offer you an apology and ask you to come back into the nation of Fourth of July memories. Meanwhile, my dear brother-exile, you have got to put up with the banishment in the Queen's own hotel, and try to bear your martyrdom with the stoicism of a real *fiction* martyr on the cross, hallowed by a wreath of thorns. If you could walk bare-footed a la Tolstoi, cobble shoes in the winter, and raise your own potatoes in the summer, the subscription to WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE would jump to the million mark, and a company would soon have to be organized to meet a tremendous demand for Wilshire's photograph buttons. Yes, the outlook is very bright! Sing, my brother, sing.

"Fear not, fail not, light will lead us yet in safety to our home." And yet the subject seems so painful that I cannot speak on it much longer. It seems, I feel it in my very throat, as though I would be choked with tears, if they only would come on. Somehow not a single salty drop will appear to drop over the Queen's hotel quarters of an American citizen. Instead sorrowful scenes of martyrdom in the homes of millions in both my old and new fatherlands dim my eyes. I remain yours in the cause of humanity, JOSEPH PARVIN.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, FEB. 6, 1902.

THE TREND of EVENTS

A Famous Bond Case.

EASTERN bond-holders are almost sure to lose $1,600,000 which is due them from St. Clair county, Missouri, including the interest on the county's issue of railroad bonds made twenty-five years ago. The indications are that the bonds will never be paid and, moreover, that there will be devised some means of releasing the county from the indebtedness, even though there stands against it a judgment for the full amount at stake. The case is the most famous in the West and has recently become of more than usual interest, owing to the crisis in the county's affairs resulting from the inability of the county judges to disburse the annual taxes. One judge is in hiding and two have been in jail. One of the latter, in order to purge himself of contempt of court offered to vote for a tax levy to pay the judgment, but could get no signatures to his bond. Then he resigned and another will be chosen to take his place. This new judge will join the one in hiding and somewhere in the woods they will transact the county's business until one or both is captured and lodged in jail. Some of the judges have been in jail for twenty years, and when one is elected it is to go to jail as soon as he is caught. This they do stoically and the farce is repeated every year of trying to force them to obey the court's order and vote a tax levy. The origin of the issue dates back to the early seventies when the West went wild over railway building. The Clinton & Neosho road wanted bonds for building through St. Clair county. There was objection from the county judges so it was done by petition, signed by a majority of the taxpayers, and the bonds, $250,000, were issued. The bonds were sold to New York investors and with the money the road was begun. Some grading was done and then the company failed. That was all ever accomplished, and when the interest coupons were presented the county refused to pay on the ground that it got nothing for the bonds. Suit was brought and carried to the United States Supreme Court, always with the same result, a judgment for the bondholders. Finally the county judges were ordered to make a levy to pay the judgment. They refused and were sent to jail for contempt of court. That was twenty years ago, and judges have been in jail ever since. As the term of one judge expired he was released and then the United States deputies went on a hunt for the new man. Most of the time only one judge has been in jail, the other two doing the business of the board.

The people are in earnest in refusing to pay the bonds. They shield the officers. The deputy marshals who come to the county have to be disguised in order to be safe from assassination. They pretend to be book-agents, fruit-tree salesmen and other things that will throw the people off the track of their real business. Several have been attacked and have been glad to escape with their lives. So of the judges—one that would seek to issue the tax levy to cover the debt would never live. The county is in debt in other ways, and the feud has hindered its progress grievously, but the citizens grow more determined as the years go on. They are practically of one mind—that the bonds shall never be paid in part or whole. There is being considered a plan for disorganizing the county and attaching the territory to adjoining counties in order to escape the responsibility of the debt. It is doubtful if this will be done. The more likely course will be for the legislature to pass a relief act that will give the county opportunity

to escape fully. Just what can be done is not certain, but there is a strong sentiment in the West and throughout the state that these people have been made to suffer enough for their error of early days. They have fought for over a third of a century and deserve respite. The original bondholders are not all alive. The present holders are willing to discount the debt and have made several proposals to the county, all of which have been turned down with scorn. There is unquestionably in some parts of the newer West a repudiation sentiment that comes from such instances as this. Towns that have issued bonds for schemes that were failures refuse to pay the debt. Promoters have secured bonds for chimeras that were to make everybody rich, and when the bonds came due the people refused to pay, though of right they ought to do so. The usual method, however, of spending the money was to do it with the full co-operation of the town in the boom days and there was no chance for pleading ignorance. Several such cases are now in the courts, in almost every case the verdict being against the defendants. There is then, a special assessment, and with much ill-will the debt is finally wiped out at a large cost to the people and an expensive suit to the bondholders. These cases are more likely to be brought in the far western counties where population fluctuates and the wealth that warranted the issuing of bonds each year was not present when there came a day of reckoning. A higher standard is being set these days and bonds are issued on no such wild-cat propositions as were common during the early days.—From a letter in the Unite l States Investor.

Senator Hoar Speaks.

We cannot abandon free speech or constitutional liberty for fear of Guiteau or Czolgosz. We may as well desert our habitations in our beautiful fields or on the banks of our rivers and lakes, because science has discovered that the mosquito carries on his sting a poison fatal to human life. The restraining of free speech and of the free press, disagreeable as are their excesses, must come in the main from the individual sense of right and not by law. Let it be understood, as a most important and practical lesson for the State, that while political sentiments and political measures are to be denounced if they seem dangerous to the State, or contrary to righteousness or justice, or constitutional liberty, with the most unsparing fearlessness, yet that the arrogant demand of any man to penetrate the individual soul of his neighbor, and to judge of his motives or personal worth, by what seems to be the error of his political opinions, is that presumptuous and arrogant Phariseeism which excited to its sublimest wrath the gentle spirit of the Savior of mankind. It was the publican and not the Pharisee who went back to his house justified rather than the other. "Judge not that ye be not judged" is the divine command. And the divine penalty is that "with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged."

Mr. Dooley Explains Madden.

"YE see," said Mr. Dooley, "'tis like this: The thirr-rd assistant postmaster gineral arrives at his office i' the morr-rning and he sees a copy of WILLSHOOR'S MAGYZINE forninst his disk. 'What,' siz he, 'is that ondacent and rivolutionary orrgan doin' in me office?' he siz. 'It has a purple cover wid red frogs' legs upon it,' he siz. 'Take it up with the tongs,' he siz, 'and trun it out o' the sicond-class bag,' he siz. 'Call me stinographist, he siz, 'and Oi will write a adict,' he siz. 'Ar-rr-re ye ready?' he siz. 'Adict thorty-three hoondred and sivinty-wan of this day and date herewith, s. s., take notis: To all poshtmasthers to whom these prisints may come—bad scran to ye, have ye got thot?' he siz. 'Ye have? Thin go on,' he siz. 'It is hereby ordered that no publication shall be excluded from th' sicond-class save and excipt such as are already admitted thereto,' he siz, 'and that all other publications excipt those so excluded shall be admitted upon payment of the proper rates of postage, onless,' he siz, 'the rates of postage previously paid shall be higher than thim demanded of publications,' he siz, 'which ar-re not yit admitted to the sicond-class mails under the resthricting clauses of the prior r-rulin's covering this and similar subjicts, but which,' he siz, 'have no bearing upon the exclusion from the sicond-class mails,' he siz, 'except thim of which the same or similar rates ar're not to be demanded,' siz he, 'before publication or afther the publication has ceased to exist.'"—The Book and News-Dealer.

A Municipal Telephone.

THE City of Glasgow seems determined to keep the lead in the municipal control of public franchises, and also in the general excellence of the services furnished. The telephone system installed and operated by the municipality is said to be the best and most efficient in operation at the present time. Full advantage has been taken of every invention and improvement available, and not only the central exchange and the house and office equipment, but the outside plant and all appurtenances are thoroughly modern. The central exchange, although capable of accommodating 12,000 subscribers, was laid out originally for only 10,000, and a multiple board of that capacity was designed and installed. The connections are so designed that the operators have no means of listening to conversation, and the privacy desired by subscribers is an accomplished fact. The system is so composed that there is no overhearing between line and line, and as the operators cannot tap the line the subscribers are assured against eaves-dropping of every kind. Subscribers ring each other's bells, thus distributing over the whole city work which, if concentrated in the switch-room, would sensibly interfere with the rapidity of making connections.

In the central districts of the city the entire outside work is underground, the cable wires being taken through conduits, and the wires to offices and houses being carried under the pavements. The conduits are of three-inch cast-iron pipe. There are sufficient spacious manholes with ventilating covers and trapped drains connecting with the sewerage system. In the outlying parts of the city, although the underground conduits and cables are employed on all main routes, the wires to the houses of subscribers are strung on poles. These are all constructed with due regard for taste, safety and convenience. It is only a few months since the formal opening of the system, and the installation is not yet complete. But the work is going ahead rapidly, and the people are not obliged to sleep on their arms for fear some right will be encroached upon or some advantage will be secured in the interest of an enfranchised corporation. The object of every move is to give the public the best available service, and it will no doubt be fully accomplished. The perpetual bickering of corporate management is fortunately absent.—Globe, Toronto.

Madden's Attempted Shuffle.

As a general rule the press in the United States is apt to suppress much of any mention of any arbitrary acts of the Post office as every paper feels that any such expression on its part may lead to an act of reprisal against it by the department. It's very extraordinary, this latter day Reign of Terror.

However, some of the papers in the South still show something of the old-time fearlessness of the press that we hear so much about and see so little of. This is what the Virginian-Pilot (Dem.) of Norfolk, dares to say:—

A singular spectacle is presented by E. C. Madden, Third Assistant to the Postmaster-General, explaining that his recent ruling in regard to second-class matter had reference only to an "individual case" and ordering postmasters to "immediately notify all publishers in their respective cities that statements made" by a Chicago publishing house are "untrue and misrepresent the attitude and purpose of the Department." Mr. Madden continues that "when general rulings are made they are published in this bulletin for the information of the public and all postmasters."

We should like to know what business Mr. Madden has to be making special rulings and by what authority he makes them? Who confers on him any right of espionage or Press Censorship to be used in "individual" cases and having a bearing entirely apart from the "general rulings" that have been made public in the usual way? If he can make a special ruling and exclude one publication for one alleged irregularity not covered by the general rules, why can he not carry on that process indefinitely and apply it to any publication that may incur his displeasure?

We do not know to what publication Madden refers, nor do we care. We do know, however, that when he pretends that he has confined his activity to one "individual case" he deliberately distorts or conceals the truth. We know of at least three publications that he has attempted to suppress—one in Kansas, one in New York, and one in Milwaukee—by arbitrarily denying

them second-class rates. He has, in fact, constituted himself an offensive and meddlesome ass, selecting for his victims publications that he thought could be attacked with safety. He has singled out publications teaching Socialistic doctrines and has systematically set about outlawing them by excluding them from second-class mail privileges, contrary to the law.

For such publications we care nothing at all. We have no sympathy with their doctrine or their cult. But what we do care for is that a departmental understrapper should undertake to establish A PRECEDENT that would apply to all newspapers alike. In this particular case, Madden explains that the publication he excluded from the mails "was carrying an enormous list of expired subscription which were largely first induced by premiums." Granted that the fact is as stated, if Madden can exclude a publication for having ten thousand such subscribers, he can exclude it for having one single such subscriber. The principle is precisely that outlined by the Chicago publisher to whom Madden is replying, to wit: the right to forbid the publisher to extend credit to a subscriber. That the privilege is abused we admit, but the right to withdraw it from one carries with it the right to withdraw it from all. The result would be that country publishers who do a large credit business would enjoy the privileges of the mails ONLY AT THE SUFFERANCE OF THE POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT.

Madden's undignified and hypocritical shuffle in this case is in keeping with his career before and since he took office. He was fitted for his position, we believe, by service as a railroad engineer, or was it fireman? and got his office by shamelessly renegading and betraying the interests of organized labor. He has lived up to that odorous beginning by hounding such publications as are particularly objectionable to his new masters, the Hannacrats, arrogating to himself, in the process, inquisitorial powers utterly at variance with the law and precedent in the Department, and the free institutions of our country and the rights of American citizens.

The Virginian-Pilot takes no stock in such Socialistic publications as the "Appeal to Reason" and others that Madden has tried to exclude from the mails. But it recognizes that they have the same right to advocate the principles of Socialism that it has to advocate the principles of Democracy. CERTAINLY IT DECLINES TO BE DECEIVED BY THE LAME AND ASSININE ATTEMPT OF MADDEN TO EXPLAIN THAT HIS RECENT RULING HAD REFERENCE ONLY TO AN "INDIVIDUAL CASE." NOT MUCH.

Decidedly, the country is getting a little more Madden than it contracted for. He is beginning to taste of the can and his early exit from the Department would be a welcome relief to the country at large.

A Second-Class "Third-Class Assistant."

H. G. Wilshire, publisher of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, is making a superb fight against the injustices and outrages of the present Postmaster-General and his assistants. (WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, by the way, is a marvel.) In a recent open letter to the President, published in his magazine, Mr. Wilshire brought out an interesting fact concerning the fitness of the Third Assistant Postmaster-General for his position—the fact that this "expert" on second-class matter is properly and by trade a fireman out of his latitude. To the President Mr. Wilshire said:

"Simply transfer him to some other job where the pay is the same. You ask me where to put him? Well, the only thing he ever made a good record at was firing a locomotive. It is said this is going to be a hard winter. The White House is a drafty old barn, a dangerous place for your children if not kept properly warmed and at an even temperature. What's the matter with appointing Mr. Madden your janitor with especial charge of the White House furnace? If he fired a locomotive he certainly can fire a furnace. By making this transfer you not only provide for the comfort of your family, but you at the same time remove a Third Assistant Postmaster-General who will always be making a fool of your whole administration."—Book and News-Dealer.

Copies of Suppressed Challenge.

We have still left several thousand copies of back number of the suppressed CHALLENGE, and the remainder will be sold, carriage prepaid, at rate of 50 cents per hundred.

They have been over-printed in red "Suppressed by United States Post Office for advertising ideas."

No better propaganda leaflets can be had than these back numbers. The price asked is simply sufficient to pay cost of carriage. Order now, before they are all sold.

Our Postal Cards taken in payment.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PRIVATE PROPERTY.

W. S. VARNUM.

IT IS within the memory of men now living, when to question the justice or wisdom of the competitive-capitalistic organization of Society was the rankest heresy. There are few now, however, who will have the temerity to attempt a complete justification of the existing social-industrial system. It is tacitly admitted that iniquities, injustice, wastefulness and every conceivable crime are bred in and of the competitive system as an essential feature of its development, and demand in most imperative terms, an abatement. But man is inert mentally, as well as physically—which is only a mellifluous way of saying that he is as a rule, lazy—too lazy to think. And so it happens that when driven from an active aggressive defense of the existing conditions, he defiantly asks:—"How are *you* going to change it?"

This change of base by the conservatives of Society should be a source of encouragement to those who may be called the radical element. It shows most conclusively that "The world *do* move." Where we may now find an occasional fossil who will essay a defense of black slavery, a trifle more than a generation ago, it was the rare exception to find anyone who doubted its essential righteousness. It is quite within the limits of possibility, that fifty years from now, the man who will attempt a justification of the more subtile form of wage-slavery that now obtains throughout the civilized world, will be looked upon as a freak whose proper place is in some dime museum.

The century just past has been marked by the most amazing increase in the production of wealth that the world has yet known. This marvelous growth in productive capacity has been achieved under a system of private initiative, aided by a more or less "free competition." It will be the duty of the coming hundred years to perfect the Science of the distribution of wealth as the last has its production.

If we consider numbers alone, there are more hungry, half-clad, ill-sheltered people in the world today than ever before. Coincident with the actual and proportional increase of the means for creature comfort, the gulf between the rich and poor has constantly widened at an accelerating ratio. There is more difference between the extremes of Society today than at any prior time since civilization began. And this too, in spite of the fact that the meanest beggar may now have access to forms of wealth undreamed of by kings a few hundred years ago, or that the production, per capita, of all the good things needed for either man's health or happiness, was never so great as now!

The only logical consistent remedy for this condition of affairs, is that Sys-

tem of Society known as Socialism which is, according to the Standard Dictionary, "A theory of civil polity that aims to secure the reconstruction of Society; increase of wealth and a more equal (equitable) distribution of the products of labor through the public collective ownership of land and capital, and the public collective management of all industries." It is a System that consciously aims and boldly promises to utterly abolish poverty, hunger and want from the earth. It deliberately asserts that it will lay the foundation upon which may be reared that Hope of the sages, and prophets, and patriots and martyrs in all the Ages gone—the Kingdom of God. It not only promises, but its adherents are ever more than willing to give a reason for the faith that is in them, with very little meekness and no fear at all of successful contradiction!

That a change is needed and that one more or less radical is sure to come soon, is generally admitted by thinking men everywhere. The only question is "How?" "How may the transition from the present system of private property be made with the least friction?" Let us examine this word "property." Its essential idea is that of ownership. If I "own" a thing, if it is "mine," may anyone else justly take it from me or question the use I shall make of it? Manifestly not, *if* it is "mine." Just what do we mean then by the term "private property?" In the strict sense, there is no such thing as "private" property. Property in anything, ownership of anything, is purely relative. It has been so ever since the Cave Dweller of the Glacial Age first chose his savage mate and established a family in the home of some wild beast he had slain. An absolute right to—or property in—or ownership of *anything* existed for but one man—Father Adam—and for him only until he took that famous sleep wherein he lost a rib! Before that he was the sole "owner" of the world. When he awoke, he found himself the "owner" of but an undivided half-interest. Shortly after, they "raised Cain" and as a result found their interest cut down to one-third, but still undivided! "Property" is a limited term and has been so regarded from the earliest dawn of history. I shall make bold to say then that in the absolute sense, there is no such thing as "private" property, nor ever has or will be.

I have an absolute right to the work of my hands against any of the individuals of the world, but none at all against the World. It is "mine" as against any one single man, but not before the demand of all mankind. Civilization began when men began to associate and form Institutions. The "institution" is that which differentiates the *genus homo* from all other forms of creation. He alone is the creator of such organisms as the Family, the Church and the State which show him as a *man* and not simply an animal. The Institution is to the collective unit what the body is to the individual. It is the visible manifestation of him in his collective capacity. Now this collective unit, like any other, is greater than any of its parts. Its rights are more vital and far-reaching. And so when any of the "rights" of the individual come in conflict with those of Society, they must always yield. As an individual, as a private individual, if you please—a man has no right that Society may not justly override or even destroy—if the interests of the greater unit seem to demand it. We have been taught to believe that a man has certain "inalienable rights" and so he has, as against

any individual—be he king or peasant—but not against Society. Almost every page of human history is an illustration of this fact, that a man has no right whatever to "private" property in land or child or wife or even life itself,—if the State say it has need of them.

It is one of the curious anomalies of our time that few will deny the right of the State to compel the citizen to set himself up as a target for hostile bullets, yet will hesitate and haggle and cringe when it is proposed that the Community may also take that material wealth upon which all life depends. If we do not question the right of the State to compel a man to give his life, if need be, for its protection or well being, why should it startle us when it is suggested that it may by the same token make such disposition of his (?) property as the good of the people seem to demand? Do we really think that the raiment *is* more than the body, or that food *is* more than the life to which it ministers?

Most parents have given to their child a calf, a chicken, a horse or the like and allowed it to call it "mine." But would they hesitate to resume the actual possession of the gift, if the welfare, the very existence of the family depended on that action? And why should the child complain at the loss of the lesser, if thereby his enjoyment of the greater good is thus made more secure? A "decent respect" for the opinions of the child will, of course, demand that such action shall not be taken lightly or without due thought and consideration; but let it never be forgotten that the right of final disposition lies with the parent and *not* with the child. So in that greater family which we call Society, the ultimate disposition of any form of wealth or any life in the family is subject to the decision of that greatest of the Institutions of Man—the State, and from its judgment there is no appeal.

My first answer then to the query "How may private property become public?" is that in the strictest sense there is no such thing in a civilized or even partly civilized community as "private" property. In the limited sense in which the term is commonly used, it may become "public" at such time—to such extent—and in such manner as Society may dictate. As individuals we may think this or that method ill-advised or unjust. But we are not, and should not be the Court of Last Resort. We can only appeal to the individual members of the Court for a re-hearing.

But Socialists do not rest their cause wholly on such *a priori* grounds. Any reform in order to make headway in the world will do well to adopt as far as may be the means already at hand. And this Socialists always and everywhere do. If we would make all property in fact as it is in theory to be public, we still profess to do it under the forms of law and in strict accordance with its principle. In every civilized community, the *right* of the State to take the so-called "private" property of the citizen for public use is universally acknowledged. This "right"—not simply power—is exercised through the medium of taxation. One of our greatest jurists has declared that "the right to tax carries with it the right to destroy," and this principle has never, to my knowledge, been questioned by the Courts, to say nothing of its denial. If the Government chooses and has the right to take one per cent. of "my" property for public use, is there any logical ground on which it must stop at ninety-nine per cent.?—always provided that the good of Society seems to de-

mand it. "The safety of the people is the supreme law." It is then merely a matter of convincing a majority of the citizens that the interests of all demand the "public collective ownership of the means of production and distribution," and Society may at once and in strict accordance with the fundamental principles upon which it is now organized, proceed to levy such a tax on all private industry as shall render it unprofitable. Or it may single out certain forms of industry, the private management of which is deemed inimical to the public welfare, and tax them out of existence. Or it may even absolutely forbid private enterprise in any or all departments of human endeavor on the same grounds. We already do this in the case of the Post-office, and even go so far as to forbid the citizen to follow the practice of his government in the manufacture of fifty-cent dollars!

All private business is carried on for profit, and in the nature of the case must be. But the State is an impersonal entity that needs neither food, clothing nor shelter. It therefore, and it only, can do business without gain. Such being the case, whenever it enters any field of labor, private enterprise must vacate it for the reason that Society can always produce cheaper than any of its members. I do not say that it always does, but that it always can produce cheaper. It not only can, but it is in the interest of the State to produce as cheaply as possible, and it has no possible motive to sell for more than the actual labor cost of production and distribution. The Government can always produce for *use;* the individual ***must*** always produce for gain. The Community can and does pay higher average wages than private corporations. As soon therefore as it enters any field it will always tend to draw labor from private employers to itself.

But it is labor that makes the "wheels go round" in all departments of industry; and so, all that is necessary to convert "private property" into public property, is that the State shall exercise her undoubted power to offer greater rewards to labor than private enterprise possibly can.

Nor may any upholder of the present system object that this is unjust, for is it not precisely what the "Trust" is doing to the smaller operators every day? And the Trust is the perfectly legitimate child of the social-industrial order which they defend. So common is this that ninety-five per cent. of business men fail before the end of life, and it has passed into a proverb—the heartlessness and brutality of which we seldom think of—that "The big fish eat the little ones." As though this world were merely intended to be a fish pond instead of a home for civilized beings! Some of us again affect to believe that humanity will advance most surely and rapidly, if we take for our rule of action, the motto: "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." But do we stop to think that if we allow His Satanic Majesty to take the "hindmost," it is only a question of time when he will get the *foremost* also? It is a law of human development that we must either "hang together—or hang separately."

Every member of the Community who lives without labor lays additional burden upon those who are not so fortunate! The degree of inheritance, the terms, the limitations, the very existence of the privilege is a mere matter of convenience or expediency. The State may at any time and with entire justice to all declare an end to this privilege, and in much less time than one generation she would have the direct control

of such a property as would make the pigmy "Trusts" like the Standard Oil Co. appear like a tallow dip beside the searchlight of the Oregon. Trusts are a good thing—for those on the inside. Socialism, and ONLY it, could and would let everybody "in on the ground floor." Public office is a good thing—for the office-holder. The Co-operative Commonwealth can and will give to every citizen a permanent public office and so banish from the earth both want and fear of want.

In conclusion:—Society may, at any time a majority become wise enough to consult their own interests, convert all so-called "private" property into public property, (1) by entering into competition with it herself—*a la* the Trusts, (2) by taxing it out of existence, if the public weal seems to demand it, (3) by abolishing the privilege of inheritance. Any of these plans will violate no rule of Society as now organized nor any principle of justice. Neither would it be at all difficult, since all the great industries of the Nation are now managed under the co-operative system. The oil, iron, copper, railroad and the telegraph business; the supplying of the people in all large cities with light, water, transportation are all carried on under the co-operative idea as far as may be. The trouble is that a few cooperate against the many, instead of all co-operating in the interest of all. The merely mechanical work of the New Order is mostly done to our hand. It only requires that we have a trifle less courage than had the Children of Israel and we may at once go up and possess the Promised Land.

U. S. vs H. G. W.

R. W. SUTHERS.

(*In The Clarion, London, England.*)

SOCIALISM in America has received a gratuitous advertisement at the hands of one of its Civil servants, an official of the post-office, by name Madden.

I say Socialism, but I ought to couple with the cause the name of H. Gaylord Wilshire, editor and owner of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, late editor and owner of the defunct CHALLENGE, a weekly paper out of whose ashes the monthly magazine mentioned has arisen, like the phœnix, to do battle with the trusts from behind the tail of the British Lion.

Mr. Madden, on behalf of the United States Government, has suppressed THE CHALLENGE. But Mr. Madden and the United States Government had not a humpty dumpty to deal with in the person of H. Gaylord Wilshire.

An account of events which have led up to the murder of THE CHALLENGE and the flight of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE to the protection of the British Empire may be interesting.

Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the name and fame of H. Gaylord Wilshire. I blush to own that until I saw THE CHALLENGE last year I knew him only as an old subscriber on the Clarion books.

Some ten years ago I believe he resided in England, and lectured and wrote for Socialism, and I think some one told me a while ago that he stood as a candidate for parliamentary infamies; but, as he is an American citizen, I suppose I must be mistaken.

(But he was not. I am American by my birth and English by my granddad's birth.—H.G.W.)

It is curious how you form mental portraits of people. When I used to receive Mr. Wilshire's orders for the Clarion to be posted to Los Angeles, California, I pictured him as a mild, beneficent old gentleman, with white whiskers. Instead of which, he is in appearance much like a blend of the Prince of Wales and myself. I suspect he has blue blood in his veins. It will out in the whiskers.

I gather from the few copies of THE CHALLENGE I have seen that Mr. Wilshire has lectured and written about Socialism for the last fifteen years in this country and America, but it is safe to say that he never collected so much fame in the first fourteen years as in the last one, or did so much to advertise Socialism—and, incidentally, H. Gaylord Wilshire.

How, in the course of twelve months, has a Socialist been able to earn such cometary notoriety? In the answer to this question we shall also learn how it happens that in the Land of Freedom, where "the Eagles of the Great Republic laugh ha! ha!" in the face of that accursed animal with gore-stained whiskers, whose rampant cruelty and fiery lust have ever been a scourge, a torment to the world"—how it happens that in this blessed land of Democracy and Equality one of the Free and Enlightened Citizens is refused the right to publish his ideas because he is a Socialist, and is compelled to take refuge behind that dreadful dripping mane, and plant his revolutionary seeds under the protection of that tyrannical tail.

Several causes have combined to thrust fame upon H. Gaylord Wilshire, although thrust is hardly the word, as he started out to achieve it. But the time was ripe and the man was in the right place.

First comes the industrial condition of America. The growth of mammoth trusts during the last two or three years has been so rapid as to take the breath even of the smartest people on earth.

Before they could say "knife," the thing was done, and the Press, which prides itself on its cuteness and ability to deal with any problem which can possibly be evolved, floundered about like an octopus stuck in its own ink.

How to deal with the trusts? No one but the Socialists know what the true remedy is. But the Socialist Press in America was not, so far as I know it, calculated to make a Rockefeller or a Pierpont Morgan shiver a single timber in a thousand years. There may be Socialist organs in America with some love and pickles in their columns, but those I have seen have generally impressed me as being what The Bounder used to call "stodgy," except when they lifted articles from the Clarion.

Into this weltering chaos springs THE CHALLENGE editor, H. Gaylord Wilshire, with the motto, "Let the nation own the trusts."

THE CHALLENGE was born in Los Angeles, California, where Mr. Wilshire cultivates oranges and acts as a director of a bank. He is reputed to be a millionaire, and, whether he is or not, is too cute to deny it. Another reason for his notoriety.

Here, then, we have a new Socialist paper, owned and edited by a millionaire with an aristocratic smack in his name. Not, perhaps, sufficient reasons to disturb the Government of the United States. Not yet.

THE CHALLENGE, in size, was a little larger than Tit-Bits, and consisted of 16 pages. The type was attractive to the eye, easy to read, and the paper was equal to magazine quality.

A feature of THE CHALLENGE was the dropping of the editorial "we," and the substitution of the personal "I." This was eventually the undoing of THE CHALLENGE. Wilshire's views as to the inevitability of Socialism were not put forward as the "Socialist" solution of the trust problem, but as "my" solution—H. Gaylord Wilshire's views. His personality was all over the paper; in fact, there was practically nothing else but H. Gaylord Wilshire and a very small pair of scissors. Out of 16 pages of the copy before me now, 12 or 13 are occupied by H. Gaylord Wilshire's articles, H. Gaylord Wilshire's challenges, letters from H. Gaylord Wilshire's admirers, and Press opinions on THE CHALLENGE.

This egotism has given fits to many good people, but Wilshire is quite unruffled, and explains to his critics that "egotistical display is very ungentle-

manly; but as I have admitted that my aim is not to be gentlemanly, but to advocate Socialism, there is no point scored."

As a matter of fact, Wilshire ran THE CHALLENGE as he would have run a circus. He is a Socialist Barnum, and he has used the methods of the circus proprietor in order to push his ideas.

I can imagine the horror of many good people in this country on reading some of his editorial articles and replies to anti-Socialists.

As a member of a staff whose object is to keep the well of English undefiled, I must confess to a slight shiver of disgust myself at Wilshire's vulgarisation of the language. I suppose he considered that the only way of making Socialism plain to the people was by interlarding his expositions with all the slang he could conveniently introduce in order to lighten the economic jargon load, but he might have learned from the pages of the Clarion that it is possible to be clear without being coarse.

The colloquialisms of the prize ring and the slang of the corner pubs are surely not the only media for teaching Socialist principles to the educated classes. It is true Mr. Wilshire states that he has no pretensions to literary style. But that was only his modesty.

His American readers, however, have not a word of criticism for this blemish, and his "style" was evidently one of the things that built up his reputation.

As an example I will quote an extract from his letter to the chief of police at Los Angeles during a Free Speech agitation. First he announces that he will speak in the Central Park at a certain time, and writes: "I expect to punch the city ordinance as full of blowholes as a piece of Carnegie's best armour plate." Then comes his letter to the chief of police, in which he asks the chief to have an officer on hand to arrest him. He says:—

As I intend making this affair more or less a spectacular event—brag about it in my paper and illustrate it with half-tones—I wish you would pick out a particularly vicious and brutal looking officer to hale me to my dungeon. Most of your men have altogether too benevolent and kindly an expression for the cast. Also please instruct him to let the sun fall well on his face when the photographer presses the button. I might hint that you see that the patrol-wagon is in apple-pie order, because nothing reflects more discredit on a city than anything slovenly connected with its police force. THE CHALLENGE has a large Eastern circulation and I don't want to injure Los Angeles. I don't know that you have any pull with the Times, but if so, you might see that its cartoonist is ordered on the spot, that he may have the opportunity to illustrate the event in a manner its importance deserves. I can't think for a moment of any further instructions, but if so, I will telephone you in ample time for you to observe them.

Faithfully yours,

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

P. S.—THE CHALLENGE is a 16-page weekly, 50 cents per year. I devote considerable time to one class of criminals—"the trusts." I am quite certain the boys will all like it, and a word from you would go a long way with them toward getting them in line on my subscription list. Don't exactly intimidate them into subscribing; just tell them that if they want a cinch on holding down their jobs they had better take Wilshire's paper.

N. B.—Private! Remember, I allow you 50 per cent.—H. G. W.

NOTE.—I cannot give any more news regarding above, as I am about to go to press. However, I might just make one more defi to keep my hand in. I will bet you, Mr. City Attorney, two to one—peanuts or Northern Pacific Railway Stock—that I pulverize your old ordinance. H. G. W.

I am not surprised that after such an audacious and slangy letter to one of the town's chief officials, and after defying the ordinance of the city's rulers, Mr. Wilshire was promptly apprehended by the minions of law and order. The mistake was in not keeping him in prison.

An important but subtle circumstance in the series which have conspired to make H. Gaylord Wilshire the cynosure of two empires is, I think, to be found in THE CHALLENGE editor's second name.

Can we imagine a Socialist Joe Wilshire achieving fame whatever the conditions? Or Billy Wilshire, or Jud Wilshire? But "Gaylord." "Gaylord" *looks* successful. A man with such a name couldn't help getting a front seat in the Temple even if he made his kitchen fire of laurel leaves and hid his head in his modesty.

Imagine the glee of the penny-a-liners of the respectable papers who had to write crushing reports of "Gaylord" Wilshire's lectures. How their copy would sparkle with coruscations splintered from the anvil "Gaylord" by their ironical intellects. What's in a name, indeed? Suppose Shakespeare's name had been Bacon!

Now, there was nothing new or startling in Mr. Wilshire's principles. The other Socialist organs have been preaching nationalization all their days. How, then, was he to capture the ears of the people with the old song?

He didn't. Instead of adopting the usual propaganda methods by singing "Christian, awake, come and be a Socialist," he sang the song which is not supposed to be as efficacious in making converts, "Ho, my comrades, see the signal."

Instead of trying to get the people to become Socialists, and then to organize a Socialist State, he blew a clarion blast, and shouted "Socialism is coming upon us; mind the Niagara." He became the prophet of the *inevitability* of Socialism. By this means he hoped to interest business men and others who were looking for a solution of the trust problem anywhere but in the ordinary Socialist propaganda of the beauties of a universal Brotherhood.

Says he: "Public ownership of industry might be brought about next month if the people had a sufficient desire to effect it. It is not to the 'might be' I appeal, but to the 'must be.' I shall endeavor to prove that public ownership, otherwise Socialism, is not inevitable because it is desirable, but because it comes into the category of the inexorably necessary. My first task is to prove the necessity of the trust. My next is to prove the necessity of Socialism."

Having gathered an audience by assiduously blowing his own trumpet, by standing on his head, by banging high and mighty personages with an empty bladder, and by swaggering about his aristocratic acquaintances, the Socialist Barnum suddenly executes a quick change and appears as a Professor of Economics.

Then he astonishes the people by delivering a masterly analysis of the industrial situation, shows clearly and convincingly how the trusts have grown naturally out of the competitive system, indicates the evils that will follow in their train, and proves conclusively that the only remedy is Socialism.

Amongst his steam-organ methods of advertising himself may be mentioned his challenge to Bryan, the candidate for the presidency. Wilshire challenged Bryan to debate with him the solution of the trust problem.

There was just as much chance of Bryan taking any notice of the challenge as there would be of Mr. Chamberlain accepting a challenge to debate Socialism with one of our staff.

Wilshire knew this, of course, but he added that touch of Americanism which makes the whole world grin, and got a splendid advertisement out of Bryan by

offering to pay him $5,000 the instant he stepped on the platform and $5,000 more immediately after the debate, provided the audience decided that Bryan had beaten Wilshire.

It is unnecessary for me to say that I regard Bryan simply as a dead wall that, with no thanks to itself, happens to be in particularly fine position to command the public eye, and that I am willing to pay a heavy premium for the privilege of posting my advertisement thereon. I feel a certain loss in personal dignity in beginning my career in public life by using poor Bryan as the first rung in my ladder to fame; but it is the way of the world, and I cannot help him to escape from that inexorable law of the survival of the fittest. It's a pity if he should miss the fine liberal education I would give him in a single night's debate. He would go home to Nebraska, not only richer in gold, but in what is better than gold—knowledge.

Wilshire asked his readers to sit down and drop a card to Bryan in the following terms:—

DEAR BILLY:—If you don't want to see the great Democratic party go to the everlasting bow-wows, for God's sake take up that fool Wilshire's challenge. You have a cinch on licking him. Your friend Croker will pack the Madison Square Garden with Tammany braves if necessary to save the day. The Democratic majority in New York City is enormous, while the Socialists are not ace high. The newspapers may not like you, but they hate Wilshire worse than the devil himself. (This is a joke, for without the devil the yellow journals would become pale pink.) And you may be sure the debate will be reported as having gone in your favor, no matter what happens. Wilshire has but one lung and is living in California for his health. Nobody will hear what he says beyond the reporters' stand, so you have all kinds of a picnic before you. Don't go down into history as the man who came so high that Wilshire could not buy him.

Your democratic friend,

T. JEFFERSON HAYSEED.

He even tried to get his challenge inserted as an advertisement in Bryan's own paper, but it was refused because it was "too personal."

To kill the common impressions that Socialists are all ragged robins, and that they never associate with people of respectability, Wilshire flooded his paper with letters of admiration of his paper from all kinds of shining lights.

The leaders of reform movements were of course represented, then there were letters from peers, parsons, professors, pressmen, artists, lawyers, and many other notable and whole-trousered people.

Printed in the CHALLENGE were fac-similes of letters from Professor York Powell, "Oxford's Royal Professor;" from "Gladstone's Right-hand Man," the Right Hon. J. Bryce; from Earl Russell, "Peer of England;" from Sir Charles Dilke: from H. M. Hyndman, "pre-eminently England's greatest Socialist, so distinguished in the realm of letters that the English reviews and the London Times pay him double rates for his contributions to their columns;" from Edwin Markham; from Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and many other world-famous people who wear boots and wash their faces daily.

The value of these testimonials is explained in Wilshire's answer to a correspondent who objected to these "fulsome eulogies":—

You are a little hot, as a good and true Social Democrat, that I should have published a letter from the earl which indicated we are on dining terms. Well, I must explain. You are an Englishman, my dear Abbott, and have not been over in this snob-ridden country long enough to understand and properly appreciate the great advantage it is to an editor, and particularly to a Socialist editor, to be in a position to blow about having dined with a peer of England. You see most editors feel that the people think them very small potatoes—a Socialist editor doesn't even dare assume the people know he exists—and if an editor can drop a remark in a very casual way about having had a drink with Lord Montmorency, he feels he can impress his auditors more by that little remark than by a mile of editorial writing. Now, that was my

idea. Some jackasses might read my editorials all their lives and wind up by thinking me a jackass myself. But let them hear that Earl Russell had me to dine with him at his club, and then I am really quite the brainiest man they happen to know, you know. Then there are some people who hold themselves quite above the influence of an aristocracy of birth but readily pay deference to what they call the aristocracy of intellect. Now, to such people James Bryce, by virtue of his authorship of the "American Commonwealth," is a "top-notcher." You know the breed of "intellectuels" I refer to—the editors of the Nation, of the Atlantic, the members of the Century Club, the college professors, etc. Now, those chaps would give their eyes for a letter to them such as Bryce wrote to me. Again, I might write acres of editorials and they would never consider it worth reading until they happened to hear that the great James Bryce had pronounced it worth while. Then they would read THE CHALLENGE as a kind of religious duty, and as I try to make its editorial columns very easy to understand, and use as few big words as possible, I have no doubt that some of them are commencing to know what I say even if they don't quite comprehend what I mean. Now this explains how I sugar my CHALLENGE to catch both the aristocratic and the intellectual snobs.

Besides the intellectual and the aristocratic, the champions of the present system were charactered in Wilshire's memory, and thousands of CHALLENGES were mailed to the Rockefellers, Morgans, and Carnegie tribe, and their political and social dependents.

By these various methods our able editor did, in less than a year, establish his position firmly in the halls of journalism, and took the senior wranglership in Socialistic propaganda. His circulation increased, the fame of the millionaire Socialist was noised abroad in the land of the trust, magnates began to have bad dreams.

Los Angeles, where THE CHALLENGE was located, is over two thousand miles from the metropolis. Los Angeles was provincial. A good place to grow oranges, but not a town likely to help boost a Prophet into the eyes of the whole people. THE CHALLENGE must go to New York, and Gaylord prepared to storm the citadel of the trusts.

The simplest operation in the world. Merely a matter of moving the offices and changing printers. But Nemesis was round the corner.

It appears that American newspapers are charged a special postal rate if their contents are in accordance with certain conditions. THE CHALLENGE had been mailed at these special terms during its short life, and no one appears to have been astonished.

On removing to New York it became necessary to "re-enter" his paper at the New York Post-office. He sent the first number printed in New York to the Postmaster, applying for entry as "second-class matter."

A fortnight later the millionaire Socialist was suddenly lassoed in the midst of his buck-jumping career, and pulled up smart by Third Assistant-Postmaster Madden, who informed him that his application was refused. No reason given.

Not to be entered as second-class matter meant that the postage on THE CHALLENGE would be, instead of 30 dollars a week, 300 dollars. If this didn't betoken galloping consumption for THE CHALLENGE, its proprietors would indeed have to possess a pocket as deep as a Weller.

Hot foot to Washington went our somewhat less Gaylord, and bearded the Madden in his asylum.

"THE CHALLENGE is denied special rates," said Madden, "because (1) it advertises Wilshire's lectures; (2) it advertises Wilshire's 'ideas.'"

Wilshire disposed of No. 1 objection by showing that it was not his custom to advertise his lectures in THE CHAL-

LENGE *every* week, and that he did not intend to do so in future.

Madden then told him that "he looked upon a paper which advertised 'ideas' as belonging to the same class as a paper which advertises 'soap.' Therefore, as his paper was primarily designed for advertising ideas, he could not admit it at second-class rates."

Wilshire did not brain him. My admiration for the editor of THE CHALLENGE was increased by this omission. Madden must live. Mark Twain is getting old.

Madden next graciously informed Wilshire that THE CHALLENGE might be entered again if the objectionable "features" were withdrawn.

That is to say, there were to be no "ideas" in the paper—Socialist ideas, of course.

Wilshire wrote to Madden asking him to state to what extent Wilshire must limit the "advertising features" of the expression of his ideas.

Then he went to press with WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, a monthly in place of THE CHALLENGE, and entered the first number.

In the meantime he wrote to President Roosevelt that "he did not wish to embarrass the administration," but he felt it imperative for the good of the nation that Madden should be transferred to some office where his duties would be ornamental.

Having discovered that Madden had been a locomotive engineer, Wilshire suggested that he would be suitably occupied as janitor in looking after the White House furnace. Said he:—

> It is said that this is going to be a hard winter. The White House is a draughty old barn, a dangerous place for your children if not kept properly warmed and at an even temperaure.

Strange to say, the President of the Freest, etc., etc., did not reply to Wilshire, although he petitioned him three times for redress of his grievances, except by referring him back to the Post-office.

Nor did Wilshire receive an intimation as to the success or otherwise of his second application for entry of his magazine. Consequently he decided to fly from a Republic to a Monarchy, and his next issue was "under protection of the British Crown," as shown on his cover. He had first inquired at the Canadian Post-office if his paper would be granted the usual postal privileges, and was informed that it would if printed and published in Canada.

Thereupon behold our Gaylord skipping the border and setting up his paper and his personality at Toronto. And the joke of it is that the United States will have to carry his magazine at half the rates he would have paid them, for WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE has now the British Lion behind it, and the Bird of Freedom has not yet swallowed the whole of that royal beast.

All this is very amusing, as it happens, but there is a serious side to it. There has plainly been an attempt to suppress freedom of speech, and if the blame is laid on the third-class imbecile Madden, his idiocy doesn't excuse the refusal of President Roosevelt to inquire into Wilshire's case.

It seems impossible even to dream that the United States Government would uphold the conduct of this elevated fireman in suppressing a paper for the reasons given.

But one never knows. The United States government is, after all, only a tool of the trust bosses, and when tools and fools are in partnership, honest men seldom come by their own.

But Wilshire is not suppressed up to date, and has got nothing but advertisement out of his maddening experience. I await the next development with interest.

TWO BIOGRAPHIES OF WILSHIRE

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC—TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Made in England

H. Gaylord Wilshire was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, 1861. His father, George Wilshire (deceased, 1890), was a wealthy man, director in several railroads and gas companies, largely interested in the Standard Oil Trust, president of a national bank, etc., etc. Mr. Wilshire, after leaving Harvard University, went into mercantile pursuits in Cincinnati. In 1884 he went to California and engaged in orange and walnut-growing. He became an avowed Socialist in 1887, and in 1889 assisted in the founding of a Socialist paper in Los Angeles, called the Weekly Nationalist. He ran for Congress in 1890, as the only nominee of the Socialists in Southern California, and polled 1,100 votes. In 1891 he left for London, England, from Los Angeles, but en route he was persuaded to run for Attorney General of New York, on the Socialist Party Ticket. The ticket polled about 15,000 votes in the State. Mr. Wilshire resided from 1891 to 1895 in London, England, and did considerable speaking throughout Great Britain. He was nominated in 1893 by the Social Democratic Federation as candidate for Parliament for Salford, England, but was compelled, for business reasons, to return to America before the election was held. He was nominated by the Socialist Party for Congress in 1900 from Southern California, and polled nearly 4,000 votes, running 2,000 ahead of the Socialist ticket, and polling the largest vote cast for any Socialist Congressional candidate in the United States at that election. In the same year he started a weekly paper, THE CHALLENGE, with the motto, "Let the Nation Own the Trusts." The paper met with great success in getting subscribers; so much so that it was moved from Los Angeles to New York in September, 1901. The attention of the United States Post-office was drawn to the success of the paper as a teacher of Socialism, and it was indirectly suppressed by having publishers' rates withdrawn from it. Mr. Wilshire then started in New York WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE but this met the same fate at the Post-office as THE CHALLENGE and it was then removed to Toronto, Canada, where it is now published. Mr. Wilshire gained considerable notoriety a year ago by offering W. J. Bryan $10,000 if he would enter into a debate with him upon Socialism. Mr. Bryan declined. —Labour Leader, London, Eng.

Made in America

Wilshire owns a publication called "Wilshire's Magazine." He uses it for advertising his socialistic rantings and lectures, and for that reason the postal authorities refused to let it go through the mails as second-class matter. Wilshire became angry and abused the authorities. He also wrote a long rambling letter to President Roosevelt, to which no attention was paid. He continued to fume, but the Postal Department was firm. So Mr. Wilshire has taken his magazine to Toronto, Canada, where he issues it with "Suppressed by the United States" in big letters across the front cover. It may be that the Canadian Government, if it ever happens to notice that he is around, will also "suppress" him. Then he will have to go to Anarchy Isle.

Wilshire lived in Los Angeles once. He was a bill-poster with socialistic leanings. Somebody left him a big lot of money, so he ran for office. He had his candidacy announced by posting all over Los Angeles bills ten feet high. Had he made them a little larger he might have won out. But he was, to quote a colored gentleman, seriously "diselected." He then turned his attention to magazine publishing and lecturing, and has managed to add a little to the general gaiety of things. Nobody takes him seriously—the fact that he is so earnest about it adds to the fun. Such solemn clowns as Wilshire show the wisdom of the Creator in not endowing all his children with brains.

(The foregoing is from the San Francisco News Letter of last January. What follows is from the same journal of September, 1889. It is evident that after having waited nearly thirteen years to see if I would finally take its advice and go in for inventing cocktails instead of "formulating panaceas," it has lost patience and has given me up as hopeless.—H. G. W.)

Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire is up from Los Angeles and is astonishing all his quondam cronies with his profound theories on National and agricultural grievances. In fact, Mr. Wilshire is out with a monograph in which he formulates a panacea for the repression of agrarian trouble. If Mr. Wilshire would write a pamphlet describing some new figures for a cotillion, or a recipe for a new cocktail, or introduce a new kind of dress coat, he would be received by society in a manner befitting a Roman emperor when he went back to town with a few miserable slaves attached to his chariot wheels, but, alas! the subjects discussed by San Francisco society men and women are not strikingly intelligent, and when they are intelligent they are not understood. There is one young lady in society, the daughter of a notable lawyer, who can talk brilliantly on many subjects, but the men stand in awe of her attainments. No, Mr. Wilshire, if you want to be a social success, abandon your philosophy and get down to the level of absolute drivel.

MADDEN'S RUSSIAN PRECURSOR

The vagaries of the Russian Press-Censor are well-known, but in the reign of Nicholas I., one, Krassovsky, was a particular scourge of the writers and poets of his day. He not only used his red pencil and scissors mercilessly and often but, as in the following case, added marginal notes to the verses he left unclipped, apparently wishing in all earnestness to save the poet from his pernicious frame of mind. The name of the amorous author was Olline, and the English verses are an excellent translation made for this paper by Mlle. Ivanovskaya :—

II.

What bliss to live with Thee, to call Thee mine,
My love! Thou Pearl of all creation!
To catch upon Thy lips a smile divine.
Or gaze at Thee in rapturous adoration.

CENSOR: "Rather strongly put. Woman is not worthy for her smile to be called divine."

VII.

Surrounded by a crowd of foes and spies,
When so-called friends would make us part,
Thou didst not listen to their slanderous lies
But thou didst understand the longings of my heart.

CENSOR: "You ought to have stated the exact nature of these longings. It is no matter to be trifled with, Sir, you are talking of your soul."

X.

Let envy hurl her poisoned shafts at me,
Let hatred persecute and curse,
Sweet girl, one loving look from Thee
Is worth the suffrage of the Universe.

CENSOR: "Indeed? ! ! You forget that the Universe contains Tsars, Kings and other legal authorities whose good will is well worth cultivating—I should think!"

XII.

Come, let us fly to desert distant parts,
Far from the madding crowd to rest at last,
True happiness to find when our (two) hearts
Together beat forgetful of the past.

CENSOR: "The thoughts here expressed are dangerous in the extreme, and ought not to be disseminated, for they evidently mean that the poet declines to continue his service to the Tsar, so as to be able to spend all his time with his beloved."

XIII.

(1) Aye, take my all, my soul, my life,
(2) My weary head let at thy feet recline,
(3) Come to my heart, my darling love, my wife,
And let my loving arms Thy beauteous self entwine.

CENSOR: "(1) Take all! Indeed, may I ask what remains for God?"
"(2) It is shameful, it is humiliating for a true Christian to sit at the feet of woman."
"(3) Most voluptuous verses, to put it mildly."

XIV.

What is the world to me? I only care for Thee,
I give Thee all I have, each thought, each breath,
I only live for Thee, O come and live with me,
And nothing, nothing shall us part—but death!

CENSOR: "All these thoughts are utterly opposed to the true spirit of Christianity, for it has been said: Whosoever loveth his father or his mother more than Me is not worthy of Me."

—The Anglo-Russian.

THE LAST *of* THE BORDERERS

By ROBERT BLATCHFORD, Author of "MERRIE ENGLAND."

(*The Clarion.*)

OWEN OWENS clenched his white teeth together, and rolled his dark eyes round. Twenty years was not a long life. Some men lived four such terms and were not ready to go then. But Reece and Richards were dead an hour ago, and they were only boys. Still it seemed bad luck. It was his first battle. He had not a year's service. And it had been such an unsatisfactory battle. It had lasted no time. And now it was all over. And Owen's life was all over. There was no mistake about it. This was the end. The sun was shining, but it would soon be dark. Owen was horribly thirsty, but he'd never drink again. How long would it last? How would it come? Would it hurt? He hoped he could stab a few of those cursed Zulus before it happened. Owen adjusted his waist-belt, wiped his reeking left hand on his trousers, glanced at his bayonet to see that the locking-ring was firm, and rubbed his feet hard on the earth to secure a sure holding. This was the real battle. Death grips and no quarter. The other had been like a field day, mere firing and retiring. Now——!

The ammunition was all gone. The Borderers were surrounded. There was no sign of reinforcement. If Lord Chelmsford had heard the firing, he could not get back in time. An assegai whizzed past Owen's ear, another stuck into the earth a yard short of him. They were long throws but the enemy were coming nearer. What a lot of them. The black devils seemed to swarm up out of the ground like ants. And there were no more cartridges. Why hadn't they served out enough cartridges? Damn them! No, he mustn't swear. It would be him and God Almighty for settlement before many minutes. It couldn't last long. The Zulus were advancing. The colonel of the Borderers had just given his last order, "Fix your bayonets, men, and die like Englishmen." He might have said like Britons, Owen Owens thought; then it would have touched all Welshmen. Englishmen had red hair and thought they were everybody. But the Borderers were nearly all Welsh, and they'd show England what fighting was: they would, by God. He wished they would begin. But they were coming. "Steady, dear boys." That was Captain Lloyd's voice. How kind it sounded. But the Zulus would find the Captain stern. Ah, they are on us. Here they are, dancing and singing, with their queer pointed shields across their bodies, and their assegais ready poised to shy. This is the first charge. It won't be the last. They'll have to come a good many times before they wipe out the

Borderers. Owen draws a deep breath and leans well over his guard. He wonders what Hettie Morgan is doing now. How pretty she looked when she used to bite her lower lip and look at one sideways. Her eyes were blue—light blue, with a dark blue line round the iris. And she had long black lashes that curled up. That was George Phillips praying. How odd it sounded through the hoarse chant of the Zulu war song. Owen wonders who Hettie will marry when he's killed. He's glad he kissed her by the gate the night he left. He could feel the kiss now. It was like the touch of an open rose-bud, but warm. "Steady, Borderers." The captain again. Phew! What big chaps they are. Good muscles, too: and how their black hides shine. Brr! that assegai slit his right ear. Ha! so! There! There is a heavy concussion, a swaying of bodies, a gleam of dark eyes and cruel teeth, a straining, sweating, twisting melee of men and devils, a clatter and flash of steel, a horrible spattering and smell of blood, and the Zulus fall back a few yards, and leave the diminished front of the irregular square ringed with dead and wounded. Right in front of Owen Owens a huge wide-shouldered savage is crawling away on all fours leaving a trail of blood behind him. That must be the fellow who tried to duck under Owen's bayonet. Yes, he is stabbed through under the right blade bone. If Owen had a cartridge he would shoot him. No, he wouldn't. He'd give the poor wretch a chance. Besides, the cartridge would be too valuable. But there are no cartridges. Phew, how hot the sun is. And some one is saying "Close up." It is Mr. Williams, the lieutenant. The captain must be gone, then. Hello! Here they come again: the same ugly dance and the same discordant chant. There's a gigantic fellow with eyes all alight like live coals. There is foam on his lips, too. Owen Owens will wait for him. Give him cold rage for hot. Let's see, feint high, parry left, circle under shield, and step in to deliver point. There! Yes. He's down. But Owen's wrist is gashed; and he's at short blows with another monster. Then Mr. Williams empties his revolver, and Owen finds himself alone two strides out of the square with his bayonet smoking red.

That charge is over. But another follows, and another, each closer than the last. It cannot go on long. The Zulus throw their spears: they lift up the dead and hurl them upon the bayonets. The Borderers melt away. The officers' voices are heard no more: will never be heard again. It is late afternoon, the sloping sun shines in Owen's face. There is a red quivering haze between the opposing lines. Out of this haze the assegais keep flying. There are not fifty Borderers left standing. The square is cut to segments. The men stand back to back in groups. with mobs of howling Zulus dancing round them. The whole front face of the square is destroyed, except a knot of nine men at the right corner, whereof Owen Owens is one. Owen stands panting, white, angry. At his feet lies the body of Willie Taafe, with whom he once fought at Blaina Wakes. Taafe is on his back, his face turned up to Owen. Owen thinks of the fires in the Rhondda Valley. He sees the old village graveyard covered with snow. He sees Hettie Morgan, as he saw her a year ago walking home from church, her cheek stung to the color of June roses by the wind, her veil clinging to her shapely face, and a dark curl lying wet on her white forehead. Crash! Rhys Thomas is down. Shot with a

snider. What will his poor old mother say? Damnation! A bullet has struck Owen. He feels the hot blood running over his arm and shoulder in an oily stream. That will end it. Hettie will be walking to church on Sunday as usual. She will be just as sweet and lovely. And the valley will be so quiet, and the bells will sound good. "Hold up, Evan Evans, here they come again. He's hit." Now then! this is the last rush. It must be the last. "Good-bye, Hettie. Take that, you black beast!" What howling. How hot it is. Owen's throat is scorched and dry. Everything looks red, like the Rhondda at night. Oh, what big fierce brutes. What a crowd of them. What white teeth. Confusion! Gasp and curse, parry and thrust. Owen is bleeding. His thumb is cut. Is it off? No, but he bleeds all over. Good-bye, Hettie. They are weighing him down. The ground is slippery with blood. The field and sky are spinning round. He is choked and blinded. It feels like the last round in his fight at Blaina Wakes. That was a hard battle. Taafe didn't cuddle like Hettie—now!

For an instant Owen Owens stands alone, the Zulus dancing round him. In that instant he realizes that not another redcoat is left standing. He is the last to go; but his turn has come. How red the sun is. There are *two* suns. And there are black figures dancing on their disks like puddlers at the furnace door. No; they are Zulus. Blast them! With one last effort, he controls his failing senses, stands up straight, with a fierce laugh on his dying face, feints at the Zulu on his left, takes the assegai in his shoulder, and with a wild lunge, drives his bayonet to the socket into the chest of the Zulu in his front. With a grunt, the savage goes down, and on him, with a sob, falls the last of the Borderers. The assegais—Hettie!

* * *

The fires are glowing in the Rhondda Valley. Hettie Morgan is singing at her work, and Dabulamanzie holds the field of Isandula.

UNEXPECTED ADVERSARIES TO LABOR.

HALL CAINE.

E cannot but recognize the clear fact that, whatever the success of the Labor movement in this country, it is not succeeding here as it succeeds abroad. Why is this so? The question is a difficult one. I offer the explanation that the Labor movement in Great Britain is contending against two unexpected adversaries—the Press and the Churches. Strange and pitiful anomaly that the press of a country, which is the voice of the people, the press, which is the parliament of the people, is often the first to oppose the people, and all but the last to join them! Stranger still, and yet more pitiful, that the pulpit, which is the tribunal of the people, because it is the platform of the Church, and ought to be therefore the sounding-board of the teachings of Christ, is too often the enemy of the people where they come into collision with the powers He came to destroy! Yet so it is, and though, as a journalist who thinks the debt of the public to the press is deep and lasting, and as a believer who thinks religious faith essential to the welfare of humanity, I should be sorry to do anything to reduce the authority of the press or of the churches, I cannot but say that both have been impediments to the movement in which the people are struggling for their rights.

I am sorry to say it, but I say it with all emphasis, that the churches, speaking of them as a whole, and allowing for notable exceptions, have always been opposed to efforts put forward in the political interests of the people. If it could be shown, as I think it could, that the newspaper press has never yet initiated any great movement for the good of the people, what social reforms have the churches initiated? What did the churches do for the enlargement of representative government? What did they do (the claims of some of them notwithstanding) for the emancipation of the slave? What are the churches doing at this moment to promulgate in the midst of the war the doctrines of peace? Have any of these things ever been done by the churches, taking them altogether, and all the ages through? Isn't it a fact in the history of humanity that whatever has been done for the political progress of the people has been done by the people themselves, outside the tutelage of the churches? Show me a single victory for humanity that has not been won by the people for the people, and often in the face of the churches. I know of none.

This is a serious indictment, but I believe it is a true one, and if the facts are as I say, the reason is not far to

seek. Two great forces are always at work to keep the churches back while the people are pressing forward. One of these is a low and partly unworthy force, the other is a high and mistaken one. The unworthy force is the material interests of the churches and of their clergy. Few churches are so spiritual but they have their body to think of as well as their soul. The body of the churches in the material sense, is always at war with the soul of the churches. It is always on the side of the existing order, of the government and authority which prevails at the given moment, and consequently it is always opposed to the struggles of the people to alter the social state. Like the press, the churches have their material interests with the rich and powerful, and on the side of the thrones and princes.

That is one reason, the lower reason, why the churches have never been pioneers in the social and economic progress of humanity. The higher reason is the sincere conviction which the churches, as a whole, seem to have taken since the early Christian ages—that the existing order of society is divinely ordained, and that any attempt to alter it is a wicked effort to disturb the scheme of the Creator. Conscious of the misery of the world, of the shocking inequalities of wealth and poverty, of fearful want and frightful luxury existing side by side, the churches appear to have despaired of altering anything to any purpose. At a loss to reconcile Christianity to life as it actually is, they have found relief in the idea that the teaching of the Gospel is a purely religious message which has nothing to do with economic questions or the condition of man in this world.

They have quoted a number of texts, "The poor ye have always with you," "My Kingdom is not of this world," and "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," in order to show that the mission of Jesus was in no way directed to the improvement of the material position of the people, and that with the social and economic condition of His own or any other time Christ had nothing whatever to do. When the poor have groaned under their hard lot, the churches have told them to look up from the miseries of this world to the joys of the world to come. In times of peace the churches have taught the people to pray that the servant may be obedient to his master, and the subject may submit to his ruler, whoever the master or the ruler at the given moment may be. And when, in times of revolution, the people have broken down the inequalities and the injustices, the tyrannies and the slaveries of the existing order, the churches have generally protested that Jesus was a great conservative, and that He always showed profound respect for law and order.

There is a reason, peculiar to our own time, why the churches have never yet been with the people in the struggle for their social and economic rights. The labor movement labors under the stigma of being an irreligious movement. Its leaders are thought to be irreligious men, and its claims are believed to be against the teachings of religion. It is the old cry over again, the same that has been raised against every reform carried out in the name of humanity since the days of Christ Himself. But if the aims of the people were not according to religion and if their leaders are godless men, it is the duty of the churches to come in and save them from both evils. It is the fault of the churches themselves, if it can be said that they are only obsolete aspects in the development of humanity which

hinders progress, that of all the agencies towards reform, the churches are the last to move, and that, because the churches will not go on with the people, the people are compelled to go on without the churches. Let the economic and social redemption of the people come through the churches, and the irreligious and godless, if there are such among the people, will disappear.

But is it the fact that the labor movement, either in England or anywhere else, is an irreligious movement? I say it is not an irreligious movement, and never has been so. I say that the movement of the people for their rights, by whatever name it may be called, is the most truly religious social movement the world has ever known. What is the religious principle of the Gospel, so far as it concerns the life of man in this world? Is it not a proclamation of the solidarity and brotherliness of the whole human family? And what is the principle of the labor movement but that and that only? It is quite true that Christ did not formulate a social or political program. If He had done so he would not be Christ to us of to-day, but merely an Eastern reformer nineteen hundred years in His grave. His program might have suited Palestine at the beginning of the Christian era, but it would have been of no use to Englishmen in the twentieth century. It is the unique distinction of Christ's message on the social question that it deals only with the universal. Its universality covers the needs of the poor and oppressed in our day just as it covered the needs of the poor and oppressed in the days when the Jews were under the heel of the Romans, and when the hypocritical Pharisees devoted themselves to the cult of righteousness, and showed no sympathy with the poor. It would be wrong to say of Christ's message that it was chiefly intended to bring about an economic reform either in His own day or ours, but it certainly included as a part of its scheme the relief of poverty and distress and the deliverance of the poor from misery and oppression.

HALL CAINE.

How can we doubt that, with its other and higher aim, the Gospel is a great social message? Look at the plain facts. The first of them is that nineteen hundred years ago a man of the name of Jesus Christ, whom all Christendom worships as God, was born poor and humble, when he might have been

born rich and powerful. His poverty was so great that on one occasion He said, almost with bitterness, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." He was a working man, and His friends were working men, and He walked with the poor, and remained with them to the day of his death.

The next fact is that the opinions of Christ were the opinions natural to workingmen, who saw the strength that poverty gives and the burden which wealth imposes. Need I recall the parable of Lazarus to show you that in Christ's view the possession of riches was a great danger to the human soul? Need I remind you that He said it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, to prove that He had a poor man's opinions about rich men, and that it seems as if He could hardly be just to them?

The final fact is that the prayer which we call the Lord's Prayer, the only prayer which Christ taught His people, the prayer into which, presumably, He gathered up (from whatever sources) the whole sum of his teaching, all His parables and sermons, is a social message of overwhelming force. Look at it clause by clause. It begins with the words "Our Father." Could anything more plainly indicate the equality of all men? If God is our Father, all men are our brothers, and the laws which give higher power and authority to one man than to another, which allow one man to govern for no better reason than that he was born the eldest son, and condemn another to serve because he was born the second son, are manifestly contrary to Christ's first principle of the relation of man to man, and man to God. The Lord's Prayer says, "Give us this day our daily bread." Could anything indicate more clearly the desire for relief from economic distress, or doom to more absolute condemnation the laws of land and capital which permit one man to live in boundless luxury while they require another to linger in the misery of want? The Lord's Prayer says, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." Could anything speak plainer on the true relation of man to organized society, and the duty of nation to nation, or condemn more absolutely the barbarous methods of settling international disputes by recourse to arms? Above all, the Lord's Prayer says, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven," and surely nothing could more completely discountenance the conduct of the churches, which, recognizing in all ages the frightful injustices of the existing order, have counselled resignation on the ground that the worst evils of the world, the crying inequalities of the classes, the awful extravagances of the rich, and the fearful privations of the poor, are a part of the divine ordinance, and therefore—paradoxically enough—evils only to be remedied in another and better existence.

Can there be a more direct message to the living world than this message of the Gospel? You may call it unpractical and Utopian and out of harmony with the progress of civilization you may say that Christ is an Anarchist, and that Christianity is a useless dream, but you cannot say that the Gospel is not profoundly concerned with the social and economic problems of the world in which we live.

Perhaps there is truth in the statement, so frequently made by the churches that the leaders of the labor movement are, for the most part, on the

side of unbelief. But it is the fault of the churches themselves, and not of the Gospel, if that is so. The churches have so persistently resisted the progress of freedom, so frequently told us that the Gospel has nothing whatever to do with the condition of man in this world, so deliberately tried to draw the people off from the struggle for their just rights, so strenuously exhorted them to patience and submission against intolerable wrongs, so persistently taught that the Kingdom of Heaven is to be looked for within and not without, that it is little wonder if many men who feel acutely the sufferings of the world, have come to think that Christianity, with its useless lesson of fatal resignation, leaves humanity in the lurch. Can we be surprised that such is one of the accusations against Christianity when the churches are content to talk about the Gospel as if it had nothing to do with the world, as if it were only intended to govern mankind on Sunday, when we put on our Sunday clothes, and our shops are closed and our safes are locked? Can we wonder that when the churches are so much occupied in the sublime office of teaching people how to die, some hot-blooded but honest souls should tell them that it is infinitely more necessary to know how to live?

But the solid body of the Labor party are not to be found among the unbelievers. The vast multitude of them, though they may be outside the churches, are holding onto the fundamental things of the Christian religion, and they are not to be driven out of them by any menaces or any misinterpretation of the Gospel lesson in relation to the life of the world. We don't say that the Gospel is nothing more than a social message, but we do say that its social message is an essential part of its message of Eternal Life. We don't say that Christ was merely a great social reformer, but we do say that without being a social reformer He could not have been Christ. We don't say that the churches should devote themselves exclusively to social and economic conditions, but we do say that if they ignore these questions, they set aside one of the most solemn and urgent parts of the Gospel teaching. We don't say that the Kingdom of Heaven is not within, but we do say that it cannot be within and not sooner or later be without. We don't say that there is nothing in the labor program, either here or elsewhere which is not in the Gospel, but we do say that there is nothing in the social teachings of Christ which is not in the spirit of the movement by which the largest class of men in every civilized country in the world are now crying out for their rights.

The labor program is a profoundly religious and Christian propaganda, whoever and whatever its leaders may be, and the powers that are against it are profoundly irreligious and pagan, whosoever and whatsoever their advocates are. What is the pagan concept of government, and what is the Christian concept of government? The pagan concept of government is Authority, and that alone justifies the unconstituted rights, the inequalities, the barbarities, and the miseries that civilization has for two thousand years been striving to break down. The Christian concept of government is Right, and that asserts the value of the individual soul, the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of men, and all that these imply in uniting mankind into one family. Is there anything in the spirit of the program of the Labor party which is contrary to this Christian concept of government? Nothing whatever. The labor program is a religious propaganda,

and above all, a Christian propaganda. The Labor party may feel sure that they are holding up the Christian banner, and are waging, whatever the world or even the churches may say, a religious, not an irreligious war. Let the churches call it Socialism if they like; it is Christianity as well.

Let us adhere to this claim, no matter what opposition we meet with. Whatever they call us—Democrats, Socialists, even Anarchists, if they please—let us continue to claim the Gospel for our charter and the teaching of Christ as the basis of our social message. With this message, as it expresses itself from time to time in the problems we are called to consider, let us meet all our difficulties, knowing that our appeal is to the conscience of man, that the conscience of man is the true expression of the divine, and that sooner or later, in God's good time, the divine must prevail.

Julian Hawthorne IN THIS NUMBER **"The Soul of America."**

10 cents

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

APRIL, 1902

EDITORIAL

Columbia's Race with the Trust

Mrs. Patrick Campbell---A Theory

The Conquest of Europe

The Soul of America —*Julian Hawthorne*

Prince & Proletaire —*Eugene V. Debs*

Modern Slavery —*Count Leo Tolstoy*

Art and Socialism —*Leonard D. Abbott*

The Collapse of Capitalism —*H. Quelch*

Prosperity in Chicago —*Joseph Wanhope*

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TORONTO

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, EDITOR

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"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS."

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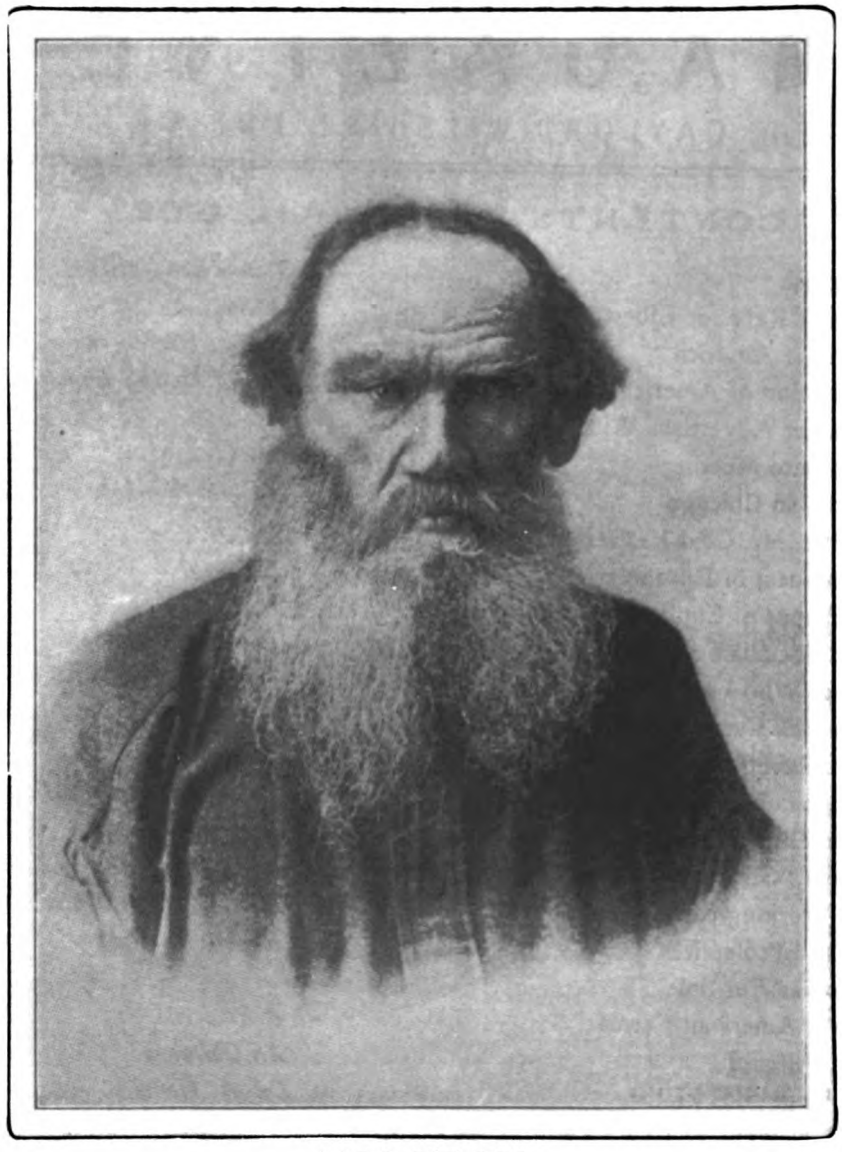


TOLSTOY

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 45 APRIL 1902

COLUMBIA'S RACE FOR LIBERTY

To many the verse, "Sweet Land of Liberty," when applied to America, seems to be the baldest irony, but there was a day when it was not a joke. One of the very significant features of the times is the attitude that Life, a paper having its circulation almost exclusively among the "400," is taking toward our modern plutocracy. One would think that it would be the last paper that would publish such a cartoon as that seen on another page. Just now, no doubt, poor, foolish Columbia is valuing the miserable apples of Greed and Avarice that her competitor, the Trust, casts in her path more than she does the winning of the race for Liberty. But the race is not by any means as nearly over as the plutocrats in the royal box would seem to imagine. The Trust has one more apple to throw, Fraud, and he will needs throw it soon to ›, and then his last card will have be :n played. Columbia can win as easily as could the goddess of old, and that she will win in the long race of a nation's life is certain, notwithstanding the tricks of her competitor. The marvel, however, is that she allows herself to be tricked even for the moment. Why is it that a people as intelligent, as we Americans certainly are, allow ourselves to be kept out of our inheritance by such self-evident trickery as the Trust is now imposing upon us? Here we have a country that is palpably more than capable of supporting all of us in affluence. The Trust, by the great economies it has been able to effect in production, has confessedly made the task of producing the things we want infinitely much easier than ever. But notwithstanding that the Trust admits on the one hand that it has enabled man to control nature that much the easier, it on the other hand is denying men employment, alleging that they are no longer needed, owing to these self-same economies, and this denial of employment means the impossibility of men procuring the food they need simply because it has become so much easier to produc: that food. Is it not

absolutely incomprehensible to think that we Americans can accept such a condition of affairs and not see the utter absurdity of it all? Here we are in America, a land flowing with milk and honey, we have given over to the Trusts the management of procuring this milk and honey in the manner which will require the least human exertion. We have labored for years and years constructing machinery to lessen the task of milk and honey getting. We have been so busy making these machines that we have almost forgotten why we started out to make them, namely, in order to lighten our toil. In fact we have almost begun to think that the making of the machines was an end in itself instead of being the means to an end. So immersed have we been in the process of making machines that when the Trusts came along and told us that more machines are now built than there is any need for, and that, therefore, our labor will be no longer needed, instead of our throwing up our caps with a "Huzza! Boys, the Work of Man is Done! Now let us Use these Machines over the Making of which We have Spent so Many Weary Years of Toil!"—I say, instead of making any such an outcry of joy at the completion of the task, we are terrified to death, for we think unless we can continue the making of machines, no matter how little they may be needed, that there is no other way of our being able to use our labor in getting a living. We laugh at the Irishman who thought the only way to get his pig roasted was to burn down his shanty, yet we Americans are just as silly. We think the only way for us to get bread is to continue building superfluous machines. Simply because in the beginning of our industrial development all our labor force could be profitably spent in the making of tools for the production of bread, now that we have practically completed such tools we are terrified that we cannot continue getting our bread as we formerly did because the work of making such tools is completed. When we were building such machines we simply made a trade of our labor. Part of us worked in the field growing the wheat and another part of us were working in the machine shops making mowing machines. Then we exchanged our mowing machines for the wheat and fed ourselves. The end was to feed ourselves, and we thought to attain that end more easily by building mowing machines. We fed ourselves all right enough before we ever had any mowing machines, but we were not satisfied to leave well enough alone. We must do better, and we certainly can do much better, for one man with modern machinery in the wheat field can do the work of one hundred. And now when we have quite finished building all the machines we need we find that in the room of getting one hundred times as much wheat as we did before we made the machines we actually are told by some of our statesmen that we may not even get as much as we did before we had any machines at all. The only hope for us, according to some people, is that we develop our foreign trade so that when we make more mowing machines than can be used in this country the foreigner will take pity on us and use them in his country. This is called by the Roosevelt-Hanna combination salvation by reciprocity. It means that the mere finishing up of sufficient mowing machines to cut all our American wheat must now be followed up by us Americans building mowing machines for all the rest of the Earth. When we finally finish

Columbia's Race With The Trust.—LIFE.

this mighty task we are not told that we will then get that hundred for one return that we have been waiting for, lo! now, these fifty years. No, we are told that after we have built machines for all the world, then we will have indeed finished our task and it will then be time for us to move off the Earth. Just the time when we thought we were getting in shape to rest and enjoy life we are told it is time to die. However, we are not going to move off the Earth, and neither are we going to shuffle off this mortal coil. We are going to suddenly awaken to the fact that we have been fools long enough, and we are going to simply let the machines do our work; and we are going to eat the bread without any pangs of conscience that it is produced by the harnessing of Niagara rather than by the sweat of our noble brows. If anybody wishes to sweat let him take a vapor bath, but as for us we see no terrors in a dry-browed future. Anyhow, we are going to have one try at it, even if we lose.

All this is not saying that labor, like virtue, is not its own reward, but there is such a thing as having too much of a good thing. We are too apt to look upon the only possible reward for work to exist in its product, but as a matter of fact there is an equal reward in the very work that led to the product, although our modern methods of employment quite obscure it.

For a healthy man there is a joy in digging post-holes provided there are not too many to be dug in a day. There is certainly more joy in the digging of a number of post-holes than there can be in any possession of the holes after they are dug. What painter ever enjoyed the possession of his picture as much as he did the painting of it? I am sure if Pierpont Morgan were to analyze his feelings he would admit that his pleasure in forming the United States Steel Company was far greater than any he now has in possessing the cash and bonds he received for doing the work. Even the mere reminiscence of the performing of a good work is a far greater pleasure than the possession of any reward.

This reward existing in the actual doing of the work runs all through nature. We see it in the intense delight of children to do something of use for their elders. What little girl in fortunate circumstances does not like to make an effort at cooking or sewing for her mother? But when we see a little girl sewing her soul into her work in a sweater's den we can hardly realize that under different conditions that same work which now wears the child's life away might be a joy to her. It is not work, but over-work, that is painful.

The determination of when work becomes over-work is also of a varying nature. A man will perform prodigies of labor during a hunting trip that will but add to his health, whereas the same amount of work done digging our post-holes would be heart-breaking drudgery. Similarly Edison working night and day perfecting an invention can do such strenuous work with no ill results to his health, whereas if he were without the stimulus of the pleasure in the work he would break down at it. It is often said that when a successful business man does far more work than his meanest employe, therefore his material reward should be justly reckoned accordingly. This reasoning entirely overlooks the reward that exists in his work in itself. That there is more joy in giving than receiving is a truism, but that the giving consists in the doing of the work which produces the gift is often overlooked. However, if we ana-

lyze some of our social customs we find that this idea of the pleasure of making a gift of the products of our labor, when that labor is confessedly from its nature of a pleasurable kind, is tacitly confessed, for such a gift is conventionally possible among equals and friends, where any other would be impossible.

For instance, if I go shooting and send a brace of wild ducks to my friend they will be gladly accepted, notwithstanding he may have a suspicion that I have bought them in the market. However, there is a chance that I really have shot them myself and anyway I have had the fun of the trying, and hence he feels that in accepting them he is under no obligation. If, on the other hand, I should send him a pair of tame ducks with no intimation that I had acquired them in any other way than by purchase, the present would be regarded in the light of an insult. I can only give him *tame* ducks if it is known that I am playing at the gentleman farmer and am raising ducks purely for amusement. These customs regarding the kind of labor incorporated into a thing deciding upon the possibility of its being a gift, I say, have at base a clear recognition of the delights of labor when done under proper conditions.

It seems absurd to many to say that labor in the future with Socialism will give quite as much pleasure, if not indeed more pleasure in the doing of it than in the participation of its results. Where does the pleasure come in today when we go off to the woods for a week's picnic? It is certainly not in the eating of the fish or game that may be killed. In fact people often go out camping and take all their provisions with them. Of course the change from conventional city life is a pleasure, but I venture to say that a great amount of the pleasure consists in the doing of the necessary camp work. I think it will be admitted by those who have tried both ways that when servants are taken along to do the work, half the pleasure of a camping trip is lost.

It is quite true that all high civilizations in the past have been based upon the servitude of man to man. A select few have been permitted to live a higher life perched on the backs of the many. And far be it for me to say that there is not a strong argument in favor of having a small class enjoy the delights of culture rather than have the whole mass brutalized.

Man must have servants to take the labor of getting a living off his shoulders sufficiently for him to develop his intellect. However, there is no reason why man's servant should not be a machine just as well as it should be a fellow man. It is not the nature of the *servant* that gives the necessary leisure. It is the nature of the *service*. I must have food and clothing. It can be given to me by a slave operated by muscle or by a slave operated by steam.

Even on the camping trip it must be remembered that although we may take no servants with us, nevertheless we take congealed labor along with us in our flour and bacon, our blankets, our guns, and in fact the whole of our camp accoutrements. The goods we take with us represent just so much less labor for us to perform while on the trip.

I am dwelling upon this idea of the pleasure of work because I feel that many of those who have wealth today look with unnecessary horror upon a change of society which will necessitate conditions in which all must work. They not unnaturally think that by "work" is meant the kind of work both as to time and nature such as they see laborers, clerks, servants, etc., doing about them.

I don't blame a man raised in the lap of luxury looking with consternation upon a future which implied that he would have to do work of this kind. It is but natural that he should make up his mind to fight to the death to resist any such change. I know that in the days before I was a Socialist and had simply a vague idea that Socialism meant drudgery for everyone and that it was to come, if ever it did come, through the deliberate organizing of the working class to take possession of the wealth of the rich. I say that when I thought this I, too, had made up my mind to fight to the last ditch rather than let it occur. I felt that I might as well be dead as live the life I saw the poor of today living, and that I could risk nothing by fighting, and I might gain. In those days I never had heard of social evolution as something that was of present day importance. It had never been suggested to me that Socialism was coming like the winter's snow, and that I might as well try to fight off that snow with Krupp guns as to resist it. That Socialism was such an inevitability and that it did not mean drudgery for men but universal joy suddenly broke upon me one day. It was no supernatural light either, that led to my conversion. It was simply deductions obtained from the appearance of the trusts, and my knowledge of the business conditions that led to this appearance.

I made a flop in one night, about fifteen years ago, from being the most extreme follower of the *laissez faire* school of economists to the most extreme of the collectivist school. There was no step by step process in my evolution, and I have never budged an inch in my economics since I made my change of belief. Immediately I became a convert to Socialism I thought that every man I talked to would see things as I did and follow suit.

The economic necessity of Socialism seemed so easily proven that I was really green enough to think that Mr. Rockefeller himself would see the point when it was shown to him, and might even join in the movement to introduce Socialism. Upon this theory I actually wrote him a very polite letter showing how he had a chance to go down into history as the introducer of Socialism if he would but turn his vast wealth to that end. I am still waiting hopefully for that reply. It will soon be fifteen years, but still my patience is not exhausted. In the meanwhile, however, Mr. Pierpont Morgan has appeared on the financial horizon so that there is a double string to my bow. It may appear to some that it is the height of absurdity for me to suggest in any way except as a joke that Rockefeller or Morgan should ever accept the Socialist theory and would assist in its consummation. I admit that my experience in gaining converts from the rich does justify me in still having hope, but hope is notorious for its triumphs over experience.

To prove that Socialism is inevitable is just as simple a problem for me to demonstrate as that two and two are four. If the demonstration that two and two are four should prove to me something I did not like to know, and it does very frequently, too, I certainly would not so stultify myself as to refuse to admit that two and two continue to make four. Now there is nothing particularly different in the make-up of Mr. Rockefeller and myself, and whatever difference there is should make him still more likely to come to my view of the case. He is a better figurer than I can ever hope to be, and therefore he should arrive at my conclusion

upon the mathematical grounds much sooner than I did, once his attention is called to the problem. Upon the ethical ground he certainly has far more reason to come to my ground than ever I had to be here. I never set myself up as a man to lead the prayer meetings and as an elder in the church. I never, in fact, made the least pretense of any altruism in my make-up. I simply made a study of how to amuse number one, and in fact I have never professed anything different, even since I became a Socialist.

Hence it seems to me that Mr. Rockfeller as well as Mr. Morgan, who are both good at figures as well as devoutly religious, are theoretically bound to come sooner or later into the collectivist school of economics, and become contributors to this magazine.

They both pray every day to the Lord that His "will be done on earth as it is in heaven." I would ask any good Christian who is not a Socialist, if such a thing can exist, what is his idea of God's will on earth? Wherein does his idea of the Kingdom of God on earth differ from the idea that the Socialists have of the earth under Socialism? Certainly neither Mr. Morgan nor Mr. Rockefeller have as much cause as other rich men to disagree with the Socialists because we say that they are the agents who are working out our ideal. Of course I can understand how Mr. Rockefeller would not agree with the Democrat or the Populist who wishes to destroy the trusts, but I do not see wherein he and the Socialist would have any room for discussion. Even upon the point of private ownership versus public ownership of the Standard Oil Trust Mr. Rockefeller would be in agreement, for we both say that the change cannot be made before the people wish it done, and that after the people do so declare that such is their wish, then there will be no resisting their will. Probably Mr. Rockefeller would today not be in favor of the nationalization of the trusts, but he could easily excuse himself by saying that he is simply averse to doing anything that the people do not wish done, and certainly he would be fully justified in his contention that the people have done little to indicate that they wish any such step taken.

Young Mr. Rockefeller declared the other day that the development of the trust was like unto the development of an American Beauty rose. That to have a fine rose many buds must be pinched off and their sap turned to the remaining one, and he paralelled it in saying that to have one great business many smaller ones must be exterminated. This again is in line with the Socialist's idea. The Standard Oil Trust is itself but a large bud, and it, too, must be pinched off in order that its sap may flow to the American Nation as a whole, for the Nation is the American Beauty rose that we are all interested in developing to its highest possibilities.

Pinch, brothers, pinch, pinch with care,
Pinch every Trust that absorbs our air.

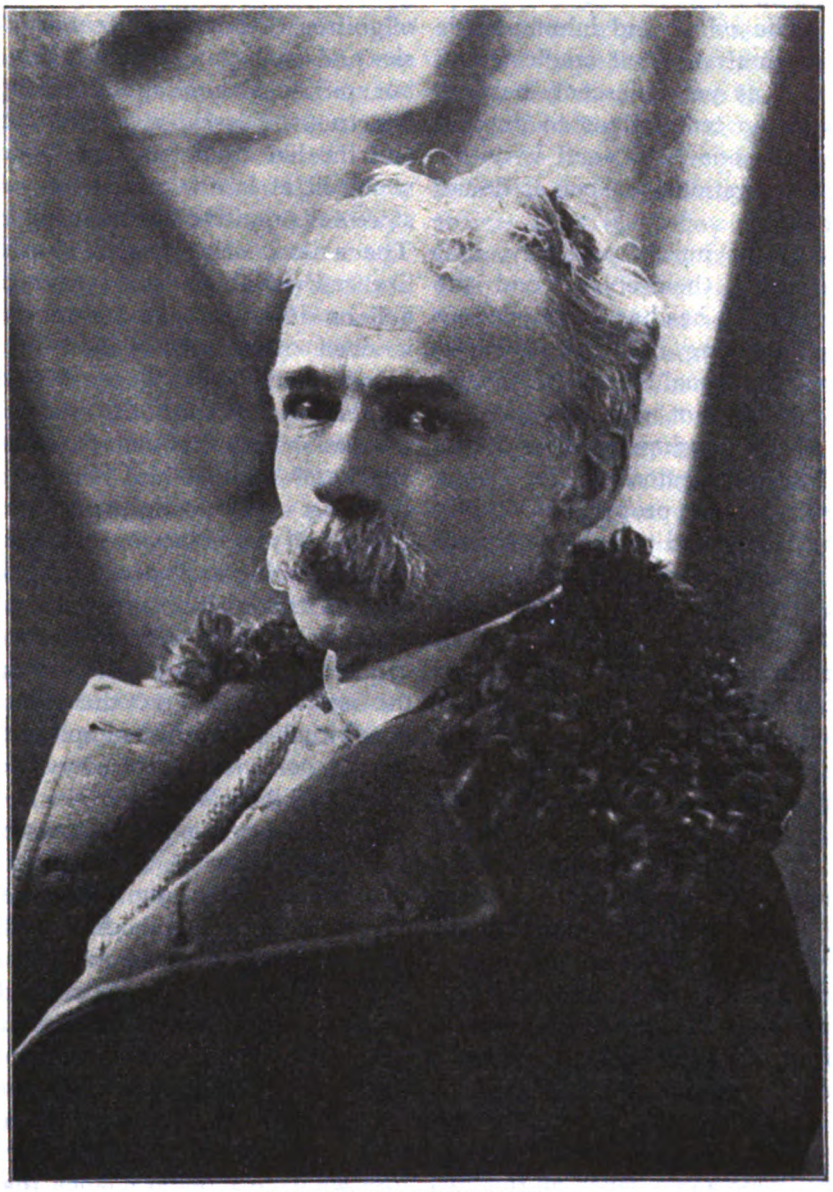
THE SOUL OF AMERICA.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Y DEAR WILSHIRE: — Before entering upon the critical enterprise of trying to hatch-out the pregnant suggestion you recently made to me—to the effect that our surprising industrial supremacy may involve consequences in other directions which we had little contemplated — I will premise a few things concerning what America means to me, what it originally was, and what it should naturally become. In so doing I will bear in mind that no topic is (to me certainly) nearly so seductive as Socialism; since it points to a marriage between the ideal and actual, the theoretic and the practical, and thus promises to every one who considers it the fulfilment of his most generous and reasonable hopes:—and is thus prone to lead one into interminable argument and exposition. If I prove less concise than I intend to be and ought to be, blame in part yourself, who afforded me opportunity.

Other nations got their bodies first, and their souls later only, if at all. But this American Nation, so-called, reversed the common procedure, and began with its soul. It is therefore unique, and it is also the only nation normally constituted, if we concede that the man is the type of society, or the state. The Pilgrims came here in obedience to a spiritual impulse, and against all considerations of a material sort; they did not care to be comfortable, but they were under a cogent necessity to be free. Disgorged from their cockle boats after a trying voyage, they stood knee-deep in snow, but happier than any other group of people then alive. They faced one another, man to man, and none desired advantage over the rest. They had the instinct of order, but no craving for dominion. Whether religion, politics or industry were uppermost in their thoughts, their interests and their aims were common. The situation was not only delightful in itself, but it had the stimulating charm of novelty. Nothing of the sort had happened within historical memory before.

America was then a Socialistic community in the full sense of the term; and though Jameses, Charleses and Georges might make remote trouble, that three thousand miles of salt water prevented them from getting taken too seriously. The undeveloped land was worth nothing at all, and therefore there could be as yet no danger that selfish persons would try to exploit it for pecuniary advantage. In a vague and remote way the people acknowledged formal fealty to a king over-seas, but it preoccupied them no more than does fealty to God an imperfectly religious individual. They did not too much



JULIAN HAWTHORNE

concern themselves about the future; they had no conception of the enormous size of the cantle of the globe's surface which they had got hold of, or of its incalculable potential wealth; their notions were modelled on the scope of tiny England, and they knew enough of human nature to surmise that they were not likely to be overcrowded by persons of like character and aims with themselves. In short, they were a spontaneous and inevitable democracy, and thought to remain so. The soul was strong and mighty in them, the flesh or material part scanty and feeble; and to such a community the principle of each

for all and all for each was a matter of course. The selfish and inhuman side of their nature was—not eradicated of course, but as yet quiescent, because there were no temptations to draw it forth, on the one hand, and very entrancing inspirations to keep it down, on the other.

It was as a church, primarily, that they regarded themselves; and the Christian church has been a democracy from the beginning, in that it makes all finite creatures equal before the infinite Creator. I do not mean to say, of course, that the administration of the church has been democratic, for it soon appeared that it had property of worldly value, and hogs and tyrants were early in its councils accordingly. But religion and democracy are in essence indissoluble. This religious democracy of our forefathers prompted them to accept social order and administration in harmony with it; and so far as industries were concerned, the only possible provision was that each man should do his own work as far as he could, and should help or be helped by the others when necessary. They governed themselves, that is, they obeyed individually and collectively the dictates of justice, reason and decency; and they chose administrators to carry out jobs given to them in the common behoof. This, I say, was the original America; and I have always believed that, *mutatis mutandis*, to that we would (as well as ought to) come again, when all this rigmarole and diabolical disorder which we have in the long interim brought upon ourselves has been declared unsatisfactory and been finally done away with. The soul of the true America is now, as at first it was, Socialism—or I don't mind calling it Industrial Democracy, if you prefer—and though during the past century or two we have grown upon our clean body all manner of goitres, carbuncles and cancers, leprosies and small-pox pustules, outcome of our spiritual sins of capitalism, oligarchies, trusts, bosses, civic indifferences, and the like, that true and inalienable soul will at last avouch itself, and restore our primitive healthy complexion. The nation, being a soul, was bound like individual souls to pass through hell on its way to regeneration; but is even more certain than the individual soul is to get there. For the individual soul is subject to free-will, but the national soul is under unconscious and therefore inevitable Divine guidance, and must come out right anyway.

You will not, however, understand me as adventuring any special prophecy as regards this visible and palatial place we call the United States; for aught I can tell, that may be going straight to the devil. But the fact that America is a spiritual proposition implies that it may become incarnate anywhere; in Turkey, Tibet, Morocco, New Zealand, any old or young place, according as the mortal clay wherewith it is to be clad fits it. The only reason we have for expecting the embodiment shall be here rather than elsewhere is, that this continent is not encumbered with any past steeped in traditions that have to be disowned and errors that must be rectified. We began on virgin soil, and practically in the present; all our virtues and sins are of today, and therefore we have a better chance than others of developing the former and sloughing-off the latter. Besides, all we have done or suffered has been the corollary of evolution—or, I would rather say, of normal progression; for since you cannot evolve from the egg anything not originally or beforehand contained in it, evolution, strictly speaking, is a chimera; the things brought into existence

in this world are first created in the spiritual world or world of causes, and from that forced through into this. But that is another story, and if you value your ease, don't let me tell it here! But America is certain, here or elsewhere, to exist, and to oust and supplant everything else in the way of human society. It is significant that we are physically a conglomerate of all races and nations; there is no sense in our calling ourselves a nation, except as a superficial convenience; other nations are based either on race or on a natural division or modification thereof; but we are the great mongrel of time. There is no possibility of our ever showing a legitimate genealogical tree on the physical plane; it is only spiritual, in the realm of mind, that we can look back clearly and steadily from this Now to the dawn of things. You cannot become a Hindu; you lost your chance at least four thousand years ago; but anybody can become an American at will, even in the severe technical sense; and in the larger and more vital sense, he can, and numberless persons have, become American all over the globe. I have met good Americans who never so much as heard of the western hemisphere; but to be sure they were children under ten years of age. An American who calls himself patriotic is either a fool or a philosopher. And I am bound to admit that, in this country, the philosophers do not preponderate.

Well, then, I look for Socialism, or the spirit of America, to dominate and possess the earth; and I see no good reason why this result should not be reached pretty soon. As you yourself remark, the thing will come whether we like it or not; it is not a matter for us to pick and choose. If it were a matter of choice, I would not be nearly so much at ease about it. And yet, if the question were put to the vote in this country (together with the proviso that the voters should have the faculty of comprehending the proposition submitted to them)—Are you in favor of Socialism?—I should expect a negative answer from the following persons or classes only:—First, from all thieves, with the possible exception of those legally catalogued as such, with photographs in the Rogues' Gallery actually or prospectively; for these thieves are made such by social and industrial injustice, and if they understood that Socialism would eradicate abuses of this sort, they might be willing to come in:—but including three-fourths (let us be charitable and say) of legislators and other administrative officials, because they are blind hogs for power and the wealth and worldly consideration they bring; and a yet larger proportion of office-holders or employes, because having sold their souls for a livelihood, they fear to irritate those who have bought them; and captains of industry, all but a handful. I wish I had space to tell you of a talk I recently had with one of these gentlemen, who exclaimed, among other things, with heroic gestures, "And do you suppose, for one moment, that if ever it did come to a question of force between labor and capital, that capital would fail to crush labor to the earth once and for all?" Pretty near, but not quite all these gentry, I say, would vote in the negative with a will. Then, practically all men of considerable wealth, who mean to bequeath the same to their unhappy offspring; and I cannot except artificial and dramatic freaks like Andrew Carnegie, in comparison with whose hat a sieve would be air tight, so volubly does he discourse through it; let him heap libraries and universities heaven high, he will never persuade me or anybody else that he

will come to the honest point where he would be obliged to touch a friend for five. I hear rumors, by the way, my dear Wilshire, that you are a millionaire; and I shall observe your career with tender solicitude. Next, old ladies, no sex barred, will be in the opposition, for they dislike rude behavior and loud noises and lack of consideration, respectability and reverence for tradition. Socialism will ultimately, no doubt, include these desiderata; but there is going to be an interval during which we shall think the bottom is falling out of things and the roof falling in. Democracy, in its first accost, is doubtless repulsive. Next, I count as anti-Socialistic more than two-thirds of the parsons; the majority of those on our side would be identical with the individuals who are in danger of being read out of the church for heresy. The social and political record of the clergy is as a whole very disappointing to those who expected anything better of them; they are anarchists upon occasion, but the occasion is generally when the susceptibilities of "the great" are at risk; for example, a great many of them recently burst into the newspapers frothing at the mouth to lynch Czolgosz. *Tantane animis coelestibus irae!* The church, as I said, is in the marrow straight Socialism; but the clergy contrive somehow to keep out of the church to a surprising degree, or at all events away from the marrow of it. Are there any others? Probably; but let these suffice; you perceive that we have left the bulk of the human race. If 99 per cent. of the population own, as some statistician announces, one-fourth only of the national wealth, we may rest assured that our foes will never be in the majority. And you—or some folks at least—would be astonished to discover how many persons of seemingly the strictest respectability and quiet propriety are at heart rampant Socialists, and even anarchists. I have picked up elderly physicians, of large practice, not to mention many esteemed scientific gentlemen, fathers of families, persons of gigs and broadcloth, who would, in confidence, utter sentiments which you and I would hardly venture to countenance fully. I would glance aside at the Turkey rugs on the floor and the Sargent pictures on the walls and think, "Can such things be?" But so it is; society is honeycombed with sedition.

And yet, as we were saying, if our brains instead of our bellies had to decide, it is likely that the Socialistic consummation might be indefinitely delayed. But when these valiant bellies of ours do take the field, if we do not behold an Armageddon, it will be only because the battle will be won before it has time to be fought. Meanwhile our friends the enemy have, as we all know, kindly prepared the way for us; Hanna and Morgan, with their little pig-eyes twinkling on the jack-pot, have been wonderfully slipping the trump cards up—not their own sleeves, but—ours! The trusts have been organizing the affair of Socialism. Little do they know it, and still less can they help it. And not only have they done our job for us here, but they have been spending their precious money to lay its foundations abroad. The American invasion of Europe—what does it mean? This, by the way, reminds me of the alleged theme of my letter; it seems nearly time that I should say a word or two about it.

Had Karl Marx and every extant Socialist been entrenched in these United States do you suppose we would have received a visit from Prince Henry? No; it is these Johns the Bap-

tist, Hannas, Morgans and Rockefellers who have brought him. King Edward would follow him hot-foot, were he not detained at home by circumstances over which he has no control. It makes no difference that our Johns the Baptist aforesaid do not know what Messiah they herald; His shoe's latchet they are unworthy to unloose, but He is coming, and they have made straight His path in the wilderness. The poor little Prince arrived expecting to be introduced to a wealthy plutocracy, an oligarchy, a kingdom may be in the making; and he will probably go home with the conviction that he has seen it; but he will be disillusioned ere long. American brains and money and machinery and produce have burst their boundaries here and under the shrewd guidance of the plutocrats have stepped appallingly across the seas; but with them has also gone, unseen, the mighty spirit of America, which is Socialism. That spirit is already announcing itself in many ways. Under the guise of American girls it is marrying itself to European nobles; in the shape of Schwab, it is making Monaco ridiculous; as William Waldorf Astor it is rendering American snobbishness impossible by illustrating its degradation; as Carnegie it is causing the British proletariat to look askance at the stately homes of England, built on the proletariat's neck; as the every-day American tourist it is sowing the seeds of the open prairies in the bleached gardens of Old-World conservatism. American artists, horse-jockeys and pugilists, novelists and actors follow in the wake of the kings of American finance, of the railroad men, the oil and sugar men, and all the rest of the capitalistic and industrial pageant; and no other wake would they have followed. It seems a sordid introduction, perhaps; but in this age it is the normal one. The history of Americanism in the Old World is like that of vice as portrayed by the poet in the human bosom—seen too oft, familiar with its face, it is first endured by those hide-bound conservatives, then pitied, now embraced. And when the embrace has made it incorporate with the embracer, its features will be transfigured, and it will declare itself divine. That is the denouement for which Hanna, Morgan & Co. are so innocently laying the pipes.

In other words, no Socialistic propaganda could have been devised by Socialists themselves so effective and cogent as that which is being managed by those of our citizens to whom Socialism is most abhorrent. They create interest in America and sympathy with her by exhibiting her in foreign lands as the thing which they imagine her and intend her to be; they make her power felt, and her style tolerated; they create for her the respect which is based on fear. They are wholly preoccupied with the idea of getting rid of our industrial surplus, of making money, of owning things; and they impress this preoccupation upon their foreign customers. But all the while the silent masses of European folk are looking on, and taking notes. They are training themselves, largely in unconsciousness, of course, for the part they are to play. Ideas are secretly filtering into their brains, cravings and impulses into their hearts, apparently disconnected with the gaudy business that is going forward, yet of kindred generation. All of a sudden, that crisis which you have specified takes place; our bellies go forth to battle. The individual captains of industry and the system which they represented, are unhorsed, submerged or otherwise annihilated; but the indus-

tries survive so far as they are genuine and have pith, and a new system dawns upon the night. And that it will dawn not here only, but all over the civilized world at the same time, we shall have to thank our self-seeking little Johns the Baptist. They were blind instruments of a higher destiny; impotent pieces, as old Omar would say, of the game He plays. It is a lovely comedy, and it is needless to point out that the wider the theatre of it is the less danger there will be of its acquiring a tragic complexion. The Americanization of Europe, begun by American capital, confirmed by American infiltrations of all other kinds, is a fact impending or accomplished. But Americanism is an idea, and that idea is Socialism. Sooner or later—not much later I think—it will drop its mask; possibly its real features may be recognized abroad even before we discover them ourselves. Those good old Pilgrim Fathers of ours, who have of late so often had occasion to despair of their offspring, will welcome the prodigals at last. We shall not externally resemble the Pilgrims, any more than the oak resembles the acorn; but the essence will be the same. The fatted calf will be served up—and such a calf! And deeply will our remote posterity ponder the problem how they, so enlightened and sane as they are, could ever have descended from a race of imbeciles and maniacs like us!

But I suspect, my dear Wilshire, I have written quite as much as your lusty little magazine will care to print; so I hasten to sign myself cordially yours,

John Armstrong.

CENTRALIZATION OF AMERICAN CAPITAL.

DAVID DUDLEY LYNCH.

THE next ten years will witness a corralling of American capital never heard of before. The initial step to the wonderful commercial focusing of our circulating medium was the establishing of large department stores, with their auxiliary "mail order departments." Their tendrils reaching out all over the land simply suffocated many thousands of smaller merchants. The tendency of American capital today is very strongly toward centralization. Small, thriving industries are being merged into great enterprises, forming immense trusts. Individual owners and operators will soon have passed from the stage of action. Each line will soon be within the grasp of some corporation, which together will own and control the entire American product. Later, there will be a merging of great corporate interests, where a single gigantic corporation, composed of a few individuals, will own and control an aggregation of many millions of dollars. This "merging process" will continue, impeded though it may be, until the interests of one corporation will have holdings in all of the others, and the entire working capital of America, in all lines, will be so perfectly and completely centralized as to be practically under one management. Then the possibility of a "strike," "lock-out," "tie-up" or other resistance of labor will be completely removed. Labor, then, in America will be reduced to abject servitude. The few American magnates, ten years hence, will regulate the wage scale of skilled and unskilled labor in every department; set the price upon all raw material, thus bridling the producer; put their own price upon the manufactured product; absolutely control the banks; dictate legislation in their own interests, thereby hampering the courts; curb the press, so as to silence free speech, by excluding "obnoxious" publications from the mails, and eliminate the possibility of complaint by ownership of interest; their ramifications extending to state and national politics, the successful candidates will be privately chosen, long before the conventions are held. From then on, the tendency of American plutocracy will be as strong toward imperialism as the centralization of capital is now toward trusts. This is not a pessimistic forecast, nor is the prediction made with any political feeling, either for or against any political party. Indeed, politics has nothing whatever to do with it, any more than religion or the weather has. It is the unmistakable outline of a true picture of the future, which time is painting, colored by the daily happenings in this country, which are hourly chronicled by the press, and the drift of money in the foreground stands out in such bold relief that "he who runs may read." Clearly, there is but one check that will avert this present inevitable American financial labyrinth of destiny,

"Let the Nation own the Trusts."

Wanamaker Advertises Wilshire.

JOHN WANAMAKER not only owns the biggest store in Philadelphia but he owns the biggest paper there, too, the North American.

John evidently does not wish to have me complain of his making any invidious distinctions by ruling me from his usual notices regarding the visits of distinguished people to Philadelphia, and he therefore gives me the following send-off:—

HE IS A MILLIONAIRE, PREACHES SOCIALISM.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE OF TORONTO TRAVELS ABOUT TO LECTURE TO WORKINGMEN.

A millionaire Socialist was the recipient of the hospitality of some of the city's best families last night, and workingmen were welcomed in the drawing-rooms of the wealthy.

H. Gaylord Wilshire of Toronto, the editor of THE CHALLENGE, who will speak in St. George's Hall, Thirteenth and Arch streets, tonight, was the guest ot honor. The hostess was Miss Innes Forbes, 901 Pine street. The Rev. James H. Ecob was chairman of the meeting. Miss Caroline H. Pemberton acted as assistant hostess.

An address was delivered by Mr. Wilshire, followed by a general discussion of Socialism.

Briefly the two themes of the address were these:

SALIENT POINTS OF THE ADDRESS.

"1. The world's industrial equipment is fast approaching completion.

"2. The existing machinery has reached such a point of perfection that it produces new machinery too rapidly for current consumption. Hence, we have 'over-production.'"

From these premises Mr. Wilshire proved that co-operation is going to take the place of competition, and collective ownership is going to supplant individual ownership.

J. Mahlon Barnes, cigarmaker; Edward Moore, hatter; William Grouchy, printer, and other labor leaders were present at the meeting. Among those who accepted invitations to be present were the following:

SOME WHO WERE PRESENT.

Professor Angelo Heilprin, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Justice, Miss Caroline Longacre, Mrs. C. J. Bartol, Mrs. Thomas S. Kirkbride, Dr. Daniel Longacre, Dr. Thomas S. K. Morton, Miss Mathilda Weil, Miss Adeline Madeira, Mrs. Arthur Kitson, Dr. and Mrs. Solis-Cohen, Mrs. Samuel Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Blankenburg, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Coates, Miss Jane Campbell, Professor Simon N. Patten, Miss Sarah Newbold, Dr. and Mrs. Macfarlane, John W. Welsh, Dr. Gertrude Walker, Howard Stratton, Miss Laura Earle, the Misses Livingston.

It's a great thing this going before the world as a swell and a millionaire, yet a Socialist. Such a label quite disarranges the preconceived idea of some people as to what a Socialist is, therefore I encourage it.

John knows the value of contrasts, for advertising, as well as I do. A few months ago when I spoke in Philadelphia he headed the account of my meeting,—

WILSHIRE ALLOWED TO SPEAK.

THE COMMITTE OF PUBLIC SAFETY DOES NOT PREVENT HIM TALKING.

I spoke at two meetings in Philadelphia in January, consecutive nights, 22d and 23d. Here is the account from the Wanamaker North American of the second meeting:—

"THE NATION SHOULD OWN THE TRUSTS."

THIS WAS THE THEME OF LECTURE DELIVERED BY MILLIONAIRE SOCIALIST WILSHIRE.

INCREASE FOREIGN TRADE.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, the millionaire Socialist, last night addressed an audience that crowded St. George's Hall, Thirteenth and Arch streets. His theme was: "The Nation Should Own the Trusts.'

After the lecture Mr. Wilshire answered questions relating to the tenets of Socialism. Argument upon the propaganda of Anarchy and a discussion of Socialistic dissensions by former Socialists were cut short by Chairman J. Mahlon Barnes.

Some of the points made by Mr. Wilshire follow:

Capital created trusts to prevent over-production and cheapening of products. Labor unions were formed to prevent men from selling their labor too cheaply.

—

The trusts are a natural evolution of industry.

—

The formation of trusts is an indication that a limit has been reached in the indiscriminate production of labor-saving machinery.

—

The trusts are not only a proof of what may be done, but they also indicate what must be done by co-operative government.

—

The farmer feeds his mule on the basis of keeping him in good condition. The capitalist feeds the laborer on the basis of keeping him alive.

—

When the people take over the government of all the industries the capitalist will become as extinct as the feudal baron and the Southern slave owner, and he will probably be remunerated as they were.

—

Triumphant Socialism will be the greatest possible incentive to art and invention. In those days every useful article will be beautiful and every great invention will be enjoyed by all who wish to use it.

—

A social revolution is inevitable.

—

A few thousand starving workingmen do not count. A few million will.

—

When we have enough workingmen going hungry and enough capitalists losing their money, things will begin to move.

—

It is recognized that unless our foreign trade is not only held, but still further developed, we will face the same problem of the unemployed that now distresses Europe. I recommend the consideration of this contingency to Archbishop Corrigan and Bishop Potter.

—

All this trouble can be solved by the people taking over the country and by the producer receiving what he produces, not simply that upon which he can barely exist.

The Toronto Meeting.

Mr. Wilshire delivered a lecture at Association Hall, Toronto, on Saturday evening, March 1st. Although the weather was inauspicious a very fair-sized audience listened to the speaker, and expressed its appreciation of his remarks by the closest attention and frequent applause. Mayor Howland had promised to preside, but owing to illness was unable to appear. Alderman Urquhart, who was delegated to act in his stead, expressed Mr. Howland's regrets at his enforced absence and his own pleasure at presiding over the meeting.

The following excerpts from the daily press give a fair report of the meeting:

H. Gaylord Wilshire lectured in Associattion Hall on Saturday night on "Shall Canada Be Sold to J. Pierpont Morgan?" Ald. Urquhart presided, in the absence of the Mayor, who sent word that he was sick. The hall was well filled.

At the outset, Mr. Wilshire pointed out that there was a strong sentiment in Canada in favor of public ownership of public utilities, such as gas and railways; but there was another view of the matter to be taken, which was that of the necessity to take them over, not because we wished to do so, but because it was something in which we had no choice. As to Mr. Morgan acquiring franchises in Canada, he said he had no personal objections to him, as he was a man of great ability and philanthropic in his disposition; in fact, if Canada were to choose an owner, it might be hard to find a better one than he. There is a great fear all over the world that the United States would dominate all countries financially. It is not so long ago that the United States was spoken of in the same way as Canada is today, as a country having illimitable resources, but facts showed that today the opportunities for investment were not at all enticing for the capitalists, who were consequently seeking investment abroad, for no less than $600,000,000 a year. Rockefeller alone had $65,000,000 to invest annually, and there were some 4,000 men of great wealth like him in that country, and all indications showed that the machinery of wealth-production there was in a state of completion, and it would not be long before the country would be face to face with the great problem of the unemployed. The only solution of this problem would be that of Socialism.

Canada offers a great field for American capalists. Only the other day they secured the Canada Atlantic Railway, and if they had not already made arrangements to purchase the

C. P. R., they would shortly do so, because it is a competing line to the Vanderbilt system, so that some fine morning Canadians would wake up and find their industries in the possession of Americans. True, it would not make a very material difference from the workingman's standpoint, but from the view-point of patriotism it would be a serious consideration, as the control of industries would give them political control, and consequently the management of the country's affairs. Some Canadians would say that it was all right to let the Americans take over the industries and to systematize them, and then the Canadians could come in and take possessiou of them afterwards by purchase. He thought it would be a wise plan for Canadians to take them over themselves beforehand, and to nationalize all industries that were national in scope and to municipalize things pertaining to the city.

The chairman said he agreed with the speaker, and a hearty vote of thanks was passed.—Toronto World.

A millionaire Socialist, as he has been advertised, Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire made his initial appearance before a Toronto audience in the Guild Hall on Saturday evening, when he delivered a lecture on "Shall Canada Be Sold to J. Pierpont Morgan?"

The lecturer was introduced to the audience by Ald. Urquhart, in the absence of Mayor Howland, who sent an apology. Mr. Wilshire is a fluent speaker, and the audience listened to him with quiet attention.

He prefaced his remarks by stating that he had nothing against capitalists personally, they were simply creatures of a system, and if we will sell our country we could not perhaps do better than sell it to Morgan. He pointed out however, how singular it was that America, one of the youngest countries, should now be capable of exporting wealth in such vast quantities, and considered the reason was that labor received so small a proportion of what it produced, only 17 per cent., the capitalist securing the other 83 per cent. Thus it was that men like Rockefeller and Morgan could not spend their surplus, and were compelled to look for other avenues of investment. They found these avenues no longer existed in the States, so they looked to Canada for them, Mr. Wilshire remarked. In another portion of his lecture he also claimed that Canadian capitalists today were unable to find openings for investment here, so they had gone to Brazil for them.

As instancing the way in which Canada is getting into the hands of Americans, Mr. Wilshire noted the sale of the Canada Atlantic Railway to the Vanderbilts, and said that it seemed that if the Canadian Pacific was not already in the hands of Morgan it was an absolute certainty that it would soon pass into his hands unless the road was nationalized. The Americans would not allow a competing road to exist.

The problem that the laborer had to face was not how to produce so much, but as little as possible, so that he would not lose the opportunity of producing anything. The productive competition among labor piled up in the hands of capitalists great surpluses, and when the time came that America could not sell these surpluses the country would be bankrupt. If we were going to die of starvation because we produced too much to eat we deserved it. The remedy for this was that instead of looking all over the world to dipose of this surplus, we consume what we produce ourselves. If this was not done Rockefeller and Morgan would soon say, "The country is finished; there is nothing more for you to do, and you cannot expect us to support you."

The only possible method to meet these problems, the lecturer held, was by co-operation, by the nationalization of all public utilities, railways, lighting, telephones, street cars, and centralization, as far as possible, of the control of everything in the hands of the people, including the immense industrial plants. The necessity for taking over these great utilities coincided, the lecturer thought, with its practicability.—Toronto Globe.

Mr. Wilshire is about 35 years of age. As a speaker he is convincing without being eloquent. He is moderate in tone and, contrary to expectations, does not deal in personalities. In his lecture on Saturday evening Mr. Wilshire endeavored to show that the United States was bound to come to grief from the fact that the country was producing too much. All the great public utilities in that country had been about completed, and were now in the hands of men like Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, and Hill. As a result the working classes got about 17 per cent. of what they produced, while the trust magnates took the remaining 83 per cent. The trust magnates were piling up such enormous sums of money that they had to seek investment outside the United States, and were now invading Britain, France, Germany, Canada and other countries. The trouble in the United States, he declared, was over-production,

Under the competitive wage system there was no distribution of profits, and the buying powers of the masses were gradually decreasing. This all pointed to a great industrial collapse. The only salvation, it seemed to him, was the institution of the co-operative system. Wherever it was economically possible public utilities should be nationalized or municipalized. The subject of Mr. Wilshire's address was, "Shall Canada Be Sold to J. Pierpont Morgan?" In passing, the speaker pointed to the Independent Order of Foresters as a complete illustration of Socialism, as far as it goes.

Ald. Urquhart presided over the meeting, and at the conclusion of his address Mr. Wilshire answered a number of questions which were put to him.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Wilshire at Berlin.

Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire, until recently of the United States, now in Toronto, is a Socialist —known as the millionaire Socialist – who predicts that Socialism is inevitable, that it is bound to come and that he is preaching it simply because he likes to.

He addressed a large audience Sunday afternoon at the Opera House, and in the evening he spoke in Waterloo on the subject "Shall Morgan Own Canada?"

He started out by stating that Socialism implies equality of wealth—but not a division of wealth—and a bettered condition for everyone. The only reason advanced against such a system is that it is impracticable. He took the very opposite view of it, declaring that we cannot help getting it; that the United States will see it in ten years. He says it is an absolute impossibility for the present system of distribution to last much longer, as the capitalist has invested about all his income above the labor bill, until he is face to face with the situation—no opening for investment. When he cannot invest at a profit he will cease to employ, and the workingman will be left without a job.

Rockefeller has said that the reason the Oil Trust was formed was because there were too many small oil refineries, that there was an over-production, price cutting ensued and oil was sold below cost. To avoid bankruptcy the combines were organized, so over-production is the cause of combines. Under the present competitive wage system, he contended, there is bound to be an over-production, as the worker cannot buy what he produces. So the Trust means the completion of the production problem. He spoke of the habit the general man has of saying "our country." It is "our country" like a boarding-house is "ours." It is "ours" so long as a man pays his board; but under the present conditions the time is coming when a man will not be able to pay his board, because there will be an over-production and no work for him.

He predicted that society is getting ready for the change; that there is now a social evolution in progress.

He spoke of the invasion of other countries by American capital and said that if the Dominion Government will not soon take over the C. P. R., J. Pierpont Morgan will. The only way to preserve it to the country is to nationalize it and adopt the policy—Canada for Canadians.

After the lecture proper, he was asked a number of questions. In talking about the prohibition agitation he said that poverty is the root of the whiskey disease, and that by removing poverty by Socialism intemperance would cease. This statement was taken decided exception to. Speaking of the Carnegie Library grants, he said that for himself he would take the grant quick.

During the meeting, Mr. Chas. Ruby sang the "Holy City," and Mr. E. R. Riener gave a mandolin selection, the accompanists being Prof. Zoellner and Miss McGarvey.

Rev. A. B. Francisco made an acceptable chairman.—Berlin (Canada) News-Record.

TELEPHONES FOR A TRIFLE.

In 1894 the rates for telephone service in Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, were $48 a year for stores and offices, and $36 for private houses. The company was requested to reduce its rates, and refused to do so. A company was then organized with a capital of $5,000, divide l into 100 shares, each representing the cost of installation of a single telephone ($50); each stockholder to be permitted to hold one share of stock for each telephone rented by him, and no more; ownership of the stock to be absolutely confined to renters of telephones.

The estimate of expenses made by the promoters of the new exchange were verified by experience; for the monthly rate established—$2.25 for stores and offices and $1.00 for residences—the company was not able to give good service, but increased its dividends from 1 per cent. per month to 1½ per cent., thus making the net cost $1.50 for business service and the

extremely low rate of 25 cents for residences per month.

The new company found that its operating expenses would be, approximately, $9.00 a year for each instrument. Adding $3.50 to cover interest and depreciation of plant, it is clear that an income of 25 per cent. on the investment was required. The rates were adjusted to secure this income, and at the same time maintain a small sinking fund to provide for improvements in the service. Starting with an exchange of 83 'phones, there are now about 300 instruments in use, or one to every 17 persons in the community. The new company could not be bought up. According to a provision of its charter, stock could only be held by renters of the company's 'phones. When a stockholder ceased to be a renter his stock was taken up and cancelled. The monopoly had other resources, however. The old 'phones were offered rent-free for a period of three years. An appeal to local patriotism won the day against this onslaught.

There are no "party wires" in the system. Each 'phone has an individual wire. The capital stock has been increased through new 'phones until it now amounts to $15,000.

The success of this experiment proves that the citizenship of the average American town can be trusted to deal intelligently and economically with public utilities. The people's business can be safely given over to the people, rather than left to a private corporation for exploitation. Grand Rapids' experience caused similar co-operative telephone systems to be organized in the other Wisconsin Valley towns of Wausau, Merrill and Marshfield, all of which were formerly profitable territory for the operations of the same monopoly that dictated terms to Grand Rapids. An electric light and power company has been recently formed on similar lines in Grand Rapids.—Review of Reviews for February, 1902.

Macaulay on Liberty.

Aristotle tells a pretty story of a fairy who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her hideous aspect, she afterward revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled all their houses with wealth and made them happy in love and victorious in war.

Such a spirit is liberty. At times she takes on the form of a reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and glory.

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors or recognize faces. The remedy is to accustom him to the rays of the sun.

The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free until they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water till he has learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery they may indeed wait forever.

"They Who Sow the Wind."

I have read with indignation the history of the autocratic behavior of that fellow Madden in his endeavor as the tool and the mouthpiece of capitalism to destroy the freedom of the press. Worse still than such flunkey-like tyranny is the silence of the general press of the country. Actuated by the spirit of men justly jealous of liberty, the press of the whole land would be set aflame by such conduct. I am glad that we still have men like yourself, with the courage, the daring, the ability and the means to withstand such tyranny and usurpation of authority. Unflagging strength to your arm in battling for liberty and the right. "They who sow the wind."

Yours sincerely,

D. T. SMITH, M. D.,
Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence,
University of Louisville.

THE PRESENT STATUS WITH THE POST-OFFICE.

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE being entered as second-class matter in Canada can be mailed from the Toronto Post-Office to any part of the United States, under the reciprocity treaty, at the rate of one half cent per pound. The recent refusal of Mr. Madden to give the magazine registration at the New York Post-Office is of no importance, it simply prevents my agents, the American News Co., from using the New York Post-Office to forward WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE to news dealers. Inasmuch as the American News Co. use the express companies altogether instead of the post-office, anyway, for all points east of Kansas City, and as the Toronto News Co. fills orders received from news dealers west of Kansas City, sending the magazines out by the Canadian Post-Office, it can be seen that this last exhibition of the Madden spite is very harmless. It is probably the first time of record, however, that a periodical having been regularly entered at the Canadian Post-Office has ever been denied American registration. Hitherto that has simply been considered a mere formality, and has always been granted at once as a matter of international courtesy. It's of absolutely no advantage to the United States Post-Office—in fact, it's a loss to them. Instead of getting paid for magazines sent to news dealers from Toronto via New York it loses this money, as the magazines go direct from Toronto. The United States does all the work and Canada gets all the money. Incidentally in all this matter Mr. Madden has put the city of Toronto in the way of having about forty thousand American dollars a year spent here upon printers' wages, press-work, paper, rent, etc., all connected with getting out this magazine. The money I get paid for subscriptions and advertisements is distributed in Toronto instead of New York. Mr. Madden is a kind of a reverse-action protective tariff. He ought to make a good Democrat by analogy. Don't you want him, Mr. Bryan? Mr. Madden was born in Canada and probably thinks he owes his mother country a good turn by sending me over here in exchange for himself.

STANDARD OIL'S $20 DIVIDEND.

The Standard Oil Company declared a dividend of $20 per share last month. This means a division of $20,000,000 among the stockholders.

The capital stock of the Standard Oil Company is $100,000,000. In 1901 it distributed in dividends to its stockholders $48,000,000, in quarterly payments of 20 per cent, 12 per cent, 8 per cent and 8 per cent on the capital stock. In 1900 it disbursed $48,000,000 in a similar way. In 1899 its dividends amounted to $33,000,000; in 1898, to $30,000,000; in 1867, to $33,000,000; in 1896, to $31,000,000.

$243,000,000 IN SIX YEARS.

The total disbursements to stockholders in the last six years amounts to the enormous sum of $243,000,000. Prior to 1896 there had been an annual dividend of 12 per cent for six years, which would bring the disbursements to stockholders in the last twelve years up to $315,000,000.

John D. Rockefeller has received in the last ten years nearly 100 millions simply from dividends on his shares in the Standard Oil Trust.

I would like to know if John D. has ever seriously considered what he is going to do with the income he is to receive during the next ten years?

This will amount to a sum of five hundred million dollars at the very least.

What will he do with it?

What can he do with it?

What can he do after he has bought up all the Earth?

Mr. Dooley on Freedom.

"Well, Cubia got her freedom or something that wud look like th' same thing if she kept it out iv th' rain, but somehow or another it didn't suit her entirely. A sort iv cravin' come over her that it was hard to tell fr'm th' same feelin' iv vacancy that she knew whin she was opprissed be th' hated Casteel. Hunger, Hinnissy, is about th' same thing in a raypublic as in a dispotism. They'se not much choice iv unhappiness between a hungry slave an' a hungry freeman.

"Cubia cuddent cuk or wear freedom. Ye can't make freedom into a stew, an' ye can't cut a pair iv pants out iv it. It won't bile, fry, bake or fricasse. Ye can't take two pounds iv fresh creamery freedom, a pound iv north wind, a heapin' taycupful iv naytional aspirations an' a sprinklin' iv bars fr'm th' naytional air, mix well, cook over a hot fire an' sarve fr'm th' shtove; ye can't make a dish out iv that that wud nourish a tired freeman whin he comes home afther a hard day's wurrk lookin' f'r a job.

"So Cubia comes to us an' says she: 'Ye done well by us,' she says, 'give us freedom,' says she, 'more thin enough to go round,' she says, 'an' now if ye plaze we'd like to thrade a little iv it back f'r a few groceries,' she says. 'We will wear wan shackle f'r a ham,' says she, 'an' we'll put on a full raygalia iv ball an' chain an' yoke an' fetters an' come. 'Ye alongs f'r a square meal,' says she.

The Advertising Art.

False pretense and masquerade advertising are out of fashion. If a pretty girl holds up the candy or the soap, or a cherubic youngster eats the health-food, so much the better. The picture in such a case is subsidiary, and, according to the principles of true art, calls attention to the object and not to itself.

The goods themselves are more attractive than anything that can be said against them. Our window decorators have learned the same lesson, and cease to use live chickens and electrical toys to draw gazers. They show goods. The drummer who "talks business" will outsell his rival who talks mostly about the weather and football. Bribing people with furniture to buy soap, giving silver spoons away with baking powder, throwing in gold watches with "Household Gems; a Home Magazine," are all forms of the old way now disappearing. Sugar-coated pills are out of fashion. Nothing but medicines in transparent capsules goes down now.

When you bind your magazines by all means bind in the advertising pages. If it makes too bulky a volume leave out some of the literature, for to future generations this will be of the least importance. It is probable that they will not be interested in the adventures of the well-groomed young man with the iron jaw, who manipulates revolutions in imaginary German principalities and South American republics, but they will seek in the advertising what the people wrote of their own life without the interference of the editor. Even the most veritistic of novelists gives a less truthful and vivid picture of the life of the times than these pages published by the people at their own expense. The Lacroix of the future will seek in them for the costumes and utensils of our century, and will not waste any time over the pseudo-mediæval illustrations. The philologian will find here the first use of new words, and the historian will draw from the advertisements his most telling quotations on the manners and customs of our time. When we look over a Harper of 1850 the semi-advertising pages, the book reviews and the fashion plates are all that are of interest to us now. In the book auction of fifty years hence a set of magazines "with the covers and advertising bound in" will bring five times the price of the ordinary bound volumes.—The Independent.

John Wanamaker's Magazine.

The Book and News Dealer presents this interesting information of the wise ways of Wanamaker in using his magazine to sell Wanamaker goods:

Honest John sends out a "reply" postal for his would-be agents to sign. It reads as follows:

["Please send me, free of charge, a specimen copy of Everybody's Magazine, your New Premium Catalogue, Order-Blanks, and Instructions to Club raisers. I will endeavor to form a club of subscribers for the magazine among my friends and neighbors.

"As a reward for my labor I am to receive orders payable in merchandise in your New York store."]

The general opinion is that "New York store" is needing all the business it can gather in, but it does seem rather a shame poor devils of women should have to take merchandise in payment for the good money they collect and send in to the Wanamaker octopus.

PROSPERITY IN CHICAGO.

JOSEPH WANHOPE, EDITOR "CHICAGO SOCIALIST."

BEYOND the daily record of suicides attributed to "despondency through lack of employment," to use the stereotyped newspaper phrase, and the occasional discovery of families of starving children, there are few surface indications to show that the "army of the unemployed" is peculiarly conspicuous just now in Chicago. These matters, together with charity bureau reports, exposures of sweatshop conditions and other occurrences tending to uncover the festering mass of poverty which must always exist in a great industrial centre under capitalism, are to a very great extent unheard and unfelt (except by the victims) in the universal chorus of "prosperity" which the daily press deems necessary to keep up at present.

Looking beneath the surface, however (and it is this habit that renders the Socialist disagreeable in the eyes of all "good" people), there is abundant proof for the statement that the elements which go to the formation of an army of out-of-works in the near future are even now in preparation, an army whose numbers will preclude the possibility of their being ignored or shouted down. What is now chronic promises soon to become abnormal, and Chicago will be confronted with a problem which in more senses than one will call loudly for solution. The methods adopted in the past may or may not be found efficacious. But we shall see what we shall see.

In this city the machinery of production is now almost perfected. Employment of its working class population now depends almost wholly upon finding markets for their products, a necessity which bears equally upon the entire world of capitalistic production.

JOSEPH WANHOPE.

And as the great financial and commercial journals are already warning their patrons of the narrowing of the world markets, and at the same time proclaiming their essentiality, the question of how the capitalists are to feed their slaves when they can no longer employ them looms up with unpleasant

distinctness. To aggravate the situation an increasing influx of labor brought in by the inducements offered by capitalists in their search for cheap labor is steadily pouring into the city. The contract labor law in such places as the great packing plants and steel mills is an absolute dead letter, the trade unions have given increasing evidence of their inability to enforce their claims, while a marked preference for non-union labor is distinctly observable. Thus the "reserve army of industry" is being silently though constantly recruited, while the press, like the boy in the dark who whistled to keep his courage up, is insisting that there are no clouds whatever on the industrial horizon. The complete inability of the city to deal with the situation may be summed up in four words. The treasury is empty.

Outside of the elevation of railroad tracks within the city, which has been admitted for the last few years to have been the most potent factor in mitigating the unemployed problem in the period of "prosperity" just passed, there is nothing to be expected from private initiative.

The "savings" of the working class might be considered an asset—only they don't exist. Increased prices of commodities sufficiently explains the reason why.

To sum up. Surplus products growing. Surplus labor increasing. Markets of France, Germany, England and Russia constantly narrowing. Industrial stagnation is already visible in Europe, where the unemployed problem is even now alarming the capitalist class and carrying with it the threat of social revolution. How can Chicago, or for that matter any other industrial centre in the United States, escape being drawn into the vortex?

However, the motto of the capitalist has ever been "*Apres moi le deluge*," and the fact that the Socialist points out the inevitable only proves his evil disposition. At any rate there will be a few exceptions to the normal lack of employment which is due in the near future. Judges, policemen and militiamen will doubtless find plenty to do. It will be well for capitalism if they do not find too much in the days that are coming. But there isn't much comfort in that idea, either.

Father McGrady's Latest Victim.

A professor at Stonyhurst, the leading Catholic college of England, Father Rickaby, a Jesuit, and considered a most brilliant and very learned one, too, has written a pamphlet against Socialism entitled, "The Crying Evil of the Age." It is being widely circulated in this country by the Catholic Truth Society of Chicago. If you want to know how little a learned Jesuit knows, send ten cents to the Standard Publishing Co. of Terra Haute, Ind., for Father McGrady's reply, entitled, "A Voice from England."

Italy Slipping Forward.

Rome, Feb. 14.—The government has introduced a bill to facilitate the municipalization of public utilities on the principle already adopted largely and successfully in Milan. The Socialists have done much to popularize the idea.

The schedule of services that may be municipalized embraces water, lighting, tramways, busses, baths, warehouses, abattoirs, markets, bakeries, electric power derived from rivers, billsticking, the conveyance of coffins to cemeteries and the establishment of night refuges for the destitute.

According to the bill, no service may be municipalized without a referendum. If the proposal is rejected it cannot be brought forward again for three years. Compulsory powers are given to buy any private company's works after the expiration of five years from the time of the original concession. Employes may be given a share of the profits of municipalized industries.

Madden vs. Bryan.

Two weeks ago we gave our readers Mr. Bryan's letter to Mr. Madden, in which he asked that official's definition of "a few" as applied to circulation—whether he actually meant "a few" or if he meant a few as compared to the total circulation of a paper. Mr. Madden in his reply does not answer the question, but indulges in a stump speech that does not meet the question. Mr. Bryan does not propose to stop until the matter is settled, for there is a principle at stake, and in his Commoner of February 21st he vigorously goes back at Mr. Madden, and from that reply we take the following extract:—

"Mr. Madden has virtually withdrawn his objection to the complimentary copies sent to certain senators and members of congress, for he says that 'the practice of sending complimentary copies has obtained for many years,' adding that 'the department, believing the publishers of legitimate publications could not afford nor be willing to unduly exercise the privilege, has left it to their good judgment to determine whether they trespass beyond the bounds of the "limited number" contemplated by the ruling.'

"There is the ruling, and the publisher of The Commoner (unless Mr. Madden holds that The Commoner is not a 'legitimate publication') will continue, in the exercise of his judgment, to send complimentary copies to those fusion and Democratic members of the senate and house who are not regular subscribers.

"Mr. Madden suggests by way of qualification that 'personal interest' in the circulation of 'gift' or 'complimentary' copies of second-class publications—'either in the advertisements or subject matter—vitiates their character as such and renders them unmailable at the pound rate of postage.'

"If Mr. Madden means to say that the editor of The Commoner has any such interest in the sending of these complimentary copies as would 'vitiate their character and render them unmailable at the pound rate of postage,' he will have to come out into the open and say so. And while he is ruling on the subject of 'personal interest,' might it not be well for him to define the personal interest which he, as a Republican politician, has in preventing the circulation of a Democratic paper? If there is any law which justifies him in using his position to advance his own personal interests or the interest of the party through whose aid he draws his salary, let him quote the law, and the editor of The Commoner will undertake to secure its repeal.

"Mr. Madden mistakes his location as well as his vocation. He imagines that he is in the Philippine islands enforcing arbitrary laws for the protection of the military situation, whereas he is simply a federal official, appointed for a limited term to administer a subordinate department of the post-office department and to enforce the laws according to their tenure and purport. His endeavor to inject a stump speech into official communications shows that he does not fully appreciate the dignity of his position or the duty of an official."—Central Farmer of Omaha.

Best Wishes from Youth's Companion

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 18, 1902.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE,
Toronto, Can.,

DEAR SIR:—We notice in the February number of your magazine an incidental allusion to The Youth's Companion which might be misleading to your readers. We are very certain that you did not intend to misrepresent us in any way, or do us any injustice, but the wording of the paragraph is likely to give a wrong impression.

The sentence we refer to is on page 12, and reads as follows: "In fact The Youth's Companion, the best known of all the premium-giving papers, now comes out with a big double issue with nearly thirty pages given up entirely to advertising premiums for subscribers." Anyone not acquainted with our method might infer from reading this that we were offering premiums with subscriptions for The Companion, which is directly contrary to fact. We take the utmost pains to impress it on our subscribers and all who are interested, that the price of The Companion is always $1.75, and that no premium, gift or inducement is allowed under any circumstances in connection with a subscription.

A great many of our old subscribers act as agents and canvassers for new subscriptions, and we pay them for doing this work by giving them either a cash commission such as is paid to any subscription agency, or a payment of merchandise to about the same value as the cash commission, if they prefer this instead of the cash. The enclosed circular is condensed from the conditions printed in full in the "double issue" to which you refer and will explain this.

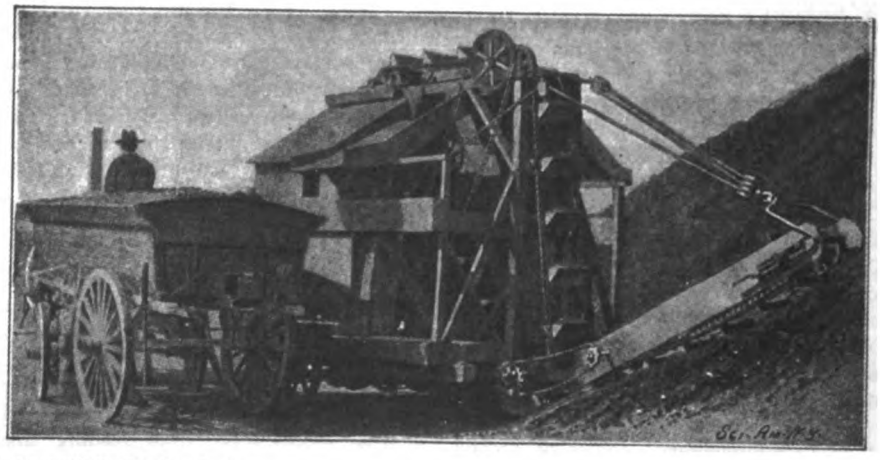
With best wishes, we are,

Yours truly,

PERRY MASON CO.

Good-bye, Mr. Coal-Heaver.

IN a large retail coal yard in Philadelphia there is in daily operation a machine for loading the delivery wagons of the firm, the first apparatus of the kind which has ever been successfully operated. It is known as the Seitz loader, and is shown in active service in the accompanying illustration, made from a photograph. The machine is entirely self-contained, moving around the yard from pile to pile under its own power and loading the wagons entirely without any human assistance other than that which directs the running of the engine.



Courtesy of Scientific American.

PORTABLE COAL-LOADING MACHINE.

The loader is run to the vicinity of the coal pile, and an endless-belt raking device dropped thereon. The engine is started, and the coal is by this means brought to the elevator buckets, which dump it onto screens at the top of the machine and after passing through these it is conveyed by spouts to the cart which stands at the side of the loader. The raking device and elevator are both operated by the same engine located in the interior. The machine shown in the cut has a capacity of one ton a minute, and takes the place of six laborers who were heretofore employed in shoveling and screening. This capacity can be increased, and with a trifling change the loader may be made to fill two wagons at one time. While it is primarily designed for coal, it can be used for lime, sand, gravel and other similar materials.—Scientific American.

Mr. Wilshire's Lecture,

Mayor Howland will preside at the meeting to be held at Association Hall next Saturday night. Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire of New York will deliver his lecture upon "Shall We Sell Canada to J. Pierpont Morgan?" The threatened inundation of Canada by American capital is certainly a subject that affords an interesting topic for public discussion, and we should judge from what we hear of Mr. Wilshire's ability as a lecturer and political economist that the audience will not feel that they have misspent their evening in hearing him speak. Mr. Wilshire is a man of wealth and the publisher and editor of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, which was recently denied publishers' rates by the United States post office. He has established himself in Toronto, and is now publishing his magazine here, having obtained from our post-office the rates he was denied at home.—Toronto World.

A newspaper slot machine has been invented which will deliver a paper and make change for a nickel when desired.

THE CONQUEST OF EUROPE.

LATE Assistant Treasurer of the United States Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, is running a series of exceedingly interesting articles in Scribners entitled "American Invasion of Europe." During his visit to Europe he called upon all the great bankers, the ministers of finance, and other men there, men who should be qualified to answer a financial question if anyone is qualified, and asked them all one question and not one could answer him. The question propounded was, "How is Europe ever going to settle the trade balance of $600,000,000 per year now running against her?" One, a Russian, came nearest to the right answer when he suggested it might be settled by war. In fact if the competitive system is to endure and Europe is not to become the financial serf to the Morgan-Rockefeller syndicate then war is her only chance of freedom. Mr. Vanderlip relates an anecdote of how he called at one of the great German banking institutions that provides safe deposit vaults for the safe-keeping of the valuable papers of its customers. He was shewn the alcove reserved for American securities, and it was nearly empty, yet the attendant remarked that it was not so many years ago when it was stuffed to the limit. The hard times in Germany have forced the resale of the American stocks and bonds to America whence they originated. This alcove was a silent answer to the question as to how Europe is today settling her balance with America, but it conveys no answer to how she will settle when the alcove is clean bare. If Europe must have American products or starve, and if America won't let her have them unless she pungles the simoleons, and if Europe has let go of her last simoleon and so has no simoleons to pungle, it seems to me that something is going to let go somewhere.

A few years ago I would not have been astonished at seeing this in The Appeal to Reason, but it should have emancipated itself by this time from its old Populistic money theories:

> Although the balance of trade in favor of the United States last year was over $600,000,000, we as a nation are shipping millions of dollars in gold to European countries. A Chicago banker, when interviewed regarding the movement of gold to foreign countries, says it is an indication of "our prosperity." Gee! How these fellows do figure. After shipping over one-half billion dollars' worth of merchandise to foreign countries, we are shipping abroad money besides! And they tell us this is prosperity! Nobody but a fool will swallow such rot.

It is true that the Chicago banker is wrong in claiming that our export of gold is an absolute sign of prosperity, but on the other hand the Appeal is even more mistaken when it thinks that exporting both gold and

merchandise at one and the same time is any argument against it. Gold exports prove nothing either one way or the other. In the first place we must understand that the Chicago banker meant by prosperity a comparative state of high profits for the general business community. It is idle to deny that such is not the case today in the United States. Business has never been better for years. Of course there are some men out of employment, there always are in even the most prosperous of times, but if the Appeal thinks the country is not in a high degree of prosperity, speaking purely comparatively, then he is in disagreement with the usual meaning of words. Poring over tables of figures showing the volume of exports and imports will never tell us much about the financial condition of a country. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. If our merchants and manufacturers admit that they are prosperous, then that may be taken to settle the question. They are not the kind of people to advertise "prosperity" if they have none on their shelves. Nor are they loath to sing their song of woe when business is bad. The same reason that applies to our sending merchandise out of the country applies to our sending gold out of it, viz., that we have not as much use for the stuff as the foreigner has. Last year the production of gold from the mines of the world was about $250,000,000 and America produced two-thirds of this total. Why should we keep all this gold in America, when we have no use for all of it, any more than we should keep all the copper or iron we produce every year above and beyond our needs. We might as well keep our surplus wheat as our surplus gold. There is no magic property in gold that makes it furnish men what they want simply by virtue of its being kept in storage. Suppose I own a copper mine in Arizona. Suppose this mine produces ten thousand dollars worth of copper a month. Suppose I have also a farm there which produces six thousand dollars worth of meat a month. Suppose it costs me four thousand dollars a month to import supplies to pay all my expenses, labor, etc., for both the farm and the mine. I then have a gross income of sixteen thousand dollars, with expenses of four thousand dollars, leaving me a clear twelve thousand dollars to deposit in my bank in Arizona every month. As far as I *individually* am concerned it would be a flow *from* me every month of ten thousand dollars worth of copper and six thousand dollars worth of wheat, and the four thousand dollars I pay for

FRANK A. VANDERLIP.

expenses, making a total flow *from* me of $20,000 a month. In return there is a flow *to* me of the $10,000 in gold that I sell my copper for, and a further sum of $6,000 in gold that I sell my wheat for. If it were forgotten that the wheat and the copper only cost me the aforesaid $4,000, some people might think that I was running $4,000 behind every month instead of $12,000 ahead. Now suppose, instead of my banking that $12,000 in Arizona, that I deposit it in my New York bank. It is evident that as far as I *individually* am concerned it is exactly the same thing to me, but that as far as Arizona is concerned, she has that much less gold every month than she had before. However, if I am a citizen of Arizona and my individual wealth is considered part of her assets, even though beyond the reach of her tax-gatherer, then she is just as rich when my money is in New York as when it remains in an Arizona bank. Exactly so America is no poorer because Mr. Morgan may fancy to keep his gold in his London bank vaults rather than in his New York vaults. In fact it really makes no difference to Arizona where I *bank* my money; it is where I *spend* my money that is interesting to her.

However, to the outside world it appears when I deposit my profits in my New York bank that Arizona is exporting $16,000 worth of copper and wheat every month and is importing only $4,000 per month in return for it. In other words, Arizona has a favorable balance of trade, as the term is usually used in the commercial world, but according to Mr. Louis Post of The Public and Mr. Wayland of the Appeal, the word "favorable" means anything but "favorable" to the nation which enjoys that distinction. However I think I have shown that as far as the specific case mentioned is concerned, Arizona is through me as her citizen becoming $12,000 per month richer although the trade returns show that she exports $12,000 per month more than she imports. But it may be argued that it is easy enough to see how a state can send out copper and wheat every month and grow richer by the transaction, but to show how she can send out gold as well as merchandise and yet grow richer is another matter. Not at all. Suppose that that copper mine instead of yielding all copper had yielded half gold and half copper, that it produced, with same expense as before, instead of $10,000 worth of copper, $5,000 worth of gold and $5,000 worth of copper. The gold would be no more *use* to me in Arizona than was the copper, or for that matter the wheat. I am not producing for "*use*;" I produce for "*exchange*." I therefore ship my gold out along with the copper and the wheat. So Arizona appears exporting both gold and merchandise, yet this will be no sign that she is not as prosperous as she was before. She is still getting richer every month to the extent of $12,000, exactly as she was when the mine yielded no gold. This balance of trade question is so simple that did I not see some of the most acute minds go astray over it I would never have thought it necessary to spend time elucidating it.

In my Arizona story I showed how I was exporting $16,000 and importing $4,000, and growing richer by the difference $12,000. However, suppose I was in debt to some New York bank and that my interest account is $13,000 per month, so that it not only took all my $12,000 profits to pay this interest but sent me into debt $1,000 in addition. Again, as far as outside appearances went there would be nothing to show

whether I owed nothing and was piling up my little old $12,000 every month, or whether I was losing it all paying interest and going into debt $1,000 every month.

However, if for a great many years I had been struggling along with my mine with it yielding the $10,000 per year, when suddenly, owing to the completion of some new machinery, the output increased to, say, $70,000, while the completion of the machinery so lessened the expense of working that the additional output added no more to the cost of working. It would be only fair for my neighbors to assume that I must be getting rich. They would be doubly assured of this if they saw me buying up all the other mines in the vicinity.

Now this is just what people see the United States doing today. For years she had been borrowing from Europe to develop her resources. She was at one time a heavy debtor to Lombard street. A few years ago she completed her machinery and got it in good working order. Her mine is at last well opened up and she begins to have a surplus that allows her to pay off part of her indebtedness to Europe. Today she has not only paid off about all Europe will allow her to pay, but has actually reversed the tables and is now lending money to Europe in the room of borrowing it of her. She is not only lending money to Europe, as was evidenced only last month by New York subscribing for the whole of the new Imperial German Loan of $75,000,000, but she is investing millions of American dollars in European industries. It is only of secondary importance to anyone but those holding Marxian views, whether we are as a nation growing richer or poorer. If my analysis of economic conditions is correct, then the richer the United States is getting the more embarrassed the capitalists are going to find themselves in setting the workers to produce what is wanted in the plethora of riches.

The Appeal has the old idea that if there are few riches, then the capitalists are poor and have no money to pay wages. If we have a money system or a tariff system that is impoverishing the capitalists, then the workers are bound to suffer, it argues. Then it argues reversely that if the workers suffer it is owing to the capitalists suffering, and suffering not from defects inherent in the competitive system but from superficial and remedial defects in that system. For instance, it certainly would be fair to assume from the statement in the Appeal that if we were *importing* gold instead of *exporting* it, that then there would be some reason for believing we are having "prosperity" and that labor would have better wages and employment. As a matter of fact the import or export of gold tells no story at all. It is a certainty that the countries wherein lie the gold mines, and the United States is one of those countries, must export the surplus they produce beyond what they need for their own use. If there were a law which effectively prohibited the export of gold from the Klondyke, does anyone think that mining could continue up there? Such a law would make every Klondyke mine absolutely valueless. If such a law were to prevail in the United States it would close down half of our gold mines inside ten years and depreciate the value of the remainder fifty per cent. Yet such a law would create a condition where we exported no gold, yet I doubt if the Appeal would say that it would make us any nearer prosperity.

THE COLLAPSE *of* CAPITALISM

H. QUELCH

[Mr. Quelch is one of the pioneers of the English movement, having been editor of Justice, the organ of the Social Democratic Federation, over fourteen years. He recently polled 1,600 votes as Parliamentary candidate at the special election held in Dewsbury, England. Mr. Quelch is one of the very few Socialists outside of the United States who thoroughly comprehend the all-important bearing upon Socialism that the marvelous development of industry in America is sure to have. The evidence of his realization of this can be seen from the following report of a speech by him upon "The Collapse of Capitalism," taken from Justice.—H. G. W.]

Mr. Quelch said no doubt superior people had smiled in their supercilious manner when they saw the title of his lecture, and had said to one another, "The absurdity of this fellow talking about the collapse of capitalism." Nevertheless, the observer might discover the signs of a coming collapse. What did capitalism mean? It meant a system of society where all the means of producing wealth were owned and controlled by a class which used them to produce profit. A man did not own landed property, for example, because he felt any interest in the estate for its own sake, but because it was a means of getting "unearned increment," *i. e.*, of exploiting labor. Capitalism necessarily produced a surplus, and to dispose of that surplus it was necessary that there should be an ever-extending market. Some years ago, when the unemployed difficulty was to the front, a deputation had waited on Mr. Chamberlain, at that time head of the board of trade, and suggested certain remedies such as re-afforestation and reclamation of waste lands, municipal work shops, and so on. The right honorable gentlemen had replied that these measures could only afford a temporary relief. They would all be exhausted after a while, and the unemployed difficulty would arise again. The only effective and permanent remedy that he could see was the continuous extension of markets. Chamberlain's later career had apparently been dictated by the same idea, for his policy was one of continuous expansion, cost what it might. Side by side with this feverish conflict for markets, we saw growing up huge monopolies. These existed in all capitalist countries, but most in the United States. The theory of the old Manchester school of statesmen and economists had been that, given free competition, the growth of monopolies was impossible; but these trusts and combines were able to defy all competition, and today, in America, practically every article the people eat, or wear, or need to use, was the property of a trust or combine. Laws of Congress and of different States had been passed against these combinations of capital, but they went on nevertheless—the economic development was stronger than the legis-

lature. Now we saw Rockefeller, with his $60,000,000 a year, combining with Pierpont Morgan to buy out Carnegie and establish the largest combine in the world. It was said that this new great iron and steel trust would be able to put finished steel on the market at the present price of pig iron. How was it possible for any firm to stand against this? It meant killing the iron industry of other countries unless, indeed, they also were brought into the combine. It was sometimes argued that the economies which enabled trusts to succeed were due to the use of steam, and that with the introduction of a new motor, such as electricity, these monopolies would break up. But it was not a question of the motor only, it was a question of tools. In an engineer's shop, for example, the tools which were capable of turning out the most finished and expeditious work were very costly, and only valuable when they could be used on a very large scale. A friend of his, a Socialist, at the head of one of the largest engineering firms in the country, had assured him that if all the firms engaged in this industry were brought under one management, the economies effected would be so great that it would be quite possible to pay the men double their present wages and work them only five hours a day, and still the employer would do as well as at present. Much the same might be said of any other industry. Another economy effected by the trusts was in the use of money—of circulating capital. A combine needed less of this than a number of small firms doing an equivalent business and could borrow it at a lower rate of interest. This intensified the conflict for markets, and as every market became in due course a fresh competitor, and itself set free great masses of capital to compete with the other masses of capital, the ultimate breakdown of capitalism was inevitable. It used to be said that the production and distribution of wealth must be controlled by men acquainted with the businesses they were concerned in; but, notwithstanding the political economists, society had gone its inevitable evolution from individual capitalist to company and from company to combine, and now what did Rockefeller or Morgan know of iron or petroleum? They

H. QUELCH.

were at the head of the trusts, nevertheless. Such men were opening up the path before the feet of the Socialist, for the next step in the evolution of society was the social ownership of the means of production, and with the growth of monopoly came the determination on the part of the people not to leave these enormous powers in the hands of a few individuals to be used to crush the community. But the assurance of victory should not lull Socialists into indifference; it should rather urge them to greater efforts and encourage them to fresh vigor, realizing that, however little they did, it was still something to usher in the era of emancipation of humanity.

ART AND SOCIALISM.

LEONARD D. ABBOTT, Editorial Staff Literary Digest.

TO the ordinary man of culture, with orthodox views of life, there would probably appear no two subjects farther apart than Art and Socialism. What possible connection, he would say, could there be between the ethereal spirit of Art and the fierce economic struggle, the boisterous agitation and the sordid meeting places of the working class? If he has any thought of Art at all in its relation to the labor movement, it is probably one of fear and trembling, as he pictures the beauty and grace of life trampled in the gutter beneath the advancing steps of the Goths and Vandals of some lurid social revolution.

Against the thoughtless and superficial view of such a one must be set the actual experience of the artist himself. It is an undeniable fact that men of the æsthetic temperament, in the field of literature, music and the drama, as well as of decorative Art and painting, are becoming more and more inclined to ally themselves with the revolutionary movement in modern society. A Wagner, a Millet, a Tolstoy, a Gorki, an Ibsen, a Howells, have all become social rebels, and all have hoped and striven for a reconstruction of society on communistic lines. In England, the artistic tendency toward Socialism is strikingly illustrated. We have seen John Ruskin and William Morris, the two leading artistic figures of the Victorian era, break away from all the old traditions in order to throw themselves into radical Socialistic agitation. Morris, as is well known, gave ten of the best years of his life to the Socialist movement, serving in every capacity, from street-corner speaker to Socialist editor. Walter Crane, his friend and disciple, who today stands in the very foremost rank among living decorative artists, is an active Socialist, and has enriched Socialist art with designs that will make his name immortal. Burne-Jones, G. F. Watts, W. J. Linton, Henry Holiday, Cobden-Sanderson, and a large number of the younger generation of English artists, all come under the same category.

The apparent paradox contained in the thought of the alliance of Art with Socialism becomes no longer a paradox when we define our views. Many people seem to think of Art merely as a plaything, and as something entirely outside of the current of their lives. The word has come to be associated with the pictures that we hang on our walls from a sense akin to religious duty, or occasionally go to see in galleries; it has come to stand for expensive fabrics and bric-a-brac—in a word, for mere dilettanteism. But this is not true Art.

Art, in its broadest sense, is the expression of that spirit of beauty, symmetry and color, which appears primarily in the glory of Nature—in the crimson of the sunset, the contour of the mountain, the grace of the cloud—and secondarily in the product of men's hands. The spirit of Art is as penetrative as the sunlight itself, finding a thousand possibilities of expression in our cities, in our streets, in our homes, and in every article of daily use.

Art, thus defined, becomes at once a matter of social import, and the production of Art a social problem. It covers a field as wide as society itself. The architecture that we build and the things that we make are in large measure the embodiment of our industrial and social ideals. Society may be said to create around itself a shell or body in which its soul dwells. If the ideals of society are cramped and ignoble, its environment will show the same qualities. If, on the other hand, men live together in free and fraternal relations, and their social life has repose and dignity, the reflex influence at once becomes apparent in their outward environment.

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

Two eras in the world's history stand out pre-eminently as eras of Art—the age of Ancient Greece and that of Mediæval Europe. Of the two epochs the life of Mediæval Europe was the more democratic, for it is impossible to forget the slave stratum on which rested the whole beautiful fabric of Greek life. Yet in spite of fundamental dissimilarities, there are leading characteristics in the social life of both ages from which an instructive parallel can be drawn. Foremost among these qualities is public spirit. Never has there been a nation that lived more in its public life than Greece.

Our word "idiot" comes from the Greek word, meaning a "private citizen," that is, one who took no interest in anything except his private affairs. The Greeks were idealists; they lived in true fellowship; they thought it far more important to develop their bodies and their minds than to accumulate private property. The result was that their public life blossomed, and they bequeathed to the world a heritage of Art that succeeding generations have imitated but never rivaled. The Greek concept of life was in some degree rein-

carnated in Mediæval Europe. Even today the visitor to Venice, to Florence, to Nuremberg, to Rouen, and many other of the older European cities may see something of the beauty that once was theirs. Oxford and Chester, in England, still bear mute witness to an age in which men cared something about the beauty of life. Scores of noble cathedrals have come down to us from nameless hands,—the expression of all that was greatest in the community-life of their time. It was because the men of the Middle Ages were true to their religious ideal—the highest they could then discern—because they were true to each other, and because they did their work in freedom and fellowship; without thoughts of gain, that their artistic instinct was so strongly marked. Nor can it be overlooked that economic conditions of security and comfort, without undue stress or struggle, were a large factor in the production both of Mediæval and of Greek Art.

Modern society, on the other hand, rests upon a basis that makes any real Art unthinkable. Men whose lives are dominated by the struggle for animal necessities cannot rise far above the animal plane. The capitalist system, with its cruel competition, its horrible contrasts, its greedy monopoly and parasitism, and its joyless labor, cannot possibly express in terms other than those of ugliness. Life today is intolerably ugly. We need no artist to tell us that great tracts of our cities, with their street upon street of "brick boxes with breathing holes" and their vile tenements and slums, are little better than blots on the face of Nature. In a town or district which has been wholly given over to commercialism—such as the Pittsburg district in Pennsylvania, or the "Black Country" in England—the aspect is nothing short of unearthly in its black hideousness, and needs no hell to supplement it. What little Art we have today is like a plant without root. It is utterly divorced from the life of the people. It is, in the main part, the dilettante fad of a dilettante class, and must continue to be so until our social life is rescued from the mælstrom of capitalist strife.

Art has nothing to fear from the triumph of Socialism. On the contrary, it has everything to gain. Socialism, by organizing the world on a just and scientific Collectivist basis, will bring education, leisure, hope, to all men. Every one will be born into a life in which his material wants will be supplied in return for a few hours of pleasant daily labor. When the economic motive is removed, when man's soul is freed from the bondage of commercialism, the energies of today will be diverted into higher and nobler channels. There will be a renaissance of Art, Literature, Music, Drama. Humanity today is like an untilled garden, and Socialism, which will give to all the opportunity to develop the best that is in them, will produce a new race of men. One of the first tasks that men will apply themselves to, when once the material side of life is organized, will be to the beautifying of their daily surroundings. They will take joy in their work, and their joy will find expression in widespread, popular Art.

What new inspiration the artist will find in these days to come! Every great mind feels the ignominy of giving its best for private use and enjoyment. Artists today are sick of pandering to the wants of wealthy profit-mongers, who buy Art by the yard. In the future, men of genius will delight to give the best creations of hand and brain to the Commonwealth. The finest friezes,

the choicest pictures and statuary, will be found not behind barred gates, but in the Folk Halls, the joint possession of a great and happy people.

Socialism, then, so far from stifling Art, will prove its most congenial soil. It will provide similar conditions to those which have created Art in the past, and it will add new and yet more favorable conditions, that past society was never able to realize. It will give us the idealism and the public spirit that were the chief factors in giving birth to the Art of Mediæval Europe and Ancient Greece, but it will be a much more potent idealism, and a much more permanent public spirit, because growing out of a society of equality. Art has ever been the fruit of idealism, and Socialism is the mightiest ideal that ever stirred men's hearts.

* * * *

I look but a few years ahead to see the joy and triumph of Socialism in this country. I look a few years further yet, and I see a new land and a new race. I see towns that have become gardens of beauty, because inhabited by free men, who have learned the meaning of industrial fraternity. I see architecture transfigured, because upreared by men who are determined that their outward environment shall measure up to their highest ideals. I see humanity dwelling near to the green trees and the blossoming flowers and the running streams, and I have no fear for the future of Art.

Leonard D Abbott

The Bear Who Found Nothing In Economy.

DOROTHY DIX, IN NEW YORK JOURNAL.

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ONCE upon a Time there were a Bear and his Wife, who lived an Honest, Industrious and Frugal Existence, and in consequence of this cut No Ice in the community in which they dwelt.

Mr. Bear toiled from Early until Late doing stunts in a Brokerage Office, while Mrs. Bear performed upon the Cooking Stove, and Patched Mr. Bear's Trousers, and when she went abroad, instead of being clad in Glad Rags she wore a Last Year's Bird's Nest on her Head and a Fur Coat that was Mildewed and Moth Eaten.

According to the way the Bears had framed things up this Exemplary Conduct should have Copped the coin and won them the Applause of their fellow creatures, but so far from working out this way they found that they Got it in the Neck on every side.

Society gave them a Frost because they had not gone in debt for a Giddy Shell, and although they were never known to Chisel any one out of a Penny they were required to Pay Cash in Advance at the Grocery Store.

"For," argued the sagacious shopkeeper, "it is plain that no one would live so Humbly as they do if they had not exhausted their Credit."

Now it chanced that Mr. Bear, who was, in reality, a Foxy Gazaboo, had a scheme that was a Lead Pipe Cinch, but to play his system properly across the Board required more of the Long Green than he Possessed, so he went to some bulls who were simply lined with Government Bonds, and offered to let them in on the Ground Floor if they would put up the Wherewithal.

"Nay, nay, Pauline," they replied, giving him the hard turn down, "it is True that your Tip sounds like it would Win Walking, and we would String along with you in it if we were not too Wise to be Touted by such a Rail Bird looking creature as you."

At these words the Bear was much discouraged and returning home to his wife he put up a most dolorous moan, but being a Wise Female she first cooked him a Good Dinner, and then she thus Addressed Him: "It is clear," she said, "that the Game is Up with us, and that we can see our Finish among the Pines. I do not belong to the Chorus of Soreheads, nor am I putting up any Kick against Fate, but all of these years of hand-me-down Raiment and Cottage Pudding and Root Beer have gotten on my Nerves, and as we still have a small Wad left, I propose before we Pike over the Hills to the Poor House that we Blow in the Balance of our Dough on a Hot Old Time."

To this the Bear agreed, and so they Cut the Modest Cottage on a Quiet Street in which they had lived so long, and took Apartments at a Swell Hotel where it cost Money to even Look at the Elevator Boy. Likewise they bought them all the clothes that were fit to Wear, with Carbons a Plenty, and they ate Broiled Lobster and Drank Fiz for breakfast and Whooped Things up from Dusk to Dawn.

No sooner had their Acquaintances observed the Bears' Apparent Rise in Prosperity than they began to gather about them, and give them the Glad Hand.

"What a Napoleon of Finance Mr. Bear must be," they cried, "to leap from Penury to Fortune in a single Bound. We will Jolly Him along and perhaps he will put us next to a Good Thing."

"Ha," said the Bulls to one another, "We apprehend that there is something in the Bear's Tip after all, as he has evidently Won out on it, and we will see if we can't bite off a slice of it ourselves," so they sent for the Bear, who soaked it to them Right and Proper and made them pay for What they Got, and this caused the other animals to admire him so much that they elected him the President of a Trust.

"I perceive," said the Bear that night to His Wife," "That it was our Virtues that queered us with the Push, and that it is only Millionaires who can afford to go Shabby and Live Simply, for when you Economize your fellow Creatures think it is because you have not Energy enough to get into Debt."

"There is much in what you say," replied Mrs. Bear as she twined a Tiara in her Pompadour, "but I opine that if you want to be rich and Prosperous you must Look the Part. Flour and Water are Sauce Hollandaise when they are in a China Dish, but in a Bucket on the Sidewalk they are Billsticker's Paste."

Moral: This Fable teaches that we are all Ready to Root for the Successful.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL--A THEORY.

AFTER seeing Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Magda the other night, the thought that oppresses me is to determine how people, after seeing such a work of art as Suderman's play certainly is, portrayed by such a consummate artist as Mrs. Campbell, can stultify themselves thereafter by sitting through the drivel the theatre ordinarily affords them. An educated person will not put himself out of money and time in bothering with inferior books or pictures, and why he will put up with inferior plays and actors is more or less a mystery. It is true that there are many more good novelists and painters than there are dramatists or even actors. In fact it is another mystery to me why with all the demand, that there are so few good plays written in English and so few good actors to act them when they are written. Stephen Phillips is a great artist and his work will live, but "Herod" seems nearly as caviar to the general taste as are Bernard Shaw's wierdlings. Pinero is the only one who writes strongly and yet saves his popularity, but no one could classify him among the great. After Pinero follow Jones and Grundy, but the interval is great, and after them comes nobody. No, I forget Mrs. Riley, who is certainly very clever. But what modern writer in English can be compared with Suderman, or Ibsen, or Hauptman?

With Magda, the girl driven from home by an autocrat of a father and becoming a great opera singer, Suderman personifies in a masterly manner the spirit of the age, "freedom." She is a great soul because she is free and knows the value and use of freedom. She is free because she has made herself *financially* independent, and she has a knowledge of the joy of freedom because she has had the companionship of others as free as herself, her professional brethren. She is financially independent because she has a monopoly of an exceedingly rare and beautiful personality. But it is not given to all to be able to purchase freedom by the lucky chance of possessing a rare personality, and in fact if we all had marvelous beauty of voice and person the market value would disappear. I often find great actors fail to see this point of the impossibility of all such ceeding as they may have done. It is again one of the absurdities of modern life that if all women became Magdas then poor Magda would once again be a slave. She is free simply owing to others being inferior.

I first had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Campbell at the beginning of her career in London some ten years ago when she was making such a sensational success as Mrs. Tanqueray. In now seeing her again in Toronto after all

these years, what could not help forcibly striking me was that instead of time having diminished her personal charms, as it would those of a woman in ordinary life, that it has infinitely enhanced them. And this is simply what philosophy teaches me should have been the case. When I first saw her she had not had the advantage that ten years of success on the stage gives a woman. There is no reason why, if a woman can live a life of pleasurable excitement, free from the telling worries, having her mind and body kept in vigorous activity, should not grow more charming with age. While the stage has many features which make the life unhealthy, yet notwithstanding all this the activity required, both mental and physical, quite over-balances those features, and it is notorious that no woman holds her age and attractiveness as well as an actress, and particularly the *successful* actress. The woman of the working class today is made prematurely old with over-work and worry. The rich woman leads an absurd round of stupid, inane, exhausting social duties, paying perfunctory calls, etc., and has practically no mental life whatever. Of course she does not age anything like as fast as her sister in poverty, but that she ages infinitely faster than she would if she had a more normal life becomes at once apparent when the society woman is compared with an actress like Mrs. Campbell. Not many women at thirty-two can pass as twenty-two.

However, while it will be admitted that the very existence of women like Mrs. Campbell is more or less unaccountable considering the unfavorable conditions that modern society presents for their production, still this very appearance, phenomenal as it is, becomes for us a picture of the kind of beings we may expect in the future, when the social environment will not be of a character that tends to exterminate the best of the race. The tremendous effect of environment in determining the kind of men and women that are produced is of course axiomatic, but the hysterics the British press went into when it was given out that Mrs. Campbell was to come to America, because it feared America would vulgarize her, was peculiarly British in its absurdity. It would have been with much more reason had the German press objected to Prince Henry paying us his visit because of fear of our contact vulgarizing him. Unquestionably Prince Henry is every day of his stay here immersed in a sea of vulgarity, a vulgar adulation from our millionaires which is only exceeded by the vulgar rush of the multitude to see God's anointed. Not only is he surrounded by a horde of toadying vulgarians, but his life while here is simply one of vulgar ostentation. An exhibition of a man, not for what he can say or for what he has said, but simply for his pedigree. His life here can only be compared fitly to that of the pedigreed hog at the cattle show.

The demands of her profession very largely necessitate that Mrs. Campbell's life here be the same intellectual one she leads in London. There may be a trifle more vulgarity in the fashionable American theatre audience than that of an English audience, but the difference would certainly have to be indeed pronounced to conceive of it by any possibility vulgarizing those performing upon the stage. However, the mere attempt to argue upon such a ridiculous theory is insulting to the intelligence. It is only interesting at all from the fact of its being such a complete admission of the domination

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of environment over the individual.

It might be thought that with such a theory there would be some suggestion of its being in order for Americans to raise the tone of their social environment. If it is liable to vulgarize in such a short time and under such disadvantageous circumstances such a peculiarly resistant genius as Mrs. Campbell, then what terrible results must it have upon the ordinary mortals that are always breathing its baleful miasma. However, such a thought never seems to have occurred to any-one. And after all the reason is simple enough. American society is vulgar simply because it makes money its god, and it must continue to make money its god as long as money is much more powerful than any other god that it can set up. In Europe, money too is a god of society, but it does not reign alone; other gods share its throne. A man may be in society there on account of having attained distinction as an author or an artist, or a scientist, or may be because he is well born; but none of these qualifications would admit him to New York's 400 unless he also had great wealth. To keep up in any sort of way the life of a member of the 400 necessitates such a large expenditure of money that no future can ever be looked forward to under present conditions that will allow the money standard to fall into disuse. Hence it is seen that it was obviously useless to suggest devulgarizing the environment which Mrs. Campbell was to fall into if she came to America, and therefore there were good and logical reasons why no such plan was broached. The cry should not be to save Mrs. Patrick Campbell from vulgarization by America—she can save herself—but it should be for Americans to save themselves from themselves.

MODERN SLAVERY.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

Full page portrait of Count Tolstoy as Frontispiece in this number.

ALL MEN of our time are divided clearly into slaves and masters.

The truth of this proposition is not affected because it may be more difficult now than it was in former times to define accurately the relations between the master and the man or because among these modern slaves are some who are slaves only provisionally, becoming in their turn owners of slaves, or because there are others who at the same time are both slaves and the masters of slaves.

The fact remains that humanity is divided into the two classes—slaves and masters—just as clearly as the day, in spite of the twilight, is divided into day and night.

If our modern master have no longer his bondsman who can be ordered to perform certain work, he has money, which is so necessary to others that he can choose among them for his bondsman any he may wish, and for a few dollars have this modern slave perform the work and look upon the performance as a privilege.

The slaves of today are not only the underpaid toilers in the factories who in order to exist sell themselves to their masters, but also nearly all of those who cultivate the fields for others or for themselves that they may pay the interest on their debts.

Slavery exists in full force, but we do not remark it any more than in Europe at the condition of the serfs. The men of that epoch believed that to cultivate the earth for their masters and to obey their masters was a necessary condition as natural as life, and did not regard it as slavery. In the same way men of this present time believe the situation of the laborer a natural and economic condition and do not consider it as slavery.

The condition of modern slavery finds itself in exactly the same phase as was serfdom in Europe at the end of the eighteenth century or slavery in America in the last half of the nineteenth century. The slavery of the workingman of our time has hardly yet been recognized by the advanced men of modern society, and the majority are entirely convinced that slavery no longer exists among us. The fact that slavery has been "abolished" only recently in Russia and in America makes it well nigh impossible for society to understand the actual situation.

As a matter of fact the "abolition" of serfdom and slavery was only the abolition of an old form of slavery that had grown impracticable, useless, and

it was replaced by another form stronger, more enduring and affecting a greater number of souls—the modern slavery. The liberation of the serfs in Russia and the enfranchisement of the slaves in America, while destroying the ancient form of slavery, does not even touch the essence of the condition. One form of slavery disappears, only to be replaced by another. The forms are many, and one or the other and sometimes several forms together hold the people in this position; the small minority has full power over the work and life of the great majority. In this control of the majority by the minority is to be found the principal cause of the miserable situation of the people.

In what consists this slavery? The laborer in the field who owns no land or too little of it is forced, in order to provide for himself from the land, to give himself into perpetual or temporary slavery to those who possess the land he cultivates. If, by one means or another, he obtains a parcel of land sufficient to give him a living, taxes are demanded of him, directly or indirectly, and he passes into slavery anew. And if, in order to escape the slavery of the farm he ceases to labor there and goes elsewhere, producing other things for which he has need, again taxes press upon him on the one side, and on the other the combination of capital which produces the same wares, but by perfected means, and he is forced to give himself into temporary or permanent slavery to the capitalists. And if by working for the capitalist he can arrange matters so that he preserves a little of his liberty, the very position he has taken brings him again into the relation of servant to the man of wealth.

The published statistics of England show that the average longevity of the higher classes is fifty-five years; the average duration of life of the laborer is twenty-nine years. Knowing this—and we cannot be ignorant of it—does it seem possible that we who profit from this work, which costs human lives, unless we are wild beasts, should have a moment's tranquility of conscience? Nevertheless we men of ease, liberal, humane, sensitive to the suffering not only of human beings but of animals of burden, profit without stopping from the work of our fellow man, allow him at the expense of his life to enrich us more and more, and our consciences remain undisturbed. At rest with ourselves and the world, we continue to buy and sell, to traffic for gain. We are very solicitous of the welfare of our employes. We take care of the education of our children. We zealously prohibit the teamster from overloading his horses. In our butcher shops we are careful that the beasts be killed with the least possible pain, and yet we allow millions of working men—fellow human beings—to kill themselves slowly, painfully dying at their work that we may add to our comforts or our pleasures.

This astonishing blindness of modern society can be accounted for only one way. When the world goes badly men always invent an explanation, according to which their bad acts are made to be unintentional, unpreventable, resulting from immutable laws which are beyond their control.

In ancient times the explanation was made that the unchangeable will of God had decreed that some should be in high places, others in low places, obliged to work; some should produce while others enjoyed all that was good in life. Upon this theme libraries of books were written and sermons preached almost without end. They were to prove that God had created men different—slaves and masters—and that all should be con-

tented with their lots in this world.

Then it was deemed that slaves should be rewarded in another world. Later it was explained that the slave should still be a slave, but that the master should treat him indulgently. And at last, since the enfranchisement of slaves has come, this, the most recent explanation: Riches have been confided by God to certain men that they may employ them in good works, and then the riches of the one class and the poverty of the other will work no harm.

These explanations have for a long time satisfied the rich and the poor, especially the rich. But there now comes an epoch when these excuses are insufficient, above all for the poor, who begin to comprehend their situation, and in order to satisfy them it will be necessary to evolve new theories, theories which will enable us to escape from the situation to which our minds have been so long accustomed—the relation among human beings of master and man, owner and slave.

THE CHAOS OF TRANSITIONAL POETRY.

HELEN WILMANS POST, IN FREEDOM.

CARNEGIE has been insinuating something against Uncle Sam for his treatment of the people in the Philippines. Better be careful, Andy; Madden will stop your mail.

The first number of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE is here. It is full of letters from people who take his part. There are some big names among them. I take his part too. I did not like him any too well; he admired himself so much more than he did me, and I would rather he admired me as much as I admire myself. But in spite of this defect in the man, I knew Uncle Sam had no right to stop his paper, and I am going to kick about it for a year.

He refers to the many papers that failed to take his part in his late unpleasantness with the government. I have observed that little omission in the papers with regard to my own fuss with Mr. *Mad*den (accent on the first syllable, please); but I knew they were scared, and thought the best policy was to lie as flat as they could and quit squawking until the danger passed. I do not blame them. I had no more sense than to squawk, and the eagle nabbed me right up and carried me off. The only reason it let go was because I kept on squawking at such a furious rate, and had so many to help me squawk, that it concluded it did not like my kind of meat; game chickens are proverbially tough.

With Mr. Wilshire, I have watched the papers and know the tone they took. Some of the eastern publishers on the New Thought are jealous and would not for anything come to my defense. I could see that they secretly hoped for my utter extinction from public view. "The Mind" (conspicuous by the absence of mind) published an article most unmistakably injurious and unfair to my position as a healer. Horatio Dresser, the editor of a little monthly pamphlet somewhere up north, put on a good many airs over what he considered my un-Christ like spirit in taking pay for my work. He tried to have me suppress myself before Mr. Madden tried it; he wrote me a long expostulatory letter about the enormity of my mercenary conduct. As a composite of the love of God and envy of my success, that letter was a curiosity.

A case like mine called for an expression of friendly interest—to say the least—from the publishers of the New Thought. Their silence in the matter was not silence; it was the loudest possible expression of joy; and I am not willing for them to think that I misunderstood it.

Nearly all of these publishers lay claim to an excessive amount of love. Here is a sample of how they show it.

For my part, I have made no such claim. But I leave my readers to say if there has been a single instance where papers have been unjustly dealt with, that I have not defended them; and that too with as much fervor since Freedom has been reinstated to newspaper mailing privileges as I did before. But enough of this.

If I did not know that all such treatment was the result of ignorance I might be angry. But there is no evil; and the treatment I have received from those who should have stood by me, no less than that from my persecutors here in this place, has never excited one ripple of unkind feeling in me. When they have risen high enough in an understanding of the great living truths of Mental Science they will see where they stand, and will move forward to higher positions in the thought realm. All the present inharmony is caused by the breaking up of the old animal plane of life where the race has been living always. This old plane is going to pieces, and must disappear utterly before the new and nobler plane can be formed. We are in the chaos of a transitional period.

We are also in the chaos of transitional poetry. I get more poems than almost anything else at this time; yards of them; miles of them. I can smell a poem through its envelope. It has a geranium leaf in it, or a pansy or a violet. Out of fifty poems there is hardly one that is worth publishing. Half the time I return them without looking at them. When I do not, I usually wish I had. It seems to me that it is far more sensible to say what one has to say in straight out, up and down prose. Of course when a person has nothing to say, he may be excused for putting it into poetry; this is the only reason I can find for bothering over a lot of words to make them rhyme. Sometimes some of my acquaintances bring a poem to have the benefit (?) of my judgment on it. If I am trying to be good and polite I usually grit my teeth and stand it, hoping to get rid of poet and poem both together. I have even been invited out to entertainments where part of the pleasure of the evening was an original poem read by the hostess.

The other day I read an anecdote called "The Burglar's mistake." It was from The Atlanta Constitution, and pretty good—considering:

"Look here," said the burglar, as the man raised himself to a sitting posture in the bed, "what do you mean by living in a room that invites visitors and yet affords them no reward? Haven't you got any money hid out somewhere?"

"No," replied the man; "but I'm expecting some. I have sent two poems to the Scrawl, four sketches to the Scribe, and six——"

"Say—are you a writer?"

"I should say so! Just let me read you my——"

The burglar raised a warning hand. "No," he said, "my time's limited. I've got three more houses on my list, and if they pan out as bad as this one, I won't have any breakfast. I'll read your stuff when it's printed. I take all the magazines. By the by——" He paused, looked at his watch, and asked: "Any more literary houses in this district?"

"None."

"All right—I'm off. Good night!"

"Same to you. Please close the window after you."

When our annoyances here were at their height, and the enemy was stealing papers and letters out of my room during my temporary absences, a friend observed that I needed a pistol, as it was quite possible that I might be attacked personally, I was alone so much. As I am more afraid of a pistol than the whole bunch of my enemies, I did not get one. But now I know what to do. "I am all healed" for self defense. I am going to read some of these poems to the first one that comes. I have a desk drawer full of them, not yet returned. If that doesn't kill him, I'll read several.

The Millionaire Socialist.

"He came—he saw—he conquered."

I was prepared not to like H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Millionaire Socialist from San Francisco, because I don't believe that a man can get a million of dollars honestly in a lifetime unless it be given to him, and because it seems to me sort of incongruous for a millionaire to be talking moral reform to the poor.

But this last is just what he didn't do. There was no right or morals about it, he frankly declared; "It was simply a question of economics." He disdained all philanthropy in his advocacy of Socialism, said it didn't make any difference whether it was right or just, we were in a hole and could only draw ourselves out by hauling Rockefeller and Vanderbilt in. Take their wealth which belongs to you. It is easy enough; there are your votes.

When he had reached the point where he might have used his logic,—and he had considerable—he stopped, and left me longing to go up and ask him, "After we've taken it, what then? Millionaires have generally the virtue of industry. The disinclination of the human race to work must be taken into account. As Emerson says, 'Mankind is as lazy as it dares to be.' Aren't there leeches enough in government now? The problem of human nature must be reckoned with. Of course, we can take Vanderbilt's money by vote. But who is going to look after it, then? I can't. And all the S. D.'s I know, don't know any more about business than I do. Show me, if you can, what Freedom there will be, or can be, in a Social Democratic state. I'm concerned more with Freedom than with economics," etc., etc.

But I didn't want to bother him and so I desisted and went away sorrowful that he had cut his speech right off in its vital part.

But Mr. Wilshire is a very charming speaker. He comes forward wlthout any fuss or feathers, with one hand in his pocket,—a favorite attitude of the great Wendell Phillips, by the way,—and like the great orator, too, begins to talk in a perfectly natural tone. Never raises his voice, save as one does in ordinary conversation, attempts none of the tricks of elocution, but just says what he has to say as if he thought the audience weren't deaf or dull. Of course he didn,t pull out so much applause as the howler, but he has just charmed me, and me, on such occasions, is the only one I care to consider.

He is intellectual, well educated, has an exquisite pronunciation, with just a trifle of a foreign, or it may be sectional, accent, that is always distracting to my ear. Without egotism, he was possessed of confidence, and handled the question as if it was just the easiest little sum ever presented to the human race. He makes no draft on a sensitive listener, because he is quiet, undemonstrative, and in full possession of himself. Most speakers wear me out by tearing themselves to pieces in order to draw on the audience; but I could have listened to Mr. Wilshire, I am sure, as long as he could have been persuaded to talk.

I say, I am somewhat prejudiced against a millionaire reformer, and yet, I have some very charming acquaintances that have money to burn. Mr. Wilshire impresses me as being perfectly honest, and finally, he seems to me to know too much to believe in Sociallsm as a remedy. What I think is, that wealth did not satisfy him, and so he looked about for something to do for humanity, in a perfectly selfish way, of course, as he declared all men acted. Maybe he struck Edward Bellamy's book, or something of that kind, and hasn't studied long enough to see the Socialistic state as it must of necessity be. But, if he will open his mind as I am sure he will, it won't take him long to see that, with the Socialistic state, government of man by man takes it's last gasp.

To hear him say that this was the only country that did not own her telegraphs, and that most European governments owned their railroads and other public utilities, only confirmed me in my belief that Socialism is but progress backward. I have told you all along that Europe was Socialistic. Europe's greatest tyrant, Bismarck, had a Socialistic state all planned out, with himself the centre, of course.

That is the way most of our Socialistic leaders plan, and then talk of their great philanthropy, sacrifice, etc. It was refreshing to hear Mr. Wilshire disclaim all philanthropic motives, he never told a thing of what he had given up to serve the cause, etc. He just said, "Here is your sum. See me solve it." And he did it beautifully.—Rockland (Mass.) Independent.

From the Morning Post, London.

Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire, of Los Angeles, California, claims to be the American Hyndman, the adviser and guide of the Socialist Party in the United States, and he has succeeded in getting up a pretty quarrel with the Postmaster General at Washington. His weekly publication, THE CHALLENGE was sold at the yearly subscription of 50c., and under the postal

laws of the United States it is provided that publications destined for the spread of knowledge and the improvement of the public shall be carried at an extremely low rate, but from this privilege are excluded all papers "primarily intended for advertising purposes." One of the local postmasters decided that THE CHALLENGE was so full of laudation of Mr. Wilshire that the periodical must be considered one big advertisement for that gentleman, and it was placed in the class, third class, reserved for advertisements. The result was that, while Mr. Wilshire at first paid 5c. postage on a yearly subscription, he was now obliged to pay 52c. Mr. Gaylord Wilshire discontinued the weekly CHALLENGE and crossed the border into Canada, where he has issued a monthly publication under the title WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, which is announced as under protection of the "British Crown." The January number is enriched by a long article from Mr. Hyndman and a sympathetic letter from Mr. Bryce, which, however, was written before Mr. Wilshire's conflict with the American postal authorities. Perhaps in a future number Mr. Bryce may give us his views of the constitutional question raised by the decision of the American postmaster that most of Mr. Wilshire's writing was personal advertisement. The American postmaster has opened a great field of inquiry which is sure to be attractive to the jurisprudential mind.

Trust Comicalities.

The leather trust put its whole sole into the matter and came out well heeled. The gas trust inflated things to an enormous degree. The glue trust went through because the members stuck together. The oil trust was formed because the business was getting light and needed greasing. The wheel trust went spinning on to success. The milk trust took the cream of the business. The rubber men stretched a point and came together. The yeast trust was followed by a rise in prices. The screw men wormed their way into it. The drug combine gave the other fellows "knockout" drops. The paint trust painted things red. The fish dealers consolidated because they wanted a bite too. The tobacco trust was formed because everything in their line was going up in smoke. The elevator trust sent things up and down in a lively manner. The ice trust froze out the little fellows. The oyster trust was a regular shell game. The steel rail pool was formed because its members found their products being spiked all over the country. The wall paper trust was a put-up job from the start, but soon went to the wall because it couldn't stick. The crockery trust smashed prices. The dry color manufacturers got a corner in indigo and gave the laundrymen the blues. The shirt trust collared the trade by cuffing the manufacturers into line. The wringer trust put a squeeze on the little fellows. The starch trust stiffened prices.—Lewiston (Me.) Co-operator.

Wilshire, the Banished Millionaire, Catches on in Canada.

H. Gaylord Wilshire, of Los Angeles, Socialist, though a millionaire; good fellow, though an egotist; brainy, though a crank, has found in Toronto a congenial habitation. He has already made an impression in the Ontario city, as is indicated by a news article in the Toronto Daily Star.

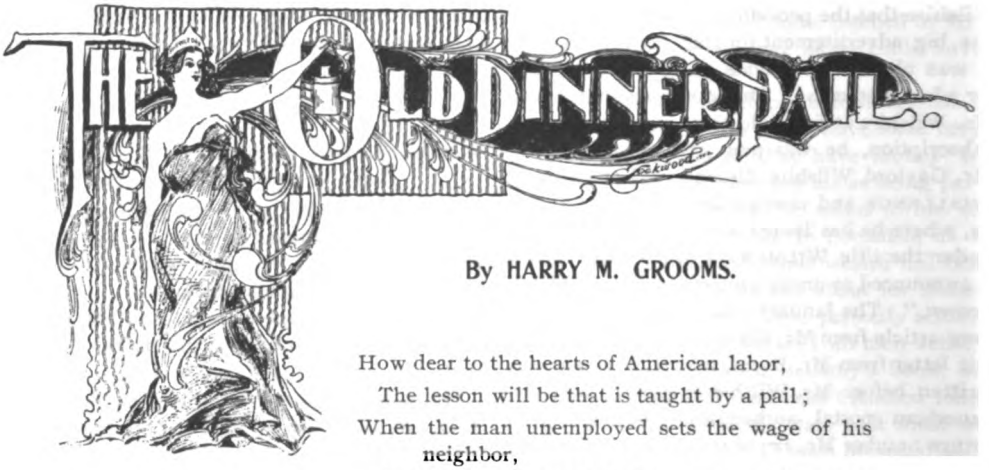
The article says: "Because H. Gaylord Wilshire got after the syndicates, the trusts and combines of the United States in his magazine, printed in the interests of Socialism, his publication was placed on the blacklist of the United States mails and the usual courtesies of a second-class rate disallowed. Mr. Wilshire sought to have his wrongs righted without avail, and then came to Toronto, where the publication will be carried on as usual.

Mr. Wilshire is a millionaire. He is a millonaire who is not after another million. He is a millionaire Socialist—out after the trusts to the death.

"Banished to Canada" is the way he puts it. "Banished to Canada from a so-called free country to continue my legal calling under the flag of Britain and reign of King Edward."

"He is the owner and publisher of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, formerly published in New York, and a monthly which has been widely circulated in the United States, and which has for its slogan, "Let the Nation own the trusts, not the trusts own the nation."—Los Angeles Record.

The Erie Canal Traction Co. of New York, have purchased about 5,000 miles of canals in England and on the Continent, and will operate them with electricity. Goods will soon be shipped on one bill of lading from Duluth to Brussels, Bruges and Ghent.



By HARRY M. GROOMS.

How dear to the hearts of American labor,
The lesson will be that is taught by a pail;
When the man unemployed sets the wage of his neighbor,
And its chances for fullness grow daily more frail.
The wide-spreading strike, and the daily bread riot,
The abridgement of rights when the injunction fell;
When the cottage is sold—it is no use to cry, it
Won't fill the old pail that was full for a spell.

The old dinner bucket,
The cold victual bucket,
The political bucket,
That fooled them so well.

That trustified vessel was hailed a great treasure,
By the party in power, who claimed it would yield
All of life's necessaries; and hold the full measure,
Of all labor needed in home or in field.
How ardent you seized it, poor victims of suction,
How soon to the fictitious promise you fell,
How soon with the old gag of "over-production,"
Kerflop went your pail in the unemployed well.

Oh! the old dinner bucket,
The old tin-trust bucket,
Hypocritical bucket!
That fooled you so well.

How sweet from the nail where it hung, to receive it,
And sit on the curb, or the work bench so hard;
As you take off the lid, you are tempted to leave it,
For all the food's "dry as a chip" or a card.
It had hung there for hours, and with no chance to cool it,
By twelve o'clock noon it does actually smell,
And you might hold your nose, and thus try to fool it;
But you either must eat it or hunger a spell.

Oh! the dear dinner bucket,
That sweet-scented bucket,
You felt you could chuck it,—
You know very well.

There is shame in our boast of a civilization,
That insults its labor, by claiming that all
A workingman needs is stomach inflation,
That his wishes for knowledge are meager and small.
Man should work, I'll admit; he should also have leisure,
Home comforts, amusements, and many glad hours,
To study the things that would yield him most pleasure,
Be it science, or art, or simply the flowers.

Oh! you old dinner bucket,
You fool dinner bucket,
You dry victual bucket!
You did the trick well.

The Socialists claim that in co-operation
The solution of all labor problems must lie;
That means of production be owned by the nation,
With fair distribution 'neath government eye.
These things must come true, there's no safety in others,
Then "The star-spangled banner in glory shall wave,"
O'er a land of contentment, where all men are brothers,
"O'er a land of the free," and not the wage-slave.

Then farewell dinner bucket,
Badge of slavery bucket,
You were but a bait-bucket,
But you did your work well.

THE STRUGGLE FOR WEALTH.

A REVIEW OF ALEX. DEL MAR'S BOOK.

THOSE who are familiar with Mr. Del Mar's historical series do not need to be reminded that they are perusing a History of the World: they soon become aware of it. Not so with the reader of any one of them taken by itself. For example, a student of the brilliant Treatise now before us, were he unacquainted with the other works from the same pen, might imagine that he was only following the world's struggle for gold and silver. Herein lies the author's art. He everywhere pursues a general history of the world's progress, but it is neither by the old way of national æras, or national boundaries, it is by the way of human passions, human interests and human beliefs. The reader is thus unconsciously led, by the most interesting and attractive paths, from the obscurest periods of the past, into the full light of the present. We have in one work a search-light view of Egyptian, in another of Greek, and in another of Roman progress. Yet one of these works is entitled "A History of Money in Ancient States"; another, "A History of the Precious Metals"; a third, "The Worship of Augustus Cæsar"; a fourth, "The Middle Ages Revisited"; a fifth, "Ancient Britain," and so on. Each work is true to its tit'e, yet each contributes to the general character of the entire series, and that general character stamps them as a History of the World from the earliest times to the present; a history devoid of myths, devoid of petty contests, devoid of tedious detail; bold, clear, leaping from height to height, never disdaining to search the lowest valley if there promises to be anything in it, but in the main keeping to the mountain tops and relating the story, so that the reader sees every image clearly, and is kept advised of every important movement and is never wearied.

Twenty years of attentive study in the great libraries and archæological collections of Europe, alternated with journeys to the great historical localities, has furnished the historian with an immense fund of information and a just conception of its relative parts and value. This is what our author brings to his great task.

The first chapter of the work before us leads to that arcanum of Greek legend which Mr. Grote declined to enter,

because he regarded it as entirely fabulous and unworthy of history. But the discoveries of the last fifty years have proved that it is not all fable, that much of it is history and history of the highest importance. This is partly illustrated in the discovery of iron. Says Mr. Del Mar:

"The concurrent testimonies of Indian, Assyrian, Babylonian and Greek tradition, and of epigraphy as well as its own etymology fix the discovery of Iron—that is to say the invention of smelting iron ore and of making iron and steel, or the escape of the invention from the temples, which before that time they may have known and kept secret—at a period not earlier than the fifteenth century B. C. At all events this is the highest date that can be assigned to it, for it was a rule and a necessity of sacred tradition and mythology to date its heroes and their exploits as far back as contemporary credulity would permit, both in order that they might not be antedated by like heroes and exploits in the traditions and mythologies of other nations, as well as to procure for them all the veneration that is accorded to superior antiquity. This æra—1406 B. C.—was that of the apotheosis of Ies Chrishna, of the Dionysian Jasius, and of Osiris. All these heroes were credited with the invention of iron, whose name of Iesen still preserves that of Ies Chrishna in many European languages; and there is nowhere in history or mythology any mention of iron of a date which can positively be fixed prior to this epoch."

After proving the invalidity of the "bronze-tool theory," by showing that the copper mines themselves could not have been opened without iron tools, our author applies these inferences not merely to deduce the epoch of silver, which had also to wait upon iron, but to the larger purpose of disclosing that vast Revolution in the affairs of the world which the discovery of Iron promoted.

"The making of Iron to the very ancient world was like the making of gunpowder to the mediæval world; it armed the people. Iron meant the conquest of Europe. Europe meant space, and space meant freedom. Its influence upon religion was not less marked than that of gunpowder in a long subsequent age."

But it is impossible to epitomize a work of this scope in this article. It touches an immense range of subjects and throws a bright and fascinating light upon all of them. It is only when the author describes the modern conquests and adventures in the search for the precious metals that the rapid movement of the work is sufficiently retarded to discuss details. For example, the metallic story of India, China, Japan, Siberia, Egypt, South Africa, Greece and the intervening states is told in eight chapters, and of Italy, Spain, Gaul, Britain and the rest of Europe in six others, while that of America, beginning with Columbus and ending with the very latest "rush" to the Behring Sea placers, takes up twenty chapters. A few chapters on general topics connected with the subject complete a work of absorbing interest.

The history of Africa, which begins with the opening of the Suez Canal by Necho and the voyages of the Phœnicians to Sofala on the southeast coast, is very attractive. Mr. Del Mar alludes to eight great events coincident and probably connected with this enterprise: 1. Conquest of Asia Minor by the Sacæ and closure of the overland route by Karkemish. 2. Profitable nature of the Crimean overland route to India, monopolized by the Iesiges. 3. Advent in India of the second Buddha and relaxation of the restraint upon sea voyages imposed by the Brahmins. 4. Opening of the great silver mines of Laurium, in Greece. 5. Circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnicians and discovery of the gold regions of Sofala on the Zambesi. 6. Probable period of many Indian objects recently found in Egyptian tombs. 7. Period of Thales and earliest western knowledge of the equable solar year, sun dial, ecliptical cycle, and the procession of

the equinoxes, etc., all of them long previously known in India. 8. First appearance of the Greeks in Egypt.

The Suez canal was cut B. C. 610, and all these events are of the same age. Mr. Del Mar contends that at that early period the sea commerce with India along the Arabian and Persian coasts, with one or more land routes always open, was too distant, difficult and precarious to warrant so expensive an undertaking as the Suez Canal; and that the latter could only have derived sufficient stimulus from a nearer and richer trade. This he believes was the gold trade with Sofala, a probable testimony of which still remains in the ruined towers of Zumboe.

"The trade with the eastern coasts of Africa could alone have been sufficient to warrant the opening and the great expense of keeping open, from the drifting sands of Egypt, the waterway known to us as the Suez Canal; and such trade with the eastern coasts must have included the gold regions of Sofala; for without that it would have been too trivial in extent to warrant so mighty an undertaking. From the Gulf of Aden to Rhapta or Quiloa the coast was poor and offered but little inducement to trade; but at Melinda, Mozambique and Sofala it was rich and lucrative."

The golden age of the world, *par excellence*, was that of the discovery of America and the nearly coincident Plunder of the Orient. Mr. Del Mar draws a graphic picture of that gorgeous swashbuckler, Albuquerque, who successfully plundered Muscat, Ormuz, Goa and Malacca. At Muscat and Ormuz the noses and ears of some of his prisoners were cut off and their bowels torn out, in order to compel the others to disclose their hoards of gold and silver. When the secret was extorted the prisoners were all destroyed, both men, women and children. Upon his return to Portugal this hero exhibited to his friends 120 dozen solid silver plates, 500 large silver dishes, 500 small ditto and 40 silver ladders with which to mount to the repositories of this blood stained treasure. Such was his personal share of the spoil; that of the Crown was enormous.

From Albuquerque to Cortes, Almagro, and Pizarro, the transition is easy. They were adventurers of the same stamp—they committed similar crimes—they employed means equally atrocious. Las Casas charged his countrymen with having destroyed half the native population of America, which at the period of the Discovery was nearly thirty millions. Mr. Del Mar regards the Spanish Conquest of America as a stupendous Tragedy, and his quotations from Spanish authors fully bear out this conclusion. Some of the details are, however, sufficiently ludicrous, as where the Spaniards, armed with a printed abstract of title to the New World, pinned it to the trees in the humid forests of the Isthmus of Darien and thus obeyed the royal command not to make war upon the natives without first reading it to them. This precious document was called the Requerimento, and our author furnishes a copy of it in full.

The Plunder of India and China, in the mad Pursuit of Wealth, is replete with graphic incidents, from the surrender of Bengal which was signed upon a dining table in Lord Clive's tent, to the storming of Seringapatam under the Duke of Wellington. The Plunder of Japan in the 16th Century and of China in the 19th are depicted with a vividness that almost makes one a witness of the scenes described.

[A HISTORY OF THE PRECIOUS METALS, from the Earliest Times to the Present, by Alex. Del Mar, M. E., formerly Director of the U. S. Bureau of Statistics. 8vo 512 pages; illustrated. New York: The Cambridge Encyclopedia Co., No. 240 W. 23rd St. Cloth, $3, net; Half Morocco, $4, net.]

Why a "Workingman" Should Be a Socialist

By H. Gaylord Wilshire.

A SOCIALIST is one who desires that the wealth of the nation be owned collectively by the people rather than by a small fraction of them—commonly called capitalists.

By "wealth of the nation" is meant the land, the railroads and telegraphs, the flour mills, the oil refineries; in short, all those agencies by means of which food, clothing and other commodities are produced.

By Socialism we mean governmental ownership and management of all wealth-producing industries. For instance, just as some of the industries, such as the common schools, the post office, etc., are now owned and managed by the people; under Socialism, not only these but also other industries would be owned and managed by them. In short, Socialists propose that instead of Morgan and Rockefeller owning the United States and running it for their selfish benefit, we—the people—shall assume possession of it ourselves and run it for our own benefit.

This is such a very simple proposition that anyone should be able to understand it. That every patriotic American, and especially every workingman, is not in favor of Socialism can only be explained by his ignorance of what Socialism is.

It is certainly a praiseworthy sentiment that the citizens and inhabitants of a nation should desire to own their own country. It is as natural a thing for them to so wish as it is for a man to desire to own his own house, rather than to rent it of a landlord.

The motive that inspires a father to provide a home for his family is of the same nature as that which animates the Socialist, who desires that all shall have homes of their own.

We said that every workingman who understood what Socialism meant would certainly be a Socialist—for assuredly your condition in life is not such that you should fear a change. You are poor, you are dissatisfied with your lot in life, you have a sense of being unjustly dealt with by society; you know that your labor alone produces all the good things of life, and you know that some one else enjoys them; you know all these things and you know, or you should know, that as simple a thing as casting your ballot intelligently can produce a change, so that you yourself will receive and enjoy all the fruits of your labor, with no necessity of giving the lion's share, or any other share, to such parasites as Rockefeller, Astor, Vanderbilt & Co.

It is true that there is some excuse for your not realizing that your shackles are but figments of your imagination. You are befooled and humbugged at every source to which you might look for information. The newspapers ostensibly devoted to the interests of workingmen in reality are but the tools of the capitalists,—their owners.

The politicians, notoriously liars and knaves, you scarcely listen to, except to deride. That you are robbed of your earnings through the iniquitous laws of an unjust social system is so plain that it would seem unnecessary to state it, were not so many quack remedies for social ills proposed—the application of which contemplates no change in the fundamental principles of our present competitive system.

You may safely regard any political measure that does not at least tend to the abolition of the keystone of modern society, "the competitive wage system," as being unworthy of workingmen's support. Reflect on your miserable condition in life, and consider that you, a citizen of the United States, are an inhabitant of a country possessing natural resources capable of easily supporting over ten times its present population. You are informed by unchallenged by uncontrovertible statistics that, by the development of the steam engine and labor-saving machinery, the labor of one man can to-day produce commodities—food, clothing, lodging, etc., sufficient to more than comfortably provide for twenty, and yet the fact stares you in the face that the return you get for your labor scarcely keeps you alive. Knowing these things, can you remain contented to live under a social system that at most gives you in exchange for your labor an existence more miserable than that of a slave, being so insecure that you are considered lucky in getting any employment at all? Do you wonder to whom goes the surplus produced, and why?

Let us put the matter clearly before your eyes. Consider that the machinery of production—that is, the railways, the flour mills, the oil and sugar refineries, and even the very land itself—do not belong in common to all the citizens, but to a very small class called capitalists, some of whom have never even set foot in the country.

Now, to get clothing, food and lodging, both land and machinery must be employed, and if one class own these essentials of production, it is evident that it can demand of you, who do not own them, as much rent as it pleases for the use of them.

And what does it please to demand?

Answer—Everything that you produce, except the very small part called "wages" which it allows you to keep, just sufficient to sustain your miserable existence. Workingmen, you are in nearly the same position as horses, in that you can never expect to get any more than just enough to keep you in a condition to be able to work, the chief difference being that the employer of the horse feeds him even when he cannot for the time being use his labor, while the employer of you workingmen feeds you only when you are useful to him, and when you are not—as in dull seasons—he lets you out to starve, as far as he is con-

cerned. He loses money if his horse starves, but he loses nothing if you die.

You ask, why don't capitalists pay higher wages? Why don't they pay wages sufficient to allow you to properly feed and clothe yourselves, your wives and your children? Why don't workingmen successfully demand wages sufficient to enable them to educate their children in the public schools? Why mock us, you may say, with free schools, when we must send our children to the mine and the factory, to earn food for the family?

The answer is short and simple.

As long as there are millions of unemployed men in the United States only too glad to get a chance to work for wages that will afford them the bare necessities of life, wages cannot rise above the minimum rate. Consider a familiar every-day occurrence in business life. *A* and *B* each own a coal mine. Each is forced to sell his coal at the lowest price possible in order to undersell the other. The item of labor is the chief one in the expense of mining coal—so, supposing that *A* pays his men less than *B*, then he is in the position of being able to undersell *B*, and, unless *B* also manages to get his labor as cheap as *A*, he must retire from business, for he can sell no coal. The capitalists could not under our competitive system pay higher wages, even though they might wish to do so.

Then, on the other hand, consider the laborer—the miner. Suppose he is getting one dollar per day and some poor fellows come along, out of employment—some emigrants for instance—who, rather than starve, offer to work for seventy-five cents per day; it is then certain that, as the owners of the mines are forced to always buy the cheapest labor that is offered, our dollar-a-day laborer must suffer a reduction in his wages to seventy-five cents or be replaced by the emigrant who will work for seventy-five cents. Hence we see how it is that the pressure of the unemployed upon the labor market always keeps the price of labor at the lowest notch. And the more labor-saving machinery that is introduced, the more men are thrown out of employment, and the greater the struggle to get hired at any price. Considering how it is ever thus under our present competitive wage system that wages must remain low, it is easily seen how absurd it is for Democrats or Republicans to claim that free trade or free silver, a high tariff or expansion, can make wages high.

Workingmen are at last coming to recognize the fact that there is no reliance to be placed on either of the old parties and that they must organize a party of their own which will do away with the competitive wage system entirely, and substitute the co-operative system.

Workingmen—Americans: The issue is plain. Yours is the choice—whether to remain slaves in your own country, fettered by your own hands—to see your wives and your children live in poverty and squalor, aye, and often starve before your very eyes—or whether you will be free men not in name only, but in reality—whether you will own your own country and enjoy the full fruits of your honest labor.

Workingmen may say: "Ah! Well enough! Those are fine words—but it is impossible for anything to be done! Workingmen have always been poor and always will remain so. You Socialists simply make us feel our poverty more keenly—make us discontented without showing us any practical plan to abolish the causes of our discontent. Of course, we want to be in better circumstances—of course we wish to provide better for our families. Certainly we would rather send our children to school than to the factory. We know that we are virtually slaves—and of course we would like to end our slavery. What fool would not have his fellow men own their own country, rather than let a band of capitalists own it? But even supposing the wealth of the nation were divided up, as we suppose you Socialists propose, it would simply be a matter of time before some Rockefeller & Co. would have it all again."

Workingmen, you are mistaken; Socialists do propose a most practicable and feasible solution of the problem of how to permanently abolish poverty. If you will consider our plan, you cannot help but agree that its accomplishment would prevent any fear of Rockefeller & Co. or any other company ever getting our country away from us after it is once restored.

Socialism means anything but the *division* of wealth. Socialism contemplates the absolute *concentration* of the ownership of the wealth of the country into the *collective* control and ownership of the people themselves, through the government. The only division that Socialists propose is the fair division of commodities produced, but they never propose the division of the ownership of the machinery that produces those commodities. For instance, the people (the government) will collectively own the land, the grain elevators, the flour mills, and the bakeries, while you and I individually will own the product: the bread.

As to the practicability of collective or government ownership of the means of production it is best answered by the consideration of the excellent management of such machinery as is now managed by the government, such as the post office, public schools, etc.

When, by the mismanagement of private owners, some railway is thrown into the bankruptcy court, and the government is forced to take control and management through the hands of an official receiver, it is a notorious fact that such government management has been uniformly successful. If the people then can successfully operate bankrupt railroads, there is every reason why they should be so much the more able to operate a solvent and successful railroad.

Government ownership of railways is the usual method in Europe and Australia, and is uniformly successful. The United States is the only nation that does not own and operate its own telegraph system. However, there is really no serious attempt, from any direction, to deny the feasibility of government ownership, and what we will now demonstrate is not the practicability, but the absolute neces-

sity of governmental ownership of the means of production—Socialism—if we wish to preserve ourselves from starvation. It seems paradoxical, but nevertheless it's true, that the more productive machinery becomes after a certain point has been reached the more difficult it is for the laborer to get what is so easily produced. Let us consider the present state of industry in the United States.

Within the last few years the owners of the various great industries of this country, through the inordinate over-extension of their plants and the consequent fierceness of competition to sell goods, arising from over-production, have been compelled to consolidate their interests into "trusts," simply as a matter of sheer necessity, to preserve themselves from bankruptcy.

Having in mind the millions of badly clothed and fed men, women and children, it may seem to many that the excuse of "overproduction" the "trusts" give for their existence is the boldest of lies. But it must be remembered that the owners of the sugar, beef, and other trusts are not in business from philanthropic motives—"not in business for their health," but purely and simply to make money—for themselves—so that the mere fact of people wanting or even starving for the want of what their machinery produces does not constitute any sound business reason for capitalists to feed them. *Unless people have money they have no legal right to food.* So we see that as far as the capitalist is concerned there is an over-production in goods when he finds no *"buyers,"* although there may be plenty of *"wanters"* who want, but have no money to buy.

It is quite palpable that in a country as productive as the United States and where wage-workers—the great consuming class—are paid such a small part of what is produced, there must always be danger of a great surplus remaining in the hands of the capitalists unless they avoid such a result by restricting production—and restricting production means shutting down factories—turning out of employment willing workers and starving the nation in the midst of plenty.

This critical period, viz., the great unemployed question, in the growth of our industrial system, has only been prevented from appearing long ago by the ingenuity of the capitalists in employing the laborers, set free through the completion of the first machinery, making more and still better machinery. As long as there was a demand for new machinery there was always life for the existing social system, for labor could be kept satisfied by being employed making this new machinery.

However, the appearance of the "trust" means that the making of more new machinery is unnecessary. The new machines are not only finished, but the capitalists say, and we admit they know best since we give over to them the management, that there are already too many built. The "trust" is a necessity to them, they say, not only to prevent the production of more such unnecessary machinery, but to prevent the operation of the existing surplus machinery in producing surplus goods which can only be sold at a loss. Hence we Socialists quite agree that from the capitalistic standpoint anti-trust laws are absurd, as trusts are a necessary development of our competitive system, yet at the same time we realize that the trusts are the forerunners of a huge unemployed problem which can only be solved by their nationalization. Public ownership of monopolies, or Socialism, is an inevitability because it affords the only possible solution for the distribution of commodities when the machinery of production finally develops beyond the control of the capitalists. This stage in the evolution of industry is now upon us. The "trust" is the significant sign of the impending collapse of capitalism simply by its own weight.

The "trust" is not only a protection against competition, but it is also a labor-saving machine, effecting tremendous economies in production. Just as the manual laborers of fifty years ago tried to destroy the first machines which displaced them, so we see a like ineffectual clamor from the smaller capitalists of to-day against their inevitable displacement by the trust magnates.

Hence, since monopoly is the future determining factor in production, and competition is forever dethroned, we see each of our great industries controlled by one corporation headed by one man—a captain of industry—and this state of affairs is what more than anything else demonstrates the practicability of Socialism. Certainly if a Gould can successfully manage the telegraphs of this country, there can be no difficulty in us, the people, doing the same thing.

We already manage the post offices—why not the telegraphs?

Again: If Mr. Rockefeller manage the oil business, Mr. Vanderbilt the railways, Mr. Armour the beef business, Mr. Pillsbury the flour business, Mr. Schwab the iron business, Mr. Havemeyer the sugar business, Mr. Frick the coal business, Mr. Dalrymple the bonanza wheat farms, and Mr. Astor the real estate in New York; we say, if these capitalists can manage these properties for their own selfish ends, that we, the people, can just as well manage them for our own use and benefit.

Capitalism in its death throes tries every means to sustain prices at a profitable basis against the constantly growing menace of "over-production." To this end it adopts the "trust" at home, as a means of restricting domestic production, and on the other hand it institutes a policy of "Imperialism" abroad as a means of increasing foreign consumption. Hence we see that both "trusts" and "Imperialism" work hand in glove and are simply results of the vain struggle of the capitalists to maintain falling prices.

The Democrats are pursuing a chimera when they strive to prevent these natural results of our industrial system, and the Republicans adopt an even more dangerous policy when they refuse to admit that such signs are indicative of an approaching social revolution.

The Democrat is a quack doctor striving to cure small-pox by repressing the eruption, while the Republican is a faith-curer, telling the patient that the disease exists only in his own imagination.

The Socialist is the only man having the brains to correctly diagnose the disease as well as the courage to propose the only possible remedy. The only remedy is Socialism—or the collective ownership of wealth.

All the foregoing is pretty plain talk, and should not be easily misunderstood. Some, however, while following the argument that (1) wages cannot rise above the subsistence point, no matter how productive labor may become, and (2) that this curtailment of consumption must result in over-production, and (3) that next is the trust, and (4) the trust must be followed by (5) the great unemployed problem may not see the solution involved in (6) the final step, public ownership of the trusts and other machinery of production—Socialism. Of course, it must strike everyone as absurd that people cannot get enough to eat because they produce too much, and yet everyone realizes that a laborer cannot eat if he doesn't earn anything to buy food. It is also plain that a laborer cannot get a job of the baker to make bread if the baker already has too much bread in his oven—so much bread that he can't sell what he has already baked.

It is also pretty evident that if the laborer was his own baker he need not starve for bread if his oven is full.

Now this is simply the Socialist argument. We say that this country of ours, America, is a grand bake-oven filled with bread, and cake too for that matter. That the head-baker of this national oven, Mr. Rockefeller, can't hire us to bake bread because he can't sell the bread we have already made for him, but that this is no reason why we should starve when all we have to do is to take over the bakery ourselves and take the bread out and feed ourselves with our own baking.

There really would be no opposition from Rockefeller to our taking the business off his hands so long as we took it for ourselves and let him have his share along with us. Rockefeller is not necessarily such a bad fellow, but he naturally would object if he thought we were going to take the national bakery—otherwise our own country—away from him in order to give it to Carnegie or Vanderbilt, the very men from whom he has just wrested it away for himself. The opposition to Socialism will not come from Rockefeller & Co. It will come from the stupidity and apathy of the very people most to be benefited by it, from workingmen themselves.

All we have to do, in order to own our own country, is for a majority to vote for the party that is pledged to carry out that idea. With the success of that party and the change that it would bring about—no one need work over three hours per day, and everyone who wanted to work could find employment, receiving in return the full fruits of his labor. Everyone would have leisure—children would be educated—all would be free, and happiness would reign supreme.

Workingmen, you now know the road to freedom. When you pursue that path you will be free—before that never.

[This tract was written and published by me in 1890. It was very popular from the start and is still a favorite for propagandists. It has had the largest circulation of any Socialist tract, over three million having been printed to date. H. G. W.]

The above is a fac-simile of a poster printed in 5 colors; 42 inches wide by 56 inches high. Sent free on application to H. Gaylord Wilshire, Editor WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, 74 Wellesley Street, Toronto, Canada.

PRINCE AND PROLETAIRE.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

HE two types represented in the above caption are brought into haggard contrast by the visit of Prince Henry to our democratic domain and the hysterical demonstrations that assail him as he is whirled from point to point in his royal carousal among the plebeians. According to reports the royalty of the old world has been totally eclipsed by the democracy of the new, and his deputy imperial majesty is fairly dazzled and bewildered by the fast and furious display in his honor. At the opera in New York he was surrounded by a palpitating wall of nude flesh ablaze with diamonds—a scene of gorgeous, glittering splendor compared with which the courts of kings are dim as dirt.

And this is but an incident among a thousand in which our democratic (?) people of every rank and station, save Socialistic alone, abase themselves in vulgar fawning at the feet of tyranny. Shall the titled snob be blamed for holding all such flunkeys in contempt?

Who is this royal lion in the democratic den? A total stranger from an alien land. What has he done to command the reverence of a god? Ask yourself if you can answer. It is not then to the man—for he's unknown—but to the Prince that Uncle Sam gets down full length into the dust and spreads the Stars and Stripes for royal feet to tread upon.

What difference is there between the monarchy of William and the republic of Roosevelt? Can the Lick telescope discover it?

Bear in mind that here "we" are the people; "we" live in "the land of the free and the home of the brave"; "we" are all sovereigns; "we" have no classes; "we" scorn royal snobs; "we" love liberty and despise display; "we" hold "divine right to rule" in contempt; "we"—Rats!

The simple truth is we are like the rest—we have prince and pauper, power and poverty, money and misery in our capitalist republic, just as they have in their capitalist monarchy across the water.

Chauncey M. Depew has 150 pairs of creased trousers; many of his sovereign constituents have patches on their only pair of pants.

In our great Eastern cities more than half the people live in tenements unfit for habitation, and thousands of babes, denied fresh air, die every year.

The sweating dens are packed with human vermin, but Henry, by the grace of God, will not behold the reeking ballast of the "ship of state."

A few rods from the Waldorf in New York and the Auditorium in Chicago, are the districts of the doomed and damned. The squares of squalor and miles of misery inspire in men, instead

of "Hoch der Kaiser," the wish "to hear the nightingale sing new marseillaises" and revive the ominous notes of "La Carmagnole."

"Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd;
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful toiler leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave."

Not long ago the millionaires and labor leaders had a feast in New York; they met as one, and declared that henceforth they were "one and inseparable, now and forever." President Roosevelt ratified the compact by dining the leaders at the White House. But where are labor's representatives to the Prince Henry banquets and receptions? Have they been lost in the shuffle? Can it be that they are not fit to meet a prince? Hush, dolt! this is a Republic; labor here is royal and wears the imperial crown. So, at least, Mr. Hanna and other poor and oppressed capitalists tell us, and surely they should know the working kings who rule them.

But again, where are the representatives of labor at these courtly social functions? Why is no American workingmen allowed near the prince except as menial and spaniel, to guard his noble majesty and do slavish obeisance to his every whim?

Why is there no inch of room for labor in any house or hall, or park, or boat in all this vaunted Republic when a "prince" is guest?

Why are the working class excluded from such "public" functions as rigidly as if they wore the stripes of convicts?

Why must a prince be guarded?

On "great occasions," such as the presence of a royal guest, the streets and alleys are reserved for the working class, and in these thoroughfares the dead-lines of the common herd are guarded with policemen's clubs.

How melancholy to see shivering humans, packed together like cattle in a car, rend one another in mad strife to honor those who look upon them as unclean and hold them in supreme contempt!

The working class of the United States, with few exceptions, cheered and shouted for the prince as though he had been their lord and saviour. He cares no more for them, this pampered prince, than if they were so many sheep or swine, for he believes that royal blood, by God's decree, flows through his veins and that common humans are but beasts of burden.

Not long ago Ben Tillett came from England as the representative of labor. All his life he worked to help the men of toil. In point of honest worth Ben Tillett far outweighs ten thousand blooded princes. Yet workingmen, except the few, ignored him, and the scant regard they showed him is to their disgrace.

The point I make is, that from the time the ship that brought the prince touched our shore until it left again no workingman was tolerated in any banquet or reception tendered him in the name of the American people. Office-holders and politicians spouted, while capitalists lined the tables and wined and dined themselves—all of which simply proves that there are no classes in the United States, and that Socialism has no business in a Republic.

The envoys for the coronation of King Edward have been announced by President Roosevelt. There will be no horny-handed prince of labor there. Whitelaw Reid, known only for being the opposite of Horace Greeley, and as small as he was great, will be our

central knee-breech figure at the crowning of King Edward.

Of course it would not be consistent for our president to drop a crumb of comfort to the Boers.

Let it not be understood that I have the slightest feeling against Henry of Prussia; it is the prince I have no use for. Personally, he may be a good fellow, and I am inclined to believe he is, and if he were in trouble and I had it in my power to help he would find in me a friend. The amputation of his title would relieve him of his royal affliction and elevate him to the dignity of man.

This is a necessary part of the mission of Socialism, and the revolutionary movement is sweeping over the United States as well as Germany.

It means the end of princes, the end of paupers and the beginning of Man.

To ears attuned, the victor's shouts
Are crossing o'er the sea;
Resounding like Jove's thunder peals:
The working class are free.

Terre Haute, Ind.

AWAY TO THE MOUNTAINS.

J. EDWARD MORGAN.

Away with the time-tested wrongs of the ages;
Out from the error-worn ruts of the past;
Out upon custom's law! Burn the old pages,
Light on the mountains is sighted at last.

Too long in the ruts of the ancients we've lumbered,
With age-crumbling guide posts to mark out the way.
Too long in the halls of our fathers we've slumbered,
Inhaling the poisonous breath of decay.

Too long have we followed with custom before us,
Aping old errors forever in sight;
Too long has the spell of the fathers been o'er us,
Veiling our greed-darkened minds from the light.

Traditions and customs inhuman enslave us;
Away with the Mammon-wrought fetters we've worn;
Behold on the mountains the light that shall save us,
Gilding the crests with the rays of the morn.

Away, then, away with our face to the mountains,
Fast fades the darkness in Reason's bright ray.
Loose we the chain from the soul's hidden fountains,
Go forward, rejoice and forever be free.

—From Mr. Morgan's book, MORNING ECHOES.

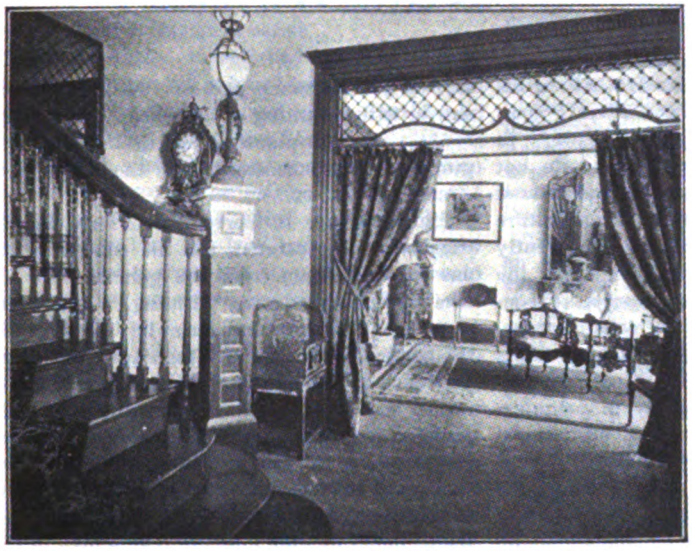
MY UTOPIAS FOR SALE.

Since it is quite the style for publishers to utilize their own magazines for the purpose of selling their own goods, *vide* John Wanamaker with his dry goods, and McClures with their books, not to mention all the rest of my brethren in detail, I have decided to let myself fall in line, Mr. Madden objects to my publishing this magazine because he said I did so simply to sell my own peculiar brand of ideas. I told him that I was sorry that I did not have any more material things to sell, but that I would try and hunt up something for my bargain-counter besides Wilshire ideas. I have now found a couple of articles, ladies and gentlemen, and herewith take pleasure in presenting them to your kind attention, and now await patiently your bids. I am one of the fools who build houses for other people to live in, and now I want to get rid of my follies. I did think once upon a time that I would like to spend my declining days in the glorious climate of California. Hence, under my own vine and fig tree this house was built.

MY RESIDENCE IN LOS ANGELES.

It's in Los Angeles, and has about

everything in and about it that a modest and cleanly man would wish for. Until the last two years I lived in it myself, and speak from experience. It is a new house, and, like all new houses, is arranged upon the button system, touch one and something springs up to do what you wish done. Several porcelain baths, tiled walls, etc. Walls frescoed and all floors inlaid hardwood. The house is now completely furnished, Turkish rugs, brass bedsteads, etc., etc., as the accompanying glimpse of the interior shows, but will be sold unfurnished if so desired.

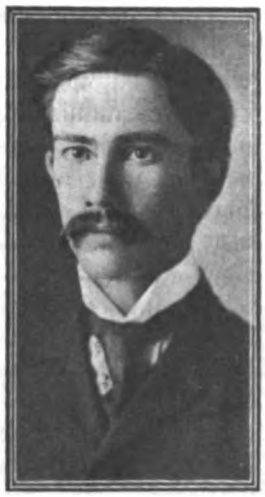


INTERIOR OF HOUSE AT LOS ANGELES.

I have also determined to sell my California ranch. This consists of forty acres set out to full-bearing orange and English walnut trees. Irrigation water in abundance, frost unknown. Large barn, ten horses, farm implements, etc., in fact all that is necessary for a man to step into complete possession of a ranch that not only will pay a handsome profit on the investment, but afford a delightful place for residence; the climate is delightful both summer and winter. The house is new, has all improvements of a city house, including direct telephone connection with Los Angeles. It sits upon a low knoll, and is surrounded by a twelve-foot veranda, from which the Pacfic ocean, twelve miles distant, is visible on clear days. Inasmuch as I feel that for a long time to come it will be a hazardous undertaking for me to risk re-establishing my publishing business in the United States, where I can at best have a precarious editorial existence under sufferance of our Maddenized United States post-office, I have decided to sell the two aforesaid California properties, viz., my city residence in Los Angeles and my ranch at Fullerton. Further particulars may be had from my California manager, Mr. H. L. Knight, 623 South Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.

MY RANCH HOUSE.

SIMONS' AMERICAN FARMER.



A. M. SIMONS.

MR. SIMONS in his book gives a complete answer to those who do not understand how it is that agriculture is not apparently undergoing the same process of concentration into larger and larger units as is seen so palpably in manufacturing and transportation.

Mr. Simons shows that this failure of agriculture to follow out the otherwise universal rule is only a surface exception, and that when we look more fully into the question we see that concentration has really taken place in agriculture quite as much as in manufacturing. In fact "manufacturing" itself today was "farming" fifty years ago. That is, there was a time when the farm wove its own cloth and made its own clothing. There was a time when the farmer made his own harness for his horses, made his own rough farming implements, ground his own corn, in fact the farm was a self-sustaining unit. Gradually, one by one, these primitive farming industries were taken from the farm to the factory and there concentrated in larger and larger masses. Hence, where once each farm ground its own corn, now it is done in an enormous establishment from which the ownership of the farmer has long since been severed. Where once the farmer carried his produce to market in his own cart it is now carried on a railway in which he owns not a single share of stock. However, once both the grinding of the wheat and the hauling of the flour to the market were considered just as much part of "farming" business as is the planting of the wheat to-day.

And even the planting has itself joined the procession of concentration, for the farmer uses a machine planter.

The industries formerly called farm industries have concentrated, but the concentration has removed them from the general view of what is known today as "farming." However, as each one of these industries left the farm for the factory, it by so much took away the independence of the farmer. At the beginning the farmer was as said, a self-supporting unit. He produced for use and not for exchange. All the rest of the world might perish, and if his farm was saved he was safe. The tendency today is to take work from the farm to the factory. In the ultimate we can imagine that a man in the city will sit down at a machine looking like a typewriter, and by touching various buttons will perform all the operations on the farm.

The horse will soon be abolished from the farm. Only this morning I saw a gasoline horseless mowing machine made by the Deering Company which had been in successful operation all last summer. Already electricity is being used to drag plows in California, and of course the steam plow is an old story. Now the more we substitute machinery for human labor the more subordinate to it does the human laborer become. Not only is this because he occupies a so much smaller relative position owing to his comparatively diminishing numbers, but also the fact that he has now become purely a producer for exchange instead of a producer for use, puts him entirely at the mercy of those that produce what he needs must exchange his produce for. He must have a mowing machine, and to get it he must pay the manufacturer's price. He must ship his wheat to market, and again he must pay a tariff of "all the traffic will bear." In the time when he made and owned his own scythe, and the wagon which carried his wheat to market, he

was not at the mercy of the McCormicks and the Deerings on the one hand and Jim Hill and his Northern Securities Company on the other.

The mere fact that a man owns his farm is, as Mr. Simons well says, simply a guarantee that he has first chance at taking a hard job. As for the ownership giving any superior returns to the farmer, that is not even expected. The farmer today is shown statistically to actually get less for his own family out of his farm than the wages he pays his farm hands.

I know that I myself had this fact severely impressed upon me in handling some of my own land in California. I tried to grow barley and corn by paying wages, and I found the cost was much less when I rented the land and then bought the crop. The renters, with a remnant of that old American spirit of independence, preferred to rent the land and take less money as their profits from the crop than they would have gotten as wages working as hired employes.

Here is a very exhaustive excerpt from Mr. Simons' chapter upon "Concentration in Agriculture" :—

But before we conclude that economic concentration has left the field of agriculture untouched there are many other features of the question to be examined. We have seen that concentration does not necessarily mean the mechanical amalgamation of the smaller plants, or even an increase in the size of the individual plants. The sweating industry has already been instanced as an example of an industry in a highly centralized condition, and yet in which the individual plants are extremely small. The essential feature of concentration in industry is the centralizing of the control of the essentials of an industry in the hands of fewer and fewer persons, and this may take place without any change whatever in the form of the production. Under other circumstances different steps or processes in the original industry may be isolated from each other and from the fundamental process, and the steps or processes so isolated may be subjected to great mechanical concentration. Both of these movements will be found in agriculture. Passing over for the moment the concentration which has taken place in farm ownership without affecting the size and number of farms, let us glance first at the process of differentiation and concentration which has taken place in different fields of agriculture. We have already seen how the farming industry of our forefathers has been divided and sub-divided into a great number of processes that have come to be considered as separate industries. As soon as any field of agriculture becomes subject to great mechanical improvements, as soon, in short, as it has felt the touch of industrial advance, it is ordinarily taken from the farm to become part of the factory system. A more correct way of stating this fact and one which does not so effectually conceal the actual effects on agriculture is to say that whenever any process in agriculture was greatly improved and performed with complex labor-saving machinery, it was simply given another name and no longer considered a part of agriculture.

If we follow these processes we shall find that in every case they have been subjeet to great concentration. It is only necessary to name them to prove the point. Butter and cheese making, cotton-ginning, rice-hulling, threshing, manufacture of agricultural implements (to say nothing of carding, weaving, spinniug, knitting, etc.), all these have left the farm, and their leaving marks a step in a mighty process of concentration ordinarily passed by without notice in discussing the question of whether the law of industrial concentration is affecting agriculture. As this process goes on, the farmer is left always to perform only the antiquated and most difficult and disagreeable processes of agriculture, and thus gains no advantage from industrial advance.

The killing, dressing and packing of meat is an example of an industry that stands as an example of a whole class of industries that are closely connected with agriculture and that represent the highest type of capitalist concentration. This industry has passed during the life-time of the present generation from a subsidiary farm occupation to one of the classic examples of mechanical perfection and trustified management of industry. Now the mere fact that these processes have been removed beyond the boundaries of the farm itself does not mean that the farmer is exempt from their influence, nor does it permit agricultural production to dispense with such processes. Society is too much of an organism to be thus isolated into independent divisions. An article is not produced until it is in the hands of the consumer, and placing it there includes transportation and storage as well as all the changes in form which are made in what is commonly called the process of manu facture. Railroads and steamships, with elevators, cold storage and packing houses are as much a part of the necessary equipment for agricultural production as wagons, teams, granaries and barns, and to omit all consideration of them in a discussion of the farming industry is to neglect an extremely important factor. It is worthy of note that in all these lines concentration of the tools of production is accompanied by a transfer of ownership away from the users of the tools. The hand churn, the mule gin, the flail, the ox team and simple granary all belonged to the producer—the farmer. But the creamery, steam ginnery and threshing machine, with the railroad and elevator service, have passed into the hands of another class. Here then is what amounts to an immense concentration of industry in what is essentially a field of agriculture. I am not blind to the confusion which would result in economic discussion by thus newly extending the idea of agriculture, but when we are considering social effects and relations synthesis is more important then analysis, and it is necessary that connections rather than divisions should be emphasized. And on historical grounds as well as on grounds of present eco-

nomic relations the connection which I have pointed out is essential. (1)

To some degree at least society must be considered as an organic whole, although not necessarily an organism comparable to the human body, as Spencer would have us believe. If comparison is to be made with any organism it should be with one of a lower character than any of the mammalia. Differentiation and coordination of faculties in society are much more analogous to that of the jelly fish. Nevertheless society is an organism and as such is developing as a whole in one direction or another. That this general direction of the social organism is towards concentration no one, save those who, like Kropotkine, are wholly blinded to the facts by preconceived theories, will dare deny. Every day that passes sees the whole of society, including agriculture, brought under the control of fewer and fewer individuals. All industry, including agriculture, is coming more and more to be dominated by a few industries, such as those concerned with transportation, the production of coal and iron, and lately, power transmission. The process of transforming portions of the substance of the earth into forms suitable to satisfy the wants of man—the process of the production of goods—must be considered as a whole. The different productive processes must, especially when considered in their relation to general social evolution, be treated as a part of one organic movement. When so treated it becomes evident that "for a continually diminishing minority of the persons engaged in industry to secure a continually increasing control" over industry it is only necessary for them to gain control of the dominating essentials of industrial life. Considering the processes of wealth creation in this organic manner it appears at once that there are a few industrial processes that are peculiarly essential in relation to the whole productive process. With the highly developed complex industrial life of today coal, iron and transportation interests are so vitally essential to the entire processes of production that, once they are concentrated in the possession of a few, these possessors are practically able to control the whole industrial life, the vital processes, so to speak, of any society. Those who control these industries would be in much the same relation to the rest of industry as a person who was able to control the working of another man's mind would be in relation to what that man's arms and body might create.

But concentration may take still another form. It may easily have progressed very far in ownership without any change showing itself in operation. Perhaps the most surprising fact brought out by the census of 1890 was that only 47 per cent. of the farmers of this country owned their farms free from encumbrance. That is to say, more than one-half of the farms of the United States are operated subject to a mortgage or a landlord.

This mortgage indebtedness amounted to the immense sum of $1,085,995,960. No accurate statistics have as yet been gathered concerning the ownership of farm mortgages or rental farms. It is well known, however, that such mortgages are considered an excellent investment and that great life insurance companies and trust companies have many millions of dollars so invested —a form of concentration beside which that of the bonanza farms sink into insignificance. In almost every great city there are individuals and firms who hold thousands and even millions of dollars worth of such securities. Still fewer facts are known concerning the owners of rented farms. But enough is known to show that whole counties in several different states are owned by the same parties. (1). This concentration is not simply personal, it is also territorial. The landlords and owners of mortgages are seldom themselves farmers or in any way identified with the farming class. They are much more apt to be bankers, stockbrokers and professional money-lenders—in short, members of the exclusively capitalist and non-producing class. Such people are almost always residents of the cities and to a great extent of a few of the largest cities of the country.

It may be alleged that the very fact that concentration in ownership has progressed so far while there seems to be so few signs of concentration in production, proves the Socialist contention that production on a large scale is desirable to be false. In the first place no Socialist who understands the philosophy he is preaching ever claimed that operation on a large scale is universally desirable. The objective point of Socialism is the abolition of a parasitic ruling class and the retention of the entire product of industry by the producers, and not the installation of any particular scheme of production. The fact that in at least an overwhelming majority of industries concentration would cause an immense saving in human energy and that such concentration would be possible only in a co-operative society is one of the many strong arguments for Socialism. But even if it should be demonstrated that in the entire field of agriculture concentration in production is not desirable it would in no way militate against the fundamental principle of Socialism that exploitation must be stopped.

(1) Kautsky. "Agrarfrage," pp, 5-6. "There is no doubt that agriculture does not develop according to the same pattern as industry; it follows its own laws. But this is not to say that the development of argriculture is opposite to that of industry, and is not reconcilable with it. On the contrary, we believe that they will both be seen to be moving toward the same goal as soon as they are no longer isolated from one another, but are considered as common members of one total process." (Gemeinsame Glieder eines Gesamptprocesses.)

(1) The Orange Judd Farmer for Oct. 5th, 1901, contains an extended description of the "Sibley Estate," in Ford County, Illinois. This estate "includes 19,520 acres of the best farm land in the state." A detailed description of the terms of leases and the management of the estate is given. It is divided into 160-acre farms, with a tenant house and necessary farm buildings on each one. The most improved methods of farming are used, and crops are considerably above the average for the state.

Socialism (or more properly collectivism) is not a scheme for the administration of industry, but the next stage in social evolution, and is mainly desirable for the workers because of the fact that their exploitation will cease, and not simply because industries will be better managed.

Most important of all, even if it should be demonstrated that centralized production in agriculture is not profitable under competition and private capitalism, it in no way proves that it would not be economical, desirable and possible of realization when the principles of co-operation and intelligent management were substituted for exploitation and competition and applied elsewhere in industry. Concentration of industry has a dual importance to the social student; one as indicating increased power by a small minority over the remainder of society, the other as a preparation for and prophecy of the co-operative social stage that is to follow the present system of competition and private monopoly. The first comes from the financial, the second from the mechanical side of concentration. In many industries competition has effected concentration to the monopoly point in both fields. But it would be paying capitalism too high a compliment to expect it to do the same in all fields of industry. Many writers in arguing this point wholly overlook the fact that the competitive system does not always or even usually compel the adopting of the most economical mode of production. It is always prodigal of human life, for, of all commodities, that commonly counts for the least in the profit and loss column of the capitalist ledger. The sweating system of the great cities is an illustration of this fact. As I have frequently noticed, there is much in common between the sweating system and farming, especially in reference to this point of concentration. In both cases there has been little apparent increase in the size of the individual plant, and each time one of the reasons for this is, not that there is greater economy of management under decentralization, but because of the possibility of greater exploitation of the workers, and especially of female and child labor. Says Charles B. Spahr, in the article in The Outlook, previously quoted on the subject of the break-up of the bonanza farms: "When I asked this farmer why the large farms were breaking up into small ones, he put the whole case in a single picturesque phrase. 'There are,' he said, 'only two sure crops in this country—ice and children; and the small farmer has the children.'" In other words, the small farmer who is given nominal ownership of a farm just large enough to enable him to live with the aid of the toil of his wife and children can, by virtue of that toil, by virtue of the fact that his babes and their mother can be driven to a point to which the healthy hired man will never submit, compete in the markets of the world with the owner of the great bonanza farm.

From still another point of view, the mere fact that under capitalism competition does not seem to be obliterating itself in the farming industry does not necessarily argue the desirability of its permanence. Industrial evolution and revolutions have always effected primarily only the dominant industrial factor. All through feudalism only the land system conformed completely to feudal ideals—or rather the land system was the determining factor which impressed itself more or less definitely on all social institutions. Throughout the centuries of feudalism there constantly persisted countless remnants of savagery and primitive communism. On the other hand feudalism crushed out many things that had existed in previous society, which it would have been much better for future generations could they have been retained without checking the course of social evolution. Capitalism has within itself many remnants of feudalism that have been preserved almost unchanged because their transformation was not essential to the establishment of capitalism. On the other hand many things, like the old guild workmanship and love of creative industry which would have been of incalculable value to any society have been crushed out because they stood in the way of the complete establishment of wage-slavery. So when capitalism shall give way to co-operative industry many things will doubtless go over unchanged that have endured from savagery on through feudalism and capitalism. But under a co-operative society there will be this difference to distinguish it from all other social stages, that since there will be no warring class interests, society can consciously direct its own evolution and can intelligently accept or reject what is thought advisable, unhindered by the private interests of any ruling exploiting class. There will then be an opportunity to test the desirability of concentration in agriculture and to select that degree of concentration most advantageous to society.

As to the contention of some economists that the farmer shares in the increased wealth but wastes his substance on cottage organs, Mr. Simons says:

If the farmer of to-day received all he produced he would have at least nine or ten times as much as the farmer who worked with sickle, wooden plow, flail and winnowing floor. Indeed, he should receive much more than this because the earlier farmer worked as an individual while the farmer of today has the advantage of the assistance given him by the association of vast multitudes of co-workers. But laying all this aside, is there anyone who will claim that the modern farmer is receiving any such multiplied product? Divide the income of almost any farmer, to say nothing of the average "$200 a year farmer" whom we have been assured is the "typical American farmer," by ten and decide for yourself (1) if the resulting sum would support life, to say nothing of furnishing the solid comfort and health enjoyed by the frontier farmer at the beginning of this century.

There is no avoiding this line of argument.

(1) Mass. Ag. Rept. 1896, p. 101, U.S. Ag. Yr. Bk., 1899, p. 333. North Am. Rev., Feb., 1896, Mulhall. "Is the Human Race Deteriorating?" p. 177. "When Malthus wrote, the labor of a peasant sufficed to raise food for ten persons. At present in the United States a male adult can raise food for 120 persons."

There can be no quarrel about increased cost of raw material, for the farmer is a producer of raw material. The land and the crop—the raw material and the finished product—are well-nigh the same as centuries ago. The only question is what becomes of the finished product. There is no comparison here with the half-starved little store-keeper and small factory owner. The trouble with them is, that they have not been enabled to use the improved tools of production at all, owing to their great cost, or else they are being competed out of existence by their larger competitors. But the small farmer is still the main agricultural producer. It is even a matter of dispute if the great farms can undersell him at all. It is certain that they are not yet of sufficient importance to control the market as do the trusts and great stores. The half-starved mortgage-ridden farmer on his "quarter section" of the prairie states sometimes uses almost as good tools as the great bonanza farm in the same region, and while the monster combined tools of California may in the near future prove dangerous they affect him little as yet. The average farmer today is really producing very many times as much as he was fifty years ago, and there is no avoiding this conclusion.

The question does not become then, "How can the farmer increase or retain his income as a capitalist?" for he has none; but, "How can he retain all he produces as a laborer?" The only difference between the farm owner and the tenant in this respect is that the exploitation of the latter is a little more complete. Neither one receives anything near all he produces, to say nothing of receiving anything as capitalists or managers of industry. Ownership of the land means little and conveys little advantage unless production is for use, and we have already seen that the day of this form of production in agriculture has gone, never to return.

If the farmer of today is not receiving all the wealth he creates it becomes a matter of importance to know who is receiving it. In the pioneer days if the farmer had a better plow or ax he could clear a larger piece of ground, raise a larger crop and have more to eat and wear during the next year. What, then, has happened that the gang-plow, binder and steam thresher has added almost nothing to the farmer's income and comfort while adding immensely to his product? Let us see what changes have taken place in the economic relations of the farmer that will account for this phenomenon. We have seen that production for use has been transformed into production for exchange—for the market. At the same time we have seen that the process of production has been broken into a multitude of processes and that many of these have passed outside the control of the farmer.

Let me explain this further. Prof. J. B. Clark of Columbia University has shown that the process of production consists in the addition of different "utilities" to portions of the earth's surface, (1). The utilities thus added are those of "time, form and place," and no article is produced until it is in the proper form and in the proper place at the time when it is wanted to satisfy a human want. Under the old system of production for use all these utilities had been supplied and production was finished when the crop was harvested. But with the introduction of production for the market, and the division of the processes of production in agriculture the utilities of time and space, and sometimes some of those of form, must be added by a complex series of industrial actions, after the product has received all that can be given it on the farm. The process of production has been immensely extended. Most important of all, the instruments for this stage of production are not owned by the farmer. Moreover every day that passes makes this time and place utility, and the instruments for this stage of production of more and more importance. With many crops the storage and transportation to market is a more complex and extensive process than their cultivation and harvest. The railroad, elevator and cold storage warehouse are becoming of more significance in the production of agricultural products than the plow, seeder and harvester. The crop is valueless until these "tools" have been supplied. In the same way that the "breaker," hoisting apparatus and railroad are essential portions of the miner's equipment and a means to his exploitation, so these instruments for the transportation and storage of agricultural products are a means to the exploitation of the farmer. They, like the similar tools of the coal miner, are not owned by the producer of wealth but by a non-producing class. By virtue of this ownership they construct a toll-gate across the road of production and extract a portion of the value of the product. Let us examine a little further into the method by which they obtain this share.

The owners of the shops and factories are enabled by virtue of that ownership to take from the wage laborers all they produce save a bare subsistence. The capitalists are able to do this because of the fact that, owing to the nature of the competitive system, there must always be an army of unemployed, and hence the laborers are forced to compete among themselves for the opportunity of using the tools with which they create wealth. They are therefore compelled to bid against one another in the labor market until the amount received by all approximates the sum that will serve to keep the laborers and their families alive and able to work and enable them to perpetuate the race of laborers. There will be some individuals that will rise much above this level and there will be thousands in the slums of every great city who will be continuously below it, and who must depend upon charity at certain times to even sustain life. Trade unions and labor legislation, coupled with the need of more competent workers, occasionally "raise the standard of life" of certain sections of the workers, or perhaps even of those of a whole nation. But the tendency remains constant and tends always to press downward to the lower limit. Let us now see if there is an analogous situation affecting the farmer. We have noticed that farmers are forced to compete among themselves in the raising of all manner of produce. The result is

(1) J. B. Clark, "The Philosophy of Wealth," pp. 25 et seq.

that from the standpoint of the present system there is a constant overproduction of goods on the farm, and this while thousands are suffering for these same goods in the city. The farmer having raised the crops, comes to the railroad, elevator, cold-storage or packing companies whose "tools" he must use to complete the process of "producing" his crop. He cannot transport his crops in the old way because of the fact that under competition only the cheapest method can be used where both are operating in the same field. But when he seeks to use the "tools" for transportation, storage, etc., he finds that the owners of these charge him, to use their own expression, "what the traffic will bear." That is, they take from him, just as they take from their employes, all save enough to enable them to exist and perpetuate a race of producers for future exploitation. It will make no difference how much machines are employed or methods of farming perfected so far as this condition is concerned. If the machine is one which can only be used upon the farm it will but aid the farmer to produce a larger crop and make the competition between him and his fellow farmers for the opportunity to reach the restricted market still more fierce, and therefore the increased production will only add to the income of those who stand between him and that market. If the improvement takes the form of perfecting an entire process which can be taken from the farm, it will but become a part of the great factory system and assist in the further subjection of the actual tiller of the soil. All the benefit of improvements and new tools will go to those who control these last and most essential processes of production.

So long as there is infinitely more land than is required to produce the necessary agricultural produce the ownership of land conveys little advantage. So long as an unlimited number of saws and planes can be produced, the possession of such tools by the carpenter is ridiculously ineffective to secure him a position or enable him to retain his product. So long as the essential tools of his profession, and those which are subject to monopoly by a small class of owners, are outside his control, he can never be but little more than a slave to those who do own such monopolized and essential tools.

It thus becomes evident that the manner of exploitation of the industrial wage-worker of the mines and factory and that of the farmer is practically the same. Both stand as a class opposed to the exploiting class, neither owns the essentials of production which are necessary to the class of producers. Under these conditions their position is shoulder to shoulder in a common battle for a common freedom. The farmer must enter the political battle from the point of view of the laborer, not of the capitalist. In the two great armies into which modern society is divided his place is with the creators of wealth in mine and shop and factory.

[THE AMERICAN FARMER. A. M. Simons. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. 208 pages, 50 cents.]

Crosby's Captain Jinks, Hero.

Next to Mark Twain, Ernest Crosby, the son of the late Howard Crosby, D. D., is the best known writer against American "militarism." Crosby is more radical than Twain. He denounces all war. He is a friend and correspondent of Tolstoy, and well and favorably known among English Socialists, anti-imperialists, and other radicals. He is the author of "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," a book of Whitmanesque verse.

"Captain Jinks, Hero," is a satirical novel upon the military history of the United States since the outbreak of the Spanish War. Sam Jinks, its hero, is no stuffed figure, used for purposes of burlesque, but a real creation, with a personality that is even lovable. He is first shown as an innocent country lad whose taste for military affairs is planted by a chance Christmas gift of lead soldiers. It is cultivated by his training in the "John Wesley's Boys' Brigade," and firmly established by a career at "East" Point, in which institution he obtains a cadetship. "Hazing" at West Point is satirized in a most complete and clever fashion, and its incidents are furthermore made to serve a vital purpose in developing the motif of the entire story, viz., the similarity of militarism and savagery. A love romance, too, is started at East Point, which gives to the book the heart interest of a novel. Sam meets Marian, a "college widow," and is captured by her. She foments his ambitions. The "Cubapino" War breaks out. Cleary, a classmate, accompanies him as a correspondent of the Lyre, the leading "yellow journal." A plan is arranged by the paper to make Sam the hero of the war and the Lyre's special property.

So he secures all the laurels of war. He becomes the hero of every battle, the subjugator of savage tribes, the captor of the chief insurgent general, etc., etc. (He is really a composite hero of the Cuban and Philippine Wars—the type of the "perfect soldier.")

He returns home, is kissed by all the girls from St. Kisco (San Francisco) to St. Lewis (St. Louis), where the jealous Marian meets him and marries him to save him from the osculation. Here begins a revulsion of popular feeling. He is flouted. His spirit is broken, and his health, impaired in the Cubapines, fails. He ends in a lunatic asylum, playing with his lead soldiers. There is not a phase of militarism that is not satirized with the cleverest wit. It will become a classic of its kind.

Beard's illustrations are equally clever and original, the best that he has ever made. As a collection of cartoons alone the book should make a hit.

[CAPTAIN JINKS, HERO. Ernest Crosby. 12mo, cloth, ornamental cover. Funk &]Wagnalls Company.]

THE LATE JOHN P. ALTGELD.

JOHN P. ALTGELD.

DEATH has removed one of the very few of our modern public men who have ever braved public opinion to right a wrong. As time flies on apace some day the Americans will recognize in the late John P. Altgeld one of the noblest, greatest and bravest of men. It is true that since the fateful day in 1892, when he was the recipient of all the misrepresentation and abuse from nearly every paper in the country owing to his pardoning of the anarchists, there has been a tremendous revulsion of public sentiment regarding him, but this does not by any means indicate that he has begun to be measured at his true worth.

I was not much surprised at hearing of his death. When I talked with him in his Chicago law office last June he impressed me as being a man in very delicate health, and that the one thing he most needed, rest, was the very thing he would be sure to refuse himself. He was indeed a slave to the Goddess of Liberty, as was so beautifully expressed at the funeral by his law partner, Clarence S. Darrow:

John P. Altgeld was a soldier of the everlasting, hopeless struggle of the human race for liberty and justice on the earth. From the first awakening of his young mind until the last relentless summons came he was a soldier who had no rest or furlough, who was ever on the field in the forefront of the deadliest and most hopeless spot, whom none but death could muster out. Liberty, the relentless goddess, had turned her fateful smile on John P. Altgeld's face when he was but a child, and to this first, fond, hopeless love he was faithful unto death. Liberty is the most jealous and exacting mistress that can beguile the brain and soul of man. From him who will not give her all, she will have nothing. She knows that his pretended love serves but to betray. But when once the fierce heat of her quenchless, lustrous eyes has burned into the victim's heart, he will know no other smile but hers. Liberty will have none but the great devoted souls, and by her glorious visions, by her lavish promises, her boundless hopes, her infinitely witching charms, she lures these victims over hard and stony ways, by desolate and dangerous paths, through misery, obloquy and want to a martyr's cruel death. Today we pay our last sad homage to the most devoted lover, the most abject slave, the fondest, wildest, dreamiest victim that ever gave his life to liberty's immortal, hopeless cause.

It is a great pity that John P. Altgeld should have been cut off in his prime; he was 52, just at the time he was preparing to throw all his magnificent ability and great influence to the cause of Socialism.

As an indication of the great advance he had made toward the idea of the Socialists the following extracts taken from his great speech at Buffalo upon "Shall the People Own the Monopolies?" are most significant:

"But says another: The government of our cities is now so corrupt that it would not do to turn these industries over to them. It is certainly true that the governments of our cities are corrupt, but the question arises, who made them corrupt, and how long will this corruption endure under existing conditions? The corporations are the mother of corruption in public affairs, and this corruption is going to exist just as long as we have private monopolies. Private monopolies furnish the hand that bribes by day and bribes by night; that pollutes everything it touches, and the existence of corruption in our cities and in our state and national government furnishes the strongest argument in favor of wiping out all private monopolies, for it will give the people back their government.

"The great question in America today is how to restore republican government, which has been destroyed by the corporations. They control not only the local city governments, but they control the state governments and the national government. They decide what the

legislature may and may not do, what congress may and may not do; they determine the policies of political parties, and they have destroyed the vitality of both political parties.

"A mere change of party administration signifies nothing so long as the same slimy hands control the policy of government. We had two such changes and their history was written with the dirty fingers of the exploiters. We need a change of policy. Instead of being owned the people must be the owners; instead of being lambs to be shorn they must be masters of the fold. Our industries and our great public utilities were built with the money and the industry and the genius of the American people, but they have passed out of the hands of the people who made them and are now controlled by manipulators, controlled by bankers, by brokers, by speculators.

"These men do not build railroads. They do not build factories; they do not build cities; they do not create anything; they simply grab what other people have created. As a rule they are mere birds of prey, tearing the flesh of the men and the women who work with their hands, eating the vitals of the men and the women who do the work of the land and who make civilization possible on this earth. No republic can endure that remains in the clutches of these birds of prey; they use government as a convenience in the process of exploitation, extortion and robbery. Wipe out private monopoly and you will wipe out the corrupt lobbies at the seats of government; you will restore the people to power, the government will again become an engine of justice and a shield for the protection of the weak.

"I hear men talk about Jeffersonian principles; I read accounts of harmony meetings in which it is proposed that we Democrats shall all get together, and when I look for the reason of getting together I find it summed up in the desire to get something. They tell us we must win; I ask why do we want to win? Then I am told that we want to win to get the offices. And why do we want the offices? The answer is, so that we can take care of our friends.

"Now, there is nothing in this programme that is worthy of the effort or even of the attention of an American freeman, and if there is nothing better or higher in prospect for our country than what is offered by these harmony meetings, then, my friends, our career is over and there is nothing left for us except to lay a wreath on the grave of republican institutions and shed a tear over the fall of freedom.

"I hear men talk about following in the footsteps of Jefferson. Why, my friends, Jefferson was the great radical of his day. He referred everything back to the people; he wanted everything left in the hands of the people. Were Jefferson alive today his voice would be heard from ocean to ocean demanding that the people themselves must own the monopolies.

"In 1863 Abraham Lincoln stood on the battlefield of Gettysburg, and with tears in his eyes prayed that the government of the people, for the people and by the people might not wither from the face of the earth, and in less than forty years the substance of republican government has vanished from America and we cannot restore it until the forces which destroyed it are wiped out.

"If there were no other reason why the people should own the monopolies than that it will give them back their government, that reason is in itself sufficient. Wipe out the private monopolies and it will again be possible for the popular will to make itself felt in city councils, in state legislatures, in the national government and in party conventions. It will restore American character and American manhood. It will restore the great principles of truth, of liberty and of justice, and man will again look to the stars and labor for the elevation of the race."

A BROAD CHALLENGE TO SOCIALISM!

DR. A. HEITER, EDITOR-PRIEST OF BUFFALO, NEW YORK, IS ANXIOUS TO MEET A SOCIALIST WHO WILL DEBATE

Social Democracy's mouth is gushing over with scientific wisdom, so much so that it can scarcely shut down, just like people suffering with hydrophobia. And when, in public debate, it presumes to speak on a Thesis, and challenges scientifically educated men to contradict, it finds it impossible to formulate its arguments in a logical way, and instead of producing facts, enters into a tirade against Church and State.

We hereby challenge the Socialist Party to prove the Thesis in open debate, which it failed to prove last Sunday, and we are willing to speak and answer just as soon as the time and place of debate has been arranged with us.

The following to be the Thesis:

(a) Only Socialism can emancipate the working-class from wage-slavery.

(b) Everybody should join the Socialist Party.

Buffalo, N. Y. DR. A. HEITER.

The foregoing appeared in the Volksfreund, of Buffalo, New York, under date of March 20th, and upon invitation from the Socialist Party of Buffalo, I have had great pleasure in accepting the challenge. Dr. Heiter is the editor of the Volksfreund, the paper in which the challenge appeared at the head of the editorial column.

The Volksfreund is the great German Roman Catholic Daily of Buffalo.

Further details of the debate have not been arranged, but I can say one thing, and that is that no conditions of any kind will be imposed by me to prevent it coming off.

A. Gaylord Wilshire.

[Rev. Dr. Heiter, in thus defying the exponents of Socialism to meet him and defend their political faith, is by no means acting an irresponsible part. He has the sanction of the Right Reverend Bishop Quigley, the responsible head of the Roman Catholic church in the diocese of Buffalo, and is acting under the direct instructions of that prelate. Much greater significance attaches to his challenge, therefore, than if it emanated from an individual opponent of Socialism.]

CURRENT CARICATURE

WE laugh at the story of the Shah of Persia's wonderment at seeing ladies and gentlemen dancing in England and remarking that in Persia nobody ever danced who could pay another to do the job for him. That people should dance simply for the pleasure of the thing was quite incomprehensible to the Shah.

JUST SUITS COLOMBIA.
Colombia—The kind of work I enjoy mos' of all is watchin' a Yankee dig.
From the Minneapolis Journal, Feb.

In another way our cartoonist exhibits a likeness of the native of Colombia being unable to understand why Uncle Jonathan wishes to bother himself digging the Panama Canal instead of dozing his life away under the shade of a palm tree. However, as a matter of fact it is not because there is any great natural difference as to their views on the pleasure of working between the Yankee and the Colombian that the canal is to be dug. The Yankee doesn't dig simply for the pleasure of the digging. He digs in order to preserve his existence, and the Colombian would act in exactly the same manner under similar conditions. In the first place it must be remembered that there will not be a spadeful of earth moved by an American, yet it will nevertheless be said that Americans are digging the canal. Let us examine the exact process. Certain American laborers, in order to earn their bread, work in certain fields in America and grow wheat. Put the native of Central America in the United States and he will be just as anxious to work as is the American, and it will not be the stimulus of our bracing American climate, either, that will make him anxious. Now it so happens that these aforesaid American laborers working in our wheat fields are producing more wheat than can be sold in the United States, and naturally the surplus is exported. Some of this surplus finds its way to Panama and is exchanged for, say, coffee or bananas, or possibly it is exchanged simply for labor, labor digging the canal. Thus it is that American labor in the Dakota wheat field digs the Panama canal without leaving America. It digs it by proxy, but it does it by

the sweat of its brow all the same. However, the gentlemen who direct this exchanging of this surplus of American labor in a Dakota wheat field for labor down at Panama do not necessarily do any of the sweating. The owner of the Dakota wheat field may live in New York or London. He pays the Dakota laborers in his fields their daily wage, and the difference between what he pays out and what he takes in for his crop falls to him in virtue of his ownership of the land.

He takes this difference, this rent, and invests it in, say, government bonds. The government takes the money it gets for the bonds to pay the laborers constructing the Panama canal. However, the transaction would have been a little clearer to the eye if the Dakota landlord had simply taken the surplus wheat which came to him as his share as owner of the land and sent that same wheat to Panama and used it to feed the Panama laborers while they dug the canal. Thus after they had done so much work he presents his account to the government and receives in payment so many government bonds as recognition of the work he has done toward constructing the canal. The net result of it all is that the owner of the Dakota wheat field finds himself in possession of a certain number of U. S. Government bonds which promise him a perpetual income with no labor on his part beyond clipping the coupons. The man who can lie under the cocoanut tree and indulge in day-dreams is neither the Colombian laborer nor the American laborer. It is the American bondholder, the landlord, the capitalist.

Imperialism and the Tariff.

One singular thing about the present agitation regarding the revision of the tariff is that the call is not owing to any necessities of domestic industries, but entirely to Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines. When we took over these islands under our paternal care we never for a moment thought that in the room of our unloading our surplus upon them they would unload their surplus upon us. Imperialism is a fine thing in theory but it has worked out in a most curious way in practice. However, the American speculator never finds a wind that does not blow to his good. The high tariff has made Cuban sugar plantations nearly valueless. Immense losses have been incurred by the Cuban planters, and while the determination of what we are going to do regarding revising the tariff hangs fire, plantations are being sold at forced sales at a mere fraction of their former value. Americans with the right tip

THE CAT CAME BACK.
From the Minneapolis Journal.

are buying, and not till everything that can be bought at the right price is bought will the tariff be lowered. However, the Cuban planter will have been cleaned out by that time and the gainer will be those right-tipped American speculators.

A Presidential Hallucination.

If I had a higher opinion of Mr. Roosevelt's intellectual calibre I would join in the hue and cry raised by many editors that his sensational attack upon the Northern Securities Company was simply gallery play. No, I credit him with honesty and debit him with stupidity. Not that I think him incapable of gallery play, but his gallery plays are of a more naive character. For instance, what could have been more delightful in its boyishness than his appearing at that convention in New York togged out in his rough rider costume? I remember well having the same feelings in my own breast. It was the day when as a child I had my first pair of red-topped boots. I hated to take them off even when I went to bed. The President actually thinks that he can by law prevent a company from buying as many railroads as it has money to pay for; and this is what the Northern Securities Company is proposing to do, and so he intends trying to stop them. Of course it is all supremely silly, for if President Roosevelt could prevent the N. S. Company from buying what it wanted, he could prevent Mr. Morgan as an individual buying what he wanted. If he can prevent Mr. Morgan from buying what Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith wishes to sell, then he can prevent Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith from buying what Mr. Morgan wishes to sell. In other words, if the President could enforce his ideas, he could effect a confiscation of all wealth by simply issuing an edict that it was untransferable. Wealth today has its value solely in exchange. Prevent me exchanging my money for a dinner and you force me to catch my own hare and cook it. This would be one way of effecting a solution of the problem of over-production, for it would mean every man his own provider and the abolition of all machinery requiring more than one man to handle it.

TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS
From the Minneapolis Journal, Feb. 20.

President J. J. Hill made a masterly argument in favor of the legality of the Northern Securities Company when he appeared before the merchants

of Minneapolis. So masterly was it, indeed, that I understand that many of the very merchants who were bitterly opposed to the amalgamation, after hearing Hill, changed their minds upon the subject. Mr. Hill clearly showed that continuance of competition simply meant more expense, and that naturally the railroads would see to it that the community paid this expense. The wonder to me is that after such a speech of Hill's, men can continue in their fight against him without first answering his arguments. However, the politician after votes doesn't look much after either logic or justice if he thinks the people are fools.

A Matter of Environment.

Schwab was the model held up to all Young America as a sample brick of what a young man who was economical, sober, who avoided cigarettes, who did not swear and who never gambled could accomplish by his thirty-ninth birthday. But all these moralists have had a severe shock. The immaculate youth, the paragon of all the Carnegie virtues, goes abroad for the first time since he has had money and leisure to burn, and he behaves himself just like a man who has burnt money and leisure all his life. He even goes one step further. He gambles at Monte Carlo, and even tries to break the bank. I say he goes further because I doubt if Monte Carlo makes anything like the profit from the Americans on the Riviera, in proportion to their wealth, that it does from the other nationalities. Most Americans have had their eye-teeth cut too early to fool very much with Monte Carlo. Not so with Mr. Schwab. He never had a chance to sow his oats until today, and naturally he acts like an old horse turned into a field of clover for the first time in his life. It only goes to show that, after all, the chief difference in men as to their being either good or bad is largely a matter of opportunity. I don't blame Schwab so much for risking his money at Monte Carlo. The making and losing of money is such a passion of modern life that he who keeps out of the game actually loses touch with his fellows. There is no fun in a game where you have a sure thing. You must have a chance of losing, and poor Schwab, playhis steel trust game, where winning is an absolute certainty, felt that the only way he could experience the joy of losing was by going up against the Monte Carlo tiger.

BREAKING THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.
The Tiger—It's tough on a poor chap when he has to go up against the octopus.
From the Minneapolis Journal, Jan. 18

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WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

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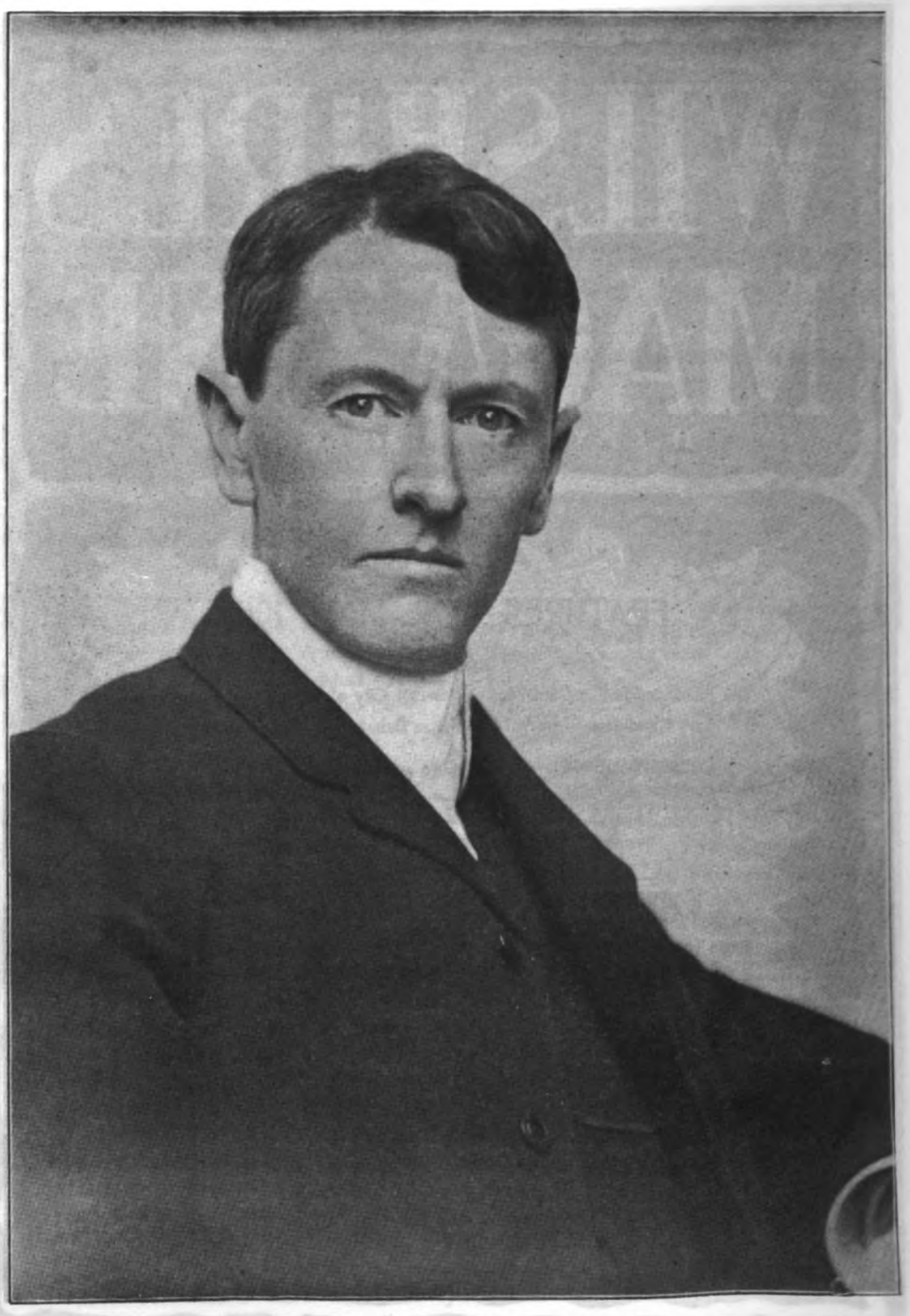

REV. W. THURSTON BROWN

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS"

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

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THE FALLACY OF PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

AS an interested spectator I attended a convention called last month at Louisville, Ky., to effect a union of all reform parties with the Populist party. The so-called Public Ownership party, however, was the only party besides the Populist party that sent official representation. There were about 75 delegates in all, and they adopted the name of Allied People's Party as their future cognomen, with a platform which had little in it beyond a demand for Public Ownership of Public Utilities and for the Initiative and Referendum. The convention adjourned on April 5, and that night an open meeting was held in the convention hall at which I had the honor of being the principal speaker. I was very glad of the opportunity afforded me to explain to the Populist delegates the difference between the Socialist theory of politics and that of the Populists, and I am confident that my remarks will bear considerable fruition.

The Populists are today ripe for Socialism, and in fact all of them are rather hurt if you question their Socialism. However, as a matter of fact, I think very few of them have any political ideal other than the present competitive system, tempered with Public Ownership and controlled by the Initiative and Referendum.

Now, let me say at once that I, too, am in favor of the Initiative and Referendum and of Public Ownership. I advocated on the stump and in the press both these important measures five years before the Populist party was born, and I today would be the first to agree that of all *reform* measures these are probably the most important. I would not say that if I thought either

one of them could be gained at once by dropping the Socialist program and concentrating upon them I would not feel justified in joining in such a policy. It is not that I am impatient for the whole program or that I decry the importance of these measures that I refuse to bother with them, but it is because I think the best way to get the part is to demand the whole, if it is not indeed easier to get the whole than any of its parts. In the first place, in order to get the people to move you must give them a reason for moving.

The mere fact that a man has arms is no reason why he will work unless he finds some reason for the working. I use my arms to get my dinner, and if there is no dinner in prospect my arms will not be used. It is so with the Initiative and Referendum. I must first have something to get by political power before I will want political power. Then if I find that the present representative system does not afford me the machinery to get what I want, and I think that Direct Legislation will enable me to accomplish my desires, I will work for the Initiative and Referendum. But in order to get me to work for it you must first show me what I am to get by having such a political reform.

Now, every Socialist sees a great ideal in Socialism, and therefore he takes a great interest in any political measure that promises him an easier method than he now has of gaining his ideal. Hence we see in certain European countries, notably Belgium at present, that the Socialists are at the forefront in demanding universal suffrage.

In this country we have universal suffrage, but the people are such fools that they do not know how to use such a complicated weapon, and so Socialists favor giving them a more simple way of expressing their views at the polls; and therefore they are in full sympathy with the demand for Direct Legislation. It has been a cardinal plank in their political platforms for twenty years or more. Now, the ideal that the Populists are holding up to the people to be gained by Direct Legislation is that of Public Ownership of Monopolies. The question to be decided is whether such an ideal in any way can be held to be a better vote-getter than that of Socialism. Granting that both Public Ownership and Socialism are equal in their practicability, and that one could be put in operation, if the people willed it, as soon as the other, there is absolutely no comparison between the two programs simply as ideals. Socialism is heaven. Public Ownership, at best, is a third-rate boarding house. However, the Populist would answer that Public Ownership has the advantage of being more easily understood and that it is something the people are ready to adopt right now, whereas Socialism is now looked upon by most people, at best, as only a beautiful dream and quite outside the realm of practical politics. That the tremendous majorities given last month in Chicago* for Public Ownership is conclusive evidence that the people are ready right now for such a program. Now, facts are stubborn things, and if the vote expressed by the Referendum in Chicago is indicative of the sentiment throughout the United States, and I admit it is to a certain extent, and if a

* The total vote for candidates was about 207,926, and the total vote for the amendments was approximately 150,000, or about 72 per cent. The total vote on the propositions was distributed as follows:

For municipal ownership of street railways, 142,826, or nearly 60 per cent. of votes for candidates; against, 27,998, or less than 13 per cent.; affirmative majority, 114,828.

For municipal ownership of lighting plants, 139,999, or nearly 60 per cent. of total vote for candidates; against, 21,369 or about 9 per cent.; affirmative majority, 118,630.

political party can be built upon such a sentiment, then certainly the Public Ownership policy is a good political policy for the new Allied People's party to adopt. However, I doubt if any political party can be built upon a policy of Public Ownership. I believe that both Democrats and Republicans will adopt such a program in its entirety if they see that they must do so in order to win. The vote in Chicago was not a party vote, and I do not think there has yet ever developed a division between the old parties on the question of Public Ownership. No sooner will the sentiment of Public Ownership become powerful enough than every candidate of every party will declare in its favor. He will do this to insure his election, and even though he may not intend at the time of his declaration to carry out his pledge, yet with the growth of sentiment upon the subject there can be no fear of the will of the people not being carried into effect. The movement toward Public Ownership coincides with the interests of such a large proportion of the population and runs counter to so few that I cannot see the possibility of any party being formed to oppose it. It would seem if no party will take ground against Public Ownership, that then it would follow that there is no necessity to form a party to carry it into effect, simply because the existing parties will carry it forward to preserve their existence.

Moreover, the sentiment for Public Ownership, with the exception as far as it relates to railroads and telegraphs, is very likely to be of a local nature. Chicago demands Public Ownership, not so much because she has any great idea of the benefits of such ownership, but because she has had a very full experience of the iniquity of private ownership. Many cities have not had the advantage of such able and courageous instructors in political economics as has Chicago with her boodle aldermen. And even where a city has had considerable attention paid to her education in this regard, like my native city of Cincinnati, for instance, it does not seem to follow that any great amount of benefit always results. I was in Cincinnati last month at the time the election returns from Chicago came in, and was informed by people, who seemed competent to judge, that there was no such sentiment in Cincinnati as was shown in Chicago for Public Ownership. Now, Cincinnati has been for years notoriously under the domination of the Gas Co., the Street Railway Co. and the Telephone Co., who have a beautiful combination to rob her of all she may possess, yet she has not even yet made up her mind to have a change. Then there are many cities that either do not have such a particularly bad service from their private corporations that there has been any sentiment aroused, and what occurs in Chicago or Cincinnati has no direct interest to them. Then, again, it might be that Chicago would be successful in her demand for the municipal ownership of her public utilities. The moment this occurred she would fall out of line from those fighting for Public Ownership, as she, having gained her own ends, would have nothing to fight for; and no matter how much she might be interested from the altruistic standpoint, in, say, Cincinnati, since she could not vote in the Cincinnati elections such feelings would not carry much political weight. It also must be remembered that more than half the population of the country live on farms and in small villages, where there is not now, nor ever can be, any purely

municipal problems to be solved, hence as the Populist party is born of the farmers it cannot look for farmers' support upon a municipal public ownership platform.

There then remains the consideration of a platform being successful with the people that depends upon a demand for public ownership of railways and telegraphs and natural monopolies. That the sentiment in this direction is growing very fast cannot be denied, but that it will crystalize into a party platform and be opposed by other party platforms I very much doubt. There are vast numbers of people who are so indirectly affected by the railway tariffs that it will probably be very difficult to arouse their support. For instance, a city laborer will be a very difficult man to convince that government ownership of railways would help him as much as a ton of coal in the cellar sent around by "Bath-House Tim," the president of Tammany Club No. 6. What the laborer is interested in is not the farmer nor the merchant, but himself. He wants first and foremost a job, and after he has a reasonable assurance of the job he then commences to think of a little better wages. Beyond this idea the average laborer seldom rises, and nobody can blame him who remembers that self-preservation is the first law of nature.

Let us, for the moment, consider the ideal presented by a complete system of public ownership of "monopolies," both municipal and national. And by "monopolies" I mean not *all* the means of production and distribution, but a selected few, such as the gas and water supplies, etc., of cities, the railroads of the country and possibly a few of the trusts. We already know from the experience of other cities and countries that Public Ownership, while having many advantages over private ownership, is no solution of the labor problem. I remember well that the one sight that impressed itself upon me in Glasgow was the number of miserable women seen in the wet streets puddling about with bare feet, and usually with bare heads. This is something I have never seen in Paris or London or New York. Now, such a picture is not a reassuring one of the benefit to labor flowing from municipal ownership. It must be remembered that Glasgow owns all her public utilities, including the street car lines. Today we are hearing of a threatened social revolution in Belgium, yet Belgium is *par excellence* the country of Public Ownership. Not only are the municipal utilities owned by the cities, but the state owns the railways and telegraphs, and yet Belgium is no Utopia.

Public Ownership upon the lines laid down as above simply means a certain probable benefit to those workmen who happen to be employed in the utilities taken over by the public, and a further benefit to the public that is served by the said utilities. However, this last benefit may be of but very temporary duration as far as the economy of the service is concerned. In the first place, it is not at all certain that the economy will be very great if wages of employees are raised and hours shortened, and even if it is marked, then it is almost a certainty that the price received by the shippers will in most cases recede by competition to a point where all that was gained by a lowering of freight rates will be lost.

As far as the trusts go they now charge all the traffic will bear for their goods, and those that are not nationalized will naturally gain for themselves any advantage in the lowering of freight rates; but I do not see where either

their employees or the consumer will come in. The farmer shipping wheat would, of course, gain by a lowered freight rate, as the price of wheat is not fixed by competition limited to this country, but is fixed in the world market. Hence, anything he may gain in economy of transportation or production he will get. But the wheat farmer is not the typical farmer. If he were, then certainly the farmers would be fools not to favor nationalizing railways. If the Public Ownership policy were carried into effect it would simply mean that those holders of the private wealth not nationalized would get all the profits that now go to the whole body of the holders of private wealth.

If the Vanderbilt railways were nationalized, then Vanderbilt would buy up the flour mills and get his profits out of them instead of out of the railways.

It must always be remembered that under the competitive wage system the whole of the product, above and beyond what must be given as wages to the laborers in order that they can buy enough to keep themselves alive, falls to the capitalist class, under the various names of rent, interest and profits. Public Ownership can do nothing but effect a different method of division among the capitalists. The laborers must remain where they are as long as the competitive wage system prevails. Today we see the beef trust raising its price to unheard-of rates. What does this mean? Does it mean that the workman will eat less meat? Not necessarily; he may think that he must have what he has been accustomed to, and that if he must pay more, then he will either strike for higher wages to allow a continuance of his usual rations of beef or he will cut off on some other portion of his expenditure, say his sugar or his coal oil. But whatever he does, it means that for the time being, until some other trust puts up its price, the Beef Trust will be just so much ahead on account of its raise of price if the workman eats as much meat as he did before. Now, suppose the Sugar Trust pumps up its price. Again, the workman may either strike for more wages or he may eat less sugar, or he may eat the same and cut off his bread allowance. If he eats the same amount, then the Sugar Trust gains so much and some other trust loses so much. It's a very pretty game this now being played by the Trusts, one against the other, each seeing how high he can put prices and each knowing that the higher he puts his price to the workman, then the less there is for the other fellows.

Now, if we had municipal ownership of street cars and Tom Johnson's 3-cent fare program it would simply mean that there would be a swoop of the capitalists down upon that two cents the workman saved, each trying to carry off the whole of it. The workman would not hold it long enough to get it warm before the landlord would tell him that, owing to the great demand for houses incident to the lower street car fares he was very sorry to inform him that land values and rents had gone up, and that, therefore, hereafter he must expect to pay an advanced rent for his house. The landlord might also tell him that it would not be felt because the saving on car fare that he and his family would make every month would offset the increase in rent. Then if there were anything left the Beef Trust might find it out and put up the price of his beef, and so on right down along the line until the two cents would simply be a misty memory.

However, the main indictment I have

against a political program limiting itself to Public Ownership is the one I dwelt mostly upon in my speech before the Allied Party Convention. It is that it takes no note of the tendency of our industrial development to shortly present to this country for solution a great unemployed problem. The trusts mean that the creation of new machinery, which has so long given employment to labor, is now about to come to an end simply because there is no new machinery to create. Public Ownership is absolutely no solution to this problem, inasmuch as the reason of the unemployed exists in the competitive wage system which the Public Ownership people do not seem to have the faintest idea of abolishing. There is but one way of abolishing the competitive wage system, and that is by the substitution of the co-operative wage system, otherwise Socialism.

The argument that Socialism is impracticable, while Public Ownership is practicable, is just the reverse of the truth. In the first place, as said, it is Public Ownership that is impracticable because it will fail to answer the most important of all the political questions of the future, namely, that of the unemployed problem. In the next place, even if we had no unemployed problem, the Nationalization of Industry, if put into effect upon any considerable scale, would create such a revolutionary change in our industrial and financial affairs that it would surely be a precursor of a revolutionary social movement.

Suppose we accomplish the first impossibility and get the trust-owned U. S. Congress to either grant us the Initiative and Referendum, by which we could get Public Ownership ourselves, or grant it to us di.ect.

To me it seems absurd that either of these events could take place. The trusts may make some concessions to public opinion, but they will hardly commit suicide.

However, suppose Congress does Nationalize the Trusts and the Railroads. Of course in any partial nationalizing process manifestly we must pay the owners for their property. They must be paid, for confiscation would mean revolution right then and there. Hence, there would be placed in their hands an enormous sum of floating capital in the shape of cash or bonds, and those owners would have the rest of the world at their mercy.

It would mean that when Mr. Rockefeller sold his Standard Oil Trust, and Mr. Morgan his Steel Trust, and Mr. Vanderbilt his Railway Trust to Uncle Sam, that those three gentlemen would have in their hands funds enough to give them the control of the whole of the remaining industries in the United States that had not been nationalized. Those three men could—and not only could but undoubtedly would—expropriate every last one of the smaller capitalists whose business had not been sufficiently trustified to make the Public Ownership people think that it was necessary to nationa'ize them.

Hence I declare that Public Ownership is a poor platform politically because it fails to hold up any great ideal to arouse the enthusiasm of the people. It is a poor platform economically because it would fail to answer the unemployed problem, and moreover, it could not possibly be put in operation without causing a social revolution. It is a poor platform ethically because it recognizes the right of a class, and a class no better because somewhat smaller than the present capitalist class, to live off the fruits of the toil of another class.

THE FAIR CITY OF TORONTO

IF THERE is any one thing that drives a Canadian wild it is to suggest that Canada has a cold climate. It is the life effort of all loyal Canadians, and they are all the most ridiculously loyal people on the face of the earth, to convince the world that their winter climate is not materially different from that of, say, Southern Ca ifornia. They are getting so very sensitive upon this climate question that it is becoming almost an act of disloyalty for good Canadians to wear furs. Ever since the day when Kipling wrote his famous poem, "Our Lady of the Snows," no Canadian dares read his works in public.

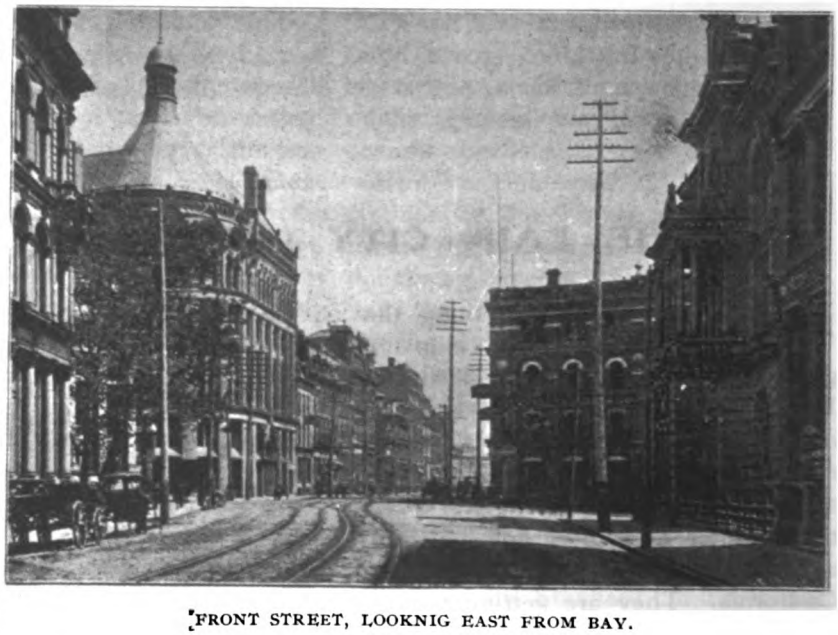
However, joking aside, Canada has been much maligned. I can aver that I never found as delightful a winter climate in New York or Chicago as I find here in Toronto. There is little wind and the temperature is more equitable than in either of those cities, notwithstanding its more northern latitude. Toronto makes me feel more like I am in an English town than an American one. The people are a fine stalwart lot, with fresh English complexions that immediately distinguishes them from Americans, although their accents alone would be quite sufficient for that.

Religiously the Canadians are where Americans were forty years ago. Everybody in Toronto goes to church of a Sunday, but there is plenty of room left; there are one hundred and fifty churches. Of course all Sunday sports are tabooed. Even skating rinks are not allowed to open, and there are no Sunday theatres. It is only recently that the street cars were allowed to run on Sunday. The cause of temperance, which is such a dead issue in the United States, is of the utmost vitality in Tor onto, so much so that the temperance people have a meeting every Sunday at which 3,000 is not an unusual attendance.

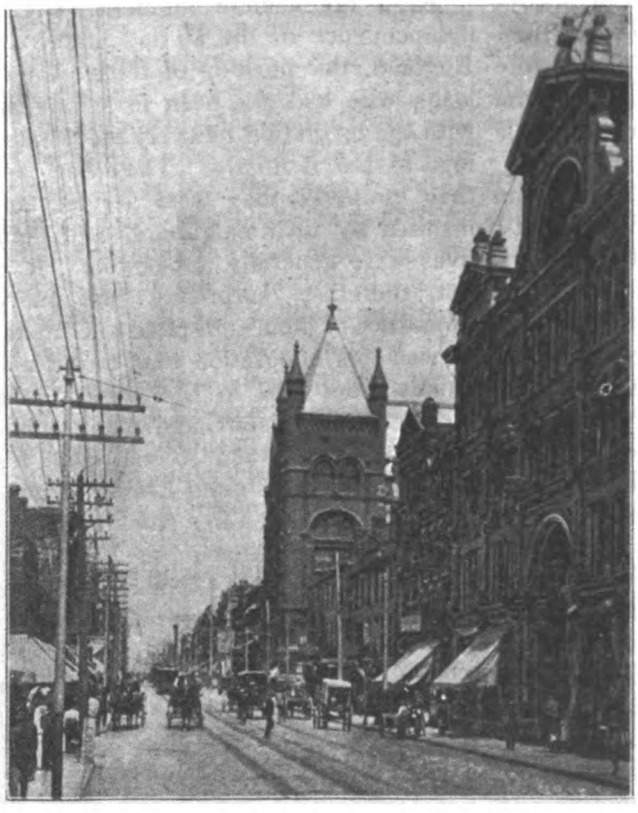
After the acknowledgment of the independence of the United States by England, the position of those Americans who had not been in sympathy with the revolution was very embarrassing, to put it mildly. They had lost their property, they were derided and insulted by their neighbors, and their lives were generally unbearable. It is not, therefore, surprising that many thousands of them emigrated to Canada. It was this emigration that took place chiefly from 1787 to 1793 which gave Toronto its first start, and many a citizen today is proud to tell that his forefathers were United Empire Loyalists. They were a fine stock to spring from, too, notwithstanding that they did not happen to believe that the republican form of government which had been set up in the United States promised the heaven on earth that their brother Americans so firmly (at that time) believed. The loss which the United States suffered by the emigration of these men who gave up everything for the sake of principle, ridiculous

as we may think it, has been aptly compared with the loss sustained by France when the Huguenots emigrated from her shores.

I don't for a moment think it was any particular philosophy of government that led the



FRONT STREET, LOOKNIG EAST FROM BAY.



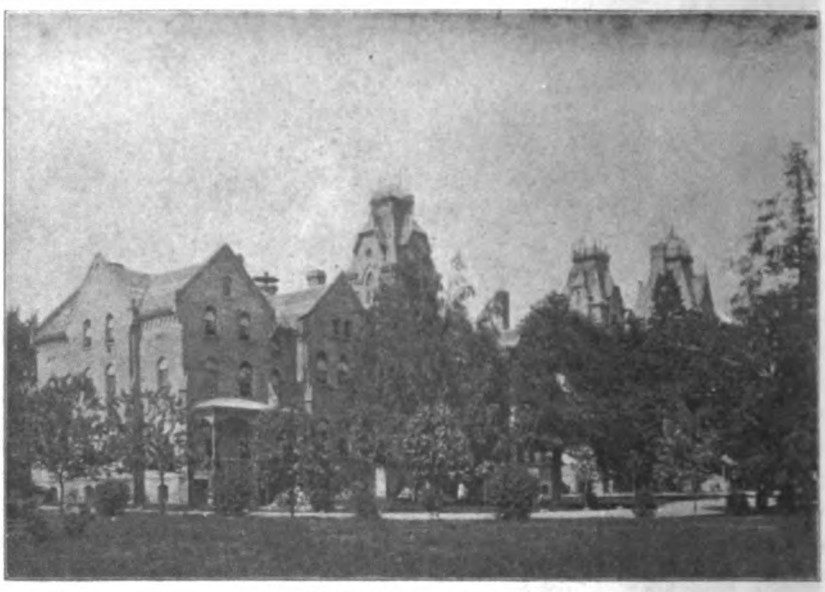
YONGE STREET LOOKING NORTH FROM ARCADE.

United Empire Loyalists to espouse the cause of England as against the colonists. It was simply that they had individually prospered under British rule, they had made money, they had educated themselves and their children, and they naturally were better satisfied with things as they were than their brethren who had not fared so well in the struggle for the good things of earth. It was not the men of education and wealth that carried the war of the American Revolution to its triumphant close. The friends of "liberty" in those days were not the successful people, as a rule, any more so than they are today. If the Americans of wealth had

TEMPLE BUILDING, HEAD OFFICE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

rallied to the help of Washington the war would not have dragged on as many years as it did.

However and anyway, Toronto was settled by people of education and culture who had had decidedly a larger portion of the advantages of wealth than most of their American brethren whom they were leaving to build up homes for themselves in the wilderness. I won't say it is wholly owing to their "respectable" ancestors that Torontonians of today are so very religious, but I think a great deal can be traced to it. They even make their children clasp their hands and pray several times a day in their public schools, in fact.



TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL.

Anyway, those old Loyalists were dead right in thinking that they would have as much political liberty under a king as under a president. They have not bred any Maddens over here as yet, but if they have they keep the animals under cover whenever foreign visitors are about.

Toronto is notably a city of beautiful buildings, not only of a public character but as regards its private buildings as well. The provincial and municipal buildings are stately and substantial edifices which impress the visitor by their dignified, if somewhat heavy, architecture, while the residences are built almost entirely of stone or brick.

The thoroughfares of the city are broad and kept in an excellent condition, the principal streets being paved with asphalt. The street car service will compare favorably with that of any American city of similar size. One of the most pleasing features of Toronto is the vast number of shade trees that line almost every avenue in the city, affording not only a grateful protection from the heat in summer, but adding an indescribable charm to the general effect of clean streets and well-kept and prosperous homes.

Yonge street, a view of which is here given, besides being the principal artery of trade of Toronto, enjoys the distinction of being the longest street in the world. It is over fifty miles in length, and runs from Lake Ontario to Lake Simcoe. Yonge street is a mute monument to the fear of the Americans which permeated the breasts of the early settlers of Upper Canada, being originally built as a safe route for bring-

TORONTO STREET, LOOKING NORTH TO POST OFFICE.

ing in supplies to the city in case of war with the young republic to the south. Happily, while the fear of blockade and invasion have no longer any terrors for the Torontonians, the good broad highway still serves a very useful purpose, as it traverses one of the best developed and most prosperous stretches of country in all Canada.

The parks and squares of Toronto are laid out on a generous plan that reflects credit on the foresight of the founders of the city. There are a dozen of these breathing spots within the city limits or adjoining its borders, ranging in size from two acres to several hundred acres, and these, added to the natural beauties of the city's suburbs and the lake, afford ample refuge from the turmoil of the city and the glare of the summer sun.

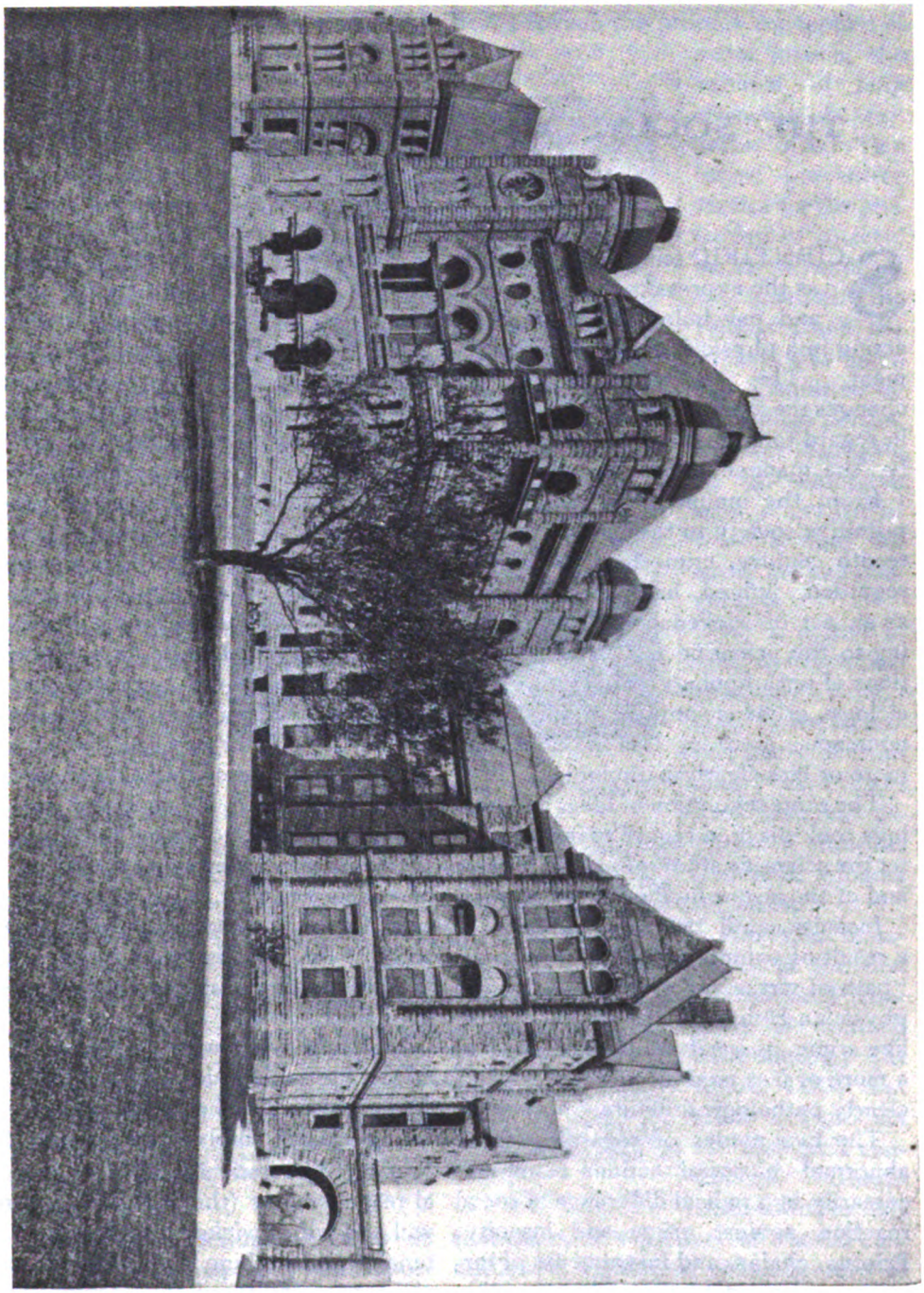
Toronto is easily the most progressive of the Canadian cities, and owing to its size, 252,000, and its being the capital of the Province of Ontario and a university town, there has formed a more perfectly crystalized society that tends to make life more endurable here than in most of our American cities. The homogenous stock of the people, too, they being almost entirely of British descent, also adds to the social life. The retail trade of the city is more concentrated than in any other place in the world, one or two big department stores doing practically all the business of the town. Wages are lower than in the United States, and while rent is lower it appears to me that food is quite as expensive and fuel is even higher inasmuch as it is all imported and there is a duty. Just now business has never been in such a prosperous condition and it is practically impossible to find a house to let in the city.

Some twelve years ago there was a a big boom in real estate and they then built enough houses to last them for the next ten years. It's only in the last year or two that people have recognized that Toronto has at last caught up to the point of finally occupying all these "boom" houses and that it is now safe for a capitalist to build a house with a good chance of letting it. However they are now about over their panic and are getting ready for a big building campaign this spring, and in the ordinary course of events there should be another real estate boom in Toronto in about 1904, if not sooner.

Toronto is the entry port for the American tourists who swarm the Muskoka Lake and Parry Sound region to the north of the city. This is rather a new migration and is becoming of great financial importance to the city.

There is a strong public sentiment in favor of the municipalization of all the public utilities of Toronto, and this particularly applies to the gas supply. Toronto did at one time own and operate her street car systems, but there was more money in it (for her city councilmen) to turn them over to a private company, and it was done to the never ceasing regret of the citizens.

Electricity will soon be developed upon the Canadian side of Niagara Falls and Toronto will then be in possession of unlimited power, light and heat at a nominal cost. I say "nominal" as there is every reason to think that Toronto having in the past suffered by giving away the franchise for her public utilities will reserve this last and greatest for herself. However nobody can tell. Boodle can conquer many a United Empire Loyalist that George Washington could never have subdued.



ONTARIO PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

THE SOCIAL UTILIZATION OF CRIME

ENRICO FERRI.*

SCIENTIFIC study regards crime as the expression of a biological and psychological personality, acting in a physical and social environment. This standpoint radically changes the mode of thought and feeling in regard to criminals and, consequently, the manner of dealing with them.

From the innumerable centuries of primitive society to the end of the nineteenth century, crime has always been regarded, judged, hated and attacked as an act of wickedness. But according to the scientific facts and abstractions of anthropology and criminal sociology, crime is simply a natural phenomenon, more or less noxious and more or less clearly pathological.

The same revolution of ideas and feelings took place in regard to insanity after the scientific study of mental disease and of the insane by Pinel and Chiarugi.

Insanity, until 1801, looked upon as a result of voluntary deviation from the "path of virtue and godliness" (by the physician Heinroth), is now accepted, like crime, as a natural phenomenon of a more or less noxious and more or less clearly pathological nature.

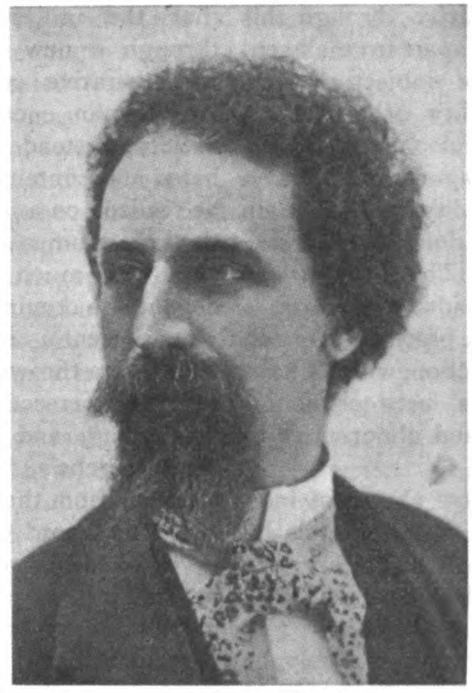
The two modes of regarding those abnormal biosocial actions result necessarily in a radical difference of social reaction against crime and insanity. Prisons, chains, and instruments of torture correspond to the old conception of insanity. The scientific ideas on mental aberration have happily substituted for them the various asylums, from those without personal, painful restrictions to those where "open doors" and village colonies with field or industrial labor are the factors of sanitation.

The same evolution is inevitable in regard to crime. So long as we regard crime in the light of personal malfaisance, punishment is the logical consequence. The character of the instruments of chastisement may have become milder, as Howard says, especially in their outward appearance, but legislators, judges, and public opinion are for the greater part still led by the same train of ideas which the Laws of Manu determined for so many centuries; "In order to assist the kings in their functions, God created the Genius of chastisement. . . Chastisement rules the human race, chastisement protects them, chastisement wakes while the human race sleeps, chastisement is justice."

However, when we regard crime as an effect, the same as insanity, suicide and disease, then the theoretical and practical conclusions derived are entirely different. Theoretically, all ideas of moral responsibility (the reflection of free will and wilful wickedness) become untenable and nothing remains but the social responsibility of the criminal (and

*Delivered at the International Congress of Criminology and published in the International Socialist Review.

of every other individual for any and all good or evil acts toward society. Practically, penalties cease to be the universal panacea for crime, and the violent and illusory force of repression gives way naturally to the less easy and simple but more effective and useful force for individuals as well as for the collectivity, the force of elimination or preventive attenuation by society of the anthropological, physical and social causes of criminality. Society abandons all ideas and feelings of vengeance, hate and chastisement in regard to criminals and devises means of prevention against crime as well as against insanity, epidemics, alcoholism and so forth. And penal justice becomes a sort of social dispensary for such crimes and misdemeanors as could not be hindered by the preventive measures of society. Likewise sanitary preventives against infectious diseases do not succeed in doing away with sporadic cases and individual diseases, although they succeed in reducing the number and intensity of epidemics. It is clear there will be a number of intermediate stages, in theory and practice, between the present conception of penal justice, the survival of long centuries of prejudice, and the future preventive service for the protection of society, which will endeavor to indemnify the victims when the offense was small and committed by a harmless person, and to segregate for an unlimited time a criminal who is unfit for social life and dangerous.



ENRICO FERRI,
Leader of the Socialist Party, Italian Chamber of Deputies.

A parliamentary debater of unusual skill—tall for an Italian, slim figured, pale, curly haired, frantic at moments and always intense, with a voice rising to a scream in excitement, with a woman's soul in a man's body, unresting, versatile, witty—Enrico Ferri is the most remarkable composite of modern Italy. A professor in the Royal University at Rome, he is a scientific authority whose triumph in the Congress of Criminal Anthropology at Amsterdam in September last gained him enthusiastic praise from the most stanch of monarchial organs. Born in 1856, he is young among the parliamentarians. In 1880 he was teaching law in the University of Turin. From the outset, his legal studies tended towards criminal law. In 1885, with Lombroso, he organized the first international Congress of Criminology. In 1886 he entered parliament as deputy. Since then he has been the most active of Italy's public men, teaching in the university, orating in the chamber of deputies, writing books, lecturing on scientific subjects all over Europe, and urging his Socialist crusade wherever he could gather an audience. Ferri is a strange product of the Italy of today.—W. T. D. CROKE in Munsey's.

As a matter of fact, a theoretical evolution is felt even in the scientific study of criminality and sets forth different aspects of crime as a natural product of society.

Albrecht maintained at the first international congress of criminal anthropology (at Rome, 1885) that crime is a product of "biological conditions." Durckheim added in 1893 that crime is a product of "social conditions." Lombroso spoke in 1895 of the "benefits of crime." And if we call normal whatever is constant, and if

we believe that even sickness may have some useful counteraction on the individual and on the collectivity, then it is clear that in these statements, however paradoxical they may seem, there is a grain of truth. The practical conclusion at which we arrive through this conception of crime, apart from all sentimental survivals of subjective aversion, is the possibility of making a criminal socially useful.

The classic Romagnosi said that a decrease of criminality in a certain country may also be due to a decrease of national energy. This is true, and it makes Lombroso's idea of the utilization of criminals more precise and exact, if we make the distinction, which I have made in other places, between abnormities of involution and abnormities of evolution.

Criminals are always abnormal individuals. But there are abnormals by involution, who have degenerate, egoistical and savage tendencies and commit crimes of violence or cunning from which no social utility can possibly be derived, such as murder for the sake of vengeance, for theft, etc., criminal assault, deception of poor confiding creatures, etc. And there are abnormals by evolution who also violate the laws of present society, but for motives of progress and altruism, and who may individually give evidence of these tendencies, which are on the whole useful, by noxious, violent or, perhaps, in rare cases, fraudulent acts.

Evidently criminal energy can be led systematically and effectively into channels that will make it less noxious or more useful for society only in the case of evolutionary criminals. It may also be utilized, but on a much smaller scale, in the case of degenerate criminals. This can be realized during their segregation for an unlimited time after committing a crime, by abolishing the absurd isolation in cells and employing them at useful labor in the fresh air, with medical and hygienic treatment. This has been done, for some years, with mild lunatics. But it is manifest that the utilization of the criminal through a new social, judiciary, and administrative conception which utilizes human energy for the benefit of society, instead of stamping out the hated and contaminated individual, can be realized on a large scale with evolutionary criminals alone. They are, moreover, much more numerous than degenerate criminals.

At present a countless army of individuals are thrown out of place, socially reduced, persecuted, prevented from developing, and become violators of the law, rebels, "enemies of society," against whom the "public vengeance" and "the sword of inexorable justice" is invoked—merely because they do not find in this society of ours, in this medley of misery, conventional lies, bureaucratic, military, and academical institutions, the open road on which they may employ their psycho-physical energies in a normal manner.

In the field of physiology we are acquainted with the phenomenon of nervous deviation, illustrated by Darwin. A discharge of nervous energy which finds its normal road obstructed, spreads and makes use of more or less distant side tracks. For instance, if one is hindered by respect, fear, or some other cause, from laughing, he discharges the nervous current by pinching his fingers, legs, etc.

The same thing takes place in the social organism. An individual who is prevented by poverty, family relations, lack of education, unfavorable domicile, etc., from developing his endowments and energies in a normal mode of acti-

vity, expresses his individuality through bio-social by-ways, such as crime, insanity, suicide, or alcoholism. For instance, a man who is forced to discontinue his trade as a butcher becomes a murderer (abnormal by involution). A man to whom the sight of blood is not repugnant may become a surgeon, or a man who is prevented from freely expressing his ideas may become a conspirator, a sectarian, etc. (abnormals by evolution). In England we observe, e. g., how spinsters who cannot find expression for their energies and altruistic inclinations in marriage and family life, find an equivalent and a conductor for their energies in works of charity, in temperance propaganda, in protection of animals, in religious devotions, etc. It is also notorious that many soldiers (even the bravest of them) are simply abnormal individuals, unfit for any methodical and useful work, whose moral and social sense is feebly developed, so that for them cruelty is often inseparable from courage.

From these general remarks it is evident that it will not be possible to formulate a list of practical measures by which the social utilization of crime could be realized, such as I have furnished for penal substitutes in order to give practical illustrations of social preventives against crime. The first step toward the social utilization of criminals must be a radical and profound change of public thought and feeling in regard to crime and criminals. This change must begin in the minds of legislators and judges, and can only come by the slow and gradual infiltration of the scientific ideas on the natural and social generation of crime. In spite of the assistance given by partial experiences with reforms of penal legislation, and in spite of the eloquent testimony on the abnormality of criminals which the facts are daily forcing on the attention of the public, this radical and profound change finds much greater difficulties in the way of its realization and extension than were experienced by the ideas due to the initiation of the classic school of jurists (Beccaria) and the classic school of penal service (Howard). For the latter aimed only at reforms. They did not touch the theory or practice of penal justice, but started from the same old premise of the free will and moral responsibility of the criminal as the condition and measure of his responsibility before penal law. And yet less than a century was required to make the ideas of Beccaria and Howard the accepted standard against the medieval ideas on this subject.

The conception of crime as a natural phenomenon, which may be socially useful (in abnormals by evolution) and made more or less serviceable to society, constitutes a complete overthrow of the traditional mode of thinking and feeling. And therefore we cannot expect that the progress of this new conception in the world of scientists, legislators, judges and public opinion will be very rapid. But every step ahead in this manner of seeing things, however small it may be, prepares the way for the final transformation of the antiquated function of vengeance and chastisement into a social dispensary for the prevention of crime, backed up by the irresistible impulse of daily facts and of the disastrous effects of so-called penal justice.

The social utilization of crime—which will pass first through the phase of unconscious and tentative, later through that of systematic realization, will have become a social habit and the result of a true conception of life and social arrangement as a whole. Justice will thereupon cease to be a more or less

bloody chamber of horrors with tools of torture, in order to become an expression and practice of public life and conscience.

This will be completely realized—through partial and limited changes during the stage of transition from antiquated to new penal justice—by a social arrangement which will include economic conditions as well as the normal and intellectual expressions of human life. Such an arrangement will necessarily restrict the antiquated and always violent penal justice to a minimum, and assure an even broader and deeper space to the realization of a sincere and spontaneous social justice.

(Translated by E. Untermann.)

(The above is the striking title page of "Il Socialismo", the new Socialist review published in Rome, which made its appearance last February and of which Professor Ferri is managing director. $1.00 per year. Subscriptions for "Il Socialismo" will be received at our New York office.)

THE EXPANSION OF WINTER FARMING

GEORGE E. WALSH, IN SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

The idea prevalent in some quarters that agriculture has not kept abreast of modern industrial developments is so far from the actual truth that occasionally the public is surprised by reports which indicate a change and revolution in methods and results of a most phenomenal character. In nothing has our agriculture changed more decidely in recent years, however, than in the seasons of production. Science has deliberately set at defiance all the laws which govern the seasons of growth, and in the conflict it has proved a great triumph for men. Winter farming has become in the past decade an industry more profitable and successful than ordinary summer gardening or farming.

The demand for farm products in winter, when most of them are scarce and difficult to secure, has been responsible for the growth and expansion of winter farming. Today this industry is of national importance, and adds millions of dollars to the wealth of our country. Lands that were formerly considered almost worthless have attained through this industry considerable value, and farmers who were disappointed at the outlook of their profession have suddenly discovered new means of reaping financial rewards for their labor and genius. Instead of following in the old ruts in vogue fifty years ago, they have branched out in entirely new lines to develop an industry that is as fascinating as it is profitable.

Naturally one thinks first of truck gardening, either under glass in the North in winter or along the belt of Southern States, when this subject is broached; but winter farming is not by any means confined to even this field. Winter dairying has become in the last five years one of the most profitable sources of farming, and it is pursued by the most progressive dairymen of the country with great success. By means of the silo, succulent food is stored away for winter feeding that produces almost as fine milk and cream as the June grass. The milk and cream in winter time are worth so much more than in summer that the dairymen find it profitable to provide good winter quarters for the best cows and to feed them with the best food.

The poultry farmer has likewise changed his methods, and by means of the incubator and brooder winter and spring broilers are produced today in enormous quantities for our tables. Winter poultry is today about the only produce of the chicken farm that actually pays a good profit. The high prices obtained for spring chickens and broilers out of season have caused complete changes in this industry. Those who depend upon the eggs for their profits are endeavoring to induce the hens to change their season of laying,

so that winter eggs will be had in abundance. Extensive experiments in winter feeding and winter breeding in glass-covered houses have produced results which encourage the poultrymen to believe that eventually breeds of hens will in time be reared which will lay their eggs in winter instead of summer. At present the results obtained are not entirely satisfactory.

Hothouse lambs have become important parts of our winter diet in recent years, and breeders have established enormous houses where these delicate animals can be reared and fattened through the coldest of our winter weather. The work is profitable, and the breeders are increasing the industry each year. Hothouse lambs are delicacies out of season at present, but in the future they may become an ordinary part of our regular winter diet.

Hothouse fruits and vegetables multiply in quantity and quality every year. The industry is expanding so rapidly that the annual winter supplies of these delicacies are running up into thousands of tons. Around Boston there are several hundred acres of land covered with glass where fruits and vegetables are raised for the winter markets. Jersey and Long Island are also centres of this industry, and hundreds of acres are now under cultivation right through the winter. These hothouse products bring high prices all through the winter, and from two to four crops are raised annually on the same land. In the spring, when the weather grows warm, the glass sashes are removed, and the plants for the summer markets are raised as easily as if the land had not been producing all winter. When the cold autumn frosts come, the glass sashes protect the new crop that has been planted for the Christmas holiday seasons. Then when these winter products are harvested, seeds for an early spring crop are sown, and by the time Easter is here fresh vegetables are again ready for picking.

The truck products raised under glass in winter receive the most modern intensive culture. The soil is of the richest, well heated by steam pipes, moistened properly, and sometimes lit artificially at night time by arc lights. The electric light tends to stimulate the growth of certain vegetables, and the season of maturity is thus rapidly hastened. The profits from this business often run from 50 to 80 per cent. on the investment, and during the rough winter weather when Southern truck cannot reach the markets, prices for the vegetables raised under glass soar up to almost fabulous prices. Yet in spite of the great number of acres of land covered with glass and devoted to winter farming, the supply hardly keeps pace with the increasing demand, and there is a triple opportunity for further expansion in this line.

Winter gardening and farming in the southern belt of States where the climate is warm enough to produce the products out of doors have spread with phenomenal rapidity in recent years. Whole sections of States have been reclaimed by this industry, and land that was worth only a few dollars an acre ten years ago sells today for two or three hundred dollars an acre. Our whole system of living, and diet has been transformed by this industry, and our winter season is supplied with fruits and vegetables almost as freely as the summer.

The expansion of this form of winter farming has been due to the railroads and steamship companies operating lines along the coast or through the belt of States with climate and soil suitable to the business. The construction of

refrigerator cars which would enable growers to ship their strawberries and tomatoes from Florida and Louisiana to New York or Boston in midwinter gave a great stimulus to the industry. It is now possible to land the most perishable fruits and vegetables in New York from the most distant gardens within seventy-two hours after picking, in perfect condition. Each year the source of the supply is extended. It was first the Carolinas, Virginia and Georgia which monopolized this industry. Then Florida entered the field, and finally the gardens spread along the Gulf and included those in the Mississippi Valley. California made special efforts to ship her fruits and vegetables to Eastern markets in cars made for the purpose, and now Texas and even Mexico are entering the field with their peculiar farm products. There are some 60,000 refrigerator cars engaged in this traffic in the winter season, distributing the fruits and vegetables of the tropical and semi-tropical gardens and farms to the large cities of the North, South, East and West. The best of these cars are scientific products of modern genius, and they carry their loads of fruits as carefully as a Pullman palace car transports its millionaire occupant.

Strawberries from the Carolinas alone amount to some 12,000,000 quarts a year, while California pours across its borders some 193,000,000 pounds of fresh fruits. New York city alone absorbs some 4,000,000 packages of Southern vegetables every winter. All told, the winter farming which supplies the cities with their fruits and vegetables in the cold season represents an industry mounting up into many millions of dollars. All this is pure gain for the farmers and land owners, who formerly made little or nothing from the soil which is now brought under contribution to feed us with a winter diet of fruits and vegetables. The creation and expansion of the industry represents wealth added to the country just as surely as if new gold mines had been discovered which yielded annually a dozen million dollars' worth of the precious metal.

SHALL MAN OR THINGS BE CROWNED

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

[This article is by one of America's real noble women. Lucinda B. Chandler, now nearing her 74th year, has lived a long life of devotion to mankind. She is one of the historic figures in the struggle for freedom.—H. G. W.]

IT is the hour of Man. A new cycle of humanity has opened. Man is perceiving more or less clearly his relation to the omnipotence of thought and his oneness with all forms of life, with all races and peoples and the source of life. Unity, solidarity, are the significant words greeting prophetic insight. The shibboleth of Socialism is unity. "Workingmen everywhere unite" is the battle cry. The link of brotherhood is stretched around the globe. The inextinguishable flame of the justice of love has begun to dissolve the barriers of ignorance, and humanity is dreaming of freedom. Man as a creator is becoming the centre of a world-wide movement. Work, and work alone, has raised man above the plane of savagery and barbarism. Work of muscle and brain has developed the innate powers and capacities of being.

Science is discovering to us that all that is must always have been. The force, energy and substance comprising the material universe are like the old theological definition of God, self-existent, eternal. Man is the crowning expression of infinite intelligence co-operating with self-existent energy, force and substance.

Unless we accept life and mortal struggle as a farce the perfection of man must be the purpose and goal of all intelligent endeavor.

Brawn and brain have created all the conditions and comforts that make civilization tolerable or enjoyable. Work is the great benefaction, for only by work can human existence become more than the life of the brute. The worker is the great benefactor. The worker produces, creates the things which, first in food, clothing and shelter, make it possible for him to discover what he needs more than this provision for himself as an animal.

The royalty of labor is the royalty that deserves the homage and crowning of supreme consideration. Without it man would have remained a barbarian. Without labor the arts, refinements and achievements of civilization are not obtainable. Without labor's production and the opportunity for leisure it creates today for the few, extended to the many, man cannot discover himself or the meaning of life and thus grow toward perfection.

Whether or not Socialists today perceive that the unity of labor will bring to realization the wish expressed by Zola, it is inevitable. "I wish that someone would preach to the world The Religion of Labor, and sing hozannas to Labor as to a Saviour, the

only true source of health, peace and happiness." This is the new gospel of the new day opening for the deliverance of humanity from all forms of oppression, ecclesiastical, political, economical.

"Things are in the saddle and ride mankind," said Emerson. Possessions have so possessed the mind, aspiration and thought energy of man up to the present that man has been overshadowed, submerged in dense ignorance of his sublime possibilities.

Two mighty demands are involved in the necessity for a readjustment of social order: opportunity for all to achieve subsistence, and opportunity for all to become capable of thinking. The quality of man is the quality and scope of his thinking. Through the primitive stages of industrial evolution, when man exercised energy and skill individually, and necessarily owned his tools, his thought was constantly involved in individual potency. Though when he reached the primitive system of exchange of products the fact of inter-relation and mutual dependence was demonstrated, yet the idea hardly seized upon his mind.

The fact of his independence as a producer, a freeholder in industrial potency, overshadowed the fact that each producer was dependent upon other producers for the satisfaction of wants and desires, because the individual could not produce all things needful for the satisfaction of his needs and desires. And though today the industrial potency of man is greatly absorbed by the machine which man has created, and his independence in many lines of industry destroyed by that fruit of man's development, the long cherished satisfaction of individual independence still to a great extent overshadows the perception in many minds of the fact that the evolution of man as a thinking power—his discovery and application of principles in machinery, has intensified the mutual dependence of individual workers.

This attitude of thought and the fact that the evolution of man's esteem and knowledge of himself has not kept pace with his esteem of the possession of things through the centuries made it possible for the owner of the means of production to keep the worker in slavery.

Having given to the medium of exchange greater power to accumulate than the average rate of accumulation of wealth by the production of labor, capital laid a foundation for its increase on an injustice that not only augmented its power above that of labor, but added to the estimate of possessions, and by the contrast of the power of capital over labor to acquire possessions depreciated the estimate of man.

This inferior comparative value of man, as a producer of wealth, with man as a possessor of wealth is the essence of the spirit that has sought in all forms of serfdom, feudalism, chattel slavery and today, wage slavery, to keep man the worker under the tyranny of capitalism.

The spirit of true manhood that has finally taken root in the nineteenth century in the nobler impulses of human brotherhood and is more rapidly growing in the thought at the opening of the twentieth century is beginning to suggest the higher ideals of human relations and a loftier conception of the worker as a man.

The great concern and paramount effort of capitalism is to increase itself, and which it can only do directly or indirectly by the profits on labor. "But I would not employ a man unless I made a profit on him," was the response

to my statement that the product of the worker belonged to the producer.

This system of profit-making from labor is the great despoiler of manhood as well as of the things which belong to the worker, because he has produced them. The manliness of independence and even the benefit of opportunity have been taken from the worker because in producing the machine he has enlarged the power of the owner of the machine, instead of enlarging his own advantages to make more of himself.

The concession to capital as the paramount factor, economically and industrially, in the employment of labor has perverted moral sense and inverted the true relation of the worker to the product of his labor. It cannot be truly claimed today that the interests of capital and labor are identical, however it may have been at some stage of the evolution of industry. There is and can be only the destruction of man as a worker and as a man under the capitalistic competitive system.

Does the circular issued by the Chicago Real Estate Board indicate that the interests of labor and capital are identical, or that the education and uplifting of the ignorant and "unskilled" worker, the promotion of intelligent manhood, are in any sense accepted as a part of the purpose of economics and civilization?

This circular was not issued to inform the *laborer* of his importance to the manufacturer. How is this?

"Abundance and variety of any article a purchaser is seeking are most desirable characteristics of any market. This is true of LABOR as of ANY COMMODITY!"

"As the great railroad centre of America, into whose United States 500,000 immigrants poured in 1900, Chicago has another advantage than cheap freight tariffs. These tens of thousands of foreigners landed at eastern ports, and for the most part are seeking the opportunities of the great West. Chicago as the gateway to this, having already a tremendous foreign population of its own, is a counter attraction to this CHEAP labor which would pass through it."

"Blocked into sections that might have been lifted from continental Europe, the city shelters an almost unassimilated population represented by a score of tongues, and from each of these the mill and factory are drawing that unskilled labor which is so lightly on the tongue, BUT SO DEEPLY AT THE BASIS OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS."

Any consideration of the progress of man in this?

"Looked at from the point of view of the manufacturer, no one feature of Chicago stands out with more convincing force than does the fact that it is the home of CHEAP LABOR, that PATIENT, PLODDING DRUDGERY which even in this age of automatic machinery is STILL SO VITAL as the BASE-WORK OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

"In the winter season, when the industries of the city are working at greatest capacity, these sources of supply are swelled by the sailor element which comes to Chicago to spend the winter. * * There is a tramp element in this, but thousands of these men are honest workers, filling in the winter season with such employment as they can find. THEY HAVE A GOOD INFLUENCE UPON THE LABOR MARKET FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF THE MANUFACTURER."

"From the point of view of the manufacturer," according to the inducements presented by the Real Estate Board to secure investments in real estate in Chicago, man, the worker, is a commodity only and in the interest of the manufacturer and the "progress" of industry.

Of course the more children who are born under the limitations of poverty, bred in ignorance, subjected to the treadmill of toil, made mere machines in shop, factory and mine, the better the conditions of industrial progress, the progress that swells the bank account of the manufacturer and increases the income of the real estate dealer and owner.

What an ennobling conception of the value of human soul, the purpose of mortal career and the relation of human beings! When the day arrives which Mr. Wilshire in his clear statement and analysis of the economic and industrial condition predicts, and when "capital

will in vain seek profitable investment," we may hope that the order of human events shall serve to remove the glamor of wealth worship. Then also we may expect that a higher aspiration will take possession of the common mind that will concentrate endeavor to discover and energize the powers of mind and soul in humanity, and to cultivate the imperishable qualities of a worthy, intelligent and exalted manhood and womanhood.

There is need of much culture of intellect, but there's still greater need of culture of heart and of enlightened conscience. Spite of the brutal selfishness which the warfare of individual competition and grasping capitalism has nourished, a steady growth of altruistic impulse and the wise selfishness that belongs to humanity as an interdependent unit of the collective body has developed and extended its beneficent sway in human affairs.

Human nature is not altogether swinish, as is often suggested. This proves the fears of individualists to be groundless, that the removal of competition for individual aggrandizement will destroy the incentive to exertion.

Physical activity is absolutely necessary to health of the body. Mental activity is the only possible means of unfolding the capacities and powers of mind. Activity of the soul and powers of justice and love are indispensable to the normal development of the real man.

A social system that will promote the healthful activity indispensable to the growth and progress of human beings in all departments, physical, mental and moral, is the only wise, just and safe social order—common interests for the common good; the means of production and distribution a common possession, including the ownership of the earth, which belongs to the children of men, because no one can exist except nourished by its fruits.

All hail to the propaganda of Socialism! It proposes to abolish economic and industrial slavery. It proclaims the identical interests of all human beings. The world needs a social order in which the worker, the thinker, the press writer, the preacher, are free to express their highest ideals. The citizen needs opportunity to cast his ballot intelligently because he has leisure and not too worn with toil to study problems of the general welfare, and freedom to vote according to his convictions because not harassed by fear of losing the opportunity to earn his bread and maintain his family.

Civilization cannot escape the test: Shall man or things be crowned with supreme consideration by all intelligent and moral forces?

DOWNER'S GROVE, ILLS.

Labor Is Dear in Japan.

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, April 8.—Some time ago a great cry went forth that Japan would ultimately become the great rival of Lancashire in the production of cotton yarns and cloth. It was said that labor being cheap and the hours of labor unlimited, the prospects of large profits would attract European capital, to the detriment of Lancashire employers and working people. There is always a flow of capital to centers where opportunities are offered for making large profits, and with the belief that Japan had a great future before it, so far as the cotton industry is concerned, mills were built and fitted with the best machinery with the expectation of handsome dividends.

Although the wages of the Japs are small and their working hours long, these advantages have not turned out as benefical as anticipated, and there is now a cry in Japan about the native labor being dearer than the labor in Europe or America.

The Japan Gazette states that 1,000 workmen are required in a Japanese mill of 10,000 spindles or more than five times the number required in an American mill for the same number of spindles, and, taking the production into account, the American labor is much cheaper than that of the Japanese.

The want of skilled labor in Japan is not said to be a serious hinderance to the introduction of of foreign capital, which is so earnestly desired by the Japanese financiers.

Children of five to ten years of age are largely employed in the factories, and the men and women have to work 14, 16 and up to 18 hours a day. There are very few holidays during the year, and little consideration is shown for the health and lives of the working people. There are no labor laws in Japan, but such questions are discussed in the newspapers. If legislation of this class is undertaken there can be no doubt that the lot of the Japanese workers will be made much better, and the exploitation of their labor by foreign capitalists will receive a corresponding check.

Right to Choose Fellow-Servants.

Have men organized in a local or national union the right to demand of an employer the discharge of non-union men and enforce this demand by threat to strike? Six judges of the New York court of appeals have decided this question in the affirmative, resting their opinion on this argument : "So long as workman must assume all the risk of injury that may come to them through the carelessness of co-employees' they have the moral and legal right to say that they will not work with certain men, and the employer must take their dictation or go without their services." The decision further defines what may and may not be done in case of strike. A strick per se is not unlawful. Preliminary to a strike certain representations may legally be made. There may be negotiations looking to a settlement of the trouble without a resort to extremes, always providing, of course, that the employer is willing to negotiate. And upon the employer an ultimatum may legally be served, always providing that such ultimatum goes not to far, that it is a simple declaration of intention to withdraw. Threatening language is in order. It is not a violation of law to threaten to walk out.

The Brooklyn Eagle says the decision is all the more significant because in the case decided two labor organizations were at odds. "National association steamfitters declined to work with Enterprise association workman. At special term they were enjoined from striking or making threats. At appellate division they secured a reversal of the order and the case was carried to the court of appeals. Organized labor was arrayed against organized labor. It is held to be clearly within the province of one body of workmen to leave an establishment in which members of another organization are employed. Victory and defeat go together. When one side wins, the other side loses. The memorandum says that there must be no intention to 'inflict injury upon others,' but defeat can scarcely be said to be other than injurious. However, that is not the point. Incidental injury does not count. Through victory may be detrimental to one set of men, the others have the right to win if they can, providing they resort only to peaceful methods. Obviously, the court of appeals regards this as axiomatic."—Public Opinion.

The social revolution is bound to come. It will come either in the full panolpy of law, and surrounded with all the blessings of peace, provided the peoples have the wisdom to take it by the hand and introduce it betimes,—or it may break in upon us unexpectedly amidst all the convulsions of violence, with wild disheveled locks, and shod in iron sandals. Come it must, in one way or the other. When I withdraw myself from the turmoil of the day and dive into history, I hear distinctly its approaching tread.—LASALLE.

DEL MAR ON GOLD EXPORTS

[Alexander Del Mar is one of the great authorities upon the relation of the precious metals to monetary conditions. He was one of the directors of the U. S. Bureau of Statistics until its demise. He was also a member of the U. S. Monetary Commisson in 1876. He is the author of a number of valuable books upon financial subjects, one of which was the subject of a review in our last issue.]

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:—

Yours asking about the gold exports is one of several letters recently addressed to me on this subject. If, as we have been taught to believe, gold is merely a commodity, one whose value is determined by the cost of its production, there would need to be no more anxiety about the exports of gold than about those of copper, or (now) of silver. But, in fact, the doctrine is false. Gold is not merely a metal or commodity; it is also money, because the law has made it so. As a metal, it is subject to the laws of commodities; as money, it is subject to the mint and legal tender laws. The cost of its production, which is unknown and unknowable, does not govern its value, this being determined solely by supply and demand: a vast subject, too vast for a letter.

ALEXANDER DEL MAR

The argument that gold is merely a commodity whose export (or import) is therefore of no consequence, comes from those economists who disdained to consult the statute laws on the subject. The anxiety about the gold exports comes from the experience of business men, who know how seriously such exports are liable to affect prices and through prices, politics.

In 1666—from motives which need not be touched upon at present—one of the mistresses of Charles II. was employed to procure the enactment of a statute which has practically converted every ounce of gold into money, and that, too, without any expense to the owners of bullion; the state undertaking the entire cost of coinage and lending its credit to the coins. This mischievous statute is not only the law of England today; it is the law of the United States, of France, of Germany, of many other states. In a word, rivalry for the precious metals has caused this vicious law to be copied by all the leading states of Christendom.

That is what makes gold into money; that is what gives it a dual aspect; that is what sometimes renders the subject of money too complex for popular comprehension.

If a law were enacted which compelled the government to gratuitously convert all the corn offered to it into whiskey, and made the whiskey legal tender for taxes and debts, then we should have to study corn under two

aspects, first as an article of consumption, and second, as a means of payment. That is what the agency of Barbara Villiers has done for gold.

But enough of this. The tragedy of the mines, the melodrama of seventeenth century fillibustering and piracy and the comedy of legislation and political economy fill the subject of the precious metals with rare dramatic interest; but time and space close the door to the exhibition. Having sung the prologo, the show must be postponed. The gold exports have the right to the floor.

The world now annually produces about 270 million dollars in gold, of which sum the United States of America contribute nearly a third. As in normal years gold coins have but little circulation in the United States, only a fraction of this product, a few odd millions, are needed to keep up the coinage and circulation, the requirement for reserve being already filled. The balance, about 80 millions, is available for the arts, or for exportation in normal years, it little matters which.

240 West 23rd St., NEW YORK, March 19, 1902.

Now let us see what the exports have actually amounted to. During the six calendar years 1896 to 1901 inclusive, the exports of gold from the United States were 266 millions, while the imports were 470 millions; so that assuming the official figures to be correct and comprehensive, we imported 204 millions more than we exported. The average annual import of gold was 78 millions; the average annual export was 44 millions. During January, 1902 (the latest month for which we have official returns), the imports of gold were 1½ millions and the exports 2 millions, the excess of exports having been about half a million dollars.

Business men often mistake the gold movement at New York for that of the whole country. If they were to watch the imports at Seattle, Portland and San Francisco they would think less of the exports at New York.

I see nothing in the current gold movement to occasion the slightest anxiety; nothing at hand, nor (as yet) in the distance. Yours very truly,

ALEX. DEL MAR.

NEW ZEALAND: HOW SHE LEADS THE WORLD

THE reaction of the United States on Europe has often been described; the reaction of contemporary colonies on the mother country is too recent to have found a historian. It is very real, nevertheless. Thus England has adopted from New Zealand her excellent county councils and also her successful First Offenders Act; and many countries, including the French protectorate of Tunis, have borrowed from South Australia the Torrens Land Transfer Act, which has simplified and cheapened the conveyance of land. It is apparently also from New Zealand that England has taken the Workmen's Compensation Act. New Zealand has had a succession of statutes on this subject. The first was passed in 1882; the latest so recently as last year. It provides that where a workman has been killed in the course of his employment the employer shall pay his family a sum equal to his earnings during the three years preceding the accident, or else £200, whichever is the larger. If

he is only disabled, the compensation is a weekly payment while his incapacity continues of half his average earnings during the previous twelve months. As in most of these Socialistic measures, the voluntary element is allowed to remain, just as Old-World species sometimes survive by the side of their modified descendants. Where it is ascertained that any body of workers is embraced under any scheme of compensation, benefit or insurance that is not less favorable to them than the statute, such employees may contract themselves out of the operation of the act. This is an advance on the act of 1882, which did not permit contracting out. New Zealand being the legislative foyer of these colonies, the statute of 1900 has been adopted en bloc in Western Australia. When pressed to adopt it in New South Wales, the Premier objected on the ground that a similar act had given rise to "an enormous amount of litigation in England." No such effect has followed in New Zealand. Nor is it justly open to the pointed criticism of Mr. Asquith on the English act, that it is "so honeycombed with exceptions and contradictions that it has become the despair and the laughing-stock of the judges." Like most colonial statutes, it is simple, straightforward and untechnical.

In 1848 one of the Parliamentary "grand committees" of the Second French Republic recommended that the government should undertake the business of fire and life insurance. A few years later a similar proposal was seriously considered by the Imperial Council of State. What a great nation then shrank from, a young Anglo-Celtic community in the South Seas has boldly undertaken. In 1869 the New Zealand government established a department of life insurance. It has been fairly successful, and now holds about one-half of all the insurances effected in the colony. It has no monopoly, but step by step it is moving in that way. It also exercises no compulsion, and yet requirement that all civil servants shall insure their lives in the government office is a step in that direction. Now the government proposes to set up a new department of fire insurance. The colony is mapped out into districts. Each district, by a poll of the rate-payers, must adopt the statute establishing the department before it can be there applied. The manager then draws up a fire-insurance roll. All buildings not shown to be adequately insured in other offices are assumed to be insured in the government office for what the manager may deem their insurab'e value, with or without the consent of their owners. When a building has been insured elsewhere, it is deemed to be insured in the government office as soon as the current policy has expired, which it must do within twelve months. The premiums are to be collected by the local authorities like local rates. Such is a bare outline of a drastic measure that almost takes one's breath away by its calm audacity. It proved too much for the digestion of a semi-Socialist legislature which did not even attempt to masticate it. But we shall hear of it again. It is the policy of the New Zealand government to wear out opposition by persistent pressure. Almost every notable act on the statute-book had been repeatedly rejected; and this particular bill, or one closely resembling it, had been previously introduced.

It is another example of the influence of a colony on it metropolis that, soon after the New Zealand government announced its intention of buying a "national coal mine" Sir Edward Grey,

in the House of Commons, should have asked the English ministry to purchase one of the Welsh coal fields. About the same time the Prussian government bought a coal mine near Koenigsberg for the supply of the state railways. The New Zealand purchase has now been completed. A mine in the south island has been bought for £150,000, and will be worked by the government. The Premier alleges that a ring of owners and merchants maintain the price of coal 75 per cent. above its due rate. Depots are to be set up in each of the four centres, and after the government railways are supplied, the surplus will be sold at low rates to private consumers. The experiment will be watched with interest.

The premier states that the government will purchase steamers for the distribution of the coal only in the last resort. But he thinks that steamers ought to be bought or built by the government for the export of New Zealand produce. The government can raise the money for building steamships more cheaply than a company. He does not add, but he evidently believes, that the government can run the steamers at least as economically. A beginning is to be made with South Africa, to which New Zealand has been exporting large quantities of frozen meat and farm produce for the army. The undoubted patriotism of the colonies is beautifully blended with a keen sense of their own interests. It is also proposed to establish cool stores in Cape Town and London, and the government looks forward to assuming complete control of the frozen meat industry in both South Africa and England.

It has also long been planning to take over the entire liquor trade of the colony. As a beginning, it has been authorized by the legislature to set up state hotels in tourist districts. While the New Zealand government is making this new departure, the government of South Australia is abandoning its depot in London for the sale of Australian wines. It has proved a total failure, and has incurred a loss of £26,000. The government of New South Wales, in order to put down the "sweating" that prevails in the clothing industry, has just been prevailed upon to set up a state tailory, and this at the very time when the problem is being solved in a rational manner, by means of an agreement between employers and employed, that will effectually suppress sweating. Quite naturally the government is now asked to establish a state boot factory. In nearly all these colonies *state Socialism is advancing by leaps and bounds.*—[J. C. in New York Evening Post.

SOCIALISM AND THE CHURCH

REV. W. THURSTON BROWN, PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

IN harmony with this modern spirit of freedom of thought and speech I propose to discuss a subject which is particularly opportune at this time: Socialism and the Church. I say that this theme is opportune just now for the reason that, as never before, those who represent the Church are being compelled to take cognizance of the great Socialist movement that is spreading over the earth. I venture to say that history does not afford anything like a parallel to the Socialist movement. There has been nothing like it. It is the only movement of modern times that has one drop of blood in it, one spark of fire, one ray of hope. Its face is toward the future. It has sprung from no momentary impulse. It is the product of no temporary passion. It comes not from the caves and dens of ignorance. It builds its fair structure on no foundations of tradition or superstition. Back of this Socialistic movement, which is overspreading Europe and permeating America, are the greatest forces of history and life. It is the product of science, of knowledge, of freedom of thought, of democratic ideals and experience. Back of it is enlightenment, progress, thought, hope, power. It is the uprising of humanity. It is the utterance of that in human life which the priests of tradition and the politicians of expediency have never dreamed of. On its broad bosom float the hopes and joys and fulfilments of humanity. Nothing stays its course. It comes up the east like the dawn. It rolls onward to its fulfilment with the rhythm and swing of the planets in their orbits. Gravitation is not more elemental or sure than the triumph of this vast struggle of humanity for its long-deferred rights. To know this movement, to breathe in its atmosphere, to co-operate in its consummation, is to live—nothing else is.

Now, when such a world-embracing phenomenon as this makes its appearance, it always causes a commotion among the dry bones. It has always been so. It was so in the time of Moses, in the time of the later prophets of Israel, in the time of Jesus, in the time of the Renaissance, in the time of Cromwell, in the time of the French and American Revolutions, in the time of the anti-slavery struggle, and it is true today. The Egyptians rubbed their eyes to make sure they were really awake when Moses demanded freedom for his people. They had become so accustomed to the idea that the Hebrews were made to be slaves that they could not understand any other idea, and I presume Moses and his countrymen were well away before the idea had really percolated through the thick skulls of their taskmasters.

When there came later on into the midst of the Hebrew nation, after it had grown rich and corrupt and forgotten all about freedom, that series of heroic souls with a message of justice which was so potent and masterful as to be preserved by all the after generations of men until now as sacred Scripture—when those heroic men, from sheep pastures and vineyards, came with their ringing words about the oppressions of their time, the priests of the day were so accustomed to regard the existing order of private property and indiscriminate exploitation as a sacred thing, that they looked upon these prophets—these makers of our Bible—as infidels and atheists, enemies of church and state, and they incited the ignorant victims of their superstitions to kill these disturbers of the settled order.

But a few generations afterward, when that priest-ridden people had had a taste of adversity as prisoners of war in Babylonia, they awoke to the truth that the prophets, the preachers of justice, were right, and the priests of tradition were wrong. The priests went over to their pagan conquerors—were absorbed in an alien civilization. They had really been, as they always are, worshippers of the dominant power; they knew and know no other deity; and when Babylonia became the dominant power the priests of Israel transferred their allegiance and support, and the task of keeping alive the flame of freedom and the passion of justice in that ancient band of oriental democrats, fell into the hands of the prophets.

But evil days came. The Hebrew people, under the Herods and the Sadducean priests and Pharisaic formalists, lost the very soul of their ancient faith. And then there came among them another prophet — a carpenter's son. What did they think of Him? They thought Him fit only to be killed. And why? Because the whole spirit and purpose of His life and speech were radically opposed to all that their civilization stood for. Again was it proven that the whole religious institution was, and is, devoted to nothing so much as to the maintenance of the existing order of mastership and slavery. It could and can see nothing else. It was Caiaphas, the High Priest and representative of the priesthood of Judaism, who said that either Jesus must die or the nation perish. And it was the seventy most venerable elders of the Jewish church who voted that Jesus was worthy of death. Why? Because he attacked the sacred rights of private property. Because the success of His gospel meant a radical change in the social order.

How has it been all down through the centuries? Call the roll of the greatest names of history—the men whose service to human freedom and enlightenment has been most eminent, whose lives were such as "pierce the night like stars and with their mild persistence urge men's minds to vaster issues"—call that roll and see what their fate has been, and who and what has been its arbiter. Who menaced Galileo with death because he ventured to believe in the Copernicum theory of astronomy? Who brought the immortal Bruno to his untimely end? Who burned Savonarola at the stake, and for what? What name do you give to the forces that made exiles or martyrs of all the bravest spirits of Europe for centuries? Has there been one man in all Russia who has uttered one word in behalf of democracy whom the Russian church has not unsparingly condemned? Has there been one movement for human well-being that has not been throttled by the church? What did the church think of Charles Darwin, Thomas Huxley, John

Tyndall and all the other great benefactors of men in the realm of science? You cannot find one man who has stood bravely and fearlessly for truth or justice whom the church has not crucified.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the church has at last taken up its ancient role of inquisition and attack on the Socialist movement. I welcome these attacks. It gives me joy that at last the greatest proof of the truth and sacredness of the Socialist movement has been adduced. For until the church really announces its uncompromising hostility to a man or a cause, that man or that cause lacks the best evidence of truth and worth. The man whom the religious institution of Palestine 1900 years ago hated most was Jesus of Nazareth. The movement to which it was most bitterly hostile was that which he inaugurated. The church does not change. It is the same now as ever, exactly the same. And the movement which the church most deeply hates today is that which is embodied in the Social Democracy.

Two utterances by representatives of the church have recently aroused considerable interest in this vicinity. One of these came from an eminent and respected priest of the Episcopal Church in this city, Dr. Converse. The other was given to the papers not long ago in the form of a letter to the priests of his diocese by Bishop Quigley of Buffalo, a prelate of the Roman Catholic Church. These utterances are public property, and are legitimate subjects for discussion. I have no personal acquaintance with either of these men, but from what I know about Dr. Converse I have for him the highest esteem as a cultured gentleman and a man of broad and generous sympathies, and I do not hesitate to credit Bishop Quigley with the same qualities. My only purpose in alluding to the utterances of these men is to make my contribution toward the enlightenment of the public mind on what seems to me the most vital question of the time.

It is rather interesting to note that while Bishop Quigley affirms that Christianity and Socialism have nothing whatever in common, Dr. Converse is reported to have declared Jesus to be the original Socialist, and that the only hope for the realization of Socialism—which he admits to be inevitable and desirable—lies in the Christian Church. And yet, there is another point in which these two men are practically agreed. They both seem to think that the Social Democracy—which is a general term for vital Socialism—is irreligious and atheistic and opposed to all that makes for human well-being.

Let me summarize in his own words the indictment which Bishop Quigley brings against the Social Democracy. He declares that it "is a recent importation from Continental Europe; that here, as there, its avowed object is the creation of a new order of things wholly destructive of the existing social, political and economic conditions under which we live; that the attainment of the new order of things is to be effected not only by political agitation, but by revolutionary and violent methods." He further declares that the movement is marked "by unbelief, hostility to religion, and hatred of the Catholic Church." He says that "it boldly attacks the divinely approved ordinance of private property, regarding it as legalized robbery and the tyranny of the strong over the weak." He quotes a certain paper as saying that "if Capital does not voluntarily step down from its throne, then it must down unwillingly but down it must come if mankind is ever to rise." He quotes the same

paper as maintaining that religion is "the result of a historical evolutionary process intimately related at all times to, and dependent upon, the development taking place in the industrial, political and social life of mankind." He says that "Social Democracy denies the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, eternal punishment, the right of private ownership, the rightful existence of our present social organization, and the independence of the Catholic Church as a society complete in itself and founded by God." And he affirms that a man cannot be a Catholic and a Social Democrat at the same time.

I am not authorized to be the spokesman of the Social Democracy. No one can be that. But it ought to be possible for any intelligent Socialist to make some sort of answer to this indictment.

1. In the first place, I want to say that Social Democracy is not an importation, recent or otherwise, from Continental Europe. Social Democracy is the natural product of science, enlightenment, and especially of industrial and political evolution. It exists anywhere only because an industrial problem exists, because the ideals of Democracy exist, and because, in spite of the Church, the world is becoming enlightened.

2. That the object of the Social Democracy is the creation of a new order of things totally different from the social, political and economic conditions under which we now live, I believe to be true. It would be better to say that economic evolution has wrought a social and political revolution in the life of the world, and Social Democracy is only the awakening of the people to the fact of that revolution and their purpose to make the necessary readjustment to it. But no Socialist expects this readjustment to the new industrial and social order already here to be made by methods of violence, but by the orderly processes of political action.

3. In my judgment there is no just ground for the charge that the Socialist movement is marked by unbelief or hostility to religion, or hatred of the Catholic Church. That charge could be brought with exactly the same propriety against Jesus by the people of his day. It was just as true that he was guilty of unbelief, of hostility to religion and of hatred of the Jewish Church, as Bishop Quigley's charge against Socialists is. In reply to that charge I have to say that I know of no place where you will find so great or so real a faith as in the Social Democracy. Hostility to superstition there undoubtedly is among us, as there is among all enlightened people. And as for the Catholic Church, I cannot conceive of any Socialist hating it. He may have pity for it. He may feel sorry, as I do, that there should be such a tremendous waste of energy as that vast institution represents. And the same thing is true of all the other branches of the Church. But the Socialists would no more think of conducting a crusade against that or any church than they would think of going out to fight windmills.

4. It is untrue that the Social Democracy boldly attacks the divinely approved ordinance of private property. We cannot attack that which has no existence. If Bishop Quigley means that Socialists regard private property in that which men must have in order to live, as legalized robbery and the tyranny of the strong over the weak, he is quite correct. It is perfectly true that Socialists believe that private ownership in the land and in the great productive and distributive equipment is

the colossal wrong of the existing social order, and they wait as serenely for the whole world to welcome that truth, as Galileo expected the world to accept the truth of a heliocentric planetary system.

5. As an individual member of the Social Democracy, I have no fault to find with the sentiment that "if Capital does not voluntarily step down from its throne, it will be obliged to do so involuntarily, for mankind can never rise to its own so long as Capital in private hands dominates the earth."

6. There are men and women of all religions, and of none, who accept the program of Socialism as they understand it. No definition of religion can be set up as orthodox among Socialists. So far as I am personally concerned, I accept without hesitation the statement that "religion is the result of a historical evolutionary process intimately related at all times to, and dependent upon, the development taking place in the industrial, political and social life of mankind."

7. I maintain that the Social Democracy does not deny the existence of a God. Individual Socialists may think they do not believe in anything of the kind. And I should be inclined to think that the vast majority of them deny the existence of the sort of God Bishop Quigley professes to believe in. But nothing could better show the depths of degradation or the density of blindness to which the Church has fallen than its judgment on such a question as this. If a man repeats the Catechism glibly, he believes in a God, in the opinion of the Church. If he says so in words, that is indisputable proof to the Church. On the other hand, no matter what a man is doing with his life, no matter how bravely he is living, no matter how great his faith in human possibility, no matter how splendid his hope for the largest fulfilment in social order of the aspirations of men, if he disavows belief in the formula of the Church, if the very name of deity has by the usage of the Church become the synonym of all that is morally and ethically most repulsive, that man is branded as an atheist. Any man who should today adopt for himself the formula of Jesus and say, not in word but in action and in all the mood and thought of his life: "I and the Father are one—in me is the divine essence of the universe—in men alone is the Power which can be evoked for the achievement of any good thing"—any such man would receive precisely the same treatment at the hands of the Church now that Jesus received when he said those very words. For the people then took up stones to stone him. Try that today and see how immediately every religious journal and institution would brand you a blasphemer.

If belief in a God is belief in the omnipotence of justice, if it signifies faith in the possibility of the highest things in human character and social order, then I maintain that you will find little belief in a God outside the Social Democracy. But if belief in a God means the worship of some blind force that sustains and sanctions every bloodthirsty war—as some of our revered preachers in this city maintained when we were inaugurating our massacre of the Fillipinos—that sustains every brutal oppression, every tyrannical custom or tradition, then you may count me among the world's atheists. I do not believe in an Infinite Devil. In the view of Bishop Quigley and of the Church in general, that is a confession of atheism.

8. For the Socialists are charged in the same indictment with the terrible

crime of denying eternal punishment. If any more horrible thing can be conceived than that, I have never heard of it. If any proof that the Church of today, and Bishop Quigley in particular, are worshipping an Infinite Devil as their deity, were needed, it is abundantly afforded in that horrible doctrine of eternal punishment. A man who should deliberately attempt to establish such a condition on the earth for his fellows would be voted a fiend. But we are asked to believe in and worship a God who will inflict eternal torture or loss on all whom he does not happen to approve. I plead guilty to that indictment. I reject with horror that hideous doctrine.

9. We are charged with denying the immortality of the soul. Surely, that is the "most unkindest cut of all." I can scarcely imagine a more flagrant example of bald hypocrisy than for the Church or any of its spokesmen to charge Socialists with denying the immortality of the soul. In the first place, let me say that I have never found the slightest evidence of a belief in the immortality of the soul in any existing church or any religious creed. I admit that our religious sects not only affirm their belief in the idea that souls persist after the death of the body, but do their utmost to make life a burden for those who see nothing in that belief that is of any moral consequence. But the Christian Church does not believe in the immortality of the soul. It has no doctrine worthy of that title. Mere persistence of being through unlimited time is not immortality. It has nothing to do with immortality. It has no moral value.

The Church has done nothing to prove the immortality of the soul. It has done all in its power to maintain a hell on earth—the hell of industrial servitude without one ray of hope of escape from it—and it has held up before the minds of men a future existence that has not one element of morality in it. Its future hell is purely arbitrary, as is also its future heaven. It has consigned to its imaginary future hell all the interesting and progressive people that have died, and peopled its imaginary future heaven with a multitude of dull and stupid persons. It has never suggested the possibility of one single form of employment in that future existence that could stimulate any real interest or develop manly or womanly character. The most it offers is either an endless singing school—everybody wearing wings, all limited to one musical instrument—the harp—and everybody wearing a crown—or a condition of endless torment. It is simply the transference of an elaborate cathedral service or a court pageant to the other world. Now, I can conceive it possible that after several million years of singing and harping and shouting hallelujahs to various persons sitting on thrones, it would become a little tiresome. The happy hunting grounds of the Indians or the endless Nirvana of the Buddhists seems much more attractive.

The Church has not solved the problem of immortality. It has not even succeeded in assuring its own members of the fact of a future life. The most any of them can do is to hope that it is so. On the other hand, the Social Democracy is the only movement on this earth that is doing anything at all to give men and women an assurance of immortality. No man can even conceive of immortality until there has come into his soul some deep and compelling joy. That is the only proof of immortality. Immortality is not a thing that a man can convince me of by argu-

ment or even by coming out of his grave or speaking to me from the surrounding atmosphere. If I am to know it, I must know it for myself, just as I know the beauty of a spring or summer day, as I know the rapture of a pure and satisfying affection. The Social Democracy is doing all in its power to make joy possible for every human being, to take away the things that stunt and stifle life, to give to all freedom, fraternity, hope, happiness. If immortality be a truth, a possibility, its discovery lies somewhere along the path which Socialism is blazing.

Bishop Quigley is quite right in saying that Socialists deny the rightful existence of our present social organization, and I hope he is correct when he charges that Socialists deny the independence of the Catholic Church as a society complete in itself and founded by God. For myself, I do not recognize any existing church or state as complete in itself or founded by God. There is absolutely nothing in church or state that cannot be traced to a perfectly natural origin. Whether a man can be a Social Democrat and a Catholic at the same time or not, is a matter of indifference to me. Let every man decide that question for himself.

Let me now, in conclusion, call attention briefly to what seem to me to be some of the radical differences between Socialism and the Church, and between the Socialist philosophy and that which permeates the Church. Of course, the Socialist movement must sometime include all the people, whether they are in the Church or out of it. But Socialism and the Church have nothing vital in common, as I believe, either in their origin or their philosophy. The Socialist movement is not going to be made a church or a religious system, nor can the Church be transformed into Socialism under auy circumstance.

In the first place, the Church is an institution—it is not a movement. It is a crystalization, a system. It rests on a basis of authority. In the Catholic Church the medium of that authority is a hereditary priesthood, an apostolic succession. In the Protestant Church it is a book. When you reject the authority of the Pope you cease to be a Catholic. When you reject the idea of a supernatural origin and authority for the bible, you cease to be a believer in any Protestant denomination. When you give up altogether the idea of a so-called divine origin of anything, you cease, in the estimation of the Church, to be in any sense of the word, religious.

It is useless to attempt to hide from ourselves the fact that the whole tendency of science is to destroy every vestige of the idea that anything has a divine origin, as that word has been understood. No scientist believes, for instance, that the world was created in such fashion as the book of Genesis seems to imply. Instead of the idea of a creative fiat, we have the nebular hypothesis, and it can almost be said that that theory is as firmly established as the formula for the law of gravitation. Instead of the religious idea that God breathed into clay the breath of life and so man came into existence in the image of God, we know beyond question that man's ancestors were animals and he is in the image of his animal parentage. The whole picture of history which science has been disclosing bears no resemblance to the picture which religious fancy and superstition have given to the world. Indeed, science has gone still farther and is uncovering to us the origin of religion itself, and that origin is a perfectly natural one. Our animal ancestors

have no trace of religion, and the lowest tribes of savages have only a trace. Religion has been a growth, like everything else.

Moreover, science has demonstrated the utter absence of any such thing as intelligent design in the universe. I do not say that no one holds to that idea. It still persists even among scientists. But the researches of Mr. Darwin proved beyond controversy that in even so important a thing as the origin of species chance has been a determining factor.

Socialism is a movement and a philosophy. It names the next stage in that industrial and social evolution which has been in process since the dawn of civilization. It is also the philosophy that explains the process. The institution of religion is in part the product of ignorance and fear, in part the product of human instincts and aspirations that are higher. While it seems to me that every religious idea has had a perfectly natural origin—as natural as the parts of the human body—yet, whatever in our religious ideals expresses anything fine or noble or good, is only an anticipation or a foregleam of that human heritage which material evolution clearly foreshadows.

The Socialist philosophy is incomparably larger and more inclusive than that of religion, just as the extent of human history as uncovered by the investigations of science so vastly exceeds that which our religious teaching implied. Instead of the history of man covering but 6,000 years, as all teachers of religion taught up to a generation or so ago, it is certain to have been many times that. There is no similarity between the two philosophies. Every student knows that religion has never conducted any other sort of investigations except those which should determine whether a person were orthodox or not, orthodoxy meaning the unquestioning acceptance of a dogma or doctrine on the ground of its age or inherent improbability. Investigation of any kind always and everywhere counts on the hostility of religion, and it is never disappointed.

On the other hand, the Socialist philosophy could not come into existence until after the establishment of the great fact of evolution and the tremendous results of scientific investigation during the first half of the nineteenth century. The intelligent Socialist has simply made the necessary mental adjustment to the facts and truths of the world we live in, while the priest of religion, as an inevitable result of all his theological training and all his habits of mind within the environment of his church, still dwells in a world that never did exist, but which was conjured up by the imaginations of oriental minds in the distant time when the earth was believed to be flat and the sun and stars mere candles to shed light on the dwelling-place of man. We have been finding out things we did not know before in several fields of thought. We have had to revise all our old conceptions about the origin and operation of natural forces and phenomena. Many of these new ideas religion has reluctantly accepted. But it could not be expected to so soon lay aside the fancies which have been its subsistence for so many centuries. Biology and anthropology and their kindred sciences are all modern, and it is not too much to say that religion does not yet have any idea how completely these sciences have dissipated the entire foundation on which it rests.

Religion has presumed to tell us about the origin of things, and science

has demonstrated the absolute unreliability of its testimony. It presumes to tell us about the destiny of man. But there is no better reason for accepting its testimony on that question than on the other. But it is in another role that we must challenge most peremptorily the testimony of religion. Utterly discredited as a historian and with a record blood-red with persecution and massacre and inquisition, robed in the musty garments of ancient tombs, echoing the sepulchral tones of oracular caves, her path marked by every crime in the list, religion comes today and presumes to tell the world how to solve its problems. As Dr. Converse well says, the great mass of religious teachers are concerned over an utterly useless task, that of affording a means of escape from this world into the next. If there is a next, no one needs a church to secure his transportation thither. Every one of us must die. The church did not invent death and it can have nothing to do with determining the natural processes of life.

Besides, death is not the chief concern of human beings. There is no way of making it so. If there is nothing beyond this life, then surely it is of the utmost importance that we make the most of this. If death is only an incident in the process of life, then it ceases to have any significance at all. We can ignore it, just as we do other trifles, and set ourselves to the task of realizing all that life affords here and now. What is the primary question of human interest? What is the thing which men need and which the great mass of men have been striving for during uncounted centuries? Justice, happiness, fulfilment. That is the meaning of the world's struggle. Labor has been asking for its product. The unexampled tide of emigration to this country arose from the desire of men and women for freedom from the burdens they were bearing. What they really wanted was the results of their toil. But the history of this nation shows that most of them changed their minds and wanted the products of some one else's toil.

Well, what is the history of the past hundred years? Let Dr. Converse himself answer. He said in his address before the Men's Guild of St. Paul's Church: "It is a feat of the imagination to understand the changes that have taken place in the last hundred years in economic industry, but, as a result, there stands before the world a type of man that it has never seen before in all past ages—the mill hand. He stands among us helpless and doomed to helplessness so long as the present system of centralization of capital holds and continues to increase."

He is reported to have said here last Sunday that capital has become concentrated in the hands of a small portion of society, while the great body of wage-earners are compelled to toil long hours for a mere existence. He mentioned pauperism as the result of the organized system of public charities, and affirmed it to be a product of the present industrial system. He said that the system of private competition had carried the life of the industrial world backward until it had degenerated into industrial cannibalism. And he expressed the conviction that men must look to the Church for the solution of these problems.

Now, if the Church is to be trusted to achieve the economic emancipation of labor, if we are to look to it for such changes as will wipe out this blot on the race of men—such changes as will give us something better than industrial cannibalism and make the creation of

this type of man, more degraded than all past ages have seen, no longer possible—in heaven's name, where has the Church been during this hundred years while this tragedy was being enacted? And where is the Church today? And what single thing is it doing toward the solution of any problem whatsoever? Whence, if not from the Church, has come this great system of public charities which Dr. Converse calls the parent of pauperism? What institutions, if not the churches, are the friends of charity in this city? And what division of the Church has been more devoted to the fostering of these charities than that to which Dr. Converse belongs?

Dr. Converse is in sympathy with the Boers in their unequal struggle for independence, and no true man can help admiring him for the ringing expression of his sentiments. But where is his church? How about the great Anglican Church of which the American Episcopal Church is a branch? Why is it that the brother priests of Dr. Converse in Great Britain are praying to the same God that he prays to, to send victory to the British arms in South Africa? Do not you and I know that the religion of the Anglican Church is British religion, the religion of the German Empire is German religion, that of Russia is Russian, and that of the United States reflects absolutely either the ideas of the administration that happens to be in power or the commercial passion that is all-absorbing? And this is the thing, is it, upon which we are to depend for the solution of our social and industrial problems? What kind of solution may we expect from such a source? We may expect from the Church nothing except what we may expect from the dominant political and commercial forces.

Think now of the Social Democracy. Have we one Social Democracy that is Russian, another German, another French, another British, another American? No. Social Democracy is one. It does not represent national lines. It does not believe in national lines. There is no room for that empty and worthless thing which deluded people have worshipped under the name of "patriotism." Social Democracy has no interest whatever in perpetuating the national establishments of Europe or any other continent. The interests of men and women who labor are absolutely one, no matter what color or creed or climate they belong to. The Social Democracy knows no white or black or red or yellow. It knows no German, Russian, Japanese, Italian, American. It knows men as men, as producers or non-producers. It holds that no institution that compels producers to carry non-producers on their backs is tolerable. It demands that the laborer receive his full product, under whatever sky he dwells. It does not tell American workmen that they are better paid than British or German workmen and therefore they ought to be thankful and maintain the tariff by which their economic masters have been amassing fortunes beyond the dreams of avarice. The fight of Socialism is not for the people of one nation. It is for the whole mass of those who toil. And it will not lose sight of that goal. The first thing to be secured is economic justice, the whole product of labor to go to the laborer. Singing hymns, saying prayers, learning catechisms, attending the services of a place miscalled a sanctuary will do nothing whatever to effect the ends for which men are striving.

Socialism is primarily a material evolution. I do not say there is not

room in it for appeal to sentiment. Indeed, there is no place for sentiment outside the Socialist movement. How much sentiment will you find in business? How much in politics? How much in the dull and trifling routine of a religious institution that devotes itself to the task of caring for a grave-yard of dead and buried ideas. The Socialist movement is the only place where democracy can be thought of. It is the only champion of human freedom. It is the only organized struggle after justice. The man or woman who once grasps the philosophy of Socialism becomes serene and confident. We are not doubtful of the result. We know that all things are working together for good. The Church will attract its own and the Socialist cause will draw those who belong to it. People who are interested in fossils and relics and curios will find a congenial place in the Church, as will also the ignorant and deluded masses. But economic gravitation is as certain to bring the world's labor army into the Social Democracy as physical gravitation brings the waters of the mountains to the sea. And all they who feel within themselves the stirring of an aspiration for freedom and fraternity—all they who feel the oppression of a stifling moral atmosphere in this world of graft—will bring into the movement their enthusiasm and fervor, and, be it soon or late, the night of capitalism will flee away and the day of Socialism will dawn, opening a new era in the history of man.

W. THURSTON BROWN.

LIFE AND DEATH

ERNEST CROSBY.

So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it too?

In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim;
From bravado or passion or pride.
Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt.

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led.
Never mind how he died.

—In CONSERVATOR.

DISADVANTAGE OF NOT BEING A PRINCESS

EMOCRACY has its disadvantages without mistake. Here has been poor little Miss Alice Roosevelt delighting her heart with the promise of being the distinguished guest at the coronation, when suddenly her dream is cut short, and she is told she can't go, forsooth, because her going might cause her pa to lose the Irish vote. Now, if she were a real princess instead of only a four-year-term one, like her pa is a king, they could both snap their fingers at votes of all kinds and she could go to all the coronations she had a mind to.

Why should not the American people have their own home-made Princess Alices and Heir-Apparent Teds just as well as the effete monarchies of Europe? We have demonstrated that we can beat the world in the making of anything we turn our hands to, and why should we quail at making a princess? Why? We have been long enough complaining of the great drain upon the country from the export of gold sent to Europe to support the daughters of our millionaires who have been not only forced to go abroad for husbands possessing the necessary rank to comport with a millionaire wife, but have also actually been compelled to remain and live abroad in order to procure a fitting environing society to properly set off their exalted position in life. Why should we send William Waldorf Astor an exile to England, with his hundred million dollars of American money, to buy a title when we can supply the demand at home? It is true that there is some sort or other of an antiquated clause in our constitution that prevents any titles being granted by the government, but I have no doubt but that the U. S. Supreme Court could find a way round a little obstacle like that easily enough. Let the administration drop a hint as to what its wishes are and the thing is done.

One good argument against the present system of our dependence upon Europe for our titles of nobility is that our men are at such a disadvantage compared with our women. An American girl can make herself a duchess any time she will put up the price sufficiently high to induce a duke to marry her, but the American man has no such matrimonial highway open to his dukedom. He must in the first place take another man's wife to get a woman with the title of duchess, and when he gets her he don't get the title. This is not right.

The American man has a natural right to be a duke, just as much as the American girl has to be a duchess, and this country should open the way to him. We ought to start right in upon this proposition of manufacturing an American nobility before any more of our money goes to Europe. Inasmuch as the idea of instituting this order of American nobility is simply to keep our millionaires' money at home, it

would manifestly be absurd to grant a title to a person who has not enough money to buy one abroad in case one could not be obtained at home. I would not have the titles sold. Let them come as a matter of right, simply from the possession of so much money. To begin with, anyone who could prove a million would be a baronet. Then we could have larger amounts for marquises and earls and such like, winding up with, say, a requirement of fifty million dollars for the dukes. I think one hundred million would be about right to make a man a prince. A thousand million would, of course, make a fellow anything he cared to pick, Sultan, Tsar, King or Emperor.

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT.

I do not suggest that the holding of a title should confer any peculiar political powers on the holder. I would not institute any new House of Lords. It would be a useless addition. The rich already are members *ex-officio* of a third house which is easily more powerful than all the other branches of our government combined. This house has no duties or responsibilities; it has nothing but rights and powers. It is a much more attractive legislative house to the rich than any new one that could possibly be devised.

No, I would make the ownership of a title convey no rights not already enjoyed. In point of fact the political power of those who would fall into the titles could not well be increased anyway. I would not even make it compulsory upon anyone to refer to the holders by their new titles. I am too much a believer in American freedom to suggest such a thing as that. Of course if anyone should fail to call a duke "duke" he would naturally be apt to lose his job, but that would mean nothing much unless he failed to get another one, and even then it would only mean starvation. No, I would not force anyone to notice the new titles who did not wish to do so. It should be provided that the loss of money that entitled the holder to a certain title should carry with it the loss of the title. There is no sense in having a title unless you have the money necessary to live up to it. Our American nobility must never become shabby. To be shoddy is quite bad enough a handicap.

CURRENT CARICATURE

I CONTRAST the two cartoons on this page to show how two totally dissimilar views may really express the same idea. One cartoon shows the Cuban without a scintilla of this world's goods and the other one shows him with plenty of them, yet both cartoons unite in depicting him in a deplorable condition, and both are certainly right in this respect. The whole amount of it is that the Cuban no more than the American produces for use—he produces for exchange. He doesn't grow sugar and tobacco in order to make candy and cigars for himself. He grows sugar to exchange it for wheat, and he grows tobacco to exchange it for pork. Hence it is a perfectly true picture to show the Cuban starving on his raft loaded with sugar and tobacco, with a high tariff flood between him and the promised land of free trade with the United States. On the other hand it is also a true picture showing him marooned on a desert isle with his only hope of relief in the succor from the relief boat "Reciprocity."

MAROONED.
Cuba—Can it be relief after all?
Minneapolis Journal.

It certainly shows the absurdity of our present social and economical arrangements when fertile Cuba, the pearl of the Antilles, can be faithfully pictured as a "desert" isle.

Imagine the difficulty one would have in explaining to Columbus, if he were to come from his tomb, that the New World which he discovered could no longer support its own inhabitants because machinery had been invented that produced too much to eat. Columbus solved the problem of standing an egg on its point, but I guarantee that if he were asked how he would propose preventing a nation starving to death that produced too much to eat, he would be stumped. It would not be the

THE POLITICAL FLOOD.—Will he ever reach the shore?
Minneapolis Tribune.

answer that would stump him. O, no. He could hardly help answering, "I would let 'em eat what they produced." You see, Columbus, not having had the advantages of a modern day education, would not be able to realize what a fool he was making of himself by proposing to solve the problem of "overproduction" by suggesting that the producers consume what they produced. No, he would never understand why his answer was not only not obvious but quite too absurd. He would, in fact, never fully understand how a man supposedly sane could seriously ask him such a question. In the days of Columbus they occasionally had people starve to death, but that was when a city was besieged and they were not allowed to go out for food, or perhaps it was when sailors ate up their rations before they made their port. Columbus could readily understand a case of a people starving because they had no food, but it would certainly be a stumper to ask him, "How would you prevent a man starving who was unfortunate enough to always have food for two set out before him?" If I asked Columbus such a question I feel confident that Columbus would be wondering where my keeper was.

From the New York Journal.

Backers of the Trusts.

Of course there is a great deal of truth in the statement that the Trusts owe their power and wealth to the "special" rates given them by the railroad companies. But those people who delude themselves with the idea that if those rates were now equalized the Trusts would be shorn of their strength exhibit a woeful ignorance of the laws of industrial evolution. The Trusts were an economic necessity, both because a remedy for "overproduction" was needed and because the larger unit is more economical of operation than the smaller one.

Discrimination in freight rates certainly accelerated the growth of the Trusts, but the Trusts would have arrived all the same if the Government had owned the railroads and freight tariffs had been as even to all parties as were postal rates before Mr. Madden came down the pike. Trusts are

strongly in evidence in many European countries, particularly so in Germany, yet in Germany the railroads are owned by the state and no allegation of favoritism in rates has ever been made.

The Approach of the Button Age.

The recent shortage of coal in the Northwest occasioned the annexed cartoon. It is illustrative of the paradoxical condition of our industrial affairs that cotton is called King Cotton owing to the immensity of its production, while coal is to be made king owing to its scarcity. It is indeed true that we have made man subservient to property in whatever size or condition it may be. Property is master of man by virtue of its quality, not its quantity. The more man masters the methods of production of things, the more things dominate him and his actions. The more easy for man "to produce" the more difficult it is for him "to get." And after all it is the "getting" and not the "producing" that interests us. We are rapidly arriving at the point when extremes meet, at the point where both the "ease of production" and the "difficulty of getting" will be at the maximum. It's soon going to be so easy to produce food that we can't get it at all; that is, inasmuch as the first requisite under our present system is to catch the job before we can buy the bread, when there are no jobs bread may be ever so plenty but nobody can get any to eat. If ever the day comes when man has so harnessed nature that simply touching a button gives you what you wish, then the fellows that don't happen to own buttons might as well go way back and sit down, for nobody will want them for anything.

THE AMERICAN CORONATION.
The Trust Crowns Old King Coal.
Minneapolis Journal.

A Business Proposition.

The cartoonist makes a rather funny mistake in his picture when he indicates that the sugar beet people are trying to prevent Uncle Sam from taking his goods into Cuba. As a matter of fact they are trying to prevent Cuba from sending her goods to Uncle Sam. However, it amounts to the same thing in the end, as Uncle Sam is proposing to "give" his goods to Cuba. He is on the "trade," and unless Cuba can offer something to him he can offer nothing to her.

We are to evacuate Cuba May 20th and turn the government over to the Cubans. That this will be a permanent evacuation would hardly seem probable. The reasons for annexation will grow stronger every day, and the very least of those reasons will be that the Cubans will think that we can govern them better than they can govern themselves. The most powerful argument for annexation will be neither a political nor a military one. It will be an industrial one. Cuba must find a market for her sugar, and annexation to the United States will probably prove the only path for her to find it. However, this is possibly a long day off, and in the meanwhile Mr. Roosevelt is to be congratulated upon getting out of Cuba before an insurrection breaks out. We would have been in a fine pickle if we had had another war on hand like that now going on in the Philippines, only a great deal more so.

AN OBSTRUCTION.
Uncle Sam.—Well, wouldn't that beet you?
Minneapolis Journal.

We can massacre in the Philippines as we could never hope to do in Cuba.

The Cuban tariff is a big question for

What was easy just a while ago and hardly worth attention,
Has grown to overpowering weight and worry, beyond mention.
—Minneapolis Tribune.

the Administration to settle, and it is one of those questions, too, that are especially awkward inasmuch as Time does little but to make a settlement more imperative. Twice twenty per cent. reduction on sugar is far too little to give relief to Cuba, but on the other hand it would seem that the Sugar Beet would bar any further reduction.

Our Infant Industries.

We have long had the joke about the old man who worried because his daughters always married off rather than on. It's the same with our infant industries. Uncle Sam thought when they were first born that the trouble and

expense he incurred in raising them would be all repaid when they grew up. Some day the children would support the old man, he thought. But the children are wise in their generation. They don't propose to "grow up" as long as they can cajole the old man into supporting them as babies.

That these infants are about prepared to cope with the world, may be seen by glancing at the few statistics which I have taken from the census bulletin issued on the 14th of last month.

In 1890 there were 910 establishments manufacturing agricultural implements, with a capital of 145 millions. In 1900 we have but 715 establishments, although the total capitalization has increased to 157 millions.

In establishments manufacturing salt the number has decreased during the past ten census years from 200 to 159, while the capitalization has increased over 100 per cent., from 13 millions to 27 millions.

Slaughtering establishments have decreased in number from 1,118 to 921, while their total capitalization has increased from 116 millions to 189 millions.

Woolen manufactories have fallen off from 2,583 in 1890, to 2,465 in 1900, yet their capitalization has increased nearly one-third, from 300 to 398 millions.

Perhaps the most striking of the returns is that from the carriage and wagon factories. These have fallen in number from 8,614 to 7,632, while at the same time their capitalization has increased from 104 millions to 118 millions. But this is not the point that is so especially noteworthy. The number of wage-earners has decreased from 64,259 to 62,540, and the number of "salaried" employees—clerks, salesmen, etc., is now actually less than one-half what it was in 1890. They now number 4,311 as against 9,194 in 1890. This cutting off of "salaried" employees means a saving, according to the census, of $3,459,289 a year to the carriage makers.

The figures from the flour mills also show the same trend toward the elimination of superfluous employees. The total capital employed in flour milling has increased in the last ten years from 208 millions to 218 millions, but the number of wage-earners has decreased from 47,403 to 37,073. "Salaried" employees have have been reduced from 16,078 to 5,790, and the millers are paying out $3,492,590 *less* per annum for salaries today than ten years ago.

There is a "full dinner-bucket" for you! No wonder the capitalists are enthused over economies of concentrated capital. Some day the men who have lost their jobs by these economies may see that after all cheap bread is no advantage to a man who has no money.

AN APPEAL TO WOMAN

"Give her the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."—BIBLE.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

A humble dial-builder, once upon a time, approached a great man to carve a motto for a new-built dial. The sage, surly at this interruption of his cobweb cogitation, turned and croaked out: "Sirrah! be about your business!"

"Ha, the very thing!" cried the dial-maker in delight. "A better mandate for the use of time was never flung out upon the pathway of the hours." And straightway he carved the legend upon his dial to speak its wisdom to the passers-by.

"Be about your business!" What better word for both man and woman—for the servants of the Great Purpose, the servants to whom is intrusted the business of the Father!

And what is this business? I am bold to say that the chief business of men and women in this age (and in every age) is to endeavor to shape and re-shape the social state to the needs and aspirations of universal human nature. This does not mean that we should be petrified conservatives, nor rampant radicals; but that we should be servants wisely awake to every whisper of the social conscience, to every hint of the heart, for the extension of freedom and affectionate justice in the world. It means that we must persist in sleeping on our arms, always ready for a new departure whenever the bugle sounds on the mountain—always ready for a new advance toward the Holy City of our dreams.

The glory of woman is her sympathy, as the glory of man is his reason. But neither sympathy nor reason is perfect without an infusion of the other. In the past, man's reason has lacked sympathy, and so has been cold, hard, static; while woman's sympathy has lacked reason, and so has been narrow, unbalanced, misguided. Her sympathy has been limited to the home, the church, the set.

But no sympathy is large and divine until it goes out to the whole of humanity. I rejoice that the womanly sympathies of this day are breaking through the old traditions of dooryard and neighborhood, and are flooding out to encircle cities and states and peoples. It was once thought to be the whole business of woman to slave it in the kitchen or to queen it in the drawing-room. She was set apart as a theme for the sugared sonnets of languishing poets, for the fine phrases of courtly Chesterfields. She was not a power in government save only through the dark and devious ways of intrigue. She was a mere supernumerary and accessory of institutions—a pretty bauble, splendid trinket.

But a new spirit is moving on our disturbed and wonderful epoch. It is the apparition of woman. She is com-

ing forth at last to take her place by the side of man in the world's affairs.

We need not enter into the vexed questions — "Shall woman invent and create, or shall she simply work over the old matter?" Nor need we take the thorny path where tongues and quills are fighting out the question, "Which is the better worker in art and literature, man or woman?" I care not for the contention that would weigh magnolia against oak, orange against apple. Each is perfect in its own sphere.

Woman, for instance, has inborn aptitude for studying social problems. For ages she has been shut out, as by a Chinese wall, from business and politics; and her life, tethered to home and church, has been a long schooling in social ethics. Here, then, she has experience, here she has insight. So she comes to social problems with warm sympathy and with faith averring that things can be changed, and that whatever is wrong must be righted.

Woman has made the home, and now she must help to make that larger home —the state. She must come to the help of good government. For what is good government? It is nothing but good housekeeping—the larger housekeeping of the people.

And this feeling in woman for the betterment of the social order is growing everywhere. She is beginning to reach out to the slums of cities, to the perfidies of senates. Her pen is bright and busy. M. Ferdinand Brunetiere declares that "the new interest in social problems that has given distinctive stamp to contemporary fiction in all countries is largely due to women writers."

Woman's whole being (in its best moment) palpitates to help the world. Dare I not believe that Fanny Kemble's experience speaks for all? This great actress used to say that when standing in character before a vast audience that was thrilling to her words, quivering in sympathy to her every mood, she was often tempted to leave off her acting and suddenly to cry some word from her own heart to the heart of the people. And always, at such exalted moments, all she could think of to say was that old cry of mother to son, of God to man, "Be good! be good! be good!"

Yes; woman would have the world be good, but how can it be made good? Not by a cry from a stage, not by a shout on the street. But rather by reaching a practical hand into the grime and grit of our work-a-day life.

Men and women need something to love and something to hope for. But under this love and this hope lies the bread-and-butter question — terribly practical and terribly persistent. And under this bread-and-butter question lies a right as old as the world and as deep as life itself—the right to work. Every man has a right to live—every man has a right to express in art and craft the ideal of his heart, the joy of his soul.

If men and women could be assured of labor to the end, labor under humane conditions, labor assuring a sufficiency and a little leisure — if the famine of today and the fear of tomorrow (twin terrors!) could be lifted from life—how much of the fret and cark of the heart would be smothered out; how much of the despair and grief of the world would be washed away; how much dishonesty, how much drunkenness; how much servility, how much disease, how much suicide would disappear from the ways of man!

Perhaps no other one thing would do so much to make men and women

happy; and to make people happy is to make them good. If the women of America would band together for this one thing—band together to secure to each one the opportunity to make a living—the pitiful army of the unemployed would disappear and the terrible days of enforced idleness would be no more. The allied women of America could do this thing, for the women of the nation make the public opinion of the nation; and public opinion is the strongest lever in the hand of fate.—The Pilgrim.

SPEAK YOUR MIND.

CHARLES MACKAY.

I

Shame upon thee, craven spirit!
Is it manly, just or brave,
If a truth has shown within thee,
To conceal the light it gave—
Captive of the world's opinion—
Free to speak, but yet a slave?

II

All conviction should be valiant;
Tell thy truth, if truth it be;
Never seek to stem its current—
Thoughts, like rivers, find the sea;
It will fit the widening circle
Of eternal verity.

III

Speak thy thought if thou believ'st it,
Let it jostle whom it may,
E'en although the foolish scorn it,
Or the obstinate gainsay;
Every seed that grows tomorrow
Lies beneath the clod today.

IV

If our sires, the noble-hearted,
Pioneers of things to come,
Had, like thee, been weak and timid,
Traitor to themselves and dumb,
Where would be our present learning?
Where the hoped millennium?

V

Where would be triumphant science,
Searching with her fearless eyes,
Through the infinite creation
For the soul that underlies—
Soul of beauty, soul of goodness,
Wisdom of the earth and skies?

VI

Where would be all great inventions,
Each from bygone fancies born,
Issued first in doubt and darkness,
Launched 'mid apathy and scorn?
How could noontime ever light us
But for dawning of the morn?

VII

Where would be our free opinion,
Where the right to speak at all,
If our sires, like thee, mistrustful,
Had been deaf to duty's call,
And concealed the thoughts within them,
Lying down for fear to fall?

VIII

Though an honest thought, outspoken,
Lead thee into chains or death,
What is life, compared with virtue?
Shalt thou not survive thy breath?
Hark! the future age invites thee!
Listen, trembler, what it saith!

IX

It demands thy thought in justice,
Debt, not tribute, of the free;
Have not ages long departed,
Groaned, and toiled, and bled for thee?
If the past have lent thee wisdom,
Pay it to futurity.

HOW MONEY WINS.

Some people do not comprehend how it does happen that a man owning a well established business can ever lose it as long as he keeps sober.

This erroneous idea is peculiarly prevalent in England, and it is owing to this time-honored belief that the Englishman has voluntarily retired from business when he has amassed what he considers a safe competency. He has not been accustomed to work with the strenuosity of the American, who works till he drops dead in his harness. However, the American has learned by bitter experience that one can never know when he has amassed money to make himself safe for life.

He has found that safety lies in the size of his pile, the bigger the pile the safer he is. The theory of retiring to the country and living under your own vine and fig tree has never had the credit in America that it enjoyed in England.

Not long ago the Britisher in the retail tobacco trade thought he had a business that would support him in comfort all the rest of his days. Let us see what has happened. Here is a recent cablegram:

London, March 20.—Ogdens (Limited), as the local representatives of the American Tobacco Company, to-day gave notice of their intention to give their entire net profit and £200,000 yearly for the next four years as a bonus to their customers.

This is the American reply to the Imperial Tobacco Company's attempt to boycott American goods. In a circular, Ogdens (Limited) point out that the Imperial Tobacco Company's offer to distribute a bonus amounting to £50,000 cannot be compared with the bonus the retailers will receive if they continue to trade with the American Amalgamation.

Now this simply means that not only must the Englishman, if he wishes to compete with the rival Americans, go without any profit for four years, but he must actually pay for the pleasure of so conducting his business. What chance has a man escaping bankruptcy when he comes up against such a proposition? I think a few more such incidents as this will open the eyes, too, of the Englishman, and show him why the American has learned the danger of resting on his oars.

This proposition of the American Tobacco Co. not only to do business at cost, but to actually lose a million dollars a year, must also open the eyes of certain economists who say that production must stop when conducted at a loss.

Humor an Element of Success.

I am strongly of the opinion that a quick and abiding sense of humor is a great element of success in every department of life. I do not speak merely of success in the more strictly artistic fields of human work, but am ready to maintain that, even in the prosaic and practical concerns of human existence, the sense of humor is an inciting and sustaining influence to carry a man successfully through to the full development of his capacity and the attainment of his purpose. It is so in the art of war—it is especially so in the business of statesmanship. Mortal life, at the best, is so full of perplexities, disappointments and reverses that it must be hard work indeed for a man who is endowed with little or no sense of humor to keep his spirits up through seasons of difficulty and depression and maintain his energy—living despite the disheartening effects of commonplace and prosaic discouragements. A man who is easily disheartened does not appear to be destined by nature for the overcoming of difficulties, and nothing is a happier incentive to the mainten-

ance of good animal spirits than the quick sense of humor which finds something to make a jest of, even in conditions which bring but a sinking of the heart to the less fortunately endowed mortal. In the stories of great events and great enterprises we are constantly told of some heaven-born leader who kept alive, through the most trying hours of what otherwise might have been utter and enfeebling depression, the energies, the courage and the hope of his comrades and his followers. One can hardly read the story of any escape from shipwreck, any drifting about in an open boat over wintry seas, without learning of some plucky and humorous mortal who kept his comrades alive and alert through all dangers and troubles by his ready humor and animal spirits. Read any account of a long-protracted siege, when the besieged had to resist assault from without and hunger within, and you will be sure to be told how the humorous sallies of some leader were able to prevent those around him from sinking into the depths of despair. There are times when no good whatever is done by taking even the most serious things too seriously, and a sudden flash of humor often lightens up the atmosphere as the blast of a trumpet might give new spirits and new energy amid the deepening gloom of some almost desperate day.—Justin McCarthy in Success.

The Railroads and the Trusts.

The railroads are the backbone of the criminal trusts—the trusts that thrive by stealing.

No man or body of men can acquire $100,000,000 in a few years without grossly defrauding their fellows by securing rates and facilities for public carriage of which others are deprived. That—this unjust discrimination—is the sleight-of-hand by which the marvel is produced, the key to the riddle which has amazed and alarmed the nation.

It was no "anarchist," no "agitator," no "demagogue" who made that statement, but Martin A. Knapp, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, speaking at Cooper Union on Wednesday night.

He knows—it is his business to know—how systematically the railroads and the trusts in collusion defy the law and crush out competition by refusing equal rates to shippers.

That is how the colossal Standard Oil monopoly has been built up and maintained.

All the people suffer from this partnership between the railroads and the trusts. Said Mr. Knapp:

"When the natural advantages of capital are augmented by arbitrary deductions from charges commonly imposed the combination is powerful enough to force all rivals from the field. **Production is controlled, wages fixed, prices raised to the desired profit, monopoly reigns.**"

The railroads and the trusts care nothing for the law. For years they have laughed at the Interstate Commission's efforts to interfere with their brigandage. They burn their books when courts call for them. Their officers when forced upon the witness stand smile cynically and profess to have lost their memory. A power, organized for pillage, has grown up within the state that is more powerful than the state.

What is to be the outcome?

Listen to these true words of the late Governor Altgeld:

"MEN IN RAGS NEVER YET DESTROYED A GOVERNMENT. They can sometimes destroy some property, but never a government.

"Our danger lies in another direction. It comes from that corruption, usurpation, insolence and oppression that go hand in hand with vast accumulation of wealth, wielded by unscrupulous men, and it behooves every friend of republican institutions to give these things most serious consideration."

The remedy for the criminal conspiracy between the trusts and the transportation companies proposed by Mr. Knapp, head of the Interstate Commission, is government ownership of the railroads—to make them in actual fact what they are in theory, national highways, which would give equal service to all citizens upon equal terms, as the post-office does.—New York Journal.

"What do you consider the best foundation," inquired the ambitious young man, "on which to build a successful business?"

"Rocks," promptly replied the multi-millionaire.—Philadelphia Press.

The Insoluble Crisis.

Office of
RIVES & Co.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 4th, 1902.

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:

You cling with admirable tenacity to what seems to me to be a delusion—namely, that we must have Socialism because, first, the world's "industrial equipment" is about completed; second, of the inability to find new markets.

The world's industrial equipment is not, nor never will be "completed," owing to constant improvements in machines and new methods, as well as the creation of absolutely new demands for machinery for purposes only made possible by inventions, thus virtually creating "new markets."

That the competitive system itself must end, I freely concede—by the triumph of large over small combinations of capital—but cannot agree that the only alternative is Socialism. Suppose we take a very improbable, but convenient and vivid imaginary condition (to permit my analogy to operate), and liken all kinds of machinery for production and distribution to so many chunks of soft, sticky, adhesive clay.

Now the fellows with pretty big chunks begin to "get possession" of other chunks, which they immediately slap into their original wad, and this "building up" process continues until, like the rolling snowball, everything has been "swotted" against that big mass and been benevolently assimilated thereby.

Now this "multum in parvo" machine is capable of turning out more knick-knacks—from needles to steamships—from a given amount of energy (muscle or brain) applied than can be had from applying said energy in any other way available. Say twice as much—merely for illustration.

Now comes our "slavey"—with the best other means accessible, he can grind out the equivalent of two dollars in a given "day"—whereas he can turn out four dollars' worth by going up against the gob of clay.

Now here we are with your poser. The owners (or owner) of aforesaid "gob" size up the situation, and offer said aspirant three dollars for a day's work. This is fifty per cent. more than he can realize in any other way, so he takes the "job"—great head! The owner does nothing, but freezes on to one dollar's worth of whatever he is in need of daily. This one dollar's worth multiplied by the total number of those desirous of getting fifty per cent. more for their efforts than in any other way represents the degree of luxury in which the owner can revel, and the process may go on as long as Tennyson's brook.

So, barring forcible interference, I can see no reason for doubting the ability of the "last man" among the captains of industry to keep things going indefinitely, he getting his regular "divvy" and the workers getting more than they can otherwise.

Of course I don't believe that we shall quietly submit to such an arrangement, but am only arguing its theoretical practicability, as against your theoretical impossibility of running things when the machinery is completed and the new markets all corralled.

It would be no different, practically, from a Socialistic co-operative commonwealth, except in the single matter of the "owner" being exempt from labor and being permitted to rake off a certain percentage of the total output, like padding the "expense" account of a co-operative commonwealth.

Nothing short of forcible confiscation, purchase or a voluntary willingness to deny ourselves while building a plant of our own would permit the rest of us to escape.

If I own a pump which will bring up one gallon for each half gallon which the next best pump will elevate with the same effort, it is clear that I can allow you three quarts of each gallon you pump—and you will take me up—and I will still get one quart of every gallon. Instead of water, read boots, shoes, bread, butter-cliquot or diamond tiaras—the result is the same. The pump is being set up. You claim that the fellow will have to turn it over to us. I can't see it at all.

The damage done by your preaching, in my opinion, is that it encourages a "waiting" disposition—fatalism—instead of pointing out the absolute necessity for our either clapping a mechanics' lien on that pump or starting one of our own.

If we must have Socialism I cannot see any logical reason for exerting ourselves; but, as I do not believe that we must have it, I do see a reason for "hustling." Of course, with a vastly more efficient pump, I can see how we may all have more real comforts than now, but object to that rake-off just the same.

If I am off in my logic, show me up; but if right, climb into the band wagon aud "holler" that we can only have what we want by doing something before it is too late.

Sincerely yours,

GEO. W. RIVES.

Mr. Rives sees the inevitability of all industry concentrating into one single industrial corporation, but he cannot see the reason why, after this consolidation has been effected, that the big corporations cannot run the earth just as well as did the smaller ones.

So they can as far as production is concerned, but their trouble will come in the distribution. There is no use in producing a thing for exchange and then finding that you cannot exchange it.

Mr. Rives would have us believe that the typical capitalist hires men to produce things for his own direct use. He speaks of "the degree of luxury in which the owner can revel" as the determining factor which keeps the wheels of industry moving.

I have tried to show time and again in these columns that the demand for luxuries by the rich has practically no influence upon our system of industry. I have contended that the great

safety valve for the escape of surplus products is not in their conversion into luxuries for the rich, but into new machinery for further profit-making.

Mr. Rockefeller has an income of, say, fifty million a year. How much of that goes in luxury? Not one per cent. As long as he can find employment for the other 99 per cent. in hiring labor to make machinery in the working of which he can see some profit he will continue to hire men. He has, however, given notice by the formation of his oil trust that he don't want any outside capital to build more oil tanks, and from the frequency of his own investments outside of the oil business it is evident that the extension of that business is not absorbing all of his surplus profits by a good deal.

Now, when Mr. Rockefeller finds that all the rest of the industrial world is just as little in need of his surplus cash as is his own oil business, then what is he going to do with his income? Certainly Mr. Rives would not have us think that a good churchman like Mr. Rockefeller would spend it in a "luxurious revelry." I faint in trying to imagine Mr. Rockefeller trying to "blow in" an income of fifty million a year.

But Mr. Rives may say that this "luxury" theory was simply a slip of the pen, inasmuch as he claimed in the first part of his letter that the "world's industrial machinery equipment can never be completed owing to the constant improvements in machinery."

The question is not as to the absolute completion, but as to the completion being so well along that there is not sufficient demand for labor to prevent an alarming unemployed problem.

If Mr. Rives thinks that the improvements in machinery are going to perpetually absorb our surplus labor force, then he certainly has a very pessimistic view of things. He virtually forecasts an eternity of the making of machinery simply in order to make more machines. He, however, is in this view simply taking the one held by our professors of political economy in our colleges.

It is true that so far we have been making a machine—setting free so much labor thereby, and then setting this labor, so set free, at work making still another machine. However, Mr. Rockefeller and his trust is the significant sign that that perpetual motion game is about played out.

We have now at last built all the machines that are needed, and if any more are built it means bankruptcy for the builder. Hence the capitalist, in order to save himself, has been forced to form the trust, and by so doing he has upset all the old theories of the political economists and Mr. Rives.

If Mr. Rives thinks there is no danger of an unemployed problem in this country owing to the capitalists not being able to find profitable investment for their money, I would invite him to ponder upon what is going on in Germany at the present time.

The press is so full of news of this kind that it seems almost superfluous to give the following:

"The commercial depression in Germany is developing into an acute question, especially in the iron and machine industries. In Chemnitz there are only three factories working. Orders for locomotives are scanty, and 20,000 workmen are working short time. At Aix out of 6,500 workmen 1,000 are on short time. The Nuremberg Electrical Company have introduced an eight-hour day owing to lack of work. The Breslau metal workers are practically idle, only 3,000 out of 13,000 being at work. In Magdeburg 300 men have been dismissed weekly. Canstadt tells a similar story. In Hamburg 1,200 men are idle, and the wages of those at work have in many cases decreased 50 per cent. Employment is precarious. Frequently the weekly earnings amount to only $1.25. Few, if any, trades have escaped the depression. Furniture firms are everywhere reducing labor, especially in Hamburg, Konigsberg, Chemnitz and Brunswick. Even banks are discharging their employes. The outlook is so serious that active steps are being taken by the governments of Prussia, Bavaria, Hesse and Baden to meet the distress."—N. Y. Evening Post.

The foregoing picture of affairs in Germany is but a reflex of what we may expect in the United States within a very few years. It must be remembered that about three years or less ago Germany was in the same state of high "prosperity" that we ourselves are in today. But prosperity is a flower that does not blow forever. It is probable that inasmuch as the disturbances in Germany are more owing to bad business management than to a complete break-down of the competitive system, things will be tided over without any very serious disturbances.

The next crisis in this country, however, is going to be of a very much more serious nature. The trusts are in such complete control of everything that, when a break-down occurs, there will be nobody to blame unless they make a scape-goat out of Mr. Morgan, and hence there is every reason to forecast that the very social and industrial system under which we live will be subject to a very thorough scrutiny. Once let the people begin to question a system that compels men to starve because they have too much food, I think there is an excellent

opportunity for a demand for a change to become of a most imperative character.

The only hope of life that the system will have is that all our great capitalists start in on that "luxurious revel" of Mr. Rives' imagination, and keep right at it till the crack of doom.

That would require men with much better livers than either Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Morgan are reported to possess.

American Investments in England.

Mr. W. F. FORD, writing in the *Contemporary Review* on "American Investments in England," calculates that the Americans are investing an annual sum of ninety millions sterling in Europe. He thinks that most of the money is invested in English securities, and the tendency will be to increase rather than to decrease. He does not think there was any definite desire on the part of the Americans to invade the English market, but they are driven to do so by the fact that their exports are so much in excess of their imports that they have no option but to buy up European securities. It is obvious, however, that this will tend to increase rather than decrease the difficulty of the situation, for the interest upon securities will have to be remitted to America somehow. It cannot be transmitted in bullion, and if they do not want anything from the Old World, how are they going to be paid?

No Room in the West.

BUTTE, MONT., March 15.—The Western Labor Union, representing organized labor in all the Western and Northwestern States, has issued a circular addressed to homeseekers and working people of the East and Middle West, warning them against what is termed the "false, misleading and criminal" advertisements of the railroads sent out for the purpose of inducing westward immigration.

The union says there is no real incentive for settlers, homeseekers or working people to come West, that the West is overcrowded with laboring men and there is not a desirable tract of land in the Northwest that can be made productive without the expenditure of thousands of dollars upon it.

There are thousands of idle men in the mining districts of Montana, Idaho and Washington who are begging for a mere chance to make a living. There are many opportunities and openings for men of capital, but none for men without means.—*Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo.*

A surprise came to O. M. Southworth, of the well known firm of Trimble & Southworth, contractors, this morning by mail in the shape of a $15 prize from WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE. He had no thought of reward in sending in several subscriptions last month, feeling only that he was doing a favor to each subscriber secured. The magazine is published by a Millionaire Socialist, formerly at New York. Being refused the second-class mail by the postal officers, which meant suppression, he moved the plant to Toronto, Canada. His postage expense is less, Uncle Sam carrying matter printed in Canada free, owing to the postal reciprocity treaty with Canada.—Evening News, Benton Harbor, Mich.

America's Supremacy.—First London Burglar—"Eh, Jimmy, wot you doin' around here? W'y ain't you at work?"

Second Burglar—"Aw, I'm all right. I'm just waitin'."

"Waitin' for what?"

"For my new Yankee tools to arrive."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An electrical typewriter has been invented with which twenty perfect carbon copies can be struck off at one time.

The 80,000 barmaids of England work fourteen hours a day. Their wages are $2.50 a week and free beer.

THE SERVANT GIRL

LADY COOK, NEE TENNESSEE CLAFLIN.

DURING the reign of the present dynasty, eighty-nine Acts of Parliament have been passed between 1721 and 1876 in the interest of the industrial workers. Sir Robert Peel, in 1802, passed the first "Factory Health and Morals Acts," and so initiated all these successful laws. The apprentice system, until then a sort of limited slavery, was broken up by this Act, and free labor was substituted. But, when the young operatives were again oppressed, Sir Robert and his son came to their relief with the "Factory Act" of 1819. Other important Acts followed for the protection of youthful workers as well as adults, but it was not until 1842 that girls and young women were prohibited from working down in the coal mines where they were degraded to the position of beasts of burden.

This working class legislation has provided certain protection and amelioration for every section of manual industry but one. It has regulated the age, the education, and the hours of the workers, and insisted on various sanitary provisions. Even their morals have to some extent been cared for. But the excepted class is the largest of all, and the comfort of the whole middle and upper classes of all degrees may be said to depend upon it. I refer to domestic service, and especially to female domestics. Their lot has always been a peculiar one. They have never been treated with the full reciprocity which should exist between employee and employed, and consequently there has been a large amount of restlessness and discontent which has been unprofitable to themselves and to others. Not only is it difficult now-a-days, we are told, to get good servants, but it is often found difficult to keep them when got. In no other regular occupation are the changes so frequent and the average period of engagement so short as in domestic service. All want to be shop girls, barmaids, clerks, or anything else rather than "go to service." We propose to point out the cause of this state of things and to suggest a remedy.

Blackstone says, "The three great relations in private life are master and servant, husband and wife, parent and child." The word master exists in all northern languages. Voesius derived it from the Latin "magis," greater, or the Greek "magistes," greatest. Both Master and its feminine Maistress or Mistress come through the Greek. Servant is the correlative and comes from servaire, and this again from servus, a slave. But, as Blackstone says, "Pure and proper slavery does not, cannot, subsist in England." In the first year of Edward VI. a statute was passed that all idle vagabonds should be made slaves and fed upon bread and water, or small drink and refuse meat;

should wear a ring of iron round their necks, arms or legs; and should be compelled by beating, chaining or otherwise, to perform the work assigned to them, were it never so vile. But so repulsive was this law against the most abandoned rogues that the freedom loving spirit of the English people caused it to be repealed ten years later. Nevertheless domestic service approaches more nearly to a very mild slavery than, perhaps, any other occupation.

In England and Wales, at the last census, the total number of indoor domestics was 1,444,694. The males formed 58,527 of these, the women and girls being 1,386,167. Now the census returns for 1891 give 1,136,435 women and children engaged in all kinds of manufacturing labor, including dress, or about a quarter of a million less than the indoor domestic servants. These outnumber the men servants by 24 to 1.

We find that over one hundred and seven thousand are under fifteen years of age, and nearly four hundred and fifty thousand are under twenty years; and that of all the women in England and Wales in 1891 between fifteen and twenty, one in almost every three, was a domestic servant.

All know that from fifteen to twenty is the most interesting part of a woman's life. It is the period of hope, of physical and mental development, and, above all, of love. During this period the whole woman may be said to be formed, either for good or for evil. If we enquire what are the conditions under which servants usually live, we shall not be surprised to know that an advertisement for a shop girl will call forth a hundred applicants where one for a servant will barely be answered at all. In the first place, the shop girl is spoken of as a "young lady"; the other as a "menial servant." The shop girl has her stated hours of work and time for herself; the servant's hours are arbitrary and she never knows when she has done. The shop girl has one half holiday in the week and the whole of Sunday; the servant only a few hours occasionally, or a part of a Sunday afternoon or morning to go to church every fortnight or so. The shop girl in business dresses fashionably, the servant must wear what her mistress orders.

"Menial servants," as they are called by the laws of England, being "intra moenia," within the walls, are made to feel in a hundred ways the inferiority of their condition. Immured by day in the basements, half under ground, often dimly lighted, and therefore unhealthy, they chiefly spend their nights in gloomy garrets where they can hear the rain patter on the roof. Their food may be good in rich houses, but not so in the humbler ones; and love and leisure, the other two necessaries of life, are usually denied them. Wise and good mistresses may occasionally permit them honorable courtship, and to receive their sweethearts, but with the majority "no followers" are allowed. Thus they frequently fall into clandestine courses, receive improper attentions, and contribute more than any others to the ranks of the illegitimates. If a girl is very pretty, it is often her master or his son who brings about her ruin. Cut off from her own family for long periods, she is liable to make acquaintances indiscreetly, and many a smart burglar has learnt the run of houses through courting the servants. As to leisure, there are tens of thousands of cases where girls are kept so busy from early morning till late that they cannot find time to mend their own clothing. Under such circumstances,

when they do have a day "off," many of them strive to make it a carnival, a day of reckless abandon. The reaction and excitement of a short freedom impels them to boisterous enjoyments.

It is impossible that the present system can continue indefinitely. Servant girls today are compelled to live unnatural and unhealthy lives. But domestic service could be rendered happy and redeemed from the disadvantage which now rests on it. In olden time the sons and daughters of the nobility and gentry went out to service in great houses; the sons as pages and esquires, the daughters as waiting women. The custom is still kept up in a modified form in the household of Her Majesty the Queen. They performed menial services too. Respectable farmers' daughters became ordinary domestics in the houses of the gentry. Service was honorable in those days, and may be again. But we cannot put back the hand of time, we must adapt ourselves to the incessant change which it brings about. In those days mistresses and maids lived together, worked together, occupied the same room and sat at the same table. Now they are altogether estranged, or feel only a slight sympathy, as though the former were made of fine porcelain and the latter of common clay.

THE WILSHIRE-HEITER DEBATE

As announced in last month's issue of this magazine the Socialists of Buffalo had invited me to accept the challenge of Rev. Dr. A. Heiter, editor of the Buffalo Volkesfreund, issued to Socialism, to prove the following thesis in "open debate": (a) Only Socialism can emancipate the working class from wage-slavery; (b) everybody should join the Socialist party.

I accepted the invitation and stated that no conditions of any kind would be imposed by me to prevent the debate from taking place.

However, Dr. Heiter, although the challenging party, has since interposed two conditions himself that practically prevents "open debate" on the subject. The first was that the debate take place in a hall used as a parochial school and capable of seating about three hundred people, and the second was that the debate should be conducted partly in English and partly in German, and that it should be closed in the latter language.

I will speak in Buffalo on the 23rd of April and Dr. Heiter has been invited to appear and debate with me on the thesis he named in his challenge. It is not likely that he will agree to come out, however, as he will probably insist on the debate being conducted in part in German, a language I am not sufficiently conversant with to attempt a public debate. Still I shall be heartily glad to have him share the evening with me, in a hall capable of seating all who may desire to listen to the debate, and in a language intelligible to all who are present. In case he does not accept my invitation, it is probable that some other Socialist more conversant with German will be selected to meet the doctor at a later date.

This magazine goes to press before the 23rd of April, hence no account of the Buffalo meeting can be given in this issue. After speaking in that city I will deliver lectures in several Massachusetts towns, and also one at New Haven, Connecticut, where I will endeavor to induce some of the professors of Yale to meet me in debate.

THE ESSENCE OF PROPERTY

REV. A. B. FRANCISCO, BERLIN, ONT.

HE very soul or essence then, of property, is use—use in its widest sense and in every sense—neighborly use, universal use, use which extends itself in every direction, not only downward and outward but a use above all that extends itself inward and upward. In short, its highest use or end is solely spiritual.

Man's destiny requires him to subdue the earth. This he must do. Every man must do it. All men must do it. The Heavenly state can be attained by the individual or society only to the degree that the earth is subdued. The lower must be brought under subjection to the higher; the natural to the spiritual; the outer to the inner—ability must end in performance.

The regenerated man, individually and socially, is gestated along this line.

As yet, man has had no idea of the true significance of property. We have ever worshipped the creature more than the creator. The shadow has had prestige over the substance, and our false and idolatrous worship has ever put us to shame. We have bowed down to wealth with a conscious feeling of disgrace. We have cried out to this false God in vain—it has harkened not to our cry. He who holds our genuine affection and whom we seek in private to worship and crown Lord in our inmost heart is the Divine Man, wholly dispossessed of property. He was the poorest among men, having nowhere to lay his head.

Only when we use property as we use sunlight and air—only when, by making it subservient to all human and neighborly interest and as a common stock and fund from which all may draw their constant sustenance will we ever become partakers of his spirit or possessed of his property.

Property derives its sanctity, its vested rights, its central place in the minds and hearts of men purely and solely from its representative or symbolical importance. An importance so significant that governments have existed for little else than for mutual defense of property, and society as a whole has been but little more than a guard for our money bags. Even the moral law, the very basis of society, seems to have no other end than the protection of property. "Thou shalt not steal, swear falsely or covet thy neighbor's goods, etc." But who will dare say that this literal and material meaning is all that is involved in the Divine commandments?

Effect corresponds to cause. The cause lies imbedded and concealed within the effect. Property rightly held, corresponds, represents and symbolizes labor done, a service rendered, a use performed. But it is the case

with all symbols that they sooner or later come into rivalry with the thing symbolized. The effect is taken for the cause and a species of idolatry is raised up that eclipses the face of the true object of worship.

When man, individually and collectively, comes to recognize the sovereignty of *use*, then all claim to private property in those uses will come to its normal end. If property is wholly symbolical of service or use, if it is but a voice in the wilderness preparing the way for another greater than itself, if it must decrease while the ideas of *use* increase, what could be more honorable and noble in those possessed of it to ask of the wonderful signs of the coming of the kingdom of uses, "Art Thou He, or shall we look for another?

IT'S MORGAN'S

EDMUND VANCE COOKE, IN CLEVELAND PLAINDEALER.

I came to a mill by the river side,
A half-mile long and nearly as wide,
With a forest of stacks and an army of men,
Toiling at furnace and shovel and pen.
"What a most magnificent plant!" I cried;
And a man with a smudge on his face replied:
"It's Morgan's."

I entered a train and rode all day,
On a regal coach and a right of way
Which reached its arms all over the land,
In a system too large to understand.
"A splendid property, this!" I cried;
And a man with a plate on his hat replied:
"It's Morgan's."

I sailed on a great ship, trim and true,
From pennant to keel, from cabin to crew;
And the ship was one of a monster fleet,
A first-class navy could scarce compete.
"What a beautiful craft she is!" I cried.
And a man with akimbo legs replied:
"It's Morgan's."

I dwelt in a nation filled with pride;
Her people were many, her lands were wide;
Her record in war and science and art
Proved greatness of muscle and mind and heart.
"What a grand old country it is!" I cried.
And a man with his chest in the air replied:
"It's Morgan's."

I went to heaven. The jasper walls
Towered high and wide, and the golden halls
Shone bright beyond. But a strange remark
Was over the gate, viz., "Private Park."
"Why, what is the meaning of this?" I cried,
And a saint with a livery on replied:
"It's Morgan's.'

I went to the only place left. "I'll take
A chance on the boat on the brimstone lake,
Or perhaps I may be allowed to sit
On the griddled floor of the bottomless pit."
But a leering lout, with horns on his face,
Cried out, as he forked me off the place:
"It's Morgan's."

Scientific Predictions in Fiction.

MR. H. G. WELL'S new book, "Anticipations," in which an attempt is made scientifically to prophesy the development of civilization during the next century, opens up an interesting field for speculation and has suggested to several writers the important part that fiction has played in forecasting the triumphs of science. A correspondent of the London Pall Mall Gazette recently called attention to "a very clear prevision of Marconi's wireless telegraphy" in a drama by Calderon, the Spanish dramatist. The passage referred to may be freely translated as follows: "They say that when two instruments are properly attuned together they communicate to each other the wind-borne echoes; touch the one instrument, and the winds excite its fellow, tho none be near it." A much closer approximation to Marconi's discovery, however, is to be found in the writings of a contemporary of Calderon, Strada, the learned Jesuit historian, whose "Prolusions" were published in Rome in 1624. Says the London Spectator:

"Strada tells us how two friends carried on their correspondence 'by the help of a certain lodestone, which had such virtue in it that if it touched to several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, tho at never so great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner.' Of course the modern reader sees in this a premonition of our telegraph, in which the electric impulse, propagated in the older fashion along a wire or in the new way by a simple radiation in the ether, causes a magnetic needle to move according to the signals transmitted by the sender of the message. Strada went on to describe how these two friends made a kind of 'alphabetic telegraph,' as one of the predecessors of the telephone was called,—a dial-face with the letters of the alphabet round its edge, and a needle in the midst which could be made to point to any of them at will. These correspondents saw no need for wires, or even for the simpler apparatus which Mr. Marconi requires. 'When they were some hundreds of miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant, over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.' Even Mr. Marconi has not attained such simplicity as this, tho Professor Ayrton (as we lately pointed out) believes that we shall reach an even higher standard one day."

A classical instance of the novelist's "intelligent anticipation" of future scientific discoveries is afforded by swift in "Gulliver's Travels." In the third part of that work he describes the discovery of two satellites of Mars by the Laputan astronomers. The Spectator comments:

"When Swift wrote, astronomy had not advanced greatly beyond Huygen's contentment with the twelve bodies—six planets and six satellites—which made up the 'perfect number' of the solar system. Certainly no one suspected that Mars had moons of its own. Thus Swift made a very wild guess when he announced of the Laputan philosophers: 'They have likewise discovered two lesser stars or satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half.' Not only were there no grounds for the prediction of two satellites, but such an estimate of their distance from the planet was unprecedented: it was as if our moon should be within twenty thousand miles of the earth, and rise and set twice or thrice in the twenty-four hours. Nothing could be more improbable. Yet in 1877 Prof. Asaph Hall, with the great Washington equatorial, actually discovered two tiny satellites of Mars, whose distances from the planet are 1½ and 3½ diameters, whilst their periods are 7½ and 30 hours respectively. The agreement with Swift's guess is, in the main, so remarkable that it is hardly possible to ascribe it to mere accident; and yet these satellites are the merest points of light, which no telescope in existence before Herschel's day could possibly have shown."

Many other similar anticipations are chronicled in the Philadelphia Era (April). We quote as follows:

"The law of gravitation was announced by Newton in the year 1685. Had it not been foreseen by Shakespeare in 1609? At all events, in 'Troilus and Cressida,' he put these lines into the mouth of Cressida:

> But the strong base and building of my love
> Is as the very centre of the earth,
> Drawing all things to it.—Act iv. sc. 2.

"A contemporary of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, anticipated the modern air-cushion. In 'The Alchemist' he makes Sir Epicure Mammon, in enumerating the pleasure to be his when in possession of the philosopher's stone, declare that

> I will have my beds blown, not stuffed;
> Down is too hard.

"In another play the same author credits the Dutch with an invention that foreshadows the Holland submarine boat:

> It is an automa, runs under water,
> With a snug nose, and has a nimble tail
> Made like an auger, with which tail she wriggles
> Between the coats of a ship, and sinks it straight.

"In France, Cyrano de Bergerac showed himself full of scientific prescience. The air-ship in which the hero of his 'Voyage to the Moon' (1650) made his trip to that sphere was a pretty close foreshadowing of Montgolfier's balloon, as will be seen from our illustration, made for an edition that long antedated the aeronaut.

"In the same book he clearly foreshadowed the phonograph.

"The supernatural being who acted as the hero's guide gave him for his entertainment some of the books made by the inhabitants of the moon. They were inclosed in boxes. This is what he saw and heard:

"'On opening the box I found inside a concern of metal, something like one of our watches, full of curious lttle springs and minute machinery. It was really a book, but a wonderful book that has no leaves or letters; a book for the understanding of which the eyes are of no use—only the ears are necessary. When anyone wishes to read he winds up the machine with its great number of nerves of all kinds, and turns the pointer to the chapter he wishes to hear, when there comes out, as if from the mouth of a man or of an instrument of music, the distinct and various sounds which serve the great Lunarians as the expression of language.' * * *

"Among Fenelon's Fables, written in 1690 for the instruction of Louis XIV.'s grandson, is one entitled 'Voyage Suppose,' and among the suppositious marvels of which it is compact we read: 'There was no painter in all the country, but when they wished the portrait of a friend, or a picture representing some lovely landscape or other object, they put water into large basins of gold and silver, and made this water face the object they wished to paint. Very soon the water would congeal and become as the face of a mirror, where the image dwelt ineffaceably. This could be carried wherever one pleased, and gave as faithful a picture as any mirror.'

"Is not this an anticipation of photography?"

Great men of the imaginative temperament, observes the Era, build better than they know; and "the world looks back and sees what they were striving for, what they were aiming at, though they themselves knew it not, or only dimly recognized it.—Literary Digest.

The Test of Culture.

A writer in a recent issue of the Dial recalls the story of Mr. Herbert Spencer, who somewhere speaks scornfully of the man who is not ashamed to be ignorant of the Eustachian tubes, but who would blush if caught saying "Iphigenia." This writer, commenting, expresses his "sympathy rather than scorn" for such a man, adding: "One can be well educated without knowing anything of the Eustachian tubes, but ignorance concerning the pronunciation of 'Iphigenia' betokens a defect of culture." In the current number of the Dial, Mrs. Celia Parker Wooley makes the following reply: "I read this twice to make sure whether the writer were in earnest or only practicing a little humorous aside upon us. If in earnest, then it seems to me his own test of culture is of the same ex-parte order as that which he condemns in Mr. Spencer. It is the literary man's definition against the scientist's. Similarly, some scholarly divine might tell us that one can be well educated and know nothing about either the Eustachian tubes or the right penultimate accent in the word Iphigenia, but it is indispensable that one should know all about the spelling of Jahweh and the chapter and verse where the second writer in Isaiah begins. A Socialistic writer and reformer would probably reject all three of these tests, and declare that that alone was true culture which included a perfect knowledge of the wage system and how to rescue the submerged tenth. The artist would tell us that whatever we did or did not know we must, if we make any pretensions to culture, understand the difference between a life-study and a drawing from the flat. The musician would say we must have a perfect comprehension of the intricacies of Brahms and the harmonic subtleties of Wagner. And so on. Each has his own definition of what we call culture, or of what constitutes an educated man; but must we depend upon or be limited to any one of these judgments? Is there not a definition, or at least an ideal, larger and truer? Is culture to be measured by one's proficiency in any single branch of human knowledge,

gathered from books, the study, laboratory or workshop? Is it not rather to be defined in terms of life and human experience, as spiritual energy and power? If this idea seems too wide and vague, certainly the others mentioned fall far short of the real requirements. Emerson told us long ago that culture 'kills exaggeration, the conceit of our village or city.' It also kills the conceit of our particular calling or point of view."

Mrs. Wooley takes the easy way of disposing of Socialist theories by "supposing" that the Socialist would say something which no Socialist would ever think of saying. It is easy enough to make any man out a fool if you can only be allowed to tell what "you have no doubt he would say," although you have never heard him say so. Now, Mrs. Wooley must consider herself to be a woman "of culture," otherwise she would hardly feel called upon to write upon culture. The Socialist considers culture a plant that requires leisure to cultivate, and that therefore he is justified in asking how Mrs. Wooley can justify her title to be called "cultured" unless she can show that she has employed her leisure profitably. A "cultured" person would hardly presume to write upon anything of which he was entirely ignorant. It so happens that the literature of Socialism is now so widely distributed that no one of "culture" can affect any excuse for lack of knowledge of Socialist views.

The Socialist considers Socialism but a means to an end, and that end may well be the "cultured" man. He knows well enough that a man who works twelve hours a day on a trolley car cannot possibly be a "cultured" man. He also knows that teaching that man "a perfect knowledge of the wage system" will not make him "cultured," but he also knows that when the man has "the perfect knowledge of the wage system" he will know the reason why he has not had the opportunity of being "cultured" like Mrs. Wooley, and he may some day put this knowledge into practice and help bring about a system of society that will allow him the leisure necessary to make himself a "cultured" man. A "cultured" man is simply a man who has had the inclination, ability and OPPORTUNITY to cultivate himself. Mrs. Wooley belongs to that band of ethereal beings who have a theory that all the trolley man has to do to be cultured is to develop from within his inner consciousness a spiritual power and trust to a future reincarnation and luck for a precipitation of "culture." She doesn't think the "submerged tenth" she refers to so glibly to lack in culture because they lack the means of culture. Oh, dear no, they are uncultured because they lack spiritual power.

This is a fine, comforting theory for our "cultured classes."

From Havelock Ellis.

CARBIS WATER, LELANT,
CORNWALL, March 25, 1902.

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:

Although I seldom look into newspapers, I have never been able to resist the journal which you are kind enough to send me, and have always read it not only with amusement but entire agreement so far as your main doctrine is concerned.

I do not feel that I have anything to say to your readers at present, but when I feel that I have I shall be happy to accept your invitation to say it.

Yours very truly,
Havelock Ellis.

[Mr. Havelock Ellis is the general editor of the Contemporary Science Series, author of Psychology of Sex, The Nineteenth Century.]

From the Author of "The Right of Way."

HOTEL NETHERLANDS,
NEW YORK, Jan. 28, 1902.

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:

Very many thanks for your interesting magazine and for your very kind letter. I trust you will send to me, at the address which I append below, the copies of your magazine as they appear.

I am leaving for England tomorrow, and I fear I shall not have the pleasure of meeting you again on this visit.

Believe me to be, faithfully yours,

Gilbert Parker

20 Carlton House Terrace, London, S. W., England.

MORGAN DISSATISFIED WITH ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Morgan must about this time be feeling like Hamlet, when he said, "The time is out of joint; O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right." Mr. Morgan has outlined schemes of the greatest magnitude, and (if we may believe what we are told as regards his motives) with the intention of conferring a lasting good on humanity. But this is a stiff-necked generation, and Mr. Morgan appears now to be in very great danger of having the fact thrust upon him that ingratitude is the common fate of those who would give their lives to the service of humanity. Ingratitude is a marble-hearted fiend, as our exponents of high finance are now finding out; but it would be some consolation if the great American people, for the advancement of whose material interests Mr. Morgan is now working so hard, would at least recognize the fact that he is trying to do them good, even if they have not the graciousness to admit their indebtedness to him. But the people of the United States are not only not grateful to the great financiers who are now so intent on "capitalizing the future" and "co-ordinating" the industrial situation in this country, but they persist in ignoring the very need of any such benefactions as the "captains of industry" seem so anxious to confer upon them at this time. In short, instead of meeting Mr. Morgan and his associates with oxen and garlands, they rather seem disposed to exclaim in immortal terms, "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes"—"I fear the Greeks bearing gifts." Such treatment is calculated in time to wear upon the nerves of the most phlegmatic benefactor of the race. For several years our great financiers have been absorbed in extensive schemes for the amelioration of the conditions of human existence, only to find that humanity does not want its conditions ameliorated in those particular ways, quite forgetful of the fact that you should never look a gift horse in the mouth. Consequently our "captains of industry" are really in danger of losing their patience and of resorting to measures which one would hardly look for in persons of such high disinterestedness as they have been represented to be. Your great financier is human, like all the rest of us. Therefore it is not suprising that Mr. Hill should occasionally talk in a very peevish fashion about what will happen if the government persists in attacking the Northwestern railroad merger—talk, by the way, which reminds us a little of President Kruger's rather awful threats prior to the Boer war. Neither is it surprising that certain copper mine managers recently lost their heads and their tempers at an annual meeting in Boston. Nor yet again is it to be wondered at that Mr. P. A. B. Widener allowed his cold-bloodedness to come to the surface to such a remarkable extent at the recent meeting of the Metropolitan Street Railway stockholders in New

York. The line has got to be drawn somewhere; if the public and minority stockholders flatly refuse to recognize the efforts which are being made in their behalf by the greatest economic minds of the day, extreme measures must necessarily be looked for from the latter—if a child will not be ruled by love, why, then, you must rule him by fear.

It is no wonder that Mr. Morgan is reported as "feeling very sore." The world has been waiting long for a man like Mr. Morgan, and now that it has got him, it's only aim seems to be to see how much it can make life a burden for him. In a certain sense Mr. Morgan may be said to have solved the riddle of existence, but it is a question whether an insensate world will consent to apply the solution. Theoretically the riddle of existence is comprised in the questions, "Whence come I?" "Whither go I?" and "Why am I here?" But as a matter of fact, it is perfectly well understood among us that the real riddle of existence is summed up in the question, How can industrial competition be kept down to the lowest point? The question of our immortal destiny cuts but a small figure beside the question of how we shall keep soul and body together, and we all know that the thing which makes it so hard to keep soul and body together is our neighbor's competition. Economists have gone so far in the past as to declare that competition is the life of trade; this sounds very pretty, but Mr. Morgan has been astute enough to discover that though competition may be the life of trade, it is very apt to be the death of profits, and trade without profits is like faith without works. If the world had only possessed a Morgan two or four thousand years ago, the whole course of human history from those days to these would unquestionably have been changed very much for the better. Where is the glory of Egypt, and of the Phœnicians, and of that wonderful Aegean civilization that flourished two thousand years before the present era? Killed by over-competition of one kind or another. Where is the might of Rome? Gone forever, because there was no Morgan in those days to properly "co-ordinate" industry and to keep it from working not only its own ruin, but also the ruin of politics. In other words, J. P. Morgan has in the last ten years tackled the biggest problem which has ever taxed the brain of this world, and one which has been insistent from the dawn of civilization (nobody knows how many thousand years ago that was) to the present moment. The task has been a self-imposed one. Mr. Morgan has simply felt that he possessed the solution for that problem before which empires and kingdoms (and even republics) have gone down like grain before the sickle, and has asked only that he might be allowed to confer upon humanity the one boon for which it has been languishing.

The uniqueness of Mr. Morgan has never, in our opinion, been properly appreciated. He is esteemed a great man, and properly so. No one can review his career for the last decade or so without being convinced that his characteristics have the stamp of greatness. What is a great man? Why, simply one who sees straight and who acts boldly and promptly on the strength of what his senses inform him. Mr. Morgan's present fame originated in the part he began to play about ten years ago in reorganizing bankrupt railroads. He reorganized a good many, and in a way to raise the presumption that they would henceforth be permanently pro-

fitable. Apparently he was the one man needed to put the American railroad situation on its feet. Now what was it that capacitated him for this task? Just this: Mr. Morgan was about the only man alive who had sufficient intellect to grasp the fact that a watered enterprise can be best and most permanently reorganized by eliminating part of the water, rather than by putting in more water. This seems a very simple proposition as we state it, but it was really an undreamed-of proposition a decade ago—many of our present commonplaces were once startling innovations. We hold that whatever may hereafter happen to dim the brightness of J. P. Morgan's name, that name must be forever illustrious by reason of that rare insight which enabled its possessor to grasp the great economic truth, that the only sure way to get rich is to reduce rather than increase your debts. But Mr. Morgan is great in still another way. He is great by the Emersonian standard. Mr. Emerson says that, "a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds," and Mr. Morgan has demonstrated beyond all peradventure that he proposes to allow no foolish consistency to govern his conduct. It is a long step from the method employed in reorganizing the Richmond & West Point Terminal Company into the Southern Railway to that employed in reorganizing the various steel trusts into the United States Steel Corporation, and one's first impression would be that the man who put through the first scheme could not have been the same man who put through the last. But any such conclusion would stamp one as singularly defective in appreciation of true greatness.

The question of Mr. Morgan's consistency, or lack of consistency, is an exceedingly interesting one, and could profitably be discussed at length if time and space permitted. On the whole, there are not wanting those who entertain the view that Mr. Morgan's lack of consistency can be explained on grounds which after all imply a very highly developed form of consistency. Mr. Morgan's early reorganization schemes were characterized by considerable constraint. The view generally taken of them has been that they represented the "puttlng in of the knife" in a very drastic manner. On the other hand, it would probably be impossible to find a person who would contend that the United States Steel Corporation did not represent the injection of water into a great industry in appalling amount. Can such diverse transactions be reduced to any simple category, or must they forever stare the people of this country in the face, as an evidence of monumental inconsistency? The question, of course, is, How far does Mr. Morgan resemble "Gineral C.?" Mr. Lowell tells us that "Gineral C." was a "dreffle smart man," and that he had been on all sides; "but," adds the amiable author of the Bigelow Papers, "consistency still was a part of his plan—he's been true to one party, and thet is himself." There does not seem to be any doubt that Mr. Morgan has been true to his own interests in all that he has done in the last ten years, and it is quite possible that we must look to that fact to find the underlying consistency which has characterized such radically diverse policies as those which have governed his earlier and his later reorganization schemes. Take one of his latest moves as an illustration. The conversion of United States Steel preferred stock into a bond, within about a year of the time when the combine was first started, has set the whole

financial and industrial world talking. From the standpoint of sound business judgment, and even from that of mere stock market expediency, the transaction seems crazy-headed. But everyone knows that Mr. Morgan is far from being a crazy-headed person; consequently we are bound to assume that he is governed in this matter by motives entirely consistent with soundness of mind, if not with absolute soundness of heart. Possibly we do not have to look any further for the solution of the apparent mystery than to the fact that there is $10,000,000 of commissions involved in the steel conversion project, of which at least $2,000,000 is to go to the house of J. P. Morgan & Co. Very possibly it is expected that the scheme will also indirectly prove exceedingly helpful to certain great stock market speculations in which Mr. Morgan may be interested.

But we must not get too far away from our starting point. The fact which impelled us to begin these remarks was the alleged soreness of Mr. Morgan over the way his schemes were being treated by the people of the United States, and especially by the people's representative, the President of this republic. The people as a whole have used him decidedly ill, by reason of their refusing so steadfastly to buy the securities of the United States Steel Corporation. Here is a corporation of a magnitude far exceeding that of any industrial enterprise that has ever been exploited in the entire history of the world, an enterprise which, after paying a handsome return on a capitalization of $1,300,000,000, carries about $20,000,000 to surplus in nine months; and yet it is impossible to get the seven per cent. cumulative preferred stock of this corporation substantially above 95 in the stock market, to say nothing of the fact that the common stock (on which four per cent. is paid, and which at the start, it was predicted, would sell at 80) refuses to go substantially above 43. Now it is obvious that it was never Mr. Morgan's purpose, when he organized the United States Steel Corporation, that these securities should sell on any such basis as the above. But what could he do? The people of the United States were willing enough to swear that Mr. Morgan had a great intellect, but they were not willing to invest very much money in this child of his genius. That he should be chagrined at such treatment is natural enough. It is to such chagrin, no doubt, that we owe the present steel conversion project. The action of President Roosevelt, however, appears to be the last straw which is breaking the camel's back. The President, strangely enough, has conceived the wild idea that laws are made to be executed, and he has announced his purpose of executing certain ones which, it is feared, do not harmonize very gracefully with some of Mr. Morgan's schemes. The President has assailed the Northwestern railroad merger, which Mr. Morgan has very much at heart. The latter has, therefore, been put to the very great inconvenience of going to Washington to reason with Mr. Roosevelt. In the language of one of the senators: "Mr. Morgan is a very sore man indeed. The attack on the Northern Securities Company has cut him to the quick." In fact, the great financiers are so cut-up over the way the President has been acting lately that it is even intimated that he has been given to understand that he need not expect any support from them, either in money or influence, when the question of his re-election comes up, unless he very

speedily mends his aggressive ways.

No doubt many persons will hastily jump to the conclusion that Mr. Morgan exceeds his prerogatives in putting himself in such an attitude towards the President. But consider a moment! Mr. Roosevelt is a young man, with some training in politics, and very likely with some of the elements out of which statesmen are made; but he is not a business man, he has had no close touch with financial and industrial affairs in the past, and presumably he does not know in the least what the material interests of this country require. There were times when Daniel Webster seemed to consider that he carried the national debt in his waistcoat pocket, and there can hardly be any question that Mr. Morgan has earned the right, if any man has, to consider that he carries American industry in his pocket. As Louis XIV. once exclaimed, "I am the state!" (l'etat, c'est moi!)—so Mr. Morgan might with equal propriety declare, "I am American industry." It is the man behind the thr ne that rules this world. Our throne is a presidential chair, but the occupant of that chair must not expect to rule in his own right. A republic affords the best opportunity for the adroit man, or the audacious man, to seize the control of public affairs and exercise a despotism. Mr. Morgan probably has not the slightest desire to sit in the presidential chair, but he has for all that been a very potent influence in shaping the policy of this nation in recent years. At his time of life, with his hold upon the material interests of a nation of 80,000,000 souls, and with his industrial schemes involving hundreds of millions of capital, it must be very galling to him to have a man of Mr. Roosevelt's youthfulness and inexperience question his purposes, even though he does so in his capacity as President of the United States. Why should Mr. Roosevelt presume to adopt such a policy? No doubt he acts with the very best intentions in the world; but should he not be astute enough to perceive that to challenge Mr. Morgan in this way is to fly in the face of the injunction, that all things should be done decently and in order? It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts this country. When government was primarily a task of conducting war, and such like, men like Mr. Roosevelt no doubt had their place. But that time has gone by. Politics is no longer a thing primarily of war and brute international relations, but is now substantially a matter involving the subtlest and most far-reaching economic policies. Let us recognize the changed state of affairs. How can a man with Mr. Roosevelt's antecedents know how to govern this country under the industrial conditions evolved by the last half century, and particularly by the last ten years? What we need now is a man in the presidential chair like Charles M. Schwab, a "captain of industry," with J. P. Morgan behind him. Mr. Morgan recognizes the situation, if the rest of us do not. It is no doubt a trifle irregular for him to lecture the President, and to insist so strongly that things shall be run exclusively in his way. But Mr. Morgan has simply the sense to see what the rest of us fail to see. He is strictly logical. He perceives that if one man or one coterie of men practically control the entire industrial affairs of the nation, there is no real impropriety in their controlling the nominal head of the government as well. If Mr. Roosevelt were a more seasoned politician, he might be in a better position to see the sense of this view.—U. S. Investor.

A PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE

The Socialist League of St. Thomas, Ontario, has done me the honor of naming me as the Socialist candidate for the Provincial Parliament for that riding, aud I have accepted the nomination and will make a contest for the election, which occurs on the 29th of this month.

There are several reasons why the nomination by the West Elgin Socialists is especially gratifying to me, aside from the compliment of being called upon to stand for an important office in a constituency over a hundred miles from where I reside. The riding is one of the most prosperous sections of Canada and the people as a class are among the most intelligent and progressive in the Dominion. There is no class of people on earth more inclined toward good government and pure politics than the people of Ontario, and this is especially true of the residents of West Elgin.

There is a certain satisfaction in discussing problems of a social and industrial nature with a people sufficiently intelligent to understand and honest enough to accept, that is, totally aside from any consideration of political preferment, and I will enter upon my campaign in West Elgin with the satisfaction of knowing that it is to such a constituency that I will appeal for their suffrage.

It will doubtless strike many of my American friends as very strange that I should be nominated by a constituency in the neighborhood of one hundred miles distant from where I reside, and stranger still that, as an American citizen, I am eligible to a political office in Canada at all. The law in Canada, as in England, does not lay down any restrictions as to who shall be chosen to represent the electors of a district in Parliament, provided that he is a British subject. The law rightly assumes that the people themselves are the best judges as to who shall represent them and they may call on a man from any part of the country they choose. If the people make a mistake it is their own fault; they must suffer the consequences. The law provides no guardian.

As to the qualification of being a British citizen, I come under that category by virtue of my grandfather being born in England. This is how it was that I was once a Parliamentary candidate in England. The mere fact that I was born in Ohio does not deprive me of my rights of British citizenship, according to the British law. I am eligible to stand for Parliament and, if elected, to take my seat.

On the other hand, as the laws of the United States say that I am an American citizen by reason of being born in Ohio, I am in the happy position of being able to accept the position of Premier of Great Britain or President of the United States, not to mention that of Sultan of the Sulu Islands.

On the 3d of this month I will open my St. Thomas campaign in that city, and I propose to make a vigorous effort to land a Socialist in Parliament from that riding, I shall take great pleasure in meeting my Liberal and Conservative opponents in public debate, and discussing the "issues" of the hour.

BOOKS

KING MIDAS. By Upton Sinclair. 12mo, cloth, 388 pp. Price, $1.20, net; postage, 12 cents. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co., Publishers, 30 Lafayette place.

Mr. Sinclair has certainly written a powerful book. His ideals are of a high character, and I know no better love story of modern intellectual life than King Midas.

CLAUDIA. By Marion Todd. A new and popular romance.

Mrs. Todd, well known among reformers, has written an interesting novel. The heroine, Claudia, is strongly drawn. The story deals with religious and economic views from a thoroughly up-to-date standpoint. Prof. W. I. Holbrooke of Canada pronounces "Claudia" to be one of the FEW GREAT works of fiction ever produced. He says: "From beginning to end it is intensely interesting and UNUSUAL. The correspondence between Phillip and Claudia is deeply impressive. Like the sparkle of jewels, wisdom glints from its pages."

The book can be obtained from the authoress, Mrs. Marion Todd, Springport, Mich. Price, 75 cents a copy.

DEPOPULATION. By Henry Wright. London: George Allen, Publisher, 156 Charing Cross road. 50 cents.

Mr. Wright has given us a fanciful romance of a young couple employed in Chicago at very low wages. They develop a theory that it is a crime to proceed with their proposed marriage. Arnold, the young man, is so taken up with the idea that the solution of the labor problem lies in persuading the poor not to marry that he starts out on a lecturing crusade. He meets with such great success that he forms a political party with a battle-cry of "No More Children for the Rich to Exploit." On this platform he is elected to be the President of the United States, and then he nationalizes the trusts and introduces Socialism.

Until he becomes President, apparently Arnold does not understand that the lack of bread is not owing to there being too many mouths, but simply to there being no method under the competitive wage system of distributing the bread after it is produced. However, being made President makes him wise, and this, at any rate, is in his favor, for we have never yet seen it enlighten any man that we have elected to the office. Mr. Wright has written an interesting little book, and he has very cleverly exposed the absurdity of the theory that the poor are poor on account of their having children.

THE AMERICAN INVADERS. By Frank A. MacKenzie. New York: Street & Smith, Publishers. 25 cents, postpaid.

The invasion of Europe by the Americans from the West will some day be recognized as of far more momentous consequence than the invasion by the Goths and Vandals from the East. The American invasion betokens a social revolution that will be of world-wide sweep. The invasion of the Goths and Vandals simply meant the substitution of one race for another as dominant.

Macaulay, when he predicted that the next over-running of Europe would be from the Goths and Vandals that were being bred in the city slums, did not count on an invasion from America of hosts armed with an invincible weapon, GOLD.

Mr. MacKenzie gives a number of concrete examples of how the Americans are getting in their deadly work upon poor old John Bull. He shows that the superior natural resources of America have had little or nothing to do with their financial success in Europe, that it is almost wholly due to their superior organizing ability and of their taking fuller advantage of the means at hand. For instance, he shows how the Americans took hold of a played-out cable street car line in London and made a paying institution of it. Again he tells the story of how the Americans captured the shirt-waist market of London simply through better organization in their work-shops.

One thing that the author speaks of as an awful handicap to the Britisher is the mediæval methods employed by the railways in handling freight and the frightfully high cartage the British manufacturer must pay upon his goods.

The inefficient manner of management of British railways impressed me so much more by contrast with our American methods when I was in England that I was constantly predicting that the Vanderbilts would be soon coming over and buying them up. This was my prophecy of ten years ago, but it still waits confirmation. There can be no question that since, even with the present stupid and wasteful management by the English of their railways, they pay good dividends nevertheless, and that with the change to our American methods the Americans would make a fine thing by purchasing them. Before the year is out I am confident Mr. Morgan will have bought a few railroads in England.

Mr. MacKenzie is now contributing a series of articles to the New York Journal upon the general topics of the book under discussion.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

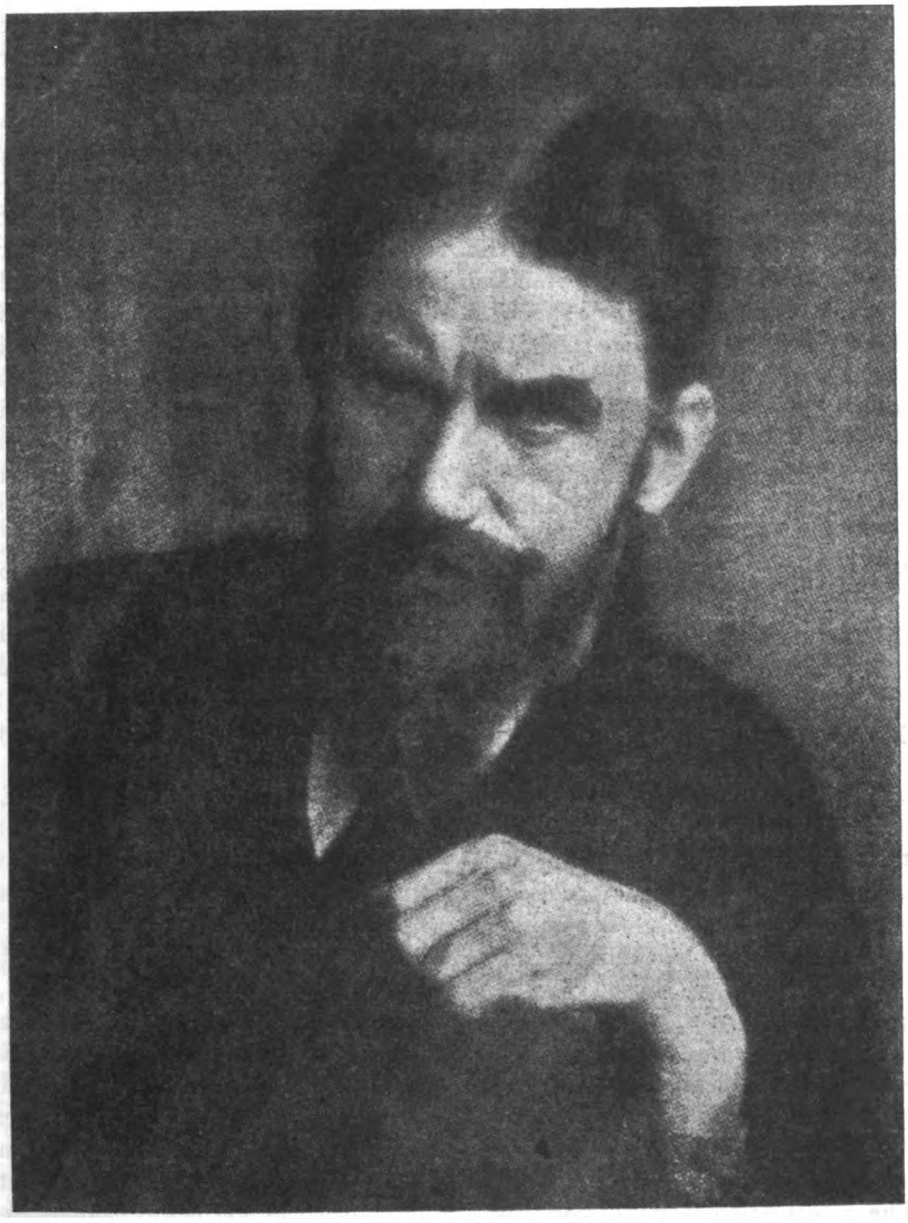
10 Adelphi Terrace, London S. W.
7th and 8th April, 1902.

DEAR WILSHIRE:

What did I tell you? You thought you were in an advanced country because you were under the star-spangled banner. And now you have had to cross the frontier to Canada in order to enjoy the ordinary liberties of monarchical Europe. That journey has made fifty years difference to you.

When we told you this in London years ago you thought we were reckoning without the Trusts. But if you refer to Fabian Essays, published at the end of the eighties, you will see that William Clarke, who died the other day at Herzegovina (the first Fabian Essayist to drop), had already dealt with the Trust development, and drawn the moral of the Standard Oil and the Copper Corner in your own fashion. What I said when you waved the Stars and Stripes at us was that in spite of the prodigious capitalistic developments in America, the social and religious atmosphere was that of the English forties. You are still Whigs and Puritans, Individualists and Romanticists, over there; and though much water has flowed under the bridges since that discussion of ours, it seems to me that the attitude of the conventional American towards your paper is much more like the attitude of the Englishman of 1838 towards the Chartist press than like that of England to-day towards the current Socialist papers. Even your millionaires have nothing to offer us but charity and "education"—the old forms of conscience money. None of them has as yet dreamt of doing what Ruskin did years ago, when he published his accounts with the public and proved that he had worked for his salt. No American millionaire has done what Cecil Rhodes, the Oxford graduate, has just done: that is, make a provision in his will that no idler shall inherit his estate. Your people have not yet got out of the stage of "founding families;" living in drawing-rooms copied from our fashionable stage sets; and building houses copied from the Renaissance Chateaux of Touraine. All that is *vieux jeu* here. Stupid as the Englishman seems compared to the American, he is really under harder social pressure; for the American can still get on if he hustles. Here, hustling seems simply sweating yourself instead of resisting the attempts of other people to sweat you. I am quite used to the newly arrived young American who feels that England is the very place to hustle in, because nobody else thinks of doing it. Poor devil! he soon finds out why they don't. But this very hopelessness of individual effort forces men to help themselves by collective effort.

Professed Socialism is in a bad way just at present. This Easter we have had conferences of the Social-Democratic Federation and the Independent Labor Party in Lancashire. It is clear



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

from their proceedings that the abandonment of the old catastrophic revolutionary balderdash and the pious platitudes about the socialization of the means of production and exchange and so forth has left nothing behind but old fashioned Chartist Radicalism. They call for the Enfranchisement of Woman and for Taxation of Land Values (now a Radical commonplace). They denounce the Education Bill of the Government because it has the immense merit of attempting to abolish that insufferable nuisance, *ad hoc*, the School

Board, and put the schools into the hands of a committee of the County Council, with power to co-opt a minority of selected members—an admirable expedient which has worked well in London. This they call "undemocratic," just as any very old fashioned Trade Unionist would. You may say that at least this is not so silly as the old lazy plan of dismissing all practical measures as "mere palliatives;" and I should agree with you there; but that does not affect my point, which is, that in ceasing to be absurd they have ceased to be socialistic, and have relapsed into common Radicalism. As to the war, they outradical the Radicals, outbannerman the Bannermanites, outirish the Irish in their pro-Krugerism. Not a breath of the old International spirit stirs among them: one would suppose, to hear their fervid outbursts of ultra-nationalism, that frontiers were holy in the eyes of Socialism, and that the first duty of the "proletarians of all lands" was no longer to unite, but to fight each other to the death in defence of their native capitalists. The Radicals themselves are far more deeply touched with Socialist conceptions. The situation of the Socialist bodies is not unlike that of those Secularist (Ingersollist) societies, which faded out, greatly to their own astonishment, because they failed to realize that the very Methodists and Congregationalists had become better freethinkers than themselves.

The information I gave you about our friend Hyndman was perfectly correct. He gave the Social-Democratic Federation a handsome dressing-down —told them that he had had enough of them, and that he was much better understood by people of his own class, and so forth. Of course they fell prostrate, confessed their sins, and implored him not to abandon them. He relented just in time to be able to contradict my statement that he had dropped them; but he seems to have taken no part in the recent Conference, and is perhaps not altogether sorry to see that they have done so poorly without him. But at the Independent Labor Party Conference the leaders were in full force; and the fact that nothing happened that might not have appeared on the agenda of the National Liberal Federation seems to me further proof that the war has swept the two working class Socialist organizations clean into the most reactionary wing of the shattered army of the Liberals.

Lord Roseberry has attempted to revive the old Liberal Party by throwing over Home Rule and detaching the Liberal Unionists from the Government on the one hand, and the Imperialist Radicals from his pro-Boer rival, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman on the other. His program consists of "a clean slate" and the watchword "Efficiency," borrowed from Sidney Webb. His only real chance, however, is the formation of a Collectivist party, and this he is not likely to do, as he is an admirer of William Pitt and Adam Smith, and a professed champion of "the ratepayer," who is, as you know, the great obstacle to municipal collectivism. If he would talk Collectivism and suggest that if he were given a second chance of forming a Cabinet, Sidney Webb would be his President of the Local Government Board, and Hyndman his Secretary of State for India, the nation would pick up its ears. As it is, he has not attached to himself a single man about whom the nation has the smallest curiosity. His proposal, as it stands at present, is simply that the nation should dismiss Chamberlain and give him Chamberlain's

place. The whole affair, though it has led to much journalizing, is so far a flash in the pan. It was Webb who pulled the trigger by an article in the XIX Century, tearing the Gladstonian relics to pieces and calling for a new party devoted to Efficiency and Collectivism. Roseberry played up cleverly as far as Efficiency went, but on Collectivism he had nothing friendly to say; and as Chamberlain is not such a fool as to advocate Inefficiency, there is no really alternative policy in the field; and the new Liberal League remains wholly indistinguishable, except by its apostasies, from the old Liberal Unionism.

The Fabian Eddystone still stands unshaken on its rock. The way in which even some of the Fabians bolted when the war broke out gave a good deal of trouble to the unfortunate Executive Committee; but we pulled through, and are at present the only professedly Socialist Society in England where Socialism is ever taken into account. The Education Bill is obviously founded on our tract "The Education Muddle and the Way Out;" so we naturally do not join the Radical outcry against it. The other professed Socialists do, being, as I have explained, always soundly Radical when it comes to practical legislation. I told you years ago that there was nothing wrong with Socialism in England except the Socialists. It remains, alas! as true as ever.

Come over and liven us up a bit.

Yours ever
G. Bernard Shaw.

TORONTO, April 19, 1902.

MY DEAR SHAW:

Yours of the 8th April at hand. Very good of you to give me the letter. * * * The point that you persist in avoiding in your argument is that the completion of the machinery of production, which is indicated by the trust, means an unemployed problem, and that to solve this unemployed problem we must have Socialism. Now, this period in the evolution of industry has absolutely nothing to do with the political movement. You seem to think that when I talk revolution I mean that the working class will realize that they are poor because they don't own the means of production, and that they will suddenly demand their rights. I have no idea of their doing this as long as they can get a job. My belief is that when they can't get a job they are not going to quietly starve to death. In other words, you seem to base your objection to my catastrophic theory of Socialism on the fact that I am counting too much upon the intelligence of the laboring class. As a matter of fact, I am not counting upon their intelligence nor upon that of the capitalist class. I am simply counting upon the inevitable industrial development.

With kind regards, I am, faithfully yours,

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

G. Bernard Shaw, Esq., 10 Adelphi Terrace, London, England.

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WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

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My Canadian Manifesto

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H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE

CANDIDATE FOR PARLIAMENT FROM WEST ELGIN, CANADA

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"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS"

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

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THE MORGANIZATION OF THE WORLD

[Time, A. D. 1904 or sooner. Scene, Mr. Morgan's office. Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. J. J. Hill seated in conference. Enter clerk with telegram. Mr. Morgan reads and says :

"Ah, here she is at last. This is a telegram from Washington giving me advance information that the Supreme Court will decide in our favor on the Northern Securities case. Now we can get down to business and proceed with our original plan of getting control of the capital of the world. We three men own between us 200 million dollars of the stock of the Northern Securities Co., which is, as you both know, a majority holding. The Northern Securities Co. in turn controls a majority of the stock of the Burlington Railway, the Northern Pacific Railway and the Great Northern Railway. The stocks of these railways have a value of over 800 million dollars, so that by our ownership of 200 million dollars in the Northern Securities Co. we control 800 million dollars of railway stock. Let us now form still another securities company to hold our majority in the Northern Securities Co. We can capitalize this new company at 200 million and issue all the shares to ourselves in payment for the 200 million of shares of the Northern Securities Co. we turn over to it. We will call this new company the First Morganization Co. We will then sell 49 per cent. of this stock to the public, the control remaining in our hands with our 51 per cent. reserved. By the formation of our First Morganization Co. 100 million dollars will control absolutely the 800 million dollars in the Burlington, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific Railways."

"You see the advantage of our form-

ing the First Morganization Co. is that it allows us to control with 100 million dollars just as much stock as we did with 200 million dollars. It means that we have set free 100 million dollars to use in gaining control of other systems."

"But," says Mr. Rockefeller, "I cannot see why if you can with those 'securities companies' control 800 million with 400 million, and then 400 with 200, and finally 200 million with 100 million, why you cannot control the 100 million with 50 million, and then that 50 million with 25, and so on right down the line until you have one hundred dollars controlling the whole 800 million. That looks absurd."

"It may look absurd," replies Mr. J. Pierpont, "but my—I mean *our*—supreme court says that it's legal, and if it's legal, and *it is legal*, then it can be done. Moreover, it will be done. The formation of the First Morganization Co. will enable us to set free 100 million of our money. We will then proceed to form the Second Morganization Co., holding 51 per cent. of the stock and selling 49 per cent. to the public. The Second Morganization Co. will be capitalized at 100 million, and the whole of the stock will be issued to us in payment of our 100 million of stock in the First Morganization Co. The formation of the Second Morganization Co. will set free another 50 million of our money; to be exact, 49 million. We could set free another 25 million by forming a Third Morganization Co., but I hardly think that it will be worth our while to bother setting free such a small amount as 25 million.

"My plan," said Mr. Morgan, "is for us three to stick together and keep on forming these Morganization companies and buy up the control of the capital stock of the principal corporations of the world. There is nothing too big for us to handle, because on this plan of mine we can control thousands of millions without locking up 100 million altogether."

"The public have great confidence in anything that is backed by my name, and there will be no trouble in our selling off the minority stock of our different Morganization companies. We will treat the public honestly. They will in any event get at least as much in the way of dividends as they would have gotten if we had not formed these Morganization companies, for whatever dividends we get we will immediately distribute. The public investing with us cannot lose, and they have a great probability of getting very much larger returns. The returns will be larger owing to the fact that our mergers will effect great economies of working, and in particular will completely stifle undue competition."

Mr. Hill had so far been a silent listener to the great plan unfolded by Mr. Morgan for buying the world with a shoe-string and then getting back the string. He is evidently much impressed by Mr. Morgan's endless chain program, but he wishes reassurance upon one point.

"I can understand well enough, Mr. Morgan," he says, "why the public exchanged their stock in, say, the Northern Pacific Railway and the other railways for stock in the Northern Securities Co., for it is at once evident that, owing to the absence of competition and the economies of concentration, the consolidation will increase their dividends. But I do not see the motive a man will have in exchanging his stock in the Northern Securities Co. for stock in your First Morganization Co. You cannot promise any greater dividends than he is

now getting because your only source of income for your Morganization Co. is from the Northern Securities Co. These dividends he already gets, and you do not, and cannot, give him an increase."

Mr. Morgan answered: "It is not altogether a question of making a direct exchange. When I organized the Northern Securities Co. I did not do it entirely by relying on the stockholders in the railway companies *exchanging* their stock for Securities stock. I made them a cash offer for their stock of very much more than they ever dreamed of getting a couple of years previous, and which was, right then, more than the market price. Coupled with this cash offer I gave them the option of exchanging their stock for Northern Securities stock. Some took cash and some stock. After the option for exchanging shares had expired I put the Northern Securities stock on the market and sold for cash as much as I cared to sell. People bought the Northern Securities stock. simply because it was sure to pay good dividends, and today there are thousands of owners in the Securities Co. who never owned a dollar in any of the railway corporations of which it holds the stock. It will be the same way with our issue of stock in the First Morganization Co. That company's stock will be at least as valuable as the Northern Securities Co., because its stock will correspond dollar for dollar with the stock it owns in the Securities Co. It will have an additional value because of its representing the majority interest in the Securities Company. While this may not theoretically mean any advantage, I think you and most others would be likely to sell your shares in the Securities Co., and buy into the Morganization Co., if the prices were the same. Your dividends will be as much in the latter company as in the former, and you will have in addition the satisfaction of being in with the majority interest. Then, besides, the Morganization Company would not necessarily confine itself to the ownership of stock in merely the Northern Securities Co. There is no doubt that right now it would enhance the value of the Northern Securities stock if we could merge the roads it controls with those of the Union Pacific System. Suppose the First Morganization Co. should have as its assets a majority of the stock of the Union Pacific and a majority of the stock of the Northern Securities Co. Is it not evident that the consolidation with the Union Pacific would not only enhance the value of the Northern Securities stock but would likewise increase the value of the Union Pacific stock? Hence the Morganization Co. would find that the moment it effected its purchase of those two stocks it would have made a considerable profit in the transaction. We could sell out our minority interest in the Morganization Co. for considerably more than what the majority remaining on our hands cost us. We will immediately have the control of all the railroads in the west and north of the United States, and the getting of that control will not take any cash and will, in fact, afford us an immediate profit."

"Did I understand you, Mr. Morgan, to say that such a transaction would not require any cash?" asks Mr. Hill.

"Well, of course, it will take cash, but I mean that there will be no call on any of us to put up any cash of our own, as our banks will furnish us all that is necessary, taking the stocks we take in as collateral. It will be but a short loan, and anyway the dividends on the stocks we buy will pay what-

ever interest may be necessary."

"Well," says John D., "I thought I was something of a financier when I formed the Standard Oil Trust, but it seems to me now, Mr. Morgan, after hearing your wonderful Morganization plan, that I am only fit for the infant class in business."

"One of the advantages of this plan of Morganization is that there is no chance of ever losing the control of a railroad, as happened when the Flower crowd lost control of Rock Island to the Moores and August Belmont lost control of Louisville & Nashville to Gates," responded Mr. Morgan.

"There is a well-defined, although unwritten law, which has hitherto prevented consolidations of Eastern roads with Western, Chicago being tacitly recognized as a dividing line between the East and West, no consolidations having crossed that line. There are many cases where it would have been of great value to the railroads to have effected a consolidation crossing this line, but the fear of retaliatory measures from other railroads has prevented it. By the consummation of our Morganization plan we will be freed from this fear, and the consolidation of Atchison-Topeka with the Pennsylvania will be a step which can be taken without danger. This will be almost revolutionary in regard to railroad combinations, as it will presage the final consolidation of all railroads into the hands of one single company."

"My plan," continued Mr. Morgan, "is to start in and buy the control of the Union Pacific Railway system. We will place the stocks controlling the Union Pacific and the Northern Securities in the First Morganization Co. and then sell to the public the minority interest in that company. There is no use of our loading ourselves down with unnecessary stock; I mean stock that is not necessary for us to have in order to keep our control. After we carry this deal through I think our next step would be to buy the control of the Atchison & Topeka and the Pennsylvania Railways, then form the *Second* Morganization Co. to hold the stocks we have just bought together with our majority interest in the *First* Morganization Co. This Second Morganization Co. will be decidedly the most powerful combine in the United States, in fact, the First was, for that matter. But it will control a through line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and will have an absolute monopoly of all the Pacific coast transportation interests. We will have the Vanderbilts completely at our mercy. Our next move would be, I think, to take them in with us. We could almost name our own price, but it is not wise to be harsh with the powerful. We would now form our *Third* Morganization Co. to hold our majority in the Second Morganization Co. and the control of the Vanderbilt railways. The tremendous profits we would make from the sale of the minority interest in the Third Morganization Co. would be something the world would never have dreamed possible. You see, this Third Morganization Co. would be in such palpable control of the entire railroad situation of the United States that the public would be sure to take all the stock we would offer them. By this time I think we would be ready for our grand *coup*. We would take in the control of all the rest of the railways in the United States and place it in the hands of a Fourth Morganization Co., together with the majority of the stock in the Third Morganization Co. We would then repeat the process and sell to the public our minority interest in

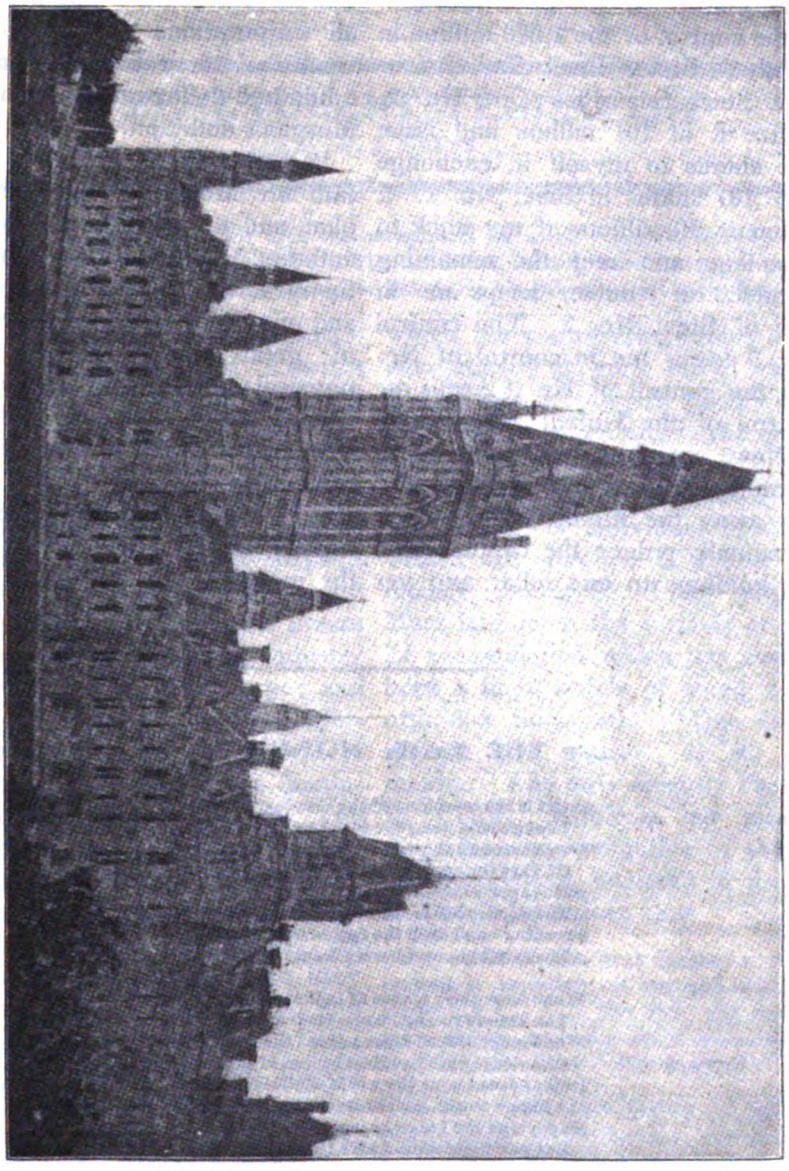
the Fourth Morganization Co. and use the proceeds to take in the control of certain of the industrial trusts. We would have them in the door. Just now the trusts can make the railroads sweat by playing one road off against the other. You know that game pretty well, Mr. Rockefeller. But that game will be out of date when the Fourth Morganization Co. is born. There will be no opposition roads to play off one against the other. They will all be merged in our Fourth Morganization Co. It will then be the turn of the railroads to call the tune. There is many a trust today that thinks itself invulnerable that will be very willing to talk surrender when we give them the real thing in a freight tariff. There will be no more discrimination. Why should there be? We will put all tariffs up to the limit of what the traffic will bear. Just now the railroads work that system upon a few small capitalists who cannot retaliate, but the big fellows have always escaped. When the Fourth Morganization Co. is born we will go after those big fellows, hammer and tongs. There is where we will find the most fat to fry. The little fellows have been starved so long that there is not much on them, and they are too small to bother with, anyway. I would like just one good winter with the Beef Trust, and if Mr. Smith and Mr. Hammond won't think that something has dropped, then I miss my guess. It's outrageous the way they have been robbing the public lately and yet not giving us a cent more freight rates. When the Fourth Morganization Co. gets to work there will be a fairer divide of Beef Profits. That will be the time when we will play Ping-Pong with the Plain Citizen to our heart's content. Mr. Opper says we do it now, but he doesn't realize the scientific possibilities of the game under my Morganization plan."

"Now, gentlemen," continues Mr. Morgan, "I have gone to great lengths

to explain my plan for the formation of a series of Morganization companies, each company owning the majority of the stock of the preceding company. But I have not explained the finale. All of us three men have millions more money than we can by any possibility ever use for our own pleasure. We all know that the reason we strive for more and more money is simply for the power it gives us, and because money-getting is today the great game of life. Money itself is really a bore. It's too much trouble to bother with its care, and were it not such an absolute necessity I would never wish to have a cent. By this plan of mine we can strip ourselves of nearly every cent of money we have and yet control the wealth of the world. We can have all the pomp, glory and power of controlling the wealth of the world without being bothered to own any of it. We can be the real kings of the world, not by virtue of our wealth but simply by virtue of our position. That really has always been my ambition, but I never worked my plan out until recently. I never liked the idea of being pointed out on the streets as, 'There is Morgan; he is worth so many million of dollars.' I want to be spoken of this way: 'There is Morgan, one of the most powerful men in the world. His nod controls vast nations. Kings tremble when he speaks.' Now, all this may seem a Quixotic ambition, gentlemen; but Quixotic or not, I think I can show you how I can accomplish my wish, although you may not think the wish itself worthy of gratification. I feel that there is something of a Cecil Rhodes in my make-up. He never made money simply to *own* money. He went to work with an ideal in mind and to carry it out, and he felt that he needed money. Therefore he made money. Money to him was not an end but distinctly a means. His will shows what his ideal was, the Anglo-Saxon domination of the world. He wished this domination simply because he thought it best for humanity. Without arguing as to the nobility or otherwise of his conception, I think it will be admitted that he was a much greater man for having the ideal than if he had had none at all and was simply grubbing away to make more money for Rhodes to leave to relations to fight over after his death. Now, my ideal is not so unselfish. What I want is to be one of the most powerful men in the world, and yet not depend upon either birth, money or position in politics."

"This is a very curious side light upon your character, Mr. Morgan," interjected Mr. Rockefeller. "It's very interesting, too. Pray, tell us how to be powerful without being wealthy. That is a new idea to me."

"It's really very simple," replied Mr. Morgan, "and you yourself have already shown that you have the key to the problem. It will be simply by the continued division of our holdings into minority and majority parts and selling off to the public the minority holdings and placing the majority holdings in a series of Morganization companies of constantly reducing capital. Take the United States Steel Co. It has a combined capital, stocks and bonds, of over 1,000 million. The 400 million common stock controls the whole; 200 million of that stock controls the whole corporation, then. Suppose I own the whole of 200 million in the common. I then am in control of the 1,000 million comprising the whole corporation. Suppose I now form my First Steel Securities Co. I capitalize it at 200 million dollars, and have it issue to me its entire stock in exchange



THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

(This massive pile at Ottawa will probably be Mr. Pierpont Morgan's head Canadian office after he has "Morganized" the World.)

for my 200 million of steel. I then turn around and give 99 million of this Securities Co. to some college or hospital. The 101 millions I still hold gives me the control of the Securities Co., and the control of the Securities Co. gives me control of the 1,000 million in the United States Steel Co. I now form a Steel Securities Co. No. 2, capitalize it at 101 million and issue all the shares to myself in exchange for my 101 shares in Steel No. 1. I then donate 50 millions of my stock to some college and keep the remaining 51, which, of course, keeps me in control of Steel No. 2. The control of No. 2 keeps me in control of No. 1, and the control of No. 1 keeps me in control of the United States Steel Co. Now, you can see, gentlemen, by forming successive companies and giving away the minority interests I can gradually reduce the capital value of my holdings to one dollar, and yet even then I am in control of the United States Steel Co. with all its 1,000 million capital. It all sounds very absurd, but I defy you to detect a flaw in the chain of reasoning. What I can do with the United States Steel Co. I can do with all corporations. I can control the wealth of the world and yet not own a hundred dollars of my own. That is Morgan's ambition.

"Gentlemen, I am now through," said Mr. Morgan. "Do you grasp my plan, and do you sympathize with my ambition? You must bear in mind that the ideals of the world have changed, and one of the ideals of the advantages of great wealth in giving greater physical comfort to the owner has passed away. Wealth today is the symbol of power, not luxury. I wish to confirm this new view. Let me go down to history as the man who, not owning money himself, yet controlled the money of the world."

THE FAIR MORNING

Swift is the marching of the Coming Time,
Though long delayed; for it had far to come.
Down through the Ages' sick'ning Roll of Crime,
Of Vast Oppressions and of Suffering Dumb.
But it approaches now with mighty tread;
The Spoiler hears it and in terror quakes;
Dreading—and deep the reason of his dread—
The fateful hour wherein Mankind awakes;

When from their trance of Lethargy and Shame
The Toilers rise and claim their rightful place;
When longer Men refuse to feed the flame
Of Avarice with the Heart-aches of the race.
In that dread hour the world shall live again—
A happy world, well-ordered, just and right—
Harsh may the Labor be, and sore the Pain,
But fair the Morning as is black the Night.

—A. B. BYNON.

A BENEVOLENT FEUDALISM

By W. J. Ghent

[Mr. Ghent has been identified with the movements for social reform in New York of late years, and for a time had editorial charge of The American Fabian, now no longer published. He was also literary manager for Mayor Jones, of Toledo, in his gubernatorial campaign.—Ed.]

THE next distinct stage in the socio-economic evolution of America may be something entirely different from any of the forms usually predicted. Anarchist prophecies are, of course, futile; and the Tolstoyan Utopia of a return to primitive production, with its prodigal waste of effort and consequent impoverishment of the race, allures but few minds. The Kropotkinian dream of a communistic union of shop industry and agriculture is of a like type; and well-nigh as barren as the Neo-Jeffersonian visions of a general revival of small-shop production and the dominance of a middle-class democracy. The orthodox economists, with their notions of a slightly modified Individualism, wherein each unit secures the just reward of his capacity and service, are but worshiping an image which they have created out of their books, and which has no real counterpart in life; and finally the Marxists, who predict the establishment of a co-operative commonwealth, are, to say the least, too sanguine in foreshortening the time of its triumph. Whatever the more distant future may bring to pass, there is but little evidence to prove that collectivism will be the next status of society. Rather, that coming status, of which the contributing forces are now energetically at work and of which the first phases are already plainly observable, will be something in the nature of a Benevolent Feudalism.

That the concentration of capital and the increase of individual holdings of wealth will continue is almost unanimously conceded. Forty years ago Marx laid down the formula of capitalist accumulation which has ever since been a fixed article of creed with the orthodox Socialists. "One capitalist always kills many" is its central maxim. And only recently Prof. John B. Clark, doubtless our most distinguished representative of the orthodox economists, declared in the pages of The Independent, that

> "the world of the near future . . . will present a condition of vast and ever-growing inequality. . . . The rich will continually grow richer, and the multi-millionaires will approach the billion-dollar standard."

It is a view that needs no particular buttressing of authority, for it is held by most of those who seriously scan the outlook.

There are, it is not to be disputed, certain tendencies and data which apparently conflict with this view. There is a marked persistence, and in

some cases a growth, of small-unit farming and of small-shop production and distribution. This tendency is strongly insisted upon by Prince Kropotkin and by the German Socialist Bernstein, and is conceded, though cautiously, by a number of other radicals, among them the Belgian Socialist Vandervelde. That it is a real tendency seems unquestioned on the face of the figures from Germany, France, England and Belgium; and it is not unlikely that further confirmation will be found in the detailed reports of the last United States census. Furthermore, the great commercial combinations are not necessarily a proof of individual increase of wealth. Often, perhaps generally, they result in this individual increase; but the two things are not inevitably related. These combinations are generally, as William Graham pointed out nearly twelve years ago, a massing together of separate portions of capital, small, great and moderate—a union of capitals for a common purpose while still separately owned. Lipton's great company, for instance, has over 62,000 shareholders; and many of America's most powerful combinations are built up out of a multitude of small and moderate holdings.

But though these facts and tendencies be admitted, they do not really affect the foregoing generalization. The drift toward small-unit production and distribution in certain lines argues no growth of economic independence. On the contrary, it is attended by a constant pressure and constraint. The more the great combinations increase their power, the greater is the subordination of the small concerns. They may, for one reason or another, find it possible, and even fairly profitable, to continue; but they will be more and more confined to particular activities, to particular territories, and in time, to particular methods, all dictated and enforced by the pressure of the larger concerns. The petty tradesmen and producers are thus an economically dependent class; and their dependence increases with the years. In a like position also, are the owners of small and moderate holdings in the trusts. The larger holdings—often the single largest holding—determines the rules of the game; the smaller ones are either acquiescent, or, if recalcitrant, are powerless to enforce their will. Especially is this true in America where the head of a corporation is often an absolute ruler, who determines not only the policy of the enterprise, but the *personnel* of the board of directors.

The tendencies thus make, on the one hand, toward the centralization of vast power in the hands of a few men—the Morganization of industry, as it were—and on the other, toward a vast increase in the number of those who compose the economically dependent classes. The latter number is already stupendous. The laborers and mechanics were long ago brought under the yoke through their divorcement from the land and the application of steam to factory operation. They are economically unfree except in so far as their organizations make possible a collective bargaining for wages and hours. The growth of commerce raised up an enormous class of clerks and helpers, perhaps the most dependent class in the community. The growth and partial diffusion of wealth in America has in fifty years largely altered the character of domestic service and increased the number of servants many fold. Railroad pools and farm-implement trusts have drawn a tightening cordon about the farmers. The professions, too, have felt the change. Behind many of

our important newspapers are private commercial interests which dictate their general policy, if not, as is frequently the case, their particular attitude upon every public question; while the race for endowments made by the greater number of the churches and by all colleges except a few State-supported ones, compels a cautious regard on the part of synod and faculty for the wishes, the views and prejudices of men of great wealth. To this growing deference of preacher, teacher and editor is added that of two yet more important classes—the makers and the interpreters of law. The record of legislation and judicial interpretation regarding slavery previous to the Civil War has been paralleled in recent years by the record of legislatures and courts in matters relating to the lives and health of manual workers, especially in such cases as employers' liability and factory inspection. Thus, with a great addition to the number of subordinate classes, with a tremendous increase of their individual components, and with a corresponding growth of power in the hands of a few score magnates, there is needed little further to make up a socio-economic status that contains all the essentials of a renascent feudalism.

It is, at least in its beginning, less a personal than a class feudalism. History may repeat itself, as the adage runs; but not by identical forms and events. The great spirals of evolutionary progress carry us for a time back to the general direction of older journeyings, but not to the well-worn pathways themselves. The old feudalism exacted faithful service, industrial and martial, from the underling; protection and justice from the overlord. It is not likely that personal fidelity, as once known, can ever be restored: the long period of dislodgment from the land, the diffusion of learning, the exercise of the franchise, and the training in individual effort have left a seemingly unbridgeable chasm between the past and the present forms. But tho personal fidelity, in the old sense, is improbable, group fidelity, founded upon the conscious dependence of a class, is already observable, and it grows apace. Out of the sense of class dependence arises the extreme deference which we yield, the rapt homage which we pay—not as individuals, but as units of a class— to the men of wealth. We do not know them personally, and we have no sense of personal attachment. But in most things we grant them priority. We send them or their legates to the Senate to make our laws; we permit them to name our administrators and our judiciary; we listen with eager attention to their utterances and we abide by their judgment. Not always, indeed; for some of us grumble at times and ask angrily where it will all end. We talk threateningly of instituting referendums to curb excessive power; of levying income taxes, or of compelling the Government to acquire the railroads and the telegraphs. We subscribe to newspapers and other publications which criticise the acts of the great corporations, and we hail as a new Gracchus the ardent reformer who occasionally comes forth for a season to do battle for the popular cause. But this revolt is, for the most part, sentimental; it is a mental attitude but rarely transmutable into terms of action. It is, moreover, sporadic and flickering; it dies out after a time, and we revert to our usual moods, concerning ourselves with our particular interests and letting the rest of the world wag as it will.

The new feudalism is thus characterized by a class dependence rather than

by a personal dependence. But it differs in still other respects from the old. It is qualified and restricted, and by agencies hardly operative in medieval times. Democracy tends to restrain it, and ethics to moralize it. Though it has its birth and nurture out of the "rough and unsocialized barbarians of wealth," in Mr. Henry D. Lloyd's phrase, its youth and maturity promise a modification of character. More and more it tends to become a *benevolent* feudalism. On the ethical side it is qualified by a growing and diffusive sense of responsibility and of kinship. The principle of the "trusteeship of great wealth" having found lodgment like a seed, in the erstwhile barren soil of mammonism, has become a flourishing growth. The enormous benefactions for social purposes, which have been common of late years, and which in 1901 reached a total of over $107,000,000, could come only from men and women who have been taught to feel an ethical duty to society. It is duty, true enough, which is but dimly seen and imperfectly fufilled. The greater part of these benefactions is directed to purposes which have but a slight or indirect bearing upon the relief of social distress, the restraint of injustice, or the mitigation of remediable hardships. The giving is even often economically false, and if carried to an extreme would prove disastrous to the community; for in many cases it is a transmutation of wealth from a status of active capital, wherein it makes possible a greater diffusion of comfort, to a status of comparative sterility. But, though often mistaken as is the conception and futile the fulfilment of this duty, the fact that it is apprehended at all is one of far-reaching importance.

The limitation which democracy puts upon the new feudalism is also important. For democracy will endure, in spite of the new order. "Like death," said Disraeli, "it gives back nothing." Something of its substance it gives back, it must be confessed; for it permits the most serious encroachments upon its rights; but of its outer forms it yields nothing, and thus it retains the potentiality of exerting its will in whatever direction it may see fit. And this fact, though now but feebly recognized by the feudal barons, will be better understood by them as time runs on, and they will bear in mind the limit of popular patience. It is an elastic limit, of a truth; for the mass of mankind, as both Hamlet and Thomas Jefferson observed, are more ready to endure known ills than to fly to others that they know not. It is a limit which, to be heeded, needs only to be carefully studied. Macaulay's famous dictum, that the privileged classes, when their rule is threatened, always bring about their own ruin by making further exactions, is likely, in this case, to prove untrue. A wiser forethought begins to prevail among the autocrats of today—a forethought destined to grow and to prove of inestimable value when bequeathed to their successors. Our nobility will thus temper their exactions to an endurable limit; and they will distribute benefits to a degree that makes a tolerant, if not a satisfied people. They may even make a working principle of Bentham's maxim, and after, of course, appropriating the first and choicest fruits of industry to themselves, may seek to promote the "greatest happiness of the greatest number." For therein will lie their greater security.

Of the particular forms which this new feudalism will take there are already numerous indications which furnish grounds for more or less con-

fident prediction. All societies evolve naturally out of their predecessors. In sociology, as in biology, there is no cell without a parent cell. The society of each generation develops a multitude of spontaneous and acquired variations, and out of these, by a blending process of natural and conscious selection, the succeeding society is evolved. The new feudalism is but an orderly outgrowth of past and present tendencies and conditions.

Unlike the old feudalism it is not confined to the country. Qualified in certain respects though it be, it has yet a far wider province and scope of action. The great manorial estates now being created along the banks of the Hudson, along the shores of Long Island Sound and Lake Michigan, are but its pleasure places—its Sans Soucis, its Bagatelles. Far from being the foundation of its revenue, as were the estates of the old feudalism, these are the prodigally expensive playthings of the new. The oil wells, the mines, the grain fields, the forests and the great thoroughfares of the land are its ultimate sources of revenue; but its strongholds are in the cities. It is in these centres of activity, with their warehouses, where the harvests are hoarded; their workshops, where the metals and woods are fashioned into articles of use; their great distributing houses; their exchanges; their enormously valuable franchises to be had for the asking or the seizing, and their pressure of population, which forces an hourly increase in the exorbitant value of land, that the new feudalism finds the field best adapted for its main operations.

Bondage to the land was the basis of villeinage in the old *regime;* bondage to the job will be the basis of villeinage in the new. The wage-system will endure, for it is an incomparably simpler means of determining the baron's volume of profits than were the "boon-works," the "week-works" and the *corvees* of old. But with increasing concentration on the one hand, and the fiercer competition for employment on the other, the secured job will become the laborer's fortress, which he will hardly dare to evacuate. The hope of bettering his condition by surrendering one place in the expectation of getting another will be qualified by a restraining prudence. He will no longer trust his individual strength, but will protest against ill conditions, or, in the last resort, strike, only in company with a formidable host of his fellows. And collective assertion of his demands will be restrained more and more as he considers recurring failures of his efforts such as that of the recent steel strike. Moreover, concentration gives opportunity for an almost indefinite extension of the black-list; a person of offensive activity may be denied work in every feudal shop and on every feudal farm from one end of the country to the other. He will be a hardy and reckless industrial villein indeed who will dare incur the enmity of the Duke of the Oil Trust when he knows that his actions will be promptly communicated to the banded autocracy of dukes, earls and marquises of the steel, coal, iron, window glass, lumber and traffic industries.

Of the three under classes of the old feudalism—sub-tenants, cotters and villeins—the first two are already on the ground, and the last is in process of restoration. But the vast complexity of modern society specializes functions, and for the new feudalism still other classes are required. It is a difficult task properly to differentiate these classes. They shade off almost imperceptibly into one another; and the dynamic processes of modern industry

often hurl, in one mighty convulsion, great bodies of individuals from a higher to a lower class, blurring or obscuring the lines of demarcation. Nevertheless, to take a figure from geology, these convulsions become less and less frequent as the substratum of industrial processes becomes more fixed and regular; the classes become more stable and show more distinct differences, and they will tend, under the new *regime*, to the formal institution of graded caste. At the bottom are the wastrels, at the top the barons, and the gradation, when the new *regime* shall have become fully developed, whole and perfect in its parts, will be about as follows:

I. The barons, graded on the basis of possessions.

II. The courtiers and court-agents.

III. The workers in pure and applied science, artists and physicians. The new feudalism, like most autocracies, will foster not only the arts, but also certain kinds of learning—particularly the kinds which are unlikely to disturb the minds of the multitude. A future Marsh or Cope or Le Conte will be liberally patronized and left free to discover what he will; and so, too, an Edison or a Marconi. Only they must not meddle with anything relating to social science. For obvious reasons, also, physicians will occupy a position of honor and comparative freedom under the new *regime*.

IV. The *entrepreneurs*, the managers of the great industries, transformed into a salaried class.

V. The foremen and superintendents. This class has heretofore been recruited largely from the skilled workers, but with the growth of technical education in schools and colleges and the development of fixed caste, it is likely to become entirely differentiated.

VI. The villeins of the cities and towns, more or less regularly employed, who do skilled work and are partially protected by organization.

VII. The villeins of the cities and towns who do unskilled work and are unprotected by organization. They will comprise the laborers, domestics and clerks.

VIII. The villeins of the manorial estates, of the great farms, the mines and the forests.

IX. The small-unit farmers (land owning), the petty tradesmen and manufacturers.

X. The sub-tenants on the manorial estates and great farms (corresponding to the class of "free tenants" in the old feudalism).

XI. The cotters, living in isolated places and on the margin of cultivation.

XII. The tramps, the occasionally employed, the unemployed—the wastrels of city and country.

This, then, is the table of socio-industrial rank leading down from the feudatory barons. It is a classification open, of course, to amendment. The minor shareholders, it may be suggested, are not provided for; and certain other omissions might be named. But it is not possible to anticipate every detail; and, as for the small shareholders, who now occupy a wide range, from comparative poverty to comparative affluence, it seems likely that the complete development of the new *regime* will practically eliminate them. Other critics, furthermore, will object to the basis of gradation. The basis employed is not relative wealth, a test which nine out of ten persons would unhesitatingly apply in social classification; it is not comparative earning capacity, economic freedom, nor intellectual ability. Rather, it is the relative degree of comfort—material, moral and intellectual—which each class contributes to the nobility. The wastrels contribute least, and they are the lowest. The foremen, superintendents and *entrepreneurs* contribute most of the purely material comfort, and their place is correspondingly high. But higher yet is the rank of the courtiers and

court-agents, the legates and nuncios. This class will include the editors of "respectable" and "safe" newspapers, the pastors of "conservative" and "wealthy" churches, the professors and teachers in endowed colleges and schools, lawyers generally, and most judges and politicians. During the transition period there will be a gradual elimination of the more unserviceable of these persons, with the result that in the end this class will be largely transformed. The individual security of place and livelihood of its members will then depend on the harmony of their utterances and acts with the wishes of the great nobles; and so long as they rightly fulfil their functions their recompense will be generous. They will be at once the assuagers of popular suspicion and discontent and the providers of moral and intellectual anodynes for the barons. Such of them, however, as have not the tact or fidelity to do or say what is expected of them will be promptly forced into class XI or XII, or, in extreme cases, banished from all classes, to become the wretched pariahs of society.

Through all the various activities of these populous classes (except the last) our Benevolent Feudalism will carry on the nation's work. Its operations will begin with the land, whence it extracts the raw material of commerce. It is just at this stage of its workings that it will differ most from the customary forms of the old. The cotters will be pushed further back into isolation, and the sub-tenants will be confined to the grubbing away at their ill-recompensed labors. It is with the eighth class, the villeins of farm and wood and mine, that we have here to deal. The ancient ceremony of "homage," the swearing of personal fidelity to the lord, is transformed into that of the beseeching of the foreman for work. The wage system, with its mechanical simplicity, continuing in force, there is an absence of the old exactions of special work from the employed villein. A mere altering of the wage scale appropriates to the great noble whatever share of the product he may safely demand for himself. Thus "week-work," the three or four days' toil in each week which the villein had to give unrecompensed to the lord, and "boon-work," the several days of extra toil three or four times a year, will never be revived. Even the company store, the modern form of feudal exaction, will in time be given up, for at best it is but a clumsy and offensive make-shift, and defter and less irritating means are at hand for reaching the same result. There will hardly be a restoration of "relief," the payment of a year's dues on inheriting an allotment of land, or of "heriot," the payment of a valuable gift from the possessions of a deceased relative. Indeed, these tithes may not be worth the bother of collecting; for the villein's inheritance will probably be but moderate, as befits his state and the place which God and the nobility have ordained for him.

The raw materials gathered, the scene of operations shifts from the country to the cities and great towns. But many of the latter will lose, during the transition period, a considerable part of their greatness, from the shutting up of needless factories and the concentration of production in the larger workshops. There will thus be large displacements of labor, and for a time a wide extension of suffering. Popular discontent will naturally follow, and it will be fomented, to some extent, by agitation; but the agitation will be guarded in expression and action, and it will be relatively barren of result.

The possible danger therefrom will have been provided against, and a host of economists, preachers and editors will be ready to show indisputably that the evolution taking place is for the best interests of all; that it follows a "natural and inevitable law;" that those who have been thrown out of work have only their own incompetency to blame; that all who really want work can get it, and that any interference with the prevailing *regime* will be sure to bring on a panic, which will only make matters worse. Hearing this, the multitude will hesitatingly acquiesce and thereupon subside; and though occasionally a radical journal or a radical agitator will counsel revolt, the mass will remain quiescent. Gradually, too, by one method or another, sometimes by the direct action of the nobility, the greater part of the displaced workers will find some means of getting bread, while those who cannot will be eliminated from the struggle and cease to be a potential factor for trouble.

In its general aspects shop industry will be carried on much as now. Only the shops will be very much larger, the individual and total output will be greater, the unit cost of production will be lessened. Wages and hours will for a time continue on something like the present level; but, despite the persistence of the unions, no considerable gains in behalf of labor are to be expected. The owners of all industry worth owning, the barons will laugh at threats of striking and boycotting. No competitor can possibly make capital out of the labor disputes of another, for there will be no competitors, actual or potential. What the barons will most dread will be the collective assertion of the villeins at the polls; but this, from experience, they will know to be a thing of no immediate danger. By the putting forward of a hundred irrelevant issues they can hopelessly divide the voters at each election; or, that failing, there is always to be trusted as a last resort the cry of impending panic.

Practically all industry will be regulated in terms of wages, and the *entrepreneurs*, who will then have become the chief salaried officers of the nobles, will calculate to a hair the needful production for each year. Waste and other losses will thus be reduced to a minimum. A vast scheme of exact systematization will have taken the place of the old free competition, and industry will be carried on as by clockwork.

Gradually a change will take place in the aspirations and conduct of the younger generations. Heretofore there has been at least some degree of freedom of choice in determining one's occupation, however much that freedom has been curtailed by actual economic conditions. But with the settling of industrial processes comes more and more constraint. The dream of the children of the farms to escape from their drudgery by migrating to the city, and from the stepping stone of a clerkly place at $3 a week to rise to affluence, will be given over, and they will follow the footsteps of their fathers. A like fixity of condition will be observed in the cities, and the sons of clerks and of mechanics and of day laborers will tend to accept their environment of birth and training and abide by it. It is a phenomenon observable in all countries where the economic pressure is severe, and it is certain to obtain in feudal America.

The sub-tenants and the small-unit producers and distributors will be confined within smaller and smaller limits, while the foremen, the superintendents and the *entrepreneurs* of the workshops

will attain to greater power and recompense. But the chief glory of the new *regime*, next to that of the nobles, will be that of the class of courtiers and court-agents. Theirs, in a sense, will be the most important function in the State—"to justify the ways of God (and the nobility) to man." Two divisions of the courtier class, however, will find life rather a burdensome travail. They are the judges and the politicians. Holding their places at once by popular election and by the grace of the barons, they will be fated to a constant see-saw of conflicting obligations. They must, in some measure, satisfy the demands of the multitude, and yet, on the other hand, they must obey the commands from above.

The outlines of the present State loom but feebly through the intricate network of the new system. The nobles will have attained to complete power, and the motive and operation of Government will have become simply the registering and administering of their collective will. And yet the State will continue very much as now, just as the form and name of the Roman Republic continued under Augustus. The present State machinery is admirably adapted for the subtle and extra-legal exertion of power by an autocracy; and while improvements to that end might unquestionably be made, the barons will hesitate to take action which will needlessly arouse popular suspicions. From petty constable to Supreme Court Justice the officials will understand, or be made to understand, the golden mean of their duties; and except for an occasional rascally Jacobin, whom it may for a time be difficult to suppress, they will be faithful and obey.

The manorial courts, with powers exercised by the local lords, will not, as a rule, be restored. Probably the "court baron," for determining tenantry and wage questions, will be revived. It may even come as a natural outgrowth of the present conciliation boards, with a successor of the Committee of Thirty-six as a sort of general court baron for the nation. But the "court leet," the manorial institution for punishing misdemeanors, wherein the baron holds his powers by special grant from the central authority of the State, we shall never know again. It is far simpler and will be less disturbing to the popular mind to leave in existence the present courts so long as the baron can dictate the general policy of justice.

Armed force will, of course, be employed to overawe the discontented and to quiet unnecessary turbulence. Unlike the armed forces of the old feudalism, the nominal control will be that of the State; the soldiery will be regular and not irregular. Not again will the barons risk the general indignation arising from the employment of Pinkertons and other private armies. The worker has unmistakably shown his preference, when he is to be subdued, for the militia and the Federal army. Broadly speaking, it is not an unreasonable attitude; and it goes without saying that it will be respected. The militia of our Benevolent Feudalism will be recruited, as now, mostly from the clerkly class; and it will be officered largely by the sons and nephews of the barons. But its actions will be tempered by a saner policy. Governed by those who have most to fear from popular exasperation, it will show a finer restraint.

A general view of the new society will present little of startling novelty. A person leaving this planet to-day and revisiting "the pale glimpses of the

moon" when the new order is in full swing will from superficial observation see but few changes. *Alter et idem*—another, yet the same—he will say. Only by closer view will he mark the deepening and widening of channels along which the powerful currents of present tendencies are borne; only so will he note the effect of the more complete development of the mighty forces now at work.

So comprehensive and so exact will be the social and political control that it will be exercised in a constantly widening scope and over a growing multiplicity of details. The distribution of wages and dividends will be nicely balanced with a watchful regard for possible dissatisfaction. Old-age pensions to the more faithful employees, such as those granted by the Illinois Central, the Pennsylvania, the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, or the Lackawanna, will be generally distributed, for the hard work will be done only by the most vigorous, and a large class of destitute unemployed will be a needless menace to the *regime*. Peace will be the main desideratum, and its cultivation will be the most honored science of the age. A happy blending of generosity and firmness will characterize all dealings with open discontent; but the prevention of discontent will be the prior study, to which the intellect and the energies of the nobles and their legates will be ever bent. To that end the teachings of the schools and colleges, the sermons, the editorials, the stump orations, and even the plays at the theaters will be skilfully and persuasively molded; and the questioning heart of the poor, which perpetually seeks some answer to the painful riddle of the earth, will meet with a multitude of mollifying responses. These will be: From the churches, that discontent is the fruit of atheism, and that religion alone is a solace for earthly woe; from the colleges, that discontent is ignorant and irrational, since conditions have certainly bettered in the last one hundred years; from the newspapers, that discontent is anarchy; and from the stump orators, that it is unpatriotic, since this nation is the greatest and most glorious that ever the sun shone upon. As of old, these reasons will for the time suffice; and against the possibility of recurrent questionings new apologetics will be skilfully formulated, to be put forth as occasion requires. On all sides will be observed a greater respect for power; and the former tendency toward rash and bitter criticism of the upper classes will decline.

The arts, too, will be modified. Literature will take on the hues and tones of the good-natured days of Charles II. Instead of poetry, however, the innocuous novel will flourish best; every flowery courtier will write romance, and the literary darling of the renascence will be an Edmund Waller of fiction. A lineal descendant of the famous Lely, who

> " . . . on animated canvas stole
> The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul,"

will be the laureled chief of our painters; and sculpture, architecture and the lesser arts, under the spell of changed influences, will undergo a like transformation.

This, then, in the rough, is our Benevolent Feudalism to-be. It is not precisely a Utopia, not an "island valley of Avilion;" and yet it has its commendable, even its fascinating features. "The empire is peace," shouted the partisans of Louis Napoleon; and a like cry, with an equal ardency of enthusiasm, will be uttered by the supporters of the new *regime*. Peace and stability will be its defensive argu-

ments, and peace and stability it will probably bring. But tranquil or unquiet, whatever it may be, its triumph is assured; and existent forces are carrying us toward it with an ever accelerating speed. One power alone might prevent it—the collective popular will that it shall not be. But of this there is no fear on the part of the barons, and but little expectation on the part of the underlings.

[The foregoing, appearing in The Independent, is a fair statement of the "Fabian" Socialist theory of economics and politics. They can see the absurdity and iniquity of the present system, and can see both the desirability and practicability of our changing to Socialism. What they cannot see is the absolute inevitabilty of Socialism in a comparatively short time owing to Morgan having no place to invest his profits, and hence being unable to employ labor. If the Trust Barons of today "SPENT" their money like the Feudal Barons of old, then we might consider the economic possibility of a benevolent feudalism. But, and it's a very large "but," Messrs. Ghent, Morgan and Rockefeller don't "spend" their money; they can't; they "save" it; they must "save" for they cannot "spend it all." Now, where in feudal times it was the "spending" on silks and wars and castles that gave employment to labor, today it is the "saving" of money by investments in railways, canals and factories that gives the modern laborer employment. There might be an indefinite amount spent on war or luxuries one year, and the next year there would be a demand for just as much more. But when Rockefeller builds enough Standard Oil Refineries and Morgan enough railroads, they have satisfied their desires, and labor must not expect employment in building what is already built. That is the language of the Trust. If Mr. Ghent would only get out of his cloister and see industrial life as it is and not as he imagines it, he would not have "visions" of an impossible benevolent despotism.—H. G. W.]

THE BELGIAN REVOLUTION

The franchise in Belgium is restricted to citizens who have reached the age of 21 years, and who pay at least 40 francs annually in direct taxes. There are numerous complexities in the existing law, such as a provision giving an additional vote to any citizen who is a university graduate. Some citizens have two votes and others three. These inequalities in the law have given the Clerical party an advantage which it has used for years to defeat the efforts of the Liberals, Radicals and Socialists to obtain a manhood suffrage.

As it is at present, although the working class have a great majority when you count by heads, yet when you count by votes they are in a minority. Now the Belgian workmen, not having the ballot, have naturally been dreaming dreams of what they would do with it if ever they should happen to get it. Naturally they have decided that they would use it to better their condition in life, and the only sensible plan they have ever had presented to them to accomplish this end is Socialism, therefore the Belgian workmen are Socialists.

When a man has no money he dreams of the great good he would do with it if he only had enough of it. When he gets the money he forgets all about his dream and buys an automobile.

The man *born* with money of course never has even the dream of what he would do if he should get money. He has never been without it. The American is in a similar dreamless state with the ballot. He was born in possession

of it, and he of course could never dream of what he might do with it if he only had it when he already has had it since his birth.

It takes a man like the Belgian who has never had the ballot, to work out what he could do with it if he had it. However, let no man think that the Belgians are dreaming of using their ballot when they get it to substitute a King Morgan for a King Leopold.

It would seem hardly necessary for me to say this, but the following from the New York Journal shows that even well informed editors are either misinformed themselves or they think their readers can be easily misled:

The Belgian masses are objecting to government by the "better classes." They prefer to govern themselves—a desire which shocks the aristocracy and has led to the calling out of the troops.

The Belgian who has property or superior education is given several votes; the Belgian who is without those advantages has only one.

Theoretically men possessing property and education ought to be wiser and better rulers than men not so fortunate, but all experience teaches that government by the "better classes" ever means government for the "better classes." Property and education don't eliminate selfishness from human nature.

The best guardians of the people's interests are the people themselves.

That is as true in Belgium as elsewhere.

Rioting is an ugly method of striving after better political and social conditions, but when privilege stands with a gun in its hands between democracy and the ballot box, democracy will get to the ballot box even if it has to raise a riot on the way.

The disorders in Belgium are deplorable, but who is to blame for them—the men who want an equal say in their government, or the gentlemen who want to hold on to their special privileges, and use force to resist that just demand?

The Belgians are an intelligent, highly civilized and liberty-loving people. They have compelled successive extensions of the suffrage. When they succeed in introducing the American plan of one-man-one-vote it is altogether probable that they will dispense with a king and the nobility and set up a republic like our own.

The privileged classes in Belgium naturally view this prospect with a horror that can excite no sympathy in the United States except in the breasts of such as have ceased to be Americans.

Now just imagine the stupidity of the Journal thinking that the Belgians could be so crazy as to lay down their lives in order to "set up a republic like our own."

No, the Belgians have no intention of setting up an industrial oligarchy like unto that existing here in the United States. If the Belgian workmen had any such fool idea we can be sure that there would not be all the scare in Belgium to-day about allowing them a franchise like we Americans have. It is because the Belgian workmen are Socialists, and because it is known that they will institute Socialism as soon as they get universal suffrage, that the Belgian government is risking revolution in refusing them. If King Leopold and his parliament could only comfort themselves in the belief that Belgian workmen had no more brains than American or British workmen who, having the ballot, never use it for their own interest, they would not hesitate for a moment about granting the suffrage the workmen demand.

The whole civilized world to-day is like a keg of gunpowder. Let a spark drop in the right place and poof! up we go into Socialism. Let one country vote for Socialism and it will be the spark that will set the world aflame. If Belgium should get the right of suffrage, and she must very soon, and if Belgium should then vote in Socialism, and she certainly will, then can anyone imagine Belgium as constituting itself as a Heaven on Earth without every other county tumbling head over heels to get into a like Heaven of its own also?

REV. WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN

[Rev. William Thurston Brown is one of the most forceful and eloquent of all those earnest Americans who have thrown their lives and energies into the unequal struggle to secure justice for the working class. Readers of this magazine have had several opportunities of judging of the deep earnestness and splendid logic with which he assails the industrial conditions which prevail in this country, and of his fearlessness in dealing with the relation of the church to the great problem of humanity. A series of lectures by Mr. Brown, as suggested below, could not fail to redound to the lasting advantage of Socialism.—H. G. W.]

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 21.

MY DEAR WILSHIRE,—

I am going to avail myself of the generous offer of your columns and ask your readers throughout the west and northwest what they think of a plan which has lately impressed itself on my mind. As some of them know, I am—and have been for four years—the minister of Plymouth Church, Rochester, N. Y. Though nominally a Congregational Church, it stands frankly for the principles of Socialism. It knows no other gospel to preach.

But I am not quite satisfied that I am doing as great a service for the Socialist cause by staying in Rochester as I could do by putting myself at the disposal of the comrades for a speaking tour, say, to the Pacific Coast and back.

I have already received several suggestions of that kind from comrades in the west and northwest, and if the idea commends itself to a sufficient number to give the plan some certainty of success, I shall be glad to undertake it, starting by the first of October.

I could and should be glad to accept a limited number of engagements to speak in New England during July, August, and early September.

The expenses of such a trip as I have suggested would depend largely upon the itinerary. I should imagine the burden could be so distributed as not to fall heavily on anyone. If those of your readers who favor such a plan will write me, I will know what to do.

I should expect to speak on various phases of Socialism, but would suggest certain lectures as especially opportune at this time: "Christianity and Socialism" (not yet prepared, but designed to show clearly the radically differing philosophies underlying the two), "The Mission of the Working Class," "What Modern Industrialism Means for Human Life, and What It Might Mean," "Shall We Be Free?" "The Right to Live," "Is Parenthood a Crime?" and others. I should be glad of the opportunity to speak in churches on Sundays whenever possible.

Some of my sermons and addresses have been published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago, in the Pocket Library of Socialism and are familiar to some of your readers. Suggestions concerning this plan will be gladly received.

Of "The Real Religion of Today" Edwin Markham wrote the author: "It is a remarkable religious utterance—one of the greatest sermons of modern times. In its thirty small pages is crammed more truth than some preachers pour into the sermons of a lifetime."

Leonard D. Abbott, of New York City, writes: "I know of no truer voice in American life today than William Thurston Brown's, and I would that his message might be heard in every state in the Union."

With best wishes for your Magazine, I am, Yours faithfully,

William Thurston Brown.

Class Distinctions Among the Poor.

Some sort of class feeling is, we believe, inherent in human nature. People often speak as though these demarcations in England existed only among the middle and upper classes, but such is not the fact. Below the middle classes the dividing lines of society are held to with rigor. Looked at from the top, they often appear arbitrary and unreasonable, just as from the bottom our distinctions must appear to be without foundation. The tacit social laws are only fully comprehended by those who live under them, at either end of the scale. Those who have had to do with the ordering of social clubs among the roughest factory girls tell us that certain persons who desire to join are unanimously blackballed, upon social grounds, by the existing members. It is hopeless to inquire the inner meaning of this exclusiveness. The questioner is merely answered that the persons concerned are "no class," and will probably be obliged to yield to popular feeling or to break up the club. To West End eyes the girls received and rejected are equally dirty and rough, just as to the East End observer all ladies are equally genteel and clean.

The position of the woman of a family is greatly affected by whether or no she has help from the outside. It means a little leisure spared from the necessities of life and bestowed upon its amenities. It means that the wife and mother rules as well as serves in her little domain. That one woman should cook and clean and wash and mind three or four children, one of whom is probably quite helpless, necessitates, or seems as if it must necessitate, that she should be a drudge. How it is that such is not always the case is another of those secrets which can not be conveyed from class to class. Below the servant-keeping class comes the one whose married women do no work out of the house, with an aristocratic subdivision for those who "put their washing out." A great deal more opportunity for exclusiveness is implied in this abstinence from hard labor than at first appears. All the dwellers in one house, or in one block of flats, do not necessarily belong to one stratum of society, and unless they meet to wash in a common backyard, they need hardly know one another. Besides this, to hang one's clothes on a line in front of one's neighbors' eyes is to run the risk of all sorts of offensive criticism, and is a fruitful source of "unpleasantness." A frequent subject of discontent in almshouses is the impossibility which exists of maintaining social differences in the leveling atmosphere of a charitable institution.

On the upper rungs of the social ladder we should say that those social distinctions which can be defined at all rest upon birth, money and brains. Among the poor, they rest upon money and manners, and the latter, alas! are, below a certain wage, woefully dependent upon the former. Good wages are almost essential to the maintenance of a fair degree of civilization, especially in cities. "Soap and water are cheap" is a common saying; but a high standard of cleanliness is dear to uphold. It means time, work and a certain amount of new clothes, and a mind at leisure to think of something besides the actual feeding of the family. Again, a high standard in the matter of decency necessitates space, and space in London is the most expensive of all commodities. Nevertheless, money is not an absolute criterion of social position. Character—in so far as it is reflected in propriety of behavior—counts for a great deal; a rowdy family sinks directly, though it may have money to waste, and a respectable widow may retain her superiority in the face of grinding poverty. The acme of good manners—the very badge of gentility—is to be "quiet," never to let the sound of mirth, quarreling or lamentation proceed out of your dwelling. This sign of social distinction is appreciated down to the very bottom.—Public Opinion, condensed from London Spectator.

We Are Paying Our Debts.

It is strange how differently people consider the same act from different standpoints.

Ordinarily, when an individual, firm, corporation or nation are paying off their indebtedness steadily and progressively they are looked upon as prosperous, or at least travelling the road that will surely end in independence.

If in so doing he draws from his deposits the necessary means to do so and pays off an obligation or takes up securities pledged, no one is found to question the expediency or wisdom of the act.

In mercantile affairs, in financial transactions we all know what this means. It is a simple every-day occurrence.

No one who witnesses it thinks for a moment that in consequence of such action (the obligation still unpaid) the securities yet unredeemed are less valuable.

Is there, then, any difference between the action of the individual and the collective action which assumes the name of nation? If there is, we cannot see where it is to be found.

Yet every time this process of paying our debts abroad by sending in liquidation specie when it is more in request than merchandise, gives our money market and the holders of securities the cold shivers.

Certainly it does not arise from such a diminution of our resources as to embarrass us in the further prosecution of our business, the conduct of our industries or the development of our resources.

Here we are, with a money market in which call loans rule at or under 3 per cent. and time money for periods of six to seven months is obtainable at from 4 to 4½ in a state of half frightened suspense because we find it advantageous at the present time to liquidate moneys borrowed and re-purchase securities which some of our citizens esteem as of greater value than do those abroad, who own them. With such common every-day minds as ours we regard the process with the utmost satisfaction every time we see gold shipped, because such payment is a little more palpable than the less direct shipment of merchandise. We are inclined to ejaculate, Thank God, so much debt is paid!

And to feel that with each payment the independence of the United States financially becomes greater and more pronounced, that each payment is a step forward towards the assured future, when this country and this city having redeemed or re-purchased every obligation shall be the settling point of the world.

It is somewhat discouraging, however, to note such a show of lack of self-reliance and financial confidence in our own resources and our own abilities every time a few millions of gold are sent abroad.

The United States today is practically the only nation in the world whose perfect freedom to draw gold and send it at will to the uttermost ends of the world without let, hindrance or unpleasant sequences exists at all times.

Of this we are as proud as we are ashamed of the timorous feeling that serves the public mind at the departure of gold from our city.

Naturally we are forced to the conclusion either that our hoped-for time of complete independence is further off than our judgment indicates or else that we have much to learn between now and then.

This, however, does not alter the fact that day by day and month by month we are paying our debts, reacquiring our securities, as London is reported a seller of 8,000 to 10,000 shares from time to time, and surely progression along the road of prosperity to our much-desired goal.

We are sure of the progress and only regret the timidity that marks its golden steps.—Financial Record, N. Y.

Three Cent Fares in Chicago.

"The conditions of the fight in Cleveland and in Chicago are quite similar," said Mayor Johnson. "The aim here is to secure a three-cent fare with universal transfers. We have declared against any extension or compromise of existing grants which are not first ratified by the people of Cleveland. This has been done under the belief that the people will not ratify an unfair grant; that they will not enter into a contract against public interest and that they know best what is to their own interests. I, therefore, agree with the American that the people constitute a court of final appeal in the case of awarding street railway concessions. They are apt to be right, and are more apt to be right than the city council.

"Three-cent fares in Chicago will yield 20 per cent. on the actual cost of reproducing the Chicago properties, and if the city itself operated these lines it could more than pay the interest and expense of such operation on two-cent fares, including universal transfers. Therefore, no franchise should be granted, excepting on the basis of three-cent fares and universal transfers.

"I have operated street railway lines with three, four, five and even six-cent fares, and I know that there is a profit in three-cent fares. It must be remembered that conditions in Chicago now and ten years ago have changed.

"Three-cent fares in Chicago today are better than five-cent fares there ten years ago.

"Conditions as they exist now must determine the basis on which the franchises should be extended. Undoubtedly the question of extending the franchise in Chicago should be referred to the people, and this ought to be a condition precedent to the issue of extending the franchise.

"The three-cent ordinance here in Cleveland includes a provision whereby the city may acquire the property at the cost of reproduction, less the depreciation, plus ten per cent. Our proposition, however, does not include the payment of anything for franchise values arising from the use of the streets. The grant which we propose to give involves the use of the streets for 20 years. At the end of 20 years, if the grant is not renewed to the then owners, the city agrees that parties to whom they make the grant shall take the road as a going concern and on the same terms as the city itself would.

"As far as I can see," continued Mayor Johnson, "Chicago's case is no different from that of Cleveland. If there is any difference it should be in the direction of more liberal terms here to street car companies than in Chicago. Chicago is a tremendous city. The street car traffic is immense. It is growing rapidly. Franchises become valuable as the city gets greater. Three-cent fares there are a money-making proposition. The man who is fortunate enough to secure a franchise under a three-cent fare clause will make money. Many people of Cleveland think the terms of our proposed franchise to be quite rigid. For my part I believe them liberal."

The following are some of Mayor Johnson's maxims on traction conditions specially prepared for the American. They are based upon his experience as a street railway promoter and operator:

"Low cash fares will earn larger profits for the railroad company than relatively low ticket fares. A four-cent cash fare will earn more than will six tickets for a quarter. The reason for this is that where six tickets for a quarter are sold the larger proportion of ticket fares comes from lines where well-to-do people ride, showing that the great mass of street railway patrons are reluctant to invest even so small a sum as 25 cents in tickets. They seem to prefer to pay five cents every time they ride."

"Ninety per cent. of the people who ride on street cars consider the cost of the ride. Less than ten per cent. care very little what the charge is."

"The small percentage buy tickets for convenience and not for economy."

"Therefore it is the low cash fares, not the reduced price for tickets, that benefit the great mass of street car patrons."

"Low cash fares increase street car riding as low postage increases letter writing, and in the case of street railroads the increase in traffic is accompanied by an increase in short rides. The great mass of people are not only induced by low fares to ride more frequently, but for shorter distances."

"I know from actual experience, by comparing three-cent cash fares with 3½-cent ticket fares, that the best results for the railroad com-

pany are obtained by the three-cent cash fares. The reduction so largely stimulates traffic and shortens the haul that the cost of carrying passengers is materially reduced."

"Another important feature of the increase in traffic due to low cash fares is that the greater proportion of additional traffic occurs at other than rush hours, thus filling the cars when they would otherwise be running light, thus adding greatly to the profit of operation."

"Some street railway operators think that every concession in transfers is a loss to the company. Exactly the reverse has been proved to be true."

"In adopting three-cent fares and universal transfers it is necessary to invest some additional capital. The increase in traffic calls for the adoption of every modern improvement both in power-houses and cars for the purpose of economic operation. The use of trailers should be abandoned, as the system has been universally condemned by the street railroad experience. If it were not for the combined timidity and greed of capital, low fares and free transfers would have been universally recognized as an economic and profitable proposition long ago."

"Personally, of course, I am in favor of municipal ownership. I would be in favor of it if the city could not make a cent, even if the city lost five cents on every passenger who is carried. I am in favor of municipal ownership because, like all other improvements, like parks, boulevards and public buildings, it would tend to add to the greatness of Cleveland. I want municipal ownership because it takes the street railroads out of politics and because I believe that it is a paying investment for the people of Cleveland.—Chicago American.

The Inevitability of Socialism.

Though the scientific Socialist may appear pessimistic in that he sees the destructive tendencies of our present economic conditions and political drift and turns the torch of truth upon its hidden places, exposing them to the public gaze, yet he is pre-eminently optimistic in that he knows from the analogies of nature that those tendencies are only ephemeral and fleeting, and that the ultimate result of the universal evolutionary movement must be the final uplifting of the race to higher and still higher mental, spiritual and, consequently, social planes of existence. Knowing this from his study of these analogies, he is content to bide his time and work with ever-increasing zeal and hopefulness for the betterment of humanity,

"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

Worlds grow and ripen like plants, and with the progress of our planet toward maturity comes a higher, nobler form of life and intellectuality. This has been ever the condition since the first plastic life-germ developed in the tepid waters that rested on the still warm azoic rocks of the earth's first elastic crust. Since, the polyp gave way to the mollusk, and he in turn to the fish, the reptile and the mammal. In all these varied forms which thronged the growing sphere the central cosmic thought was being crystallized into material shapes of more complex and mobile character, each preparing the way for its successor.

As the culmination of this plan of increasing activity came, in man, the germ of intellect or thought power. This, germinal and inchoate at first, as all the upward-moving grades had been before it, has developed slowly through countless ages of earth-growth, during which man had not so far progressed as to leave the least record of his existence upward until the first rude hieroglyphics were scratched upon the surface of the rock to tell his story to the dwellers in future ages and other lands. During all these aeons of time man existed almost wholly on the animal plane. Probably contemporaneous with the last of the gigantic reptile race which swam in the waters or crawled in the mud of the tertiary period, and with the winged monsters which flapped their slow way through the murky air, he led a precarious existence, and all his feeble thought-powers must have been employed in preserving his kind in these trying circumstances. From this condition up through savagery, barbarism and the lower states of civilization he has slowly worked his way as the earth has become more adapted to his needs and conducive to his physical and mental growth.

In all this progress there have been periods of advancement and stagnation, following each other like the waves of the sea. Nations have risen to proud heights of glory, power and art, only to fall from the growth of unhealthy fungoids which have been nurtured from seeds carelessly incorporated in their organization. Up from the darkness and turmoil of their fall and ruin have sprung new peoples who have achieved still higher successes.

The small associations of the feudal system have given way to the larger and more perfect systems of monarchy, and labor has wrung, through successive struggles, slowly from despotic power a few minor advantages. Through it all, however, has run the dwarfing, crippling clog of man's greed and avarice. This has taken various forms at various times. The world has, through great tribulation and loss, slowly eradicated one after another, only to see the same poison come in another form.

Paine, Adams and Jefferson formulated a system that seemed to bid fair for awhile to ameliorate the unjust conditions, as under it man arose to the pride of conscious power in the light of self-government. The virus was present in this new system, however, in the form of chattel slavery, which was only eradicated by a surgical operation that came sorrowfully near costing the patient's life. And even while this process of cure was going on the old snake appeared in the new skin of industrial slavery under which the nation is languishing today.

But the hour has struck for another advance. Already the sunlight of industrial freedom is gilding the eastern crests and dispelling the night of apathy which has brooded over the

wealth-producer's life, and the sons of toil are falling into line for the effort to place the great American Republic upon the next higher plane of national existence—the Industrial Republic—the Co-operative Commonwealth.

None can aspire to heights that he knows not of. The American worker has begun to come to the realization of the great fact that, with the enormous power that machinery and man's control of the forces of nature have put in his hands, he is producing enough for all to have an abundance, and he is beginning to ask for his rightful share in that abundance. He will soon cease to ask it in the spirit of abject slavery which has been held up to him as the proper spirit, and will soon voice his demands in thunder tones which will shake the towers of diabolical lust and insatiate greed to their rotten foundations; and honest manhood will again assert itself, never, let us hope, to again writhe beneath the heel of the giant of wicked oppression. For,

"The sunshine, aye, shall light the sky,
As round and round we run;
And the truth shall still come uppermost,
And Justice shall be done."

—Ex.

Morgan's Hand on World's Wealth.

First—Absolute control of every steamship line operating across the North Atlantic.

Second—Combination of the steel, railroad and steamship interests into one giant parent company.

The Hoped-for Result—Control of the markets of the whole world.

Control of the markets of the world is believed to be the ultimate aim of the Trusts, formed under the skilful guiding-hand of J. Pierpont Morgan. That the markets of Europe will be in the hands of American capital, under the new order, is conceded. The grip of the great Steamship Trust headed by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan will extend far beyond the mere control of six of the largest lines, said vessel men yesterday who canvassed the situation and talked over what has so far been accomplished. It was the general conclusion that Mr. Morgan's present visit to Europe will bear fruit in the absolute consolidation of the entire transatlantic tonnage, excepting perhaps the tonnage of the tramp ships. The latter have counted very little in the transatlantic trade, but more in that to South Africa and the far East.

But the powerful Cunard line is not in the great deal so far as can be learned. The status of the Holland-American line is in doubt, while the anchor line, with its great fleet of passenger and freight liners, the Allan-State, scarcely less a factor, and the little Arrow line, have not been mentioned in the Trust that will form the combined fleets of six lines into a vast flotilla, bearing passengers and freight to England and the Continent.

To make the community of interest complete agents say it is necessary to include the lines out. The Cunard line has a vast business. The Anchor line and Allan-State lines control the traffic to and from Scotland. The Anchor line also operates a service between New York and the Mediterranean. Another line that is spoken of is the Scandinavian-American, formerly known as the Thingvalla line. This line has recently launched a new vessel, the Oscar II., and several others are being built. The Italian line, operating a service between New York and the Mediterranean, has more than 100 vessels.

Agents discussed all this yesterday pro and con and it was the general opinion that the Morgan interests would make an effort to take in the majority if not all of the lines, still out of the combine, that are operating vessels in the North Atlantic. Not one of the agents wanted to be quoted. They pointed out that Mr. Perkins, who is Mr. Morgan's right hand man in the banking business, had declined to go into details. Said one agent:

"The aim of the Trust is to control the markets of the world. In order to do this it is necessary to have all of the north Atlantic lines either combined under one parent company or to have a working agreement with the lines that are not in the actual consolidation, so that no friction can exist. This can and probably will be done. I think when all is finished you will find that there is not a really independent line operating steamships between the Atlantic ports of this country and those of Great Britain and the continent.

"The Morgan interests have combined the steel interest. They have combined the railroad interest. Now if they get the steamship interest they have the open door to Europe. It will then be easy to combine the steel, railroad and steamship interests under one Board of Directors in a gigantic corporation."—Ex.

Advance of the Combine.

The contemplated consolidation of numerous hardware-jobbing firms and companies in this country is the first pretentious extension of the "combine" system into that branch of trade which distributes the products of the manufacturers to the retailers and consumers. It is not, therefore, an "industrial combination," but more strictly a mercantile merger—and as such is essentially new and as yet untried in the business world. We see no reason why, under intelligent, experienced and careful direction, it should not attain the same measure of success that has marked the conduct of the great industrial combinations so far—more especially, because the pre-announced policy of the corporation does not comprehend any attempt to monopolize the hardware trade, fully one-third of the jobbers and distributors remaining outside under independent management.—N. Y. Commercial.

Give a Georgia darkey a 'chaw' of tobacco and you're a cap'n. Give him a quarter, you become a colonel. Paralize him with a dollar and you're a general for life. Throw in an old suit of clothes and two stiff 'drams' of corn liquor and he raises all his children to call you 'governor.'—Atlanta Constitution.

HIS BARBER TOLD HIM SO

There's a monarchy now building in this land of liberty,
We soon will have a King o'er us to reign.
With Lords and Dukes about him with their pants clipped at the knee,
And in uniforms 'twould give the gods a pain.
A palace will be builded with a massive throne to hold
His Majesty, begemmed from head to toe,
His robes made loose and flowing of the richest cloth of gold—
I believe it for my barber told me so.

Every industry we boast of will be in the hands of trusts
Who will grind the common people to the earth;
All the honest men who labor will be glad to feed on crusts,
And a cloud will hang o'er every family hearth.
Workingmen will all be peons, be but slaves beneath the lash,
With an overseer to drive them to and fro,
Will be reckoned by the royals as but necessary trash—
I believe it for my barber told me so.

Then will come a revolution that will drench the stricken land
With a flow of blood to horrify our souls;
Royalists in velvet raiment will be seen on every hand
Hanging to the trust's tall telegraphic poles.
For a President we'll have a former walking delegate,
To the Cabinet brave workingmen will go.
There'll be labor bunions on the hands of Congressmen sedate—
I believe it for my barber told me so.

All these prophecies so startling came unto me in the chair
As I sat with skillful tonsor swapping breath
While he shaved me or reduced the growing surplus of my hair,
Or the burrowing facial blackheads put to death.
Dreadful is the fate he pictures for this poor, trust-ridden land
Ere it rises from the ashes of its woe
And becomes again the country of old Yankee Doodle, and
I believe it for my barber told me so.

—JAMES BARTON ADAMS in Denver Post.

My friend, you've struck the keynote of a great essential fact—
Unwittingly, no doubt, and struck in jest—
But many a truth is spoken while a joke is being cracked,
And yours I think is very like the rest.
You are but one of millions who, with evidence complete
To show you clearly how affairs must go,
Ignore appeals to reason, do your thinking with your feet,
But believe it if your barber tells you so.

Must a barber tell you, stranger, that Morgan's got a cinch
On everything worth while on sea and land?
D'ye never meet the Leather Trust nor feel the Beef Trust pinch,
Nor fall into the Coal Trust's iron hand?
Way out in Colorado is the Gold Trust such a pet
That your miners cheerfully their work forego?
Ever run across the Ice Trust? Don't you think there is one yet?
Would you think so if your barber told you so?

It strikes you as very funny that a man should think a king
Will ever reign in triumph over us.
Why, bless your heart, we're subjects to that very kind of thing,
And we never dream of kicking up a fuss!
Our "republic" has less freedom now than any kingdom out;
Our millionaires more power than kings can show.
You'll laugh at this, most likely, indeed, I even doubt
You'll believe it when your barber tells you so.

And your barber told you truly of the mighty shift ahead—
Though I hope he erred about the bloodshed part—
But even that would only be a change of those who shed
The blood that's daily pouring from the heart.
Who told you that a livery gives security to life,
Or that the toiler has no right to go
To what extreme he pleases to prevent this awful strife?
I'll bet your barber never told you so.

—A. B. BYNON.

The Evolution of Combination.

Everett Leftwich.

The history of the trust is the history of the evolution of civilization. In the primitive conditions of civilization each family had its own sheep, hogs, cattle, poultry, etc.; it carded, spun, and wove its own woolens and cottons; had its own meat, milk, and butter, tanned its own leather, produced its own bread, fruits, and vegetables, and made its own clothing. All of this was, of course, on a scale commensurate with the mental and physical capacity of the head of the family and the age or period in which he lived. As civilization advances at a geometrical ratio the advancement in those primitive ages was very slow; but as time rolled on the building of houses became a trade, the making of shoes became a trade, and so on through the whole catalogue of products. The man whose whole thought was centered on building houses began to develop mechanical skill and improved the tools of his trade; so with the blacksmith and shoemaker.

No doubt these innovations aroused the suspicions and sometimes the indignation of "conservative people." The blacksmith and the carpenter formed a co-partnership for the manufacture of farming implements. This was the first combination, or trust. Some enterprising fellow who had produced more than he needed for his family stored his produce away and sold it to his less fortunate neighbors. He found it profitable, and, finding a neighbor who had a surplus of some products that he did not have, they combined and pooled their capital for mutual profit—thereby forming another trust. This was the direct ancestor of the modern department store, which has crowded hundreds of mercantile institutions to the wall.

Then, as towns began to develop, the necessity for roads to the large rivers became evident. These roads were sometimes built by associations of two or three men, who charged a toll of the products hauled over them. This was the first monopoly. Mechanics continued to develop until the steam-engine was invented and the railroad was built. No individual was able to build and operate a railway at that time; hence, a combination, pool, association, syndicate, or trust, was formed in order to get the necessary capital to conduct the work of building and operating railways. Each railway had a monopoly of the traffic along its line, as it still has. As railroad and steamboat lines developed, the spirit of enterprise grew, and the result was vast productions of agricultural and mechanical wealth. These industries developed more capable business men as well as larger business.

The present magnitude of commerce is simply a result of the broad business training of several generations of men who have had charge of large business enterprises. This broader idea of business has developed into a partial realization, on the part of business men of the world, of the advantages of co-operation of persons engaged in the same branch of business. This realization is the cause of the present gigantic trusts. The development of labor-saving and rapid-operating machinery has rendered overproduction of everything, even agricultural products, possible and even frequent. The pooling of all interests in a given line of business enables the managers to control the amount of production as well as the price of the product, thereby obviating the danger of loss from strong and shrewd competition.

We see that competition is the immediate cause of the trust: then where is the wisdom of condemning the result, instead of trying to remove the cause? Where does the legitimate partnership end and the illegitimate trust begin? No sensible man will attempt to draw the line. Without combinations of capital there would never have been any railways, steamship lines, nor commerce of any consequence. There would have been no intercommunication of the peoples of the earth—no great printing houses nor telegraph lines. Civilization would still be in its infancy. The present enormous combinations of capital are only the small ones of the past better and more highly developed; just as the Hoe perfecting press, the harvesting machine, the iron furnace, and the great university of to-day are the old-time printing press, the sickle, the old forge, and the old-time school in a higher state of development; just as the village of huts built by our ancestors has developed into the magnificent city of to-day. The mind of man first developed and then made these prodigious improvements. The development or evolution of the mind is the power behind it all. The trust is a necessity for the preservation of these industries under the present system. To abolish the trust is to step backward in civilization to a primitive condition.

If co-operation of the producers of petroleum is beneficial to those engaged in that business, co-operation of the persons engaged in any other business is or should be beneficial. The people are learning this rapidly, as shown by the great number of trusts recently organized. The development of machinery and concentration of energy have divided business into separate lines of manu-

facture and of agricultural products, according to the taste and location of the producer. Our wants and necessities have kept pace with other developments, so that, instead of one family producing all it needs, it requires the industry of the whole nation—I might say the world—to supply the wants of each family. This lining off of products into separate branches of business has produced a community of interests with all persons engaged in the same branch of business, instead of the little community composed of a family—hence the co-operation of all persons engaged in one line of business, instead of the co-operation of only a family.

Now, these separate branches of business must fit into one another. The persons engaged in the production of one class of goods are consumers of the products of other branches of business. The Standard Oil Company, for instance, is a large consumer of the products of the cooperage industry. The cooper is a large consumer of the products of the saw-mill. The saw-mill is a large consumer of the products of the machine shop. The machine shop is a large consumer of the products of the iron furnace. The furnace is a large consumer of the products of the ore and coal mines. The Standard Oil Company is already manufacturing its own barrels, and is directly interested in the production of rough lumber. As developments proceed, it will gradually reach out for the manufacture of its own machinery, and finally to the coal and ore mines. At any rate this is the logical road for it to travel in its evolution.

There are many other large business institutions that have gone even further than the Standard Oil Company; thus we are rapidly but almost imperceptibly approaching a condition of co-operative industry. The great railways of the world are manufacturing their own machinery, and are indirectly making their own iron. The family of primitive times has evolved into a community of business men, widely separated, it may be, but having nevertheless a community of interests. The people are rapidly learning that railways are infinitely more in the nature of public highways than dirt roads are, and the public is soliloquizing about this way: The public as a community own the dirt roads. Why not the railroads?

If the public can operate the postal system with all of its complications and intricacies, and render itself such splendid service for so little pay, why not operate the railroads and other means of transportation in the same way? The trust has shown that co-operation is a good thing. Why not co-operate further? If the co-operation of a dozen men is a good thing for them, why is not the co-operation of a thousand a still better thing for the larger number?

The trust is a great object lesson to the public, as every other new development is. The trust is the longest step ever taken toward the co-operative system of industry. Even the trusts are beginning to absorb one another. Thus the evolution toward civilization, or co-operation, goes on. The people will soon be able to see and comprehend the difference between a trust with the bulk of the people left out and a trust with all the people taken in as beneficiaries. Then the people will proceed to form a grand trust in which there will be an equitable division of profits. Then ignorance, poverty, and crime will be buried in the same grave with political and religious "creeds;" and the development of a higher intelligence and a nobler morality will bound forward with a speed hitherto unthought of, much less heard of. Wall street and the Bowery, of New York, will be alike annihilated, and a real civilization will be set up on the ruins of both.

Christianity and Christ.

Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, M.D.

Yes, the world has forgotten God and lost the sacred truth which came with Christ. He came when all seemed going down into a moral abyss—when the basest criminals of all the earth not only ruled in servile Rome, but were deified when they died, and worship demanded for their infamy.

He came to an inevitable death, to flash the divine light upon a world of gloom and misery. He died, and that gloom has never been lifted; and now the same abyss yawns before us as in the dread years of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, and Titus,—sixty-five years of terror, ending in the bloody destruction of Jerusalem (predicted by Christ) and the sudden burial of Pompeii and Herculaneum by Vesuvius—a mournful period, contemporaneous with the saddest and sublimest of earth's tragedies—the dawn and the destruction of visible Christianity by the deaths of its founder and its heroes.

The modern Pharisee may deny the destruction of Christianity in that awful time when, as Jesus predicted, there were wars and rumors of wars, earthquakes, famine, pestilence, nations rising against nations, the ocean raging, and Jerusalem destroyed; but if he can point to a single nation or a single year in any nation, or a single community in which Christianity has existed as in the Pentecostal days or the days when the Master washed

the feet of the disciples in a humble apartment, instead of dwelling in a bishop's palace, exacting the last dollar of tithes from impoverished and ignorant toilers for his own splendor, and giving commands or inspiration and blessings to answer for their bloody work, as when they inspired and prayed for the Hessians sent to conquer our ancestors, and the bloody hordes of Louis XIV. sent to exterminate the Albigensian and Waldensian Christians, then it might be admitted that latent Christianity has had some small and limited growth in earth since its apparent destruction in the first century, as the grass may sometimes have a green spot in winter.

But looking at the entire world, we see all nations trampling on the overthrown principles of Christianity, which is the religion of peace and brotherhood—brotherhood being treated as the dream of a visionary, and war as the normal condition of humanity, as Von Moltke maintained, and as all great statesmen practically agree—ten millions being ready armed for slaughter, and uneasily anticipating when it will begin. Christian Armenia devastated by the Turks, with the full consent of all European nations, so farcically called Christian; Christian Abyssinia murderously invaded by the desperado Government of Italy, which has nearly enslaved and bankrupted itself to attain the rank of a bully among bullying nations.

And whether we look back into the centuries or look around the globe, we find no brightness anywhere, but only deeper and denser darkness, as we look into the gloomy past beyond which we see where the light of Christianity was extinguished at the end of the first century.

How daringly absurd, then, to speak of Christianity surviving the first century, because human virtue has not been and cannot be extirpated entirely, and a few good men in every age have raised their voices in earnest protest, often at the risk of the loss of life, and many good women obey their natural inspiration of love, for God cannot be entirely walled out from humanity by any brazen dome erected either by a false theology or by governments and armies. And we must not forget that many good people have sought God not in vain; many lives have been devoted to the work of salvation as they understood it, and there have been many times of glorious outpourings of the Spirit of God and of marvelous works. When the sun is gone we have the moon and stars to relieve our night.

But the Christianity of Christ has been so effectually walled out—how and why is the great question—that society illustrates well the Cain and Abel story by its intense, unvarying war of social selfishness, against which a few followers struggle in vain. Selfishness is eternal war—the war of the fortunate and unfortunate, of wealth and poverty—the upper ranks on the social ladder kicking down all below them, wealth ever pushing poverty to the desolate border of starvation, and poverty angrily defiant until it is conquered and becomes pitifully abject—a condition concisely described by Carlyle as a "hell-scramble," a continuous war, the annual result of which in the United States is a murder for every hour of the day and night through three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, and about two thousand more for the holidays and mobs.

Our Christianity is the bedfellow of a social system organized well to divide mankind into two classes, of lords and serfs,—the oligarchy and the laborers,—the eighteen hundred years of the prolonged crucifixion of Christ,—for as He said, what is done to the humblest is done to Him.

But Christianity is not a corpse, for it can never die. It lives in the bosom of humanity as the seed that falls in summer lives in the cold ground through the winter.

The continents have had their ice age, we know not why, and in the progress of old humanity has had its moral age of ice, upon which the sun is now shining, and along its thawing margin the hardiest mountain growth, the tree of liberty, appears—a hardy forest. Though half stunted, even on the American continent, we know that when full blown it will shelter justice, brotherhood, and love, all of which will come with Christianity.

New Zealand.

Frank G. Carpenter.

How would you like to be sure of a pension after you are 65? How would you like to know that if your income is then not more than $170 a year Uncle Sam will annually hand you out $90 to boot, or that if you have a little more than $170 he will give you enough to make your total income $260?

This is one of the experiments they are trying in New Zealand. They are trying it upon old men and old women as well. If an old man has a wife over 65, both man and wife come under the law, and both get pensions, so that if their combined incomes do not exceed $340 they may together get an annual present of $180 from the Government, giving them a total income of $520, by no means a bad provision for one couple's old age.

This law has been in effect for two years. The bill was introduced into the New Zealand Parliament by Premier Seddon in 1898, and it passed both Houses. Already between $1,000,000 and $2,000,000 has been paid out in pensions under it, and the tax required to support it is more than $1 a year for every man, woman, and child in New Zealand. There are between 9,000 and 10,000 people here who are receiving old age pensions, or considerably more than one in every hundred.

If similar conditions prevailed in the United States we should have 2,700 old age pensioners in the national capital, 34,000 in New York, about 20,000 in Chicago, 13,000 in Philadelphia, 6,000 in Boston proper, and 1,000 or more in each of a score of the other cities of the United States. In the whole country, taking the last census at the round estimate of 75,000,000, we should have 750,000 old age pensioners, and if each received $85, the average pension of New Zealand in 1899, the annual tax for this purpose would amount to considerably more than $63,000,000. If we paid as much per capita as New Zealand is now paying it would be more than $75,000,000, so that it is hardly probable Uncle Sam will adopt the system this year.

Still, they do things differently in New Zealand. They have all sorts of ideas as to what a man can earn and what the Government should do to help him. A theory held by some of these people is that no man should have an income of more than $750 a year, and that if he has more it should be taxed out of him. The theory of the old age pension system is that every old man should have at least $260, and if he has not so much the Government should help him to it.

Our army of pensioners is composed of old soldiers, their widows and children. The army of pensioners in New Zealand is made up of old wornout workmen and workwomen who have failed to lay up more than a pittance for the day they are unable to work. The law provides only that the pensioner must have been a resident of New Zealand for twenty-five years prior to his application; that he must have spent less than five years in the penitentiary during that time, and that he must not have been in jail more than four months or four times during the twelve months preceding. It provides that his character must be good at the time of application, and that he must have been sober and reputable during the five years preceding that time. The applications are made at the postoffices, where such as pass the examinations are given certificates, each entitling its owner to a pension for one year, the idea being that it may be renewed at the close of that time.

As far as I can learn, this pension system is popular. There are but few old people in charitable institutions, and the old-woman beggar is unknown.

The New Zealand statesmen pride themselves upon their new laws regulating labor and capital. They have not had a strike for seven years, and expect none in the future. The capitalists think differently, but that is another story.

To-day the workingmen are the lords of New Zealand, and the laws have been dictated by them. A curious feature is the prominence of the trades unions and the wiping out of the individual. The famous conciliation and arbitration laws recognize only the trades unions, although it is provided that any seven men may register as a union and thus come under the law. I had a chat the other day as to these laws with the Minister for Labor, Edward Tregear. They are supposed to settle all disputes between the employers and the employed. Under them New Zealand has been divided into six industrial districts, each of which has its board of labor conciliation, consisting of members chosen by the trades unions and the capitalists. If there is a dispute the complaint is made to the board. It sends for persons and papers, and after examination gives a judgment, which both parties must accept. If the union is in the wrong it decides against it. If the employer is in the wrong he is told that he must make the matter right, and the decision so arrived at remains in force as the law for two years to come. It goes without saying that the board is usually in favor of the unions and against the capitalists.

If either party is not satisfied, however, an appeal can be made to the Court of Arbitration. This consists of three members, two appointed by the Governor upon the recommendation of the unions and the capitalists and a third, who is the judge of the Supreme Court of New Zealand. This court tries the case, and its judgment is final. It can fix wages, the working hours, and other matters, and it can impose fines, not to exceed $2,500. It assesses damages upon the parties to the suit, and all the property of the judgment debtors can be taken to satisfy such claims; and, if the judgment debtor is a trades union or an industrial association without property, the members of that union are liable to the amount of $50 per member.

I have before me the Government reports of a number of such cases. The judgments are curious ones. Here is a case which came before the Court of Conciliation in Dunedin, being brought at the instance of the Dunedin Painters' Union. The court decided that all painters shall work from 8 o'clock until 5 on

five days of the week, and from 8 until 12 on Saturday, one hour being allowed each day for dinner, except Saturday. The decision fixes the number of apprentices, and it provides that employers shall hire members of the union in preference to non-union members.

In the case of the Bakers' Union of Christchurch the court decided that overtime must be paid at the rate of time and a quarter for the first four hours and at the rate of time and a half for every hour thereafter. It limits each journeyman to but one apprentice, and fixes the term of apprenticeship at four years. It provides that no carter can be employed in a bakehouse, but that a baker may send out his employes to deliver bread, provided they do not work overtime.

In a dispute between the iron molders of Wellington and their employers the Court of Arbitration decided that the journeymen should not work more than forty-six and one-half hours a week, and that there should be only one apprentice to every three journeymen, that apprentices should work for five years, and be paid not less than $1.25 a week for the first six months, and a rising scale of wages thereafter up to the fifth year, when they should receive at least $7.50 a week.

As to the Furniture Union of Wellington, where wages were in dispute, the court decided that the employers should pay all saddlers and upholsterers $2.50 per day for eight hours' work, and that they should pay 25 per cent. additional an hour for overtime for the first four hours and 50 per cent, for every hour thereafter.

The decisions of these boards establish the rate of wages not only for the parties to the dispute, but for all others engaged in similar labor. For instance, if the court decides that a certain employer shall pay his shoemakers $12 a week the shoemakers in other shops will at once demand the same and get it. There are cases in which the employers have the best of the dispute. For instance, not long ago the printers of Wellington were getting $15 a week. They demanded $19 a week. Their employers were willing to give them $17.50, but they were not satisfied, and brought the matter before the court. The court awarded them $17, and this must be their wages for the next two years.

There is a big building in Wellington which is known as the Government Life Insurance Office, where you may find just how much the New Zealand body politic is willing to bet on the chances of life and death among its citizens. The Government has been carrying on a life insurance business since 1869, and the officials tell me that it pays. There is talk now of establishing a Government fire insurance department, and there are those who think the Government should manage the banks. The life insurance company uses the postmasters as its agents, and thus has its offices at every cross-roads. It will not issue a policy for more than $20,000, but it gives a low rate, and you are fairly sure of your money. There are now 36,000 policies in force, representing an insurance of about $45,000,000. Up to 1898 the department had received about $23,000,000 in premiums, and it had paid out to its policyholders over $13,000,000.

The insurance funds are largely invested in the bonds of the municipal corporations of New Zealand and in mortgages on real estate based upon a three-fifths valuation of the property. The salaries of the company are all paid by the Government and are independent of the amount of business done.

The Government Life Insurance Company is managed after the same manner as our life insurance companies and upon similar calculations of the chances of life and death. There is a system of paid-up policies and a Tontine savings fund system, introduced about seventeen years ago. There is a temperance section also, which grants special rates to those who abstain from intoxicating liquors, and a civil service insurance which provides annuities for Government clerks after they are 60 years of age.

New Zealand has as yet no national bank, although the Government is largely interested in some of the private banking associations. There are five banks which have the right to issue notes. The chief of these is the Bank of New Zealand, with a capital of $10,000,000 in 4 per cent. stock guaranteed by the Government. This bank has for a long time been the principal one in the islands. It was on the verge of failure a few years ago, when the Government, to prevent a panic, came to its assistance and gave it a loan of £1,000,000. At present the Government holds shares in it to the value of $2,500,000, and there are some who think that the investment is not an especially safe one.

The average amount of deposits in New Zealand banks is steadily increasing, showing that the country is accumulating money. In 1868 it was only about $15,000,000; at the end of the next decade it was almost $45,000,000. and it amounts now to more than $70,000,000. The present assets of the five chief banks are about $85,000,000, and their liabilities about $75,000,000.

Banking here is far different from banking in the United States. It is managed more on the trust system, being monopolized by these five banks, which have their branches in the

different towns. There are altogether 125 places in which banking is done, and in addition there is a savings bank connected with every postoffice.

The post-office savings banks are, of course, under the Government. They are banks of deposit, interest from 2 1-2 to 3 per cent. being allowed on all accounts. The money is invested in municipal and Government bonds and in mortgages on the big estate which the Government purchases to divide up among the people upon such terms that the purchasers pay 4 or 5 per cent. At present the yearly deposits of the postoffice savings banks amount to more than $15,000,000, and on the 1st of January, 1899, their total accounts approximated $25,000,000, making an average of about $150 for each account.

There are now about 160,000 depositors in the postoffice savings banks, which, taking the whole population of New Zealand, equals one to every four persons, or one savings bank deposit to every family. On the average about $50,000 is daily deposited in such banks, and the Government annually pays out through them more than $750,000 in interest.

Deposits as low as one shilling (25 cents) are taken, and there is an arrangement by which you can buy twelve penny stamps, paste them on a card, and mail them as your deposit. Three per cent. only is allowed on accounts ranging from $1,000 to $2,500, but on sums above that no interest whatever. This restricts the business to small depositors.

There are also seven private savings banks in the colony, in which the deposits amount to about $2,500,000 annually.

New Zealand has its building and loan associations, though not to the same extent as the United States. It has also all sorts of co-operative associations among the farmers. There are large stores managed by stock companies, in which hundreds and sometimes thousands of the customers have stock. This is especially so with the farmers' mercantile associations, corresponding somewhat to the Grange stores which we had some time ago in the United States. I visited an establishment of this kind in Christchurch. It had a large capital, and its manager told me that it paid 10 per cent. to its stockholders. It is much like one of our big department stores, with the prices marked on all articles offered for sale. Many of the meat-freezing establishments which are common here are managed by stock companies, in which the sheep owners are interested. The most of them pay good dividends.

The Government of New Zealand is not only a postman, but also acts as telegraph operator and "hello girl."

As postman it does as big a business in proportion as any Government on the globe. It has more than 1,500 postoffices; it annually carries more than 35,000,000 letters and about 15,000,000 newspapers, and it runs its post-office business at a profit, instead of at a deficit, as does Uncle Sam. It may be that the profit from the telegraph system enables it to do this, but, at any rate, with receipts of a little more than $2,000,000, it has an annual balance of something like $250,000.

The postal rates here are much the same as in the United States, and the postal accommodations in some respects are better. I refer to the parcels post, by which parcels of large size up to eleven pounds can be shipped over the country at low rates, and also to the postal notes, which can be bought for from 1-2 penny up to 6 pence in denominations of from one shilling up to £5.

The stamps used here are very beautiful. A new issue was brought out in 1898, being made from designs furnished under a prize offer from the Government. Twenty-four hundred different designs were submitted, and the best was chosen.

Nearly every New Zealand postoffice is a telegraph office, a telephone office, a savings bank, a Government life insurance office, and a money order office, so you see the postman has plenty to do. There are now Government telephones almost everywhere. The State has about 18,000 miles of telegraph and telephone wires, and it transmitted in 1899 just about 3,000,000 messages. It costs only 12 cents to send a twelve-word telegraph despatch, with a charge of two cents for each additional word. There are special rates for press messages. The cable rates to Australia are low, being 75 cents to $1.25 for ten words, and the rate to Great Britain is $1.30 per word, or to the United States, about $1. As to the telephones, there are thirty-one exchanges in New Zealand, with about 6,000 connections, and the total cost of making the same and equipping them has been less than $1,000,000.

All these things seem attractive, but there is another side to the picture. A man is worth not what he makes, but what he has left when his debts are paid. It is the same with a nation, and New Zealand is rapidly rolling up a big public debt. It 1899 it owed just about $220,000,000, or about $300 per head, or $1,500 per family of five. This debt is increasing. It has risen more than $60 per family in the last twelve years, and the average taxation to-day is about $100 per family.

Suppose the same conditions to prevail in the United States? We should owe 75,000,000 times $300, or $22,500,000,000—a national debt that would drive every one of our trust millionaires into the gopher holes of Canada or the backwoods of Asia, Africa, or Europe.

The Law of Averages.

Eltweed Pomeroy, A.M., President Direct Legislation League.

While the individual man is an insoluble puzzle, in the aggregate he becomes a mathematical certainty. You can, for example, never foretell what any one man will do, but can say with precision what an average number will be up to. Individuals vary, but percentages remain constant."—Speech of Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes.

"It is already clear that on whatever lines the societies of the future are organized, they will have to count with a new power, with the last surviving sovereign force of modern times, the power of crowds. On the ruins of many ideas formerly considered beyond discussion, and to-day decayed or decaying, of so many sources of authority that successive revolutions have destroyed, this power, which alone has risen in their stead, seems soon destined to absorb the others. While all our ancient beliefs are tottering and disappearing, while the old pillars of society are giving way one by one, the power of the crowd is the only force that nothing menaces, and of which the prestige is continually on the increase. The age we are about to enter will in truth be the Era of the Crowds.

"Scarcely a century ago, the traditional policy of European States and the rivalries of sovereigns were the principal factors that shaped events. The opinion of the masses scarcely counted, and most frequently, indeed, did not count at all. To-day it is the traditions which used to obtain in politics and the individual tendencies and rivalries of rulers which do not count; while on the contrary, the voice of the masses has become predominant. It is this voice that dictates their conduct to kings, whose endeavor is to take note of its utterances. The destinies of nations are elaborated at present in the heart of the masses, and no longer in the councils of princes."—Gustave Le Bon.

"We are to bethink us that men cannot now be bound to men by brass collars—not at all; that this brass collar method, in all figures of it, has vanished out of Europe forevermore. Huge democracy, walking the streets everywhere in its sack coat, has asserted so much; irrevocably, brooking no reply! No man is, or can henceforth be, the brass-collar thrall of any man; you may have to bind him by other and far nobler and cunninger methods. Once for all, he is loose of the brass collar, to have a scope as wide as his faculties now are. Will he not be usefuller to you in that new state? Let him go abroad as a trusted one, as a free one; and return home to you with rich earnings at night! Gurth could not tend pigs; this one will build cities, conquer waste worlds."—Thomas Carlyle.

Slowly but steadily, like the emergence of some great rock, as floods subside, rises the law of averages as having been the controlling, though little recognized, factor in our social evolution, as being the dimly seen and weakly grasped tremendous implement of modern progress, as to be the dominant law around which the glorious civilization of the future will be built. Obey it and it becomes your servant more powerful than the genii of Aladdin's lamp. Disobey it and the march of progress leaves you far in the rear.

All prophets, whether of Israel of old or of modern times, have, either instinctively or with careful study, applied this law of averages to their knowledge of national characteristics and have foretold, never exact facts, but the destinies of nations, and foretold them correctly.

"Individuals vary, but percentages remain constant." Great businesses are built up on this law. While neither you nor I, nor any other living man, can tell when he will die, yet if you ask an insurance actuary how many men of a large number of a given age and condition of living will die in a year or five years, he can foretell with almost absolute certainty. While no one knows where the lightning will strike, or tornado uproot, or fire start, the fire insurance expert can tell you so closely as to be absolutely accurate for all practical purposes how many of these casualties will happen in the United States in a year. The insurance business, wherever found and of whatever kind, is built up on this great law of averages.

The passenger agent of a great railway system cannot tell how many people will ride between two stations on his road to-morrow, but if he knows his business he can make an accurate statement of how many will ride on an average day of the year. On this knowledge is based the rates of fare to be charged and the number of trains to be run. The same is true of the proper fixing of freight rates. Because in this line of business, the law of averages is only partially obeyed, there is a great social waste. But it is obeyed.

The newspaper manager cannot tell whether you or I will buy his paper to-morrow morning, but he can tell how many of the people in his district will buy, and on this knowledge he prints a certain number of papers. His business is based on this law of averages.

By this law a statistician can foretell how many bankruptcies there'll be, how many people will marry at a certain age, how many children they'll have, the average rainfall and

temperature, and a thousand other things. The larger the field from which the figures are gathered, the more sure the results. Today almost all businesses are established on this law of averages to a greater or less extent, but in the future the obedience to it will reach a finer and closer degree, and as it does the rewards from a better correlation of industry, an accurate meeting of supply and demand, a more average distribution will produce results in human happiness and development never dreamed of.

"Individuals vary, but percentages remain constant." Governmental methods are witnessing a closer application of this law of averages. The world was turned away from government by individuals because individuals vary. It is turning toward government by the mass because percentages remain constant. It seeks stability, constancy. The movement is elemental in its character. It is the inevitable.

Three testimonies of how individual government is subsiding and percentage government rising are given at the head of this article. And Gustave Le Bon, Thomas Carlyle, and Sir Thomas Erskine May were not democrats at heart. But they have read the signs of the times and have prophesied of the inevitable. They have seen, as le Bon says, that "the last surviving sovereign force" is the government by percentages, that "all other sources of authority" are "tottering and disappearing," while the power of the people is increasing, that "the destinies of nations are elaborated in the heart of the masses." Carlyle has seen "huge democracy walking the street everywhere in its sack coat," and he prophesies that it will "build cities and conquer worlds." Sir May says that "States which have not felt its power will feel it, and States already under its partial influence must be prepared for its increasing force and activity."

The larger the field, the more sure the percentage. The law of averages, when applied to businesses, will produce great returns, but when applied to the State, it will produce far greater results, because the field is so much larger. It will bring a greater surety, a greater certainty, a greater accuracy.

"Individuals vary, but percentages remain constant." Society is turning over to this more stable and constant government, and it finds this in a percentage government, and does not find it in an individual government. This explains the persistent and continually increasing activity of the direct legislation advocates. This activity is almost always unselfish and self-sacrificing. But it is in accord with the spirit of the times—it is the spirit of the times.

Direct legislation is very simple. It is only a fuller, finer, stronger application of the law of averages to the making of the laws which govern. It means that percentages of the whole people shall be applied either actually or tacitly to the enacting of every law by which the people are to be governed. In communities too large for all the voters to assemble and pass on the laws to govern them, as is done in the town meetings, it is accomplished by imperative petitions in what is known as the initiative and referendum. Under the first, a reasonable majority by a petition may start a law, which, after discussion, shall be passed on by the people. Under the latter, a reasonable minority of the voters, by a petition may call for the reference to the whole people of any law passed by the Legislature. Thus these two actually apply the law of averages, the percentages which remain constant, to the direct making of the laws. The representative system is indirect, and with the spread of bribery, either of the open, rotten kind, or the more subtle, insidious, and hence dangerous forms of social and other influences, it is becoming more and more indirect. It is the sport now of this, now of that, individual and corporate influence. It is becoming more and more the individual government which varies. It is of the past. The to-be has judged it.

And why will this government by percentages, by the mass of the people, by direct legislation, be better than government by the best people, whether selected by heredity or at stated occasions by the people themselves? In other words, why will a purely democratic Government be better than an aristocratic Government, whether hereditary aristocratic, or representative aristocratic? It is a government by the best, and surely that must be better than a government by the average?

It is not a government by the best. Hereditary aristocracies are continually degenerating and dying out, and always have to be reinforced from below by a stream of democratic blood. An hereditary aristocratic system secures culture, training, breeding—a polishing up of the material, but the material itself becomes rotten or weak. A representative aristocracy or a selection of the best by representation secures aldermen, common councillors, legislators, politicians. Are not these very names enough of an argument? Its highest product is the boss, the man who can weave the cunningest nets, who can manipulate other men, who can juggle with words to seem to give and really not to give, who can best serve corporate influences. That is what a representative aristocracy produces.

"Let the nation own the trusts."

THE BASIS OF SOCIALISM

By Sidney Webb

The first man who really made a dint in the individualist shield was Carlyle, who knew how to compel men to listen to him. Oftener wrong than right in his particular proposals, he managed to keep alive the faith in nobler ends than making a fortune in this world and saving one's soul in the next. Then came Maurice, Kingsley, Ruskin, and others who dared to impeach the current middle class cult; until finally, through Comte and John Stuart Mill, Darwin, and Herbert Spencer, the conception of the Social Organism has at last penetrated to the minds, though not yet to the books, even of our professors of Political Economy.

Meanwhile, caring for none of these things, the practical man had been irresistibly driven in the same direction. In the teeth of the current political economy, and in spite of all the efforts of the mill-owning Liberals, England was compelled to put forth her hand to succor and protect her weaker members. Any number of Local Improvement Acts, Drainage Acts, Truck Acts, Mines Regulation Acts, Factory Acts, Public Health Acts, Adulteration Acts, were passing into law. The liberty of the property owner to oppress the propertyless by the levy of the economic tribute of rent and interest began to be circumscribed, pared away, obstructed, and forbidden in various directions. Slice after slice has gradually been cut from the profits of capital, and therefore from its selling value, by socially beneficial restrictions on its user's liberty to do as he liked with it. Slice after slice has been cut off the incomes from rent and interest by the gradual shifting of taxation from consumers to persons enjoying incomes above the average of the kingdom. Step by step the political power and political organization of the country have been used for industrial ends, until to-day the largest employer of labor is one of the Ministers of the Crown (the Postmaster-General); and almost every conceivable trade is, somewhere or other, carried on by parish, municipality, or the national Government itself without the intervention of any middleman or capitalist. The theorists who denounce the taking by the community into its own hands of the organization of its own labor as a thing economically unclean, repugnant to the sturdy individual independence of Englishmen, and as yet outside the sphere of practical politics, seldom have the least suspicion of the extent to which it has already been carried. Besides our international relations and the army, navy, police, and the courts of justice, the community now carries on for itself, in some part or another of these islands, the postoffice, telegraphs, carriage of small commodities, coinage, surveys, the regulation of the currency and note issue, the provision of weights and measures, the making, sweeping, lighting, and repairing of streets, roads, and bridges, life insurance, the grant of annuities, ship-building, stock broking, banking, farming, and money lending. It provides for many thousands of us from birth to burial—midwifery, nursery, education, board and lodging, vaccination, medical attendance, medicine, public worship, amusements, and interment. It furnishes and maintains its own museums, parks, art galleries, libraries, concert halls, roads, streets, bridges, markets, slaughter-houses, fire engines, light-houses, pilots, ferries, surf-boats, steam tugs, lifeboats, cemeteries, public baths, wash houses, pounds, harbors, piers, wharves, hospitals, dispensaries, gas works, water works, tramways, telegraph cables, allotments, cow meadows, artisans' dwellings, schools, churches, and reading-rooms. It carries on and publishes its own researches in geology, meteorology, statistics, zoology, geography, and even theology. In our colonies the English Government further allows and encourages the communities to provide for themselves railways, canals, pawnbroking, theaters, forestry, cinchona farms, irrigation, leper villages, casinos, bathing establishments, and immigration, and to deal in ballast, guano, quinine, opium, salt, and what not. Every one of these functions, with those of the army, navy, police, and courts of justice, were at one time left to private enterprise, and were a source of legitimate individual investment of capital. Step by step the community has absorbed them, wholly or partially; and

the area of private exploitation has been lessened. Parallel with this progressive nationalization or municipalization of industry, there has gone on the elimination of the purely personal element in business management. The older economists doubted whether anything but banking and insurance could be carried on by joint stock enterprise: now every conceivable industry, down to baking and milk-selling, is successfully managed by the salaried officers of large corporations of idle shareholders. More than one-third of the whole business of England, measured by the capital employed, is now done by joint stock companies, whose shareholders could be expropriated by the community with no more dislocation of the industries carried on by them than is caused by the daily purchase of shares on the Stock Exchange.

Besides its direct supersession of private enterprise, the State now registers, inspects, and controls nearly all the industrial functions which it has not yet absorbed. In addition to births, marriages, deaths, and electors, the State registers all solicitors, barristers, notaries, patent agents, brokers, newspaper proprietors, playing card makers, brewers, bankers, seamen, captains, mates, doctors, cabmen, hawkers, pawnbrokers, tobacconists, distillers, plate dealers, game dealers; all insurance companies, friendly societies, endowed schools and charities, limited companies, lands, houses, deeds, bills of sale, compositions, ships, arms, dogs, cabs, omnibuses, books, plays, pamphlets, newspapers, raw cotton movements, trade marks, and patents; lodging houses, public houses, refreshment houses, theaters, music halls, places of worship, elementary schools, and dancing rooms.

Nor is the registration a mere form. Most of the foregoing are also inspected and criticized, as are all railways, tramways, ships, mines, factories, canal boats, public conveyances, fisheries, slaughter-houses, dairies, milk shops, bakeries, baby farms, gas meters, schools of anatomy, vivisection laboratories, explosive works, Scotch herrings, and common lodging houses.

The inspection is often detailed and rigidly enforced. The State in most of the larger industrial operations prescribes the age of the worker, the hours of work, the amount of air, light, cubic space, heat, lavatory accommodation, holidays, and meal times; where, when, and how wages shall be paid; how machinery, staircases, lift holes, mines, and quarries are to be fenced and guarded; how and when the plant shall be cleaned, repaired, and worked. Even the kind of package in which some articles shall be sold is duly prescribed, so that the individual capitalist shall take no advantage of his position. On every side he is being registered, inspected, controlled, and eventually superseded by the community; and in the meantime he is compelled to cede for public purposes an ever-increasing share of his rent and interest.

Even in the fields still abandoned to private enterprise, its operations are thus every day more closely limited, in order that the anarchic competition of private greed, which at the beginning of the century was set up as the only infallibly beneficent principle of social action, may not utterly destroy the State. All this has been done by "practical" men, ignorant, that is to say, of any scientific sociology, believing Socialism to be the most foolish of dreams, and absolutely ignoring, as they thought, all grandiloquent claims for social reconstruction. Such is the irresistible sweep of social tendencies, that in their every act they worked to bring about the very Socialism they despised; and to destroy the Individualist faith which they still professed. They builded better than they knew.

It must by no means be supposed that these beginnings of social reorganization have been effected, or the proposals for their extension brought to the front, without the conscious efforts of individual reformers. The "Zeitgeist" is potent; but it does not pass Acts of Parliament without legislators, or erect municipal libraries without town councillors. Though our decisions are molded by the circumstances of the time, and the environment at least roughhews our ends, shape them as we will; yet each generation decides for itself. It still rests with the individual to resist or promote the social evolution, consciously or unconsciously, according to his character and information. The importance of complete consciousness of the social tendencies of the age lies in the fact that its existence and comprehensiveness often determine the expediency of our particular action: we move with less resistance with the stream than against it.

The general failure to realize the extent to which our unconscious Socialism has already proceeded*—a failure which causes much time

*We have in the United States more Socialism than is usually recognized. Our Public schools, postal service, State hospitals, asylums, colleges, our labor and agricultural bureaus, our fishery commissions, our municipal fire departments, water supplies, electric plants, gas works, every factory law, health regulation, and school requirement, these and a hundred other things are distinctly Socialistic. The tendency is rapidly increasing. Those who doubt that these things are truly Socialistic, should read the indi-

and labor to be wasted in uttering and elaborating on paper the most ludicrously unpractical anti-Socialistic demonstrations of the impossibility of matters of daily occurrence—is due to the fact that few know anything of local administration outside their own town. It is the municipalities which have done most to "socialize" our industrial life; and the municipal history of the century is yet unwritten. A few particulars may here be given as to this progressive "municipalization" of industry. Most of us know that the local Governments have assumed the care of the roads, streets, and bridges, once entirely abandoned to individual enterprise, as well as the lighting and cleansing of all public thoroughfares, and the provision of sewers, drains and "storm water courses." It is, perhaps, not so generally known that no less than £7,500,000 is annually expended on these services in England and Wales alone, being about 5 per cent. of the rent of the country. The provision of markets, fairs, harbors, piers, docks, hospitals, cemeteries, and burial grounds, is still shared with private capitalists; but those in public hands absorb nearly £2,000,000 annually. Parks, pleasure grounds, libraries, museums, baths, and wash houses cost the public funds over half a million sterling. All these are, however, comparatively unimportant services. It is in the provision of gas, water, and tramways that local authorities organize labor on a large scale. Practically half the gas consumers in the kingdom are supplied by public gas works, which exist in 168 separate localities, with an annual expenditure of over three millions. (Government return for 1887-8, see Board of Trade Journal, January, 1889, pp. 76-8.) It need hardly be added that the advantage to the public is immense, in spite of the enormous price paid for the works in many instances; and that the further municipalization of the gas industry is proceeding with great rapidity, no fewer than twelve local authorities having obtained loans for the purpose (and one for electric lighting) in a single year (Local Government Board report, 1887-8, c-5.526, pp. 319-367.) With equal rapidity is the water supply becoming a matter of commercial organization, the public expenditure already reaching nearly a million sterling annually. Sixty-five local authorities borrowed money for water supply in 1887-8, rural and urban districts being equally represented (c-5.550, pp. 319-367). Tramways and ferries are undergoing the same development. About thirty-one towns, including nearly all the larger Provincial centers, own some or all of their own tramways. Manchester, Bradford, Birmingham, Oldham, Sunderland, and Greenock lease their undertakings; but among the municipalities Huddersfield has the good sense to work its lines without any "middleman" intervention, with excellent public results. The tramway mileage belonging to local authorities has increased five-fold since 1878, and comprises more than a quarter of the whole. (House of Commons return, 1887-8, No. 347.) The last important work completed by the Metropolitan Board of Works was the establishment of a "free steam ferry" on the Thames, charged upon the rates. This is, in some respects, the most significant development of all. The difference between a free steam ferry and a free railway is obviously only one of degree.

A few more cases are worth mentioning. Glasgow builds and maintains seven public "common lodging houses;" Liverpool provides science lectures; Manchester builds and stocks an art gallery; Birmingham runs schools of design; Leeds creates extensive cattle markets; and Bradford supplies water below cost price. There are nearly one hundred free libraries and reading-rooms. The minor services now performed by public bodies are innumerable.

The community must necessarily aim, consciously or not, at its continuance as a community: its life transcends that of any of its members; and the interests of the individual unit must often clash with those of the whole. Though the social organism has itself evolved from the union of individual men, the individual is now created by the social organism of which he forms a part: his life is born of the larger life; his attributes are molded by the social pressure; his activities, inextricably interwoven with others, belong to the activity of the whole. Without the continuance and sound health of the social organism, no man can now live and thrive; and its persistence is accordingly his paramount end. His conscious motive for action may be, nay always must be, individual to himself; but where such action proves inimical to the social welfare, it must sooner or later be checked by the whole, lest the whole perish through the error of its member. The conditions of social health are accordingly a matter for scientific investigation. There is, at any moment, one particular arrangement of social relations which involves the minimum of human misery then and there possible amid the "niggardliness of nature." Fifty years ago it would have been assumed that absolute freedom in the sense of individual or "manly" independence, plus a criminal code, would spontaneously result in such an arrangement for each particular nation; and the effect was the philo-

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vidualistic "A Plea for Liberty," where all the above are denounced as tending to Socialism. Ed.

sophic apotheosis of "Laissez Faire." To-day every student is aware that no such optimistic assumption is warranted by the facts of life.* We know now that in natural selection at the stage of development where the existence of civilized mankind is at stake, the units selected from are not individuals, but societies. Its action at earlier stages, though analogous, is quite dissimilar. Among the lower animals physical strength or agility is the favored quality: if some heaven-sent genius among the cuttle-fish developed a delicate poetic faculty, this high excellence would not delay his succumbing to his hulking neighbor. When, higher up in the scale, mental cunning became the favored attribute, an extra brain convolution, leading primitive man to the invention of fire or tools, enabled a comparatively puny savage to become the conqueror and survivor of his fellows.

Brain culture accordingly developed apace; but we do not yet thoroughly realize that this has itself been superseded as the "selected" attribute, by social organization. The cultivated Athenians, Saracens, and Provencals went down in the struggle for existence before their respective competitors, who, individually inferior, were in possession of a, at that time, more valuable social organization. The French nation was beaten in the last war, not because the average German was an inch and a half taller than the average Frenchman, or because he had read five more books, but because the German social organism was, for the purposes of the time, superior in efficiency to the French. If we desire to hand on to the afterworld our direct influence, and not merely the memory of our excellence, we must take even more care to improve the social organism of which we form part, than to perfect our own individual developments. Or rather, the perfect and fitting development of each individual is not necessarily the utmost and highest cultivation of his own personality, but the filling, in the best possible way, of his humble function in the great social machine. We must abandon the self-conceit of imagining that we are independent units, and bend our jealous minds, absorbed in their own cultivation, to this subjection to the higher end, the common weal. Accordingly conscious "direct adaptation" steadily supplants the unconscious and wasteful "indirect adaptation" of the earlier form of the struggle for existence; and with every advance in sociological knowledge, man is seen to assume more and more, not only the mastery of "things," but also a conscious control over social destiny itself.

This new scientific conception of the social organism has put completely out of countenance the cherished principles of the political economist and the philosophic radical. We left them sailing gaily into Anarchy on the stream of "Laissez Faire." Since then the tide has turned. The publication of John Stuart Mill's "Political Economy" in 1848 marks conveniently the boundary of the old individualist economics. Every edition of Mill's book became more Socialistic. After his death the world learned the personal history, penned by his own hand,* of his development from a mere political democrat to a convinced Socialist.

The change in tone since then has been such that one competent economist, professedly anti-Socialist, publishes regretfully to the world, that all the younger men are now Socialists, as well as many of the older professors. It is, indeed, mainly from these that the world has learned how faulty were the earlier economic generalizations, and above all, how incomplete as guides for social or political action. These generalizations are accordingly now to be met with only in leading articles, sermons, or the speeches of ministers or bishops. The economist himself knows them no more.

The result of this development of Sociology is to compel a revision of the relative importance of liberty and equality as principles to be kept in view in social administration. In Bentham's celebrated "ends" to be aimed at in a civil code, liberty stands predominant over equality, on the ground that full equality can be maintained only by the loss of security for the fruits of labor. That exposition remains as true as ever; but the question for decision remains, how much liberty? Economic analysis has destroyed the value of the old criterion of respect for the liberty of others. Bentham, whose economics were weak, paid no attention to the perpetual tribute on the fruits of others' labor which full private property in land inevitably creates. In his view liberty and security to property meant that every worker should be free to obtain the full result of his own labor; and there appeared no inconsist-

*See "Darwinism and Politics," by D. G. Ritchie, Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford. Humboldt Library, No. 125.

*"The social problem of the future we considered to be, how to unite the greatest individual liberty of action with a common ownership in the raw material of the globe, and an equal participation of all in the benefits of combined labor. . . . Our ideal of ultimate improvement is far beyond Democracy and would class us decidedly under the general designation of Socialists."—"Autobiography," chap. vii.—Am. Ed.

ency between them. The political economist now knows that with free competition and private property in land and capital, no individual can possibly obtain the full result of his own labor. The student of industrial development, moreover, finds it steadily more and more impossible to trace what is precisely the result of each separate man's toil. Complete right of liberty and property necessarily involve, for example, the spoliation of the Irish cottier tenant for the benefit of Lord Clanricarde. What, then, becomes of the Benthamic principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number? When the Benthamite comes to understand the law of rent, which of the two will he abandon? For he cannot escape the lesson of the century, taught alike by the economists, the statesmen, and the "practical men," that complete individual liberty, with unrestrained private ownership of the instruments of wealth production, is irreconcilable with the common weal. The free struggle for existence among ourselves menaces our survival as a healthy and permanent social organism. Evolution, Professor Huxley declared, is the substitution of consciously regulated co-ordination among the units of each organism, for blind anarchic competition. Thirty years ago Herbert Spencer demonstrated the incompatibility of full private property in land with the modern democratic State; and almost every economist now preaches the same doctrine. The Radical is rapidly arriving, from practical experience, at similar conclusions; and the steady increase of the Government regulation of private enterprise, the growth of municipal administration, and the rapid shifting of the burden of taxation directly to rent and interest, mark in treble lines the statesman's unconscious abandonment of the old Individualism, and our irresistible glide into collectivist Socialism.—Sidney Webb.

SHOT AS HUMAN VERMIN

By G. Bernard Shaw

The discovery of the New World began that economic revolution which changed every manufacturing town into a mere booth in the world's fair, and quite altered the immediate objects and views of producers. English adventurers took to the sea in a frame of mind peculiarly favorable to commercial success. They were unaffectedly pious, and had the force of character which is only possible to men who are founded on convictions. At the same time, they regarded piracy as a brave and patriotic pursuit, and the slave trade as a perfectly honest branch of commerce, adventurous enough to be consistent with the honor of a gentleman, and lucrative enough to make it well worth the risk. When they stole the cargo of a foreign ship, or made a heavy profit on a batch of slaves, they regarded their success as a direct proof of divine protection. The owners of accumulated wealth hastened to "venture" their capital with these men. Persons of all the richer degrees, from Queen Elizabeth downward, took shares in the voyages of the merchant adventurers. The returns justified their boldness; and the foundation of the industrial greatness and the industrial shame of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was laid: modern Capitalism thus arising in enterprises for which men are now, by civilized nations, hung or shot as human vermin. And it is curious to see still, in the commercial adventurers of our own time, the same incongruous combination of piety and rectitude with the most unscrupulous and revolting villainy. We all know the merchant princes whose enterprise, whose steady perseverance, whose high personal honor, blameless family relations, large charities, and liberal endowment of public institutions mark them out as very pillars of society; and who are nevertheless grinding their wealth out of the labor of women and children with such murderous rapacity that they have to hand over the poorest of their victims to sweaters whose sole special function is the evasion of the Factory Acts. They have, in fact, no more sense of social solidarity with the wage-workers than Drake had with the Spaniards or negroes.

With the rise of foreign trade and Capitalism, industry so far outgrew the control, not merely of the individual, but of the village, the guild, the municipality, and even the central Government, that it seemed as if all attempt at regulation must be abandoned. Every law made for the better ordering of business either did not work at all, or worked only as a monopoly enforced by exasperating official meddling, directly injuring the general interest, and reacting disastrously on the particular interest it was intended to protect.

The laws, too, had ceased to be even honestly intended, owing to the seizure of political power by the capitalist classes, which had been prodigiously enriched by the operation of economic laws which were not then understood. Matters reached a position in which legislation and regulation were so mischievous and corrupt, that anarchy became the ideal of all progressive thinkers and practical men. The intellectual revolt formally inaugurated by the Reformation was reinforced in the eighteenth century by the great industrial revolution which began with the utilization of steam and the invention of the spinning jenny. Then came chaos. The feudal system became an absurdity when its basis of communism with inequality of condition had changed into private property with free contract and competition rents. The guild system had no machinery for dealing with division of labor, the factory system, or international trade: it recognized in competitive individualism only something to be repressed as diabolical. But competitive individualism simply took possession of the guilds, and turned them into refectories for aldermen, and notable additions to the grievances and laughing stocks of posterity.

The desperate effort of the human intellect to unravel this tangle of industrial anarchy brought modern political economy into existence. It took shape in France, where the confusion was thrice confounded; and proved itself a more practical department of philosophy than the metaphysics of the schoolmen, the Utopian socialism of More, or the sociology of Hobbes. It could trace its ancestry to Aristotle; but just then the human intellect was rather tired of Aristotle, whose economics, besides, were those of slave-holding republics. Political economy soon declared for industrial anarchy; for private property; for individual recklessness of everything except individual accumulation of riches; and for the abolition of all the functions of the State except those of putting down violent conduct and invasions of private property. It might have echoed Jack Cade's exclamation, "But then are we in order, when we are most out of order."

Although this was what political economy decreed, it must not be inferred that the greater economists were any more advocates of mere license than Prince Kropotkin, or Mr. Herbert Spencer, or Mr. Benjamin Tucker of Boston, or any other modern Anarchist. They did not admit that the alternative to State regulation was anarchy: they held that Nature had provided an all-powerful automatic regulator in Competition; and that by its operation self-interest would evolve order out of chaos if only it were allowed its own way. They loved to believe that a right and just social order was not an artificial and painfully maintained legal edifice, but a spontaneous outcome of the free play of the forces of Nature. They were reactionaries against feudal domineering and medieval meddling and ecclesiastical intolerance; and they were able to show how all three had ended in disgraceful failure, corruption, and self-stultification. Indignant at the spectacle of the peasant struggling against the denial of those rights of private property which his feudal lord had successfully usurped, they strenuously affirmed the right of private property for all. And while they were dazzled by the prodigious impulse given to production by the industrial revolution under competitive private enterprise, they were at the same time, for want of statistics, so optimistically ignorant of the condition of the masses, that we find David Hume, in 1766, writing to Turgot that "no man is so industrious but he may add some hours more in the week to his labor; and scarce anyone is so poor but he can retrench something of his expense." No student ever gathers from a study of the individualist economists that the English proletariat was seething in horror and degradation while the riches of the proprietors were increasing by bounds.

The historical ignorance of the economists did not, however, disable them for the abstract work of scientific political economy. All their most cherished institutions and doctrines succumbed one by one to their analysis of the laws of production and exchange. With one law alone—the law of rent—they destroyed the whole series of assumptions upon which private property is based. The priorist notion that among free competitors wealth must go to the industrious, and poverty be the just and natural punishment of the lazy and improvident, proved as illusory as the apparent flatness of the earth. Here was a vast mass of wealth called economic rent, increasing with the population, and consisting of the difference between the product of the national industry as it actually was and as it would have been if every acre of land in the country had been no more fertile or favorably situated than the very worst acre from which a bare living could be extracted: all quite incapable of being assigned to this or that individual or class as the return to his or its separate exertions: all purely social or common wealth, for the private appropriation of which no permanently valid and intellectually honest excuse could be made. Ricardo was quite as explicit and far more thorough on the subject than Mr. Henry George. He pointed out—I quote his own words—that "the whole surplus produce of

the soil, after deducting from it only such moderate profits as are sufficient to encourage accumulation, must finally rest with the landlord."

It was only by adopting a preposterous theory of value that Ricardo was able to maintain that the laborer, selling himself for wages to the proprietor, would always command his cost of production, i.e., his daily subsistence. Even that slender consolation vanished later on before the renewed investigation of value made by Jevons, who demonstrated that the value of a commodity is a function of the quantity available, and may fall to zero when the supply outruns the demand so far as to make the final increment of the supply useless. A fact which the unemployed had discovered, without the aid of the differential calculus, before Jevons was born. Private property, in fact, left no room for new comers. Malthus pointed this out, and urged that there should be no newcomers—that the population should remain stationary. But the population took exactly as much notice of this modest demand for stagnation as the incoming tide took of King Canute's ankles. Indeed the demand was the less reasonable since the power of production per head was increasing faster than the population (as it still is), the increase of poverty being produced simply by the increase and private appropriation of rent. After Ricardo had completed the individualist synthesis of production and exchange, a dialectical war broke out. Proudhon had only to skim through a Ricardian treatise to understand just enough of it to be able to show that political economy was a reductio ad absurdam of private property instead of a justification of it. Ferdinand Lassalle, with Ricardo in one hand and Hegel in the other, turned all the heavy guns of the philosophers and economists on private property with such effect that no one dared to challenge his characteristic boasts of the irresistible equipment of Social Democracy in point of culture. Karl Marx, without even giving up the Ricardian value theory, seized on the blue books which contained the true history of the leaps and bounds of England's prosperity, and convicted private property of wholesale spoliation, murder, and compulsory prostitution; of plague, pestilence, and famine; battle, murder, and sudden death. This was hardly what had been expected from an institution so highly spoken of. Many critics said that the attack was not fair: no one ventured to pretend that the charges were not true. The facts were not only admitted; they had been legislated upon. Social Democracy was working itself out practically as well as academically.

But if we have got as far as an intellectual conviction that the source of our social misery is no eternal well-spring of confusion and evil, but only an artificial system susceptible of almost infinite modification and readjustment—nay, of practical demolition and substitution at the will of man, then a terrible weight will be lifted from the minds of all except those who are, whether avowedly to themselves or not, clinging to the present state of things from base motives. We have had in this century a stern series of lessons on the folly of believing anything for no better reason than that it is pleasant to believe it. It was pleasant to look round with a consciousness of possessing a thousand a year, and say, with Browning's David, "All's love; and all's law." It was pleasant to believe that the chance we were too lazy to take in this world would come back to us in another. It was pleasant to believe that a benevolent hand was guiding the steps of society; overruling all evil appearances for good; and making poverty here the earnest of a great blessedness and reward hereafter. It was pleasant to lose the sense of worldly inequality in the contemplation of our equality before God. But utilitarian questioning and scientific answering turned all this tranquil optimism into the blackest pessimism. Nature was shown to us as "red in tooth and claw:" if the guiding hand were indeed benevolent, then it could not be omnipotent, so that our trust in it was broken; if it were omnipotent, it could not be benevolent; so that our love of it turned to fear and hatred. We had never admitted that the other world, which was to compensate for the sorrows of this, was open to horses and apes (though we had not on that account been any the more merciful to our horses); and now came Science to show us the corner of the pointed ear of the horse on our own heads, and present the ape to us as our blood relation. No proof came of the existence of that other world and that benevolent power to which we had left the remedy of the atrocious wrongs of the poor: proof after proof came that what we called Nature knew and cared no more about our pains and pleasures than we know or care about the tiny creatures we crush under foot as we walk through the fields. Instead of at once perceiving that this meant no more than that Nature was unmoral and indifferent, we relapsed into a gross form of devil worship, and conceived Nature as a remorselessly malignant power. This was no better than the old optimism, and infinitely gloomier. It kept our eyes still shut to the truth that there is no cruelty and selfishness outside man himself; and that his own active benevolence

can combat and vanquish both. When the Socialist came forward as a meliorist on these lines, the old school of political economists who could see no alternative to private property, put forward in proof of the powerlessness of benevolent action to arrest the deadly automatic production of poverty by the increase of population, the very analysis I have just presented. Their conclusions exactly fitted in with the new ideas. It was Nature at it again—the struggle for existence—the remorseless extirpation of the weak—the survival of the fittest*—in short, natural selection at work. Socialism seemed too good to be true: it was passed by as merely the old optimism foolishly running its head against the stone wall of modern science. But Socialism now challenges individualism, skepticism, pessimism, worship of Nature personified as a devil, on their own ground of science. The science of the production and distribution of wealth is Political Economy. Socialism appeals to that science, and, turning on Individualism its own guns, routs it in incurable disaster. Henceforth the bitter cynic who still finds the world an eternal and unimprovable dog-hole, with the placid person of means who repeats the familiar misquotation, "the poor ye shall have always with you," lose their usurped place among the cultured, and pass over to the ranks of the ignorant, the shallow, and the superstitious. As for the rest of us, since we are taught to revere proprietary respectability in our unfortunate childhood, and since we found our childish hearts so hard and unregenerate that they secretly hated and rebelled against respectability in spite of that teaching, it is impossible to express the relief with which we discover that our hearts were all along right, and that the current respectabilty of to-day is nothing but a huge inversion of righteous and scientific social order weltering in dishonesty, uselessness, selfishness, wanton misery, and idiotic waste of magnificent opportunities for noble and happy living. It was terrible to feel this, and yet to fear that it could not be helped—that the poor must starve and make you ashamed of your dinner—that they must shiver and make you ashamed of your warm overcoat. It is to economic science—once the Dismal, now the Hopeful—that we are indebted for the discovery that though the evil is enormously worse than we knew, yet it is not eternal—not even very long lived, if we only bestir ourselves to make an end of it.

*Under the present system of competition "survival of the fittest" is "survival of the cheapest." The Chinaman easily lives where the American starves.—H. G. W.

From THE MIGHTY HUNDRED YEARS

EDWIN MARKHAM

Above the dead the circling music sprang—
Dead custom, dead religion, dead desire;
Down the keen wind of dawn the rapture rang,
White with new dream and shot with Shelley's fire.

Out of the whirlwind Truth that came on France,
Rose the young Titaness, Democracy,
Superb in gesture, with the godlike glance;
Now stirred, now still with dreams of things to be.

New seeing came upon the eyes of men,
New life ran pulsing in the veins of Earth:
It was a sifting of the souls again,
The weighing of the ages and their worth. . . .

Lo, man tore off the chains his own hands made;
Hurled down the blind, fierce gods that in blind years
He fashioned, and a power on them laid
To bruise his heart and shake his soul with fears.

He questioned nature, peered into the past,
Careless of hoary precedent and pact;
And sworn to know the truth of things at last,
Knelt at the altar of the Naked Fact. . . .

It is the hour of Man: new Purposes, [gate;
Broad-shouldered, press against the world's slow
And voices from the vast Eternities
Still preach the soul's austere apostolate.

Always there will be vision for the heart,
The press of endless passion: every goal
A travelers' tavern, whence they must depart
On new divine adventures of the soul.

—In SUCCESS.

An Honest Million.

Dr. C. F. Taylor.

I have never been so impressed by a place where there was so little to see as by Nazareth, once the home of the One whose gentle life and wise teachings have so remarkably influenced the civilized world. The place is not particularly impressive, but one's thoughts are thronged with memories of teachings which began at mother's knee, then continued in the Sunday school, church, etc., and connected with every sacred relation, as christenings, weddings, and funerals. And here was His home! We are treading the very streets that He trod. The views that meet our eyes in every direction are scenes once familiar to Him. Yonder Plain of Esdraelon, which we crossed in coming here, was well known to Him. Yonder mountain is practically the same now as it was when it was a familiar figure in His daily landscape. I went to bed that night with an impressive realization that I was to sleep in the town which was once His home. And when leaving next day I often turned my horse about to look again and again at the little town and its surrounding hills and valleys—scenes of His daily life.

In the last few years, during which the industrial question has assumed such great importance in our country, my mind has often gone back to those scenes in Galilee. I have thought of the principal actor, not as a teacher, but as a workingman—the Carpenter of Galilee. Millionaires and multi-millionaires have become numerous in our country, bringing in their wake an army of unemployed, many of whom, by force of conditions, degenerate into tramps and vagabonds. Both these classes, the millionaires and tramps, are a detriment to the best interests of our country. I have made a calculation bearing upon the honesty of these millions in private coffers, and to help us to realize what a sum a million dollars is, and what it is to actually earn a million dollars. All will agree that when a workingman can save $1 every working day in the year he is doing well.

Our era begins with the birth of this Carpenter of Galilee. Let us suppose that he was able to begin work on the day of his birth, and that each working day he was able to save $1 above his living expenses. Let us suppose that he never loses a day by sickness or bad weather, and that his life and health and strength are miraculously prolonged until he shall earn one million dollars by saving $1 for every working day. Then we will be able to realize what an honest million is.

We will trace our workman who began work on the day of his birth. At the historic time of his death, at the age of 33, what would he be worth? The calculation is easy; 365 days minus 52 Sundays, equals 313 working days in each year. Multiply that by 33 years and we have 10,329 days; but we must add eight days for eight leap years. This would make 10,337, and $1 per day saved would equal as many dollars, $10,337. Far from a million, yet labor began at birth, and never a holiday nor a day lost by sickness! Let us suppose that he had lived the allotted seventy years; then how would the account stand? Only $21,927! Our workman has a long and weary task before him to earn so large an amount as a million dollars. Our hero must trudge along through summer's heat and winter's storms. Years and decades come and go, until they grow into centuries, and still he works on, for his task is only begun. He sees kingdoms and empires rise and fall, but still he labors on, for the greater part of his task is still before him.

Christians are persecuted in various countries, the Roman Empire disappears, the dark ages come, and still he labors on, his task not yet completed. The crusades are fought, America is discovered, modern science awakens the world from its shroud of darkness, and still he labors on. The stirring events of modern history transpire and bring us down to the present moment, and—would you believe it?—our Carpenter is still laboring on, not yet having saved a million dollars, yet not having missed a single working day from sickness or any other cause in all these centuries. Let us see how his task would stand at this time. We are not counting interest, but purely the earnings of labor. We have seen that his savings would be $313 per year; this would be $31,300 per century, but adding twenty-five days for twenty-five leap years per century, it would be $31,325 per century. To determine how this account would stand, multiply $31,325 by 19, and the result is $595,175. So the task at the present time would be only a little more than half done. Let us in imagination bring him before us. Here he comes, time-scarred, storm-scarred, labor-scarred. We ask him questions. He tells us interesting stories of how he has builded homes for princes and peasants in many countries, of how he worked on the Colosseum, the Alhambra, and St. Peter's. He mentions familiarly such masters as Michael Angelo, He praises his good fortune in having steady employment during all these centuries, and that his wages are always promptly paid, and that he was allowed to make up the time lost by going from one job to another, by night

work—but suddenly he says, "I must not tarry. I am the drudge of the ages, with the task of earning a million dollars. I must get it honestly, therefore I must earn it. My task will require many, many years, even centuries yet, so adieu." With this he leaves us. But does he not leave many reflections concerning our millionaires and their millions? What shall we say to those who obtain not only one million, but many millions, in the few years of the adult period of a single life?

It is plain that no man can earn a million dollars in a brief human life, however hard he may work. But many have become millionaires, and while it is impossible to do so honestly in a strictly ethical sense, we will admit that some have done so legally. This shows that these men have been enabled to do this only by the many advantages of the institutions of this country, and aided by the protection of the law? Then do these men owe nothing to the country and to the law? Indeed, they owe much. But as a rule they systematically "dodge" taxes during life, and at death are permitted to make any disposition of their vast possessions that they may desire to order in their will, without any contribution to the Government that made possible the accumulation of their vast fortunes. Is it not just and fair that a percentage should go to the Government? The people of other countries think so, but we, as usual, are behind.

Success in Politics.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

In that amusing old book, "Spence's Anecdotes," the doctrine is somewhere laid down that there are no two things in nature so much alike as two kings. This can hardly be said of two successful statesmen, and yet there are certain qualities which they must all have in common. One of these is a cordial, or at least an affable manner. This seems more surprising when we consider that such cordiality is one of the hardest things to counterfeit, and no art can ever quite replace it. There are men of such innate geniality of nature that everybody wishes to please them, and they conquer without crossing bayonets; and when this is combined, as it is not always, with a good memory for names and faces, it is irresistible. It was said of Mr. Blaine, a distinguished example of this temperament, that he met every acquaintance whom he had not recently seen with the sympathetic enquiry, "How are you, and how is the old complaint?" on the justifiable assumption that every man had some possession about him, and would feel flattered at its being remembered. Yet, as the same story was told before Blaine's time of Lord Palmerston, we may safely assume that either it came to Blaine as an imitation—or, which is more likely, that it occurred to both. On the other hand, there are men who cultivate this cordiality as an art, and in whom it becomes such plain and unmistakable wheedling that, so soon as it is clear what they desire of one, there is created an immediate instinct to go the other way. The man with whom it is artificial is, moreover, liable at any moment to be detected unexpectedly.

But an affable manner is not enough. A man may go a little way in public life on this basis solely; but it is certain that he cannot go very far without great concentration of purpose, tolerably hard work, and, if possible, a little money to spend. So many persons establish a claim on his funds or his time that he cannot be stingy of either, without soon suffering from it. Spending a few days last winter at a Washington hotel, somewhat frequented by country members of Congress, I at first looked with some envy on the enormous mails brought in for them just before breakfast, but when I saw the look of fatigue with which each member bore off his supply, after breakfast, to some corner of the reading room, and settled down there with a sigh to go through it, usually with his faithful wife or daughter at his elbow, I said to myself, "A successful candidate for Congress is by no means a man to be envied."

Of course the public man needs one ground where he is unmistakably strong. In Congresses and Legislatures, people are only too ready to defer to one who is really master of his subject, just as all men surrendered to John Quincy Adams when he pulled out from his desk his formidable diary. It is common to suppose that there is, in public life, a great jealousy of educated men, but it comes almost exclusively from other educated men, not from the uneducated. It was my experience, during two years in the Massachusetts Legislature, to be much more often touched by the exaggerated deference shown to college-bred men than by any jealousy of them. For such men to claim superiority is the sure way to ruin their prospect of it; but, if they do not claim it, others will be only too ready to attribute it.

Disinterestedness and integrity are needful, too, for success. It may fairly be said that the highest successes, as in the case of Washington and Lincoln, were combined with these high qualities, and were in a large degree due to them.

THE SOUL OF MAN

By Oscar Wilde

The chief advantage that would result from the establishment of Socialism is, undoubtedly, the fact that Socialism would relieve us from that sordid necessity of living for others which, in the present condition of things, presses so hardly upon almost everybody. In fact, scarcely anyone at all escapes. Now and then, in the course of the century, a great man of science, like Darwin; a great poet, like Keats; a fine critical spirit, like M. Renan; a supreme artist, like Flaubert, has been able to isolate himself, to keep himself out of reach of the clamorous claims of others, to stand "under the shelter of the wall," as Plato puts it, and so to realize the perfection of what was in him, to his own incomparable gain, and to the incomparable and lasting gain of the whole world. These, however, are exceptions. The majority of people spoil their lives by an unhealthy and exaggerated altruism—are forced, indeed, so to spoil them. They find themselves surrounded by hideous poverty, by hideous ugliness, by hideous starvation. It is inevitable that they should be strongly moved by all this. The emotions of man are stirred more quickly than man's intelligence; and, as I pointed out some time ago in an article on the function of criticism, it is much more easy to have sympathy with suffering than it is to have sympathy with thought. Accordingly, with admirable though misdirected intentions, they very seriously and very sentimentally set themselves to the task of remedying the evils that they see. But their remedies do not cure the disease: they merely prolong it. Indeed, their remedies are part of the disease.

They try to solve the problem of poverty, for instance, by keeping the poor alive; or, in the case of a very advanced school, by amusing the poor.

But this is not a solution: it is an aggravation of the difficulty. The proper aim is to try and reconstruct society on such a basis that poverty will be impossible. And the altruistic virtues have really prevented the carrying out of this aim. Just as the worst slave-owners were those who were kind to their slaves, and so prevented the horror of the system being realized by those who suffered from it, and understood by those who contemplated it, so, in the present state of things in England, the people who do most harm are the people who try to do most good; and at last we have had the spectacle of men who have really studied the problem and know the life—educated men who live in the East End—coming forward and imploring the community to restrain its altruistic impulses of charity, benevolence, and the like. They do so on the ground that such charity degrades and demoralizes. They are perfectly right. Charity creates a multitude of sins.

There is also this to be said. It is immoral to use private property in order to alleviate the horrible evils that result from the institution of private property. It is both immoral and unfair.

Under Socialism all this will, of course, be altered. There will be no people living in fetid dens and fetid rags, and bringing up unhealthy, hunger-pinched children in the midst of impossible and absolutely repulsive surroundings. The security of society will not depend, as it does now, on the state of the weather. If a frost comes we shall not have a hundred thousand men out of work, tramping about the streets in a state of disgusting misery, or whining to their neighbors for alms, or crowding round the doors of loathsome shelters to try and secure a hunch of bread and a night's unclean lodging. Each member of the society will share in the general prosperity and happiness of the society, and if a frost comes no one will practically be anything the worse.

Upon the other hand, Socialism itself will be of value simply because it will lead to Individualism.

Socialism, communism, or whatever one chooses to call it, by converting private property into public wealth, and substituting co-operation for competition, will restore society to its proper condition of a thoroughly healthy organism, and insure the material well-being of each member of the community.

it will, in fact, give life its proper basis and its proper environment. But for the full development of life to its highest mode of perfection, something more is needed. What is needed is Individualism. If the Socialism is authoritarian; if there are Governments armed with economic power as they are now with political power; if, in a word, we are to have industrial tyrannies, then the last state of man will be worse than the first. At present, in consequence of the existence of private property, a great many people are enabled to develop a certain very limited amount of Individualism. They are either under no necessity to work for their living, or are enabled to choose the sphere of activity that is really congenial to them and gives them pleasure. These are the poets, the philosophers, the men of science, the men of culture—in a word, the real men, the men who have realized themselves—and in whom all humanity gains a partial realization. Upon the other hand, there are a great many people who, having no private property of their own, and being always on the brink of sheer starvation, are compelled to do the work of beasts of burden, to do work that is quite uncongenial to them, and to which they are forced by the peremptory, unreasonable, degrading tyranny of want. These are the poor, and amongst them there is no grace of manner, or charm of speech, or civilization, or culture, in refinement in pleasures, or joy of life. From their collective force humanity gains much in material prosperity. But it is only the material result that it gains, and the man who is poor is in himself absolutely of no importance. He is merely the infinitesimal atom of a force that, so far from regarding him, crushes him: indeed, prefers him crushed, as in that case he is far more obedient.

Of course, it might be said that the Individualism generated under conditions of private property is not always, or even as a rule, of a fine or wonderful type, and that the poor, if they have not culture and charm, have still many virtues. Both these statements would be quite true. The possession of private property is very often extremely demoralizing, and that is, of course, one of the reasons why Socialism wants to get rid of the institution. In fact, property is really a nuisance. Some years ago people went about the country saying that property has duties. They said it so often and so tediously that at last the Church has begun to say it. One hears it now from every pulpit. It is perfectly true. Property not merely has duties, but has so many duties that its possession to any large extent is a bore. It involves endless claims upon one, endless attention to business, endless bother. If property had simply pleasures, we could stand it; but its duties make it unbearable. In the interest of the rich we must get rid of it. The virtues of the poor may be readily admitted, and are much to be regretted. We are often told that the poor are grateful for charity. Some of them, are, no doubt, but the best among the poor are never grateful. They are ungrateful, discontented, disobedient, and rebellious. They are quite right to be so. Charity they feel to be a ridiculously inadequate mode of partial restitution, or a sentimental dole, usually accompanied by some impertinent attempt on the part of the sentimentalist to tyrannize over their private lives. Why should they be grateful for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table? They should be seated at the board, and are beginning to know it. As for being discontented, a man who would not be discontented with such surroundings and such a low mode of life would be a perfect brute. Disobedience, in the eyes of any one who has read history, is man's original virtue. It is through disobedience that progress has been made, through disobedience and through rebellion. Sometimes the poor are praised for being thrifty. But to recommend thrift to the poor is both grotesque and insulting. It is like advising a man who is starving to eat less. For a town or country laborer to practice thrift would be absolutely immoral. Man should not be ready to show that he can live like a badly-fed animal. He should decline to live like that, and should either steal or go on the rates, which is considered by many to be a form of stealing. As for begging, it is safer to beg than to take, but it is finer to take than to beg. No; a poor man who is ungrateful, unthrifty, discontented, and rebellious is probably a real personality, and has much in him. He is, at any rate, a healthy protest. As for the virtuous poor, one can pity them, of course, but one cannot possibly admire them. They have made private terms with the enemy, and sold their birthright for very bad pottage. They must also be extraordinarily stupid. I can quite understand a man accepting laws that protect private property, and admit of its accumulation, so long as he himself is able under those conditions to realize some form of beautiful and intellectual life. But it is almost incredible to me how a man whose life is marred and made hideous by such laws can possibly acquiesce in their continuance.

However, the explanation is not really difficult to find. It is simply this. Misery and poverty are so absolutely degrading, and exercise such a paralyzing effect over the nature of men, that no class is ever really con-

scious of its own suffering. They have to be told of it by other people, and they often entirely disbelieve them. What is said by great employers of labor against agitators is unquestionably true. Agitators are a set of interfering, meddling people, who come down to some perfectly contented class of the community and sow the seeds of discontent among them. That is the reason why agitators are so absolutely necessary. Without them, in our incomplete state, there would be no advance toward civilization. Slavery was put down in America, not in consequence of any action on the part of the slaves, or even any express desire on their part that they should be free. It was put down entirely through the grossly illegal conduct of certain agitators in Boston and elsewhere, who were not slaves themselves, nor owners of slaves, nor had anything to do with the question really. It was undoubtedly the Abolitionists who set the torch alight, who began the whole thing. And it is curious to note that from the slaves themselves they received, not merely very little assistance, but hardly any sympathy even; and when, at the close of the war, the slaves found themselves free—found themselves, indeed, so absolutely free that they were free to starve—many of them bitterly regretted the new state of things. To the thinker, the most tragic fact in the whole of the French Revolution is not that Marie Antoinette was killed for being a queen, but that the starved peasant of the Vendee voluntarily went out to die for the hideous cause of feudalism.

"Know thyself" was written over the portal of the antique world. Over the portal of the new world, "Be thyself" shall be written. And the message of Christ to man was simply, "Be thyself." That is the secret of Christ.

When each member of the community has sufficient for his wants, and is not interfered with by his neighbor, it will not be an object of interest to him to interfere with anyone else. Jealousy, which is an extraordinary source of crime in modern life, is in emotion closely bound up with our conceptions of property, and under Socialism and Individualism will die out. It is remarkable that in communistic tribes jealousy is entirely unknown.

Now, as the State is not to govern, it may be asked what the State is to do. The State is to be a voluntary association that will organize labor, and be the manufacturer and distributor of necessary commodities. The State is to make what is useful. The individual is to make what is beautiful. And as I have mentioned the word labor, I cannot help saying that a great deal of nonsense is being written and talked nowadays about the dignity of manual labor. There is nothing necessarily dignified about manual labor at all, and most of it is absolutely degrading. It is mentally and morally injurious to man to do anything in which he does not find pleasure, and many forms of labor are quite pleasureless activities, and should be regarded as such. To sweep a slushy crossing for eight hours on a day when the east wind is blowing is a disgusting occupation. To sweep it with mental, moral, or physical dignity seems to me to be impossible. To sweep it with joy would be appalling. Man is made for something better than disturbing dirt. All work of that kind should be done by a machine.

And I have no doubt that it will be so. Up to the present, man has been, to a certain extent, the slave of machinery, and there is something tragic in the fact that as soon as man had invented a machine to do his work he began to starve. This, however, is, of course, the result of our property system and our system of competition. One man owns a machine which does the work of five hundred men. Five hundred men are, in consequence, thrown out of employment, and, having no work to do, become hungry and take to thieving. The one man secures the produce of the machine and keeps it, and has five hundred times as much as he should have, and probably, which is of much more importance, a great deal more than he really wants. Were that machine the property of all, every one would benefit by it. It would be an immense advantage to the community. All intellectual labor; all monotonous, dull labor; all labor that deals with dreadful things, and involves unpleasant conditions, must be done by machinery. Machinery must work for us in coal mines, and do all sanitary services, and be the stoker of steamers, and clean the streets, and run messages on wet days, and do anything that is tedious or distressing. At present machinery competes against man. Under proper conditions machinery will serve man. There is no doubt at all that this is the future of machinery; and just as trees grow while the country is asleep, so while humanity will be amusing itself, or enjoying cultivated leisure—which, and not labor, is the aim of man—or making beautiful things, or reading beautiful things, or simply contemplating the world with admiration and delight, machinery will be doing all the necessary and unpleasant work. The fact is, that civilization requires slaves. The Greeks were quite right there. Unless there are slaves to do the ugly, horrible, uninteresting work, culture, and contemplation become almost impossible. Human slavery is

wrong, insecure, and demoralizing. On mechanical slavery, on the slavery of the machine, the future of the world depends. And when scientific men are no longer called upon to go down to a depressing East End and distribute bad cocoa and worse blankets to starving people, they will have delightful leisure in which to devise wonderful and marvelous things for their own joy and the joy of everyone else. There will be great storages of force for every city, and for every house if required, and this force man will convert into heat, light, or motion, according to his needs. Is this Utopian? A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not even worth glancing at, for it leaves out the one country at which humanity is always landing. And when Humanity lands there, it looks out, and seeing a better country, sets sail. Progress is the realization of Utopias.

Now, I have said that the community by means of organization of machinery will supply the useful things, and that the beautiful things will be made by the individual. This is not merely necessary, but it is the only possible way by which we can get either the one or the other. An individual who has to make things for the use of others, and with reference to their wants and their wishes, does not work with interest, and consequently cannot put into his work what is best in him. Upon the other hand, whenever a community or a powerful section of a community, or a Government of any kind, attempts to dictate to the artist what he is to do, art either entirely vanishes, or becomes stereotyped, or degenerates into a low and ignoble form of craft. A work of art is the unique result of a unique temperament. Its beauty comes from the fact that the author is what he is. It has nothing to do with the fact that other people want what they want. Indeed, the moment that an artist takes notice of what other people want, and tries to supply the demand, he ceases to be an artist, and becomes a dull or an amusing craftsman, an honest or a dishonest tradesman. He has no further claim to be considered as an artist. Art is the most intense mode of Individualism that the world has known. I am inclined to say that it is the only real mode of Individualism that the world has known. Crime, which, under certain conditions, may seem to have created Individualism, must take cognizance of other people and interfere with them. It belongs to the sphere of action. But alone, without any reference to his neighbors, without any interference, the artist can fashion a beautiful thing; and if he does not do it solely for his own pleasure, he is not an artist at all.

In old days men had the rack. Now they have the press. That is an improvement, certainly. But still it is very bad and wrong and demoralizing. Somebody—was it Burke?—called journalism the fourth estate. That was true, at the time, no doubt. But at the present moment it really is the only estate. It has eaten up the other three. The Lords Temporal say nothing, the Lords Spiritual have nothing to say, and the House of Commons has nothing to say and says it. We are dominated by journalism. In America the President reigns for four years, and journalism governs for ever and ever. Fortunately, in America journalism has carried its authority to the grossest and most brutal extreme. As a natural consequence, it has begun to create a spirit of revolt. People are amused by it, or disgusted by it, according to their temperaments. But it is no longer the real force it was. It is not seriously treated. In England, journalism, not, except in a few well-known instances, having been carried to such excess of brutality, is still a great factor, a really remarkable power. The tyranny that it proposes to exercise over people's private lives seems to me to be quite extraordinary. The fact is, that the public have an insatiable curiosity to know everything except what is worth knowing. Journalism knows this, and having tradesmanlike habits, supplies their demands. In centuries before ours the public nailed the ears of journalists to the pump. That was quite hideous. In this century journalists have nailed their own ears to the keyhole. That is much worse. And what aggravates the mischief is that the journalists who are most to blame are not the amusing journalists who write for what are called society papers.

When a man has realized Individualism, he will also realize sympathy and exercise it freely and spontaneously. Up to the present man has hardly cultivated sympathy at all. He has merely sympathy with pain, and sympathy with pain is not the highest form of sympathy. All sympathy is fine, but sympathy with suffering is the least fine mode. It is tainted with egotism. It is apt to become morbid. There is in it a certain element of terror for our own safety. We become afraid that we ourselves might be as the leper or as the blind, and that no man would have care of us. It is curiously limiting, too. One should sympathize with the entirety of life, not with life's sores and maladies merely, but with life's joy and beauty and energy and health and freedom. The wider sympathy is, of course, the more difficult. It requires more unselfishness. Anybody can sympathize with the sufferings of a friend, but it requires a very fine nature

—it requires, in fact, the nature of a true Individualist—to sympathize with a friend's success. In the modern stress of competition and struggle for place, such sympathy is naturally rare, and is also very much stifled by the immoral ideal of uniformity of type and conformity to rule which is so prevalent everywhere, and is, perhaps, the most obnoxious in England.

Sympathy with pain there will, of course, always be. It is one of the first instincts of man. The animals which are individual, the higher animals that is to say, share it with us. But it must be remembered that while symathy with joy intensifies the sum of joy in the world, sympathy with pain does not really diminish the amount of pain. It may make man better able to endure evil, but the evil remains. Sympathy with consumption does not cure consumption; that is what Science does. And when Socialism has solved the problem of poverty, and Science solved the problem of disease, the arena of the sentimentalists mill be lessened, and the sympathy of man will be large, healthy, and spontaneous. Man will have joy in the contemplation of the joyous lives of others.

For it is through joy that the Individualism of the future will develop itself. Christ made no attempt to reconstruct society, and consequently the Individualism that he preached to man could be realized only through pain or in solitude. The ideals that we owe to Christ are the ideals of the man who abandons society entirely, or of the man who resists society absolutely. But man is naturally social. Even the Thebaid became peopled at last. And though the cenobite realizes his personality, it is often an impoverished personality that he so realizes. Upon the other hand, the terrible truth that pain is a mode through which man may realize himself exercised a wonderful fascination over the world. Shallow speakers and shallow thinkers in pulpits and on platforms often talk about the world's worship of pleasure, and whine against it. But it is rarely in the world's history that its ideal has been one of joy and beauty. The worship of pain has far more often dominated the world. Mediaevalism, with its saints and martyrs, its love of self-torture, its wild passion for wounding itself, its gashing with knives, and its whipping with rods—Mediaevalism is real Christianity, and the mediaeval Christ is the real Christ. When the Renaissance dawned upon the world, and brought with it the new ideals of the beauty of life and the joy of living, men could not understand Christ. Even art shows us that. The painters of the Renaissance drew Christ as a little boy playing with another boy in a palace or a garden, or lying back in His mother's arms, smiling at her, or at a flower, or at a bright bird; or as a noble, stately figure moving nobly through the world; or as a wonderful figure rising in a sort of ecstasy from death to life. Even when they drew Him crucified they drew Him as a beautiful God on whom evil men had inflicted suffering. But He did not preoccupy them much. What delighted them was to paint the men and women whom they admired and to show the loveliness of this lovely earth. They painted many religious pictures—in fact, they painted far too many, and the monotony of type and motive is wearisome, and was bad for art. It was the result of the authority of the public in art-matters, and is to be deplored. But their soul was not in the subject. Raphael was a great artist when he painted his portrait of the Pope. When he painted his Madonnas and infant Christs, he was not a great artist at all. Christ had no message for the Renaissance, which was wonderful because it brought an ideal at variance mith His, and to find the presentation of the real Christ we must go back to mediaeval art. There He is One maimed and marred; One who is not comely to look on, because beauty is a joy; One who is not fair in raiment, because that may be a joy also; He is a beggar who has a marvelous soul; He is a leper whose soul is divine; He needs neither property nor health; He is a God realizing His perfection through pain.

The evolution of man is slow. The injustice of men is great. It was necessary that pain should be put forward as a mode of self-realization. Even now, in some places in the world, the message of Christ is necessary. No one who lived in modern Russia could possibly realize his perfection except by pain. A few Russian artists have realized themselves in art in a fiction that is mediaeval in character, because its dominant note is the realization of men through suffering. But for those who are not artists, and to whom there is no mode of life but the actual life of fact, pain is the only door to perfection. A Russian who lives happily under the present system of Government in Russia must either believe that man has no soul, or that, if he has, it is not worth developing. A Nihilist who rejects all authority, because he knows authority to be evil, and who welcomes all pain, because through that he realizes his personality, is a real Christian. To him the Christian ideal is a true thing.

What man has sought for is, indeed, neither pain nor pleasure, but simply Life. Man has sought to live intensely, fully, perfectly. When he can do so without exercising restraint on others, or suffering it ever, and his

activities are all pleasurable to him, he will be saner, healthier, more civilized, more himself. Pleasure is Nature's test, her sign of approval. When a man is happy, he is in harmony with himself and his environment. The new Individualism, for whose service Socialism, whether it will or not, is working, will be perfect harmony. It will be what the Greeks sought for, but could not, except in thought, realize completely, because they had slaves, and fed them; it will be what the Renaissance sought for, but could not realize completely except in art, because they had slaves and starved them. It will be complete, and through it each man will attain to his perfection. The new Individualism is the new Hellenism.

PROPERTY UNDER SOCIALISM

By Graham Wallas

In the early days of Socialism no one who was not ready with a complete description of society as it ought to be, dared come forward to explain any point in the theory. Each leader had his own method of organizing property, education, domestic life, and the production of wealth. Each was quite sure that mankind had only to fashion themselves after his model in order, like the prince and princess in the fairy story, to live happily ever after. Every year would then be like the year before; and no more history need be written. Even now a thinker here and there like Gronlund or Bebel sketches in the old spirit an ideal commonwealth; though he does so with an apology for attempting to forecast the unknowable. But Socialists generally have become, if not wiser than their spiritual fathers, at least less willing to use their imagination. The growing recognition, due in part to Darwin, of causation in the development of individuals and societies; the struggles and disappointments of half a century of agitation; the steady introduction of Socialistic institutions by men who reject Socialist ideas, all incline us to give up any expectation of a final and perfect reform. We are more apt to regard the slow and often unconscious progress of the Time spirit as the only adequate cause of social progress, and to attempt rather to discover and proclaim what the future must be, than to form an organization of men determined to make the future what it should be.

But the new conception of Socialism has its dangers as well as the old. Fifty years ago Socialists were tempted to exaggerate the influence of the ideal, to expect everything from a sudden impossible change of all men's hearts. Nowadays we are tempted to undervalue the ideal—to forget that even the Time spirit itself is only the sum of individual strivings and aspirations, and that again and again in history changes which might have been delayed for centuries or might never have come at all, have been brought about by the persistent preaching of some new and higher life, the offspring not of circumstance but of hope. And of all the subjects upon which men require to be brought to a right mind and a clear understanding, there is, Socialists think, none more vital to-day than Property.

The word Property has been used in nearly as many senses as the word Law. The best definition I have met with is John Austin's: "Any right which gives to the entitled party such a power or liberty of using or disposing of the subject . . . . as is merely limited generally by the rights of all other persons." ("Lectures on Jurisprudence." Lecture 48.) This applies only to private property. It will be convenient in discussing the various claims of the State, the municipality, and the individual, to use the word in a wider sense to denote not only the "power or liberty" of the individual, but also the "rights of all other persons." In this sense I shall speak of the property of the State, or municipality. I shall also draw a distinction, economic perhaps rather than legal, between property in things, or the exclusive right of access to defined material objects, property in debts and future services, and property in ideas (copyright and patent right).

The material things in which valuable property rights can exist, may be roughly divided into means of production and means of consumption. Among those lowest tribes of savages who feed on fruit and insects, and build themselves at night a rough shelter with boughs of trees, there is little distinction between the acts of production and consump-

tion. But in a populous and civilized country very few of the simplest wants of men are satisfied directly by nature. Nearly every commodity which man consumes is produced and renewed by the deliberate application of human industry to material objects. The general stock of materials on which such industry works is "Land." Any materials which have been separated from the general stock or have been already considerably modified by industry, are called capital if they are either to be used to aid production or are still to be worked on before they are consumed. When they are ready to be consumed they are "wealth for consumption." Such an analysis, though generally employed by political economists, is of necessity very rough. No one can tell whether an object is ready for immediate consumption or not, unless he knows the way in which it is to be consumed. A pine forest in its natural condition is ready for the consumption of a duke with a taste for the picturesque: for he will let the trees rot before his eyes. Cotton wool, a finished product in the hands of a doctor, is a raw material in the hands of a spinner. But still the statement that Socialists work for the owning of the means of production by the community and the means of consumption by individuals, represents fairly enough their practical aim. Not that they desire to prevent the community from using its property whenever it will for direct consumption, as, for instance, when a piece of common land is used for a public park, or the profits of municipal waterworks are applied to keep up a municipal library. Nor do they contemplate any need for preventing individuals from working at will on their possessions in such a way as to make them more valuable. Even Gronlund, with all his hatred of private industry, could not, if he would, prevent any citizen from driving a profitable trade by manufacturing bread into buttered toast at the common fire. But men are as yet more fit for association in production, with a just distribution of its rewards, than for association in the consumption of the wealth produced. It is true, indeed, that the economies of associated consumption promise to be quite as great as those of associated production; and it was of these that the earlier Socialists mainly thought. They believed always that if a few hundred persons could be induced to throw their possessions and earnings into a common stock to be employed according to a common scheme, a heaven on earth would be created. Since then, an exhaustive series of experiments has proved that in spite of its obvious economy any system of associated consumption as complete as Fourier's "Phalanstery," or Owen's "New Hampshire" is, except under very unusual conditions, distasteful to most men as they now are. Our picture galleries, parks, workmen's clubs, or the fact that rich people are beginning to live in flats looked after by a common staff of servants, do indeed show that associated consumption is every year better understood and enjoyed; but it remains true that pleasures chosen by the will of the majority are often not recognized as pleasures at all.

As long as this is so, private property and even private industry, must exist along with public property and public production. For instance, each family now insists on having a separate home, and on cooking every day a separate series of meals in a separate kitchen. Waste and discomfort are the inevitable result; but families at present prefer waste and discomfort to that abundance which can only be bought by organization and publicity. Again, English families constitute at present isolated communistic groups, more or less despotically governed. Our growing sense of the individual responsibility and individual rights of wives and children seems already to be lessening both the isolation of these groups and their internal coherency; but this tendency must go very much further before society can absorb the family life, or the industries of the home be managed socially. Thus, associated production of all the means of family life may be developed to a very high degree before we cease to feel that an Englishman's home should be his castle, with free entrance and free egress alike forbidden. It is true that the ground on which houses are built could immediately become the property of the community; and when one remembers how most people in England are now lodged, it is obvious that they would gladly inhabit comfortable houses built and owned by the State. But they certainly would at present insist on having their own crockery and chairs, books, and pictures, and on receiving a certain proportion of the value they produce in the form of a yearly or weekly income to be spent or saved as they pleased. Now whatever things of this kind we allow a man to possess, we must allow him to exchange, since exchange never takes place unless both parties believe themselves to be benefited by it. Further, bequest must be allowed, since any but a moderate probate duty on personalty would, unless supported by a strong and searching public opinion, certainly be evaded. Moreover, if we desire the personal independence of women and children, then their property, as far as we allow property at all, must for a long time to come be most carefully guarded.

There would remain, therefore, to be owned by the community, the land in the widest sense of the word, and the materials of those forms of production, distribution, and consumption, which can conveniently be carried on by associations larger than the family group. Here the main problem is to fix in each case the area of ownership. In the case of the principal means of communication and of some forms of industry, it has been proved that the larger the area controlled the greater is the efficiency of management; so that the postal and railway systems, and probably the materials of some of the larger industries, would be owned by the English nation until that distant date when they might pass to the United States of the British Empire or the Federal Republic of Europe.

THE TYRANNY OF THE DEAD

By Robert Gorton

I realize that if this were the only message that it would ever be my privilege to utter, the title and some of the things that will be said upon this occasion might seem to have a touch of ungraciousness. I would be glad to speak upon the subject of our indebtedness to the past; in fact, I have been speaking upon it.

We are indebted unspeakably to the dead! We owe our bodies to the dead. We owe our material surroundings to the dead. We owe our comforts and our luxuries largely to those who have lived upon the earth and have passed from it. We owe the development of human culture to the dead. We owe the fact that we can think larger thoughts than any of our ancestors, can have greater visions, can make wiser plans, can accomplish them more rapidly and completely—we owe this also to the dead. We owe our spiritual development to the dead: our ancestors were of the earth earthy, some of us are still of the earth earthy, but man has come to have the forward look, the upward look. No man can say better than Whitman has said, what every one of us I am sure ought to feel:

> "All forces have been steadily employed
> to complete and delight me;
> Now on this spot I stand with my
> robust soul."

Beyond measure we are indebted to the dead, and I shall not disparage our debt to-night when I speak of the other side of this same great thought, under this title, "The Tyranny of the Dead."

For ill as for good, we are still largely ruled by the dead. Nine-tenths—I do not know but ninety one-hundredths—of human thinking and human conduct to-day is governed by the thinking and the conduct of people who are now dead. Our customs, our fashions, our language, our Governments, our laws, even our religions—all these are inheritances that may be blessings or may be tyrannies, received from the dead.

I wonder if you have paused a moment to think how little we ourselves have really originated! This is the day of discovery, this is the hour of invention, and yet, living in an age when the world seems to us to change almost yearly, almost hourly, even in this great age, a very large part of our thought and conduct is inspired or limited by the dead. All life is a struggle for life, for variation, for originality, and yet there are some of us who have not realized, as one has said, that "Life is a river and not a lake." We would some of us be well described in the words of Lowell: "We worship the dead corpse of old King Custom."

I can only stir you up to think your own thoughts to-night. I do not need to more than suggest the subject. I do not doubt that since the announcement was made last week of this topic that more powerful sermons have been preached to some of you by your own thought than could be delivered by any voice from any platform.

The tyranny of the dead over the individual? Apparently at least no one of us chose where he would be born, or when or how. No one of us selected his father or his mother, so far as we are aware. We did not choose our surroundings; we did not decide whether we would be rich or poor. We did not settle the question of our mental ability; we did not decide concerning our moral and spiritual character. We did not decide whether we would inherit wealth or disease. So far as we are conscious, we did not even choose whether we would be Africans or Americans.

Once in a while a man realizes something of how he is the slave of the past, and rises up and says, "I will be free!" but he does not take many steps before he finds that he is immeshed in a web that he cannot break, before he stumbles into a trap or a net, and finds that his so-called freedom is elusive and delusive. Says Mrs. Stetson,

"It takes great strength to train
To modern service your ancestral brain,
To lift the weight of the unnumbered years
Of dead men's habits, methods, and ideas;
To hold that back with one hand and support
With the other, the weak steps of a new thought.

"But the best courage man has ever shown
Is daring to cut loose and think alone,
Dark as the unlit chambers of clear space
Where light shines back from no reflecting face.
. . . . . .

"But to think new—it takes a courage grim
As led Columbus over the world's brim.

"To think it, cost some courage. And to go—
Try it. It taxes every power you know."

When we come to the question of education we find ourselves enslaved by the dead! Why do we have such a complicated grammar? Why do such similarly spelled words as cough, rough, plough, dough, hough, have such different sound? It was the way that dead men spelled. It is time we went to the roots of things, and found out how silly we are in many respects. It is time that we examined our system of the development of the young to see whether it is sane or insane, whether it really is education or whether it is simply cramming the youth full of the thoughts of dead men. I should hardly dare, for fear I might be misunderstood, to speak as emphatically as I think on this subject, so I will fall back on our great prophet Emerson. Our modern system of education has not everywhere changed a great deal since his day—for the principal of the best known classical school in Boston said to me recently, "We conduct this school, just so far as is possible, exactly as it was conducted forty years ago." Here is what Emerson said on the subject: "We are students of words! We are shut up in schools and colleges and recitation rooms for ten or fifteen years, and come out at last with a bag of wind, a memory of words, and do not know a thing." He said he did not know ten men who had been ten years out of college who remembered the Greek they had learned in college. Wendell Phillips said very much the same thing and Emerson, a little farther on, in the same oration on "New England Reformers," said: "In alluding just now to our system of education I spoke of the deadness of its details. But it is open to greater criticism than the palsy of its members; it is a system of despair. The disease with which the human mind now labors is want of faith. Men do not believe in a power of education. We do not think we can speak to divine sentiment in man and we do not try." Certainly that deadly indictment is true yet. Where is the school or the college that exists for the sake of awakening divine sentiments already existing in the pupils? Where is the educational institution that is founded and administered to-day on faith in the human race, and on the progressive, growing, thinking, living, developing God that is in the human soul? The whole object of a school ought to be, not to cram the students with the thoughts of dead men, but to awaken the originality and make the students discoverers and helpers of the race by what they may contribute to it from their own lives. I know of only one school in America that is founded on this plan, and that is Felix Adler's school in New York, where teachers make it their business to study the children, even more than the children are expected to study any book, and then try to help them along the lines in which they ought to grow.

How can the human race grow as it might, when our schools are largely places simply for the collecting of dead men's thoughts, and the inoculation of our young people with them.

I quote again from Emerson in his essay on Self-Reliance: "Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato and Milton, is that they set at nought books and traditions, and spoke not what men but what they thought." With notable exceptions, and with a generally growing tendency for the better, our education now is still largely a worship of the dead. The true teacher is the one who will say, in the words of the poet that I quoted a minute ago:

"Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all poems,
You shall posess the good of the earth and sun (there are millions of suns left),
You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books,
You shall not look through my eyes either nor take things from me,
You shall listen to all sides and filter them from yourself.'

How could there be a more nearly ideal utterance for a teacher and trainer of youth?

The educational system that is fast passing

away has been a stronghold of every superstition; the education to come will be the guarantee of progress.

When we come, in the third place, to religion, I shall not pause very long, because we all of us know that nothing helps dead ideas and customs like the religious sanction. To give you Emerson again: "Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist. . . . . I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions." We need to realize that what has been called religion is itself on trial, and no man with a brain is a religious man (because he cannot be an honest man) unless he has first settled the question as to what religion is and whether a man is meant to be religious. Some people think we are not; and some of the noblest helpers of the race think that religion is only a phase in the development of the race.

There are people who seem to think that because they have inherited Orthodox opinions they are religious; and there are other people who think that because they have inherited certain so-called liberal opinions that they are religious. And there are some of the people who pass for liberal people to-day who are taking the thoughts of dead men that were liberal in their time but are illiberal in ours, and are using these great thoughts of the liberators of the past as clubs with which to smite the sons of the prophets. There are people who call themselves "Channing Unitarians:" I had supposed that a Unitarian was a man with his eyes open, and his face to the front, one who would try to think for himself as Channing thought for himself, but what the people mean who call themselves "Channing Unitarians" is that they are trying to hold the views of people forty or fifty years ago on religious subjects, and still pass for liberal people. They have been standing there saying, "I am liberal," and the procession has swept on past them. Take people that are called by the name of Calvin: the glory of Calvin was that he was a reformer who broke away from the old traditions, and from everything that seemed to him like superstition—how can a man be a Calvinist and believe what Calvin believed, any more than Calvin could have been a true man and believed what people believed three hundred years before his time? Then we have Lutherans, conservative among the Protestant Churches, organizing themselves against progress in religious thought. What did Luther stand for? Luther stood for the right of private investigation, and of each man being the judge of what the Bible taught, and of what he ought to think and of what he ought to do. No man is a Lutheran or a Calvinist or a follower of Channing or a disciple of Theodore Parker who does not stand to-day in the front rank of original human thought and of religious progress and development.

You remember how Lowell says as he writes of those who came in the Mayflower:

"But we make their truth our falsehood,
Thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments
While our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great impulse
That sent them across the sea."

I shall not tell you what the true religion is, and no other man will. When a man attempts to tell what the true religion is, you may put him down as an imposter; he cannot do it. By the time he has told it there has come a larger thought and a better conception of religion. The true religion can only be comprehended by the last men and women, who will be the best men and women, who shall live upon this planet. Remember that you may justly be called irreligious until you get a religion that belongs to you, and until you get a religion that you expect to grow with every growth of your thought and every possibility of your development. If I wept any tears they would be for the numbers of men and women, young men and maidens, who in these days come to the door of the temple of a reasonable faith and, hearing the divine call to enter, turn back to lives of monotonous conformity, to prevailing standards and customs, yielding to the tyranny of ties of blood, of fear of the powerful, of regard for Mammon, and of the dread of the curse of a superstitious ecclesiasticism.

We come now to another thing, and that is Social Custom. Have you ever read Mr. Foss' poem entitled "The Calf Path?" Do you know why in Boston we have to walk three miles when we only ought to walk one? I cannot read all of this poem on the Calf Path, but it gives the answer to the conundrum that I have just propounded—

"One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home as good calves should:
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.
Since then three hundred years have fled
And I infer the calf is dead."

A dog sees the path and takes it; a bellwether sheep is looking for a passage and sees the calf path and takes it, and the other sheep follow on—

"And many men wound in and out
And dodged and turned and bent about
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path,
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf."

After a time the forest path becomes a lane, the lane becomes a road, the road becomes a village street, the village street becomes a city's crowded thoroughfare—

"And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis,
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the foosteps of that calf.

"They followed still his crooked way,
And lost a hundred years a day;
For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

"But how the wise old wood-gods laugh
Who saw the first primeval calf."

I think this is more than equal to Lamb's story of the Chinaman's roast pig. You know it, how they discovered roast pig when a house burned down that had some pigs in it; and ever after when they wanted roast pig they put pigs in a house and burned the house down.

Why would a man be arrested who wore a woman's dress down Washington street, and a woman be arrested who wore a man's garments in Boston, when in Turkey the women wear trousers and the men wear skirts? There is only one answer—dead men and women did it, that is all! Why do the men wear funereal garments? Why should not we be as well decorated as the women? Dead men dressed this way. Why did you women sweep the snow-clad sidewalks with your long skirts to-night? Why do you wear corsets and rings? Because dead women did it. Why do we consider women inferior to men? Why do we bar some of the noblest and most intelligent creatures that we know anywhere in the universe out of Harvard and Yale Universities? Why do women suffer from laws that men make, and never make any laws themselves? Why do we permit them to teach school, and tend machines, and rear children, and not allow them to vote? There is only one answer: dead men arranged things that way.

Our marriage customs are better than the marriage customs of the aborigines as we call them but they might be vastly improved. Our divorce customs might be greatly improved. Why do we make a woman live with a brute after she discovers he is a brute? Because we think that dead men said that she should. In Switzerland, where all the people have a right to make their laws or revise them if they please, when a couple come to a judge saying that they cannot agree to live comfortably together, the judge is required first of all to take them out to dinner, and they sit together around the table and the judge talks with them like a father, and tries to bring them together if possible, to see what the real difficulty is and to get it removed. Then the couple go away for a certain length of time, and then if they come back to the judge and say that it is impossible for them to live comfortably together he gives them permission to live apart. We will get something like that when we make our own laws. I have seen people falsely live together that were no more married, and no more meant to be married, than men and brutes are meant to be married. Will you think of this just as though there had never been any dead men's laws on the subject!

When we come to our economic practice we have touched the hardest thing of all. Where do we get our ideas of property? Do you remember how Whitman says that he would like to go and live with animals, giving a number of reasons, and then saying because "not one of them is afflicted with the mania of owning things." Where did we get the mania of owning things? We inherited it from other dead maniacs. The worship of property is a legacy from the dead. Why should we worship money and property and exalt the people that have it, almost making idols out of those who are very wealthy? The question was asked to-day at the Forum as to whether it was right for people to inherit money from their ancestors. Why is it right for a person who used to live on the earth and has gone away to still control money? Old Jacob Astor will control a large part of the most valuable real estate in New York for ninety-nine years after his death, and the people that live there and use the property have little to say as to how it shall be used. Why should dead men tell professors at certain seminaries what they should teach people in the twentieth century? You would better wed your daughter to a dead man than to send your children to study in such institutions, for either the professors have to teach only what dead men taught and wrote or else have to perjure themselves when they say that they will teach it! What an outrageously ridiculous thing that people who lived on the earth, some of them hundreds of years ago, should control our education, and state what we shall study and how we shall study it!

Carry this a litt'e farther: the United States issues bonds for thirty years or fifty years, legally it could issue bonds for a hundred years if it pleased. That means that our Government says to the people who will live on the earth after we are in our graves, "You will have to pay for the things that we wanted." I believe in some rights of the dead over property, but I believe more in the rights of the living to property, and more than that, I believe in the rights of the

unborn. That is what we ought to live for: we are worse than Chinamen—a good many of us—in our worship of the dead; we need rather to worship those who are yet to come upon this earth.

Why should the wealthy man be our idol? Why should the character and the issue of our money be controlled by the few instead of the many? Why should the heart of our national business life be a den of thieves and gamblers, dignified by the name of the Stock Exchange? Why should machinery (one of God's greatest gifts to man) enslave men and make them idle, when it ought to make all men powerful and free and rich? Why should men work ten hours a day under the hard conditions of the present, when plenty might be produced for all if they worked less time under easy circumstances? Why should 100,000,000 people in Christendom never be free from hunger? Why should 10,000,000 people in America go to bed supperless? Why should 3,000,000 American men, representing 15,000,000 of people, stretch out their pleading hands in vain for work? Why should one-fourth of the population of this most prosperous country have no leisure? There is only one answer—we are the willing slaves of the despotism of the dead!

How about the administration of justice? Did you ever think how justice "is dispensed with," as Mrs. Partington says, in our courts? What is a court for, and what does it actually do; what governs the court that governs us? Dead men. Hundreds of laws that dead men made, and thousands of precedents that dead men established, with a cumbersome and complicated machinery of dead men, have caused our courts to be the despair of all except the unjust and the rich and the powerful. Mr. Lawyer, how can you have the face to sneer at an Orthodox minister? You are a thousand times more bigoted than he is: he has had some modern thoughts, but your business has allowed you to have none. Tell me, if you can, what real, vital, vigorous improvements there have been in the administration of our courts of justice while the world has fairly leaped along in other respects, even in religious improvement of the most superstitious denominations that exist in America? I believe that the administration of our courts is vastly worse than the administration of our churches! Lawyers are supposed to be officers of justice, but how they bewilder us, how they become advocates of injustice! One lawyer is always an advocate of injustice in every case that is tried! There are not many people in this room to-night who could afford to go to law. I am not impugning our judges, and our juries, but they, with our courts and our lawyers, are all parts of a system that grinds the souls out of men. Judges and juries are just as good in their way, as preachers or manufacturers or workmen are in their way, but look at an ordinary trial in our courts all through its weary length of one, two, three, four, sometimes five, ten, and even thirty years, and see how wicked and ridiculous it is to call that justice. We even imprison our witnesses—innocent men who are unfortunate enough to witness a crime, who, because they are poor and cannot be bailed are put behind the bars, while we know how many criminals are at liberty. It is possible in Massachusetts to keep an innocent man in jail for ten years if he happens to witness a crime and does not have money enough so that he may be set free on bail.

We have something worse than that! Whatever you may think about Imperialism we certainly have it when we come to some injunctions of our courts. Mr. Debs is, I believe, a very noble man; but if Mr. Debs had been a murderer and an adulterer and a robber and everything that we regard as wicked, it would have been an infamous thing that he could have been deprived of his liberty without a fair trial, for a period of six months, and then the Supreme Court of the United States two years later decide that he is an innocent man, and so imprisoned unrighteously and illegally. Recently when one of our editors was thrown into prison here in Massachusetts for criticizing one of our greatest monopolies while a trial of one of its employes was going on, one of the most distinguished lawyers in Massachusetts wrote a letter to the papers in which he said that this privilege of injunction was inherent in the courts, and that many of our wisest lawyers believe that this privilege of imprisoning men by injunction is one that cannot be taken from our courts even by legislation. That is enough to paralyze an American citizen! I believe that ten wise men could make a juster legal system in a month than we have to-day. Nine-tenths of all our laws are concerned with property interests, and would be absolutely unnecessary under a righteous and just economic system.

And what do we do with our prisoners? Instead of trying to make them realize that they are men, we make them understand that henceforth they are to be scorned by their fellows. And if a man commits murder—the man to whom we ought to devote our most earnest ministry, if we are his brothers—we kill him. And what does that mean? Capital punishment is a social crime for which there is no excuse, for which there is no shadow of excuse—except that dead men killed other dead men because they could; it is inherited

from barbarous dead men, and is a confession of the weakness and the cowardice and the impotence of society, as well as a confession of our lack of faith in all humanity.

Politically! I say to a man, how are you politically? And he says, "I belong"—mark the expression—"I belong to the Republican party;" "I belong to the Democratic party." You "belong" to it, you seem to be proud of your slavery; even the southern negroes did not glory in the yoke they wore, and did not rejoice that they belonged to any master. But consider politics in a larger sense than this. People who have studied the question tell us that England is thirty years ahead of the United States in its processes of social digestion. We are told this is because England has no written constitution. I think it may well be doubted whether an ultimate democracy can have a written constitution. What does the American constitution say in the preamble? Among other objects we find this: "To secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, we, the people of the United States, do ordain and establish this constitution." What does a constitution become when we worship it? What does a constitution do when we find it hard to amend it? It binds upon us the yoke of dead men, and is used to defeat its own object. They establish it to bring liberty to us: let me say if you please, what kind of liberty I like; let the twentieth century say how it likes its liberty, and in what form. If we have a written constitution we ought to have it so that it could be as easily changed as the growing intelligence and conscience of the people might demand. It was our Minister to England, a professor of Harvard, the scholar, the poet, the gentleman, who wrote:

> "Though we break our fathers' promise
> we have nobler duties first;
> The traitor to humanity is the traitor
> most accursed;
> Man is more than Constitutions; better
> rot beneath the sod,
> Than be true to Church and State,
> while we are doubly false to
> God."

What kind of a Government is this? A five-headed Government: first the constitution; second the House of Representatives: third the Senate; fourth the President, and fifth the Supreme Court. I do not believe there is more than one power in Europe that has as irresponsible and despotic a Government as is afforded to America by the decisions of our Supreme Court. We do not elect the members; we cannot control them, and their decision is absolute and final; although the decision of the Supreme Court of thirty years ago may be directly opposed to the Supreme Court of to-day. Government by the people has not failed; Government by the people has not been tried.

When the old king died, the waiting populace bowed their heads and cried, "Le Roi est mort!" and then taking a long breath they cried in salutation, "Vive le Roi!"

Many have mourned as they have received the tidings of passing of aristocratic authority and have wept out the words, "The king is dead!" It is time for us to shout with unrestrained exultation, "Long live the People!"

And why does nation fight with nation? Because our dead fathers were tigers and brutes.

Let us wake up and be ourselves; let us prove all things, counting nothing too sacred for our investigations, holding fast that which is good, that which is wholly good, and nothing but the good, until with the progress of the ages that may become evil in its time. Let us be intolerant of the outgrown, and consume it utterly in the fires of our compassionate purification.

At what point has come into the lives of the great heroes of the past the power to influence men and to make history? It was when they were willing to step out of dead men's shoes, when they tore from their wrists the shackles dead men had bound upon them, when they said, "This draft of the fountain of truth is not full and fresh enough; we must come to the fountain-head and draw and drink for ourselves, and our generation." To-day there seems a drear, dead level in art, in poetry, in music, in statecraft, in religion—in all their finer expressions—because we are trying to drink of the cup that dead men emptied, and because we vainly try to look through their glassy eyes to behold the visions that inspired them, failing to realize that our privileges are equal to theirs—superior to theirs—that we may believe more and know more and hope more and love more and achieve more, that we have a living God revealing Himself in living men, for the need and for the endowment of the living age.

"Let the dead past bury its dead," while we indeed "act in the living present" and endeavor to bequeath to our descendants better blood, better laws, better customs, than our ancestors gave to us, and with them the two great words Freedom and Progress.

Gabriel D'Annunzio.

GABRIEL d'Annunzio is today not only one of the greatest figures in Italian literature, but of all Europe. Owing to the erotic nature of much of his work, and probably more especially to its mysticism and symbolism he is little known in the United States, and even when known is rarely appreciated at his true valuation.

He made a most dramatic withdrawal from the Conservative Party to the Socialist Party some years ago.

He had been elected to the Italian Chamber of Deputies as a Conservative. He was, at that period, one of those who, though shocked at the brutalities of the present competitive system, look to a return of the past as the way out. However, he finally realized that the spirit of the age was forward rather than backward, and finding that his Conservative colleagues were utterly unsympathetic with any movement for real progress he abandoned them after an exciting debate. D'Annunzio had been imploring his Conservative friends to help toward doing something to make this life we must live worth the living, and finding them imperturbable to his arguments he suddenly and impetuously declared he abjured them forever and that henceforth he would cast his lot with the Socialist Party, the only people, he declared, with whom a man with any feeling for either art or humanity could possibly consort. With that he left his seat and marched across the Chamber of Deputies from the Conservative Right to the Radical Left where he was received with great cheers as a comrade-at-arms by the Socialists and ever since he has been identified with their party, using his splendid talents to advance the cause whose principles and policy had appealed to his love of justice and humanity with a power that caused him to break old ties and turn his back on old friends.

GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO

Splendid Growth

There are several matters of interest to advertisers in connection with WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, New York and Toronto. Advertisements were accepted for the first time by this publication for the January number, when a circulation of 30,000 was guaranteed. Since that time it has been growing rapidly, and for the April issue the guarantee is 44,000, an increase of 14,000 in four months. The advertising growth has also been rapid. The January number contained 19 pages of advertising, the February number 26 pages, and the March number 45 pages. Moreover, eight pages were omitted from the March issue because the copy failed to arrive in time. According to the testimony, advertisers in WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE are getting very good results. J. H. Goodwin, Broadway, New York, reports that he is receiving replies from all over the country, and that the magazine pays better than many other publications with rates four or five times higher.—Profitable Advertising, Boston, Mass.

[Both the April and May issue eclipsed the March number in advertising, while the actual number of new subscribers in April was 6,237.]

MY CANADIAN MANIFESTO

TO THE ELECTORS OF WEST ELGIN—

As the nominee of the Socialist Party for Parliament it is incumbent upon me to give an outline of my principles in order that you may determine if I am worthy of your suffrages.

I am in favor of the Co-operative system of Industry as opposed to the Competitive System. As the result of our competive system the rewards of labor, instead of flowing to those that labor, flow to the idle possessors of wealth. Whatever may have been the virtues of competition in the past, when we were all on a practically substantial equality of wealth, it has become in the present day of millionaires and paupers simply a means of robbing labor for the benefit of those who hold the wealth of the country.

Competition forces us to sell our goods at the price named by our competitor. If we are selling our labor power we must sell it, not at the price we know it is actually worth, but at the price our competitor offers *his* labor power for in in the open market. And who is our competitor? He is the unemployed man who must sell his labor at once or go hungry. There are always plenty of such men about, and competition from such keeps down the price of labor, i. e., wages, to the mere existence point.

No matter how much labor may increase in productivity the laborer can get no increased price for it because competition will always force him to sell it at the same price as before.

Just as the laborer is forced to sell his commodity—labor—at the lowest competitive price, so are the merchants, the manufacturers and the farmers also obliged to sell their commodities at the lowest competitive price. The only man who can get a price above cost for his commodity is the man who can protect himself from competition by the shield of monopoly. The workman, by means of his trades-union prevents wages going down to the very lowest notch; and likewise the capitalist, by virtue of the ownership of land or such machinery as cannot well be duplicated or by aid of a combination, can protect the prices of his goods from falling below cost.

Monopoly is the key to money-getting, but monopoly is not open to all.

The trade-union is at best but a very indifferent protection against starvation wages, and in slack times is no protection at all against non-employment.

A monopoly for the farmers and the smaller capitalists is out of the question. There are too many of them to make any effective combination. It is easy enough for two or three railroads to combine, but for two or three million farmers to agree to stop growing crops

and hold for a common price is manifestly an impossibility. The farmer must sell his goods in competition with the world and face millions of competitors. If he has any advantage in the ownership of exceptionally good land he is lucky if the railroad does not find it out and put up their rates to a point that will skim off all the profits that are due to such land value. The farmer is really but little, if any, better off than the workingman, inasmuch as he must always sell his product on a competitive market and whatever advantage he should have by virtue of the ownership of his land is usually lost, owing to the high prices he must pay to the various combinations controlling the railways, and to the manufacturers of agricultural implements, etc., and other goods he must buy.

The Dominion of Canada should own the railways and furnish transportation at cost.

The merchants already suffering from the severity of competition between themselves, are now threatened with a new danger in the growth of the huge department stores which are gradually absorbing all the retail trading.

Labor saving machinery operated by steam and electricity has enormously augmented the productivity of labor. The workingman has participated but little in this increased product. Nor have the smaller capitalists and farmers participated to any degree. Nearly the whole of the increase has gone to the monopolists.

The result of our competitive system is that the many produce and the few get. Those that "get" are those that own the great monopolies and the railways.

I would substitute public ownership for private ownership of these great monopolies, to the end that the many might participate in the advantages now enjoyed by the few.

Let the people own the monopolies and let the products of labor be distributed upon the co-operative plan instead of the competitive plan. We have solved the problem of production; our only problem today is that of distribution.

Canada is the richest country under the sun. She could furnish a living to ten times her present population and still have plenty of room for as many more again. However, notwithstanding Canada's riches, very few of her people are secure against an old age of poverty, nor indeed are they now sure of a decent living from month to month.

I would end all such uncertainty. We here in Canada can have the comforts and luxuries of life in profusion with only three hours a day's labor, if we simply reorganize our industrial system on a basis of Socialism or public co-operation.

To do this it is necessary for those most interested in having a change, namely the wage-earners and the farmers, to unite at the ballot box and elect men who are pledged to carry out the Socialist program.

Let Canada lead in this great reform.

A. Gaylord Wilshire.

Socialist Candidate for Parliament, West Elgin, Ontario, Canada.

CURRENT CARICATURE

THE great advance in the price of beef which is not only agitating this country but England, as demonstrating anew the formidable power possessed by the Trusts, is a valuable object lesson to the public.

A Trust controlling one of the great necessities of life and using its power so ruthlessly conveys a lesson in political economy that is much clearer than all the books and speeches ever made about trusts and monopolies. It is the difference between a fact and theory; it is the difference between being warned of a famine and being actually hungry.

IN THE GRASP OF THE OCTOPUS.
—Philadelphia North-American.

I am not prepared to say that the conditions of the supply of beef do not afford a reasonable business excuse for the Beef Trust to advance their prices, granting that they were forced to raise. In fact, I would rather see them prove their position to be right in prices than not. If they can show this, then the showing will prove that it is incompetency and not greed that puts them in the position where the price of beef has now become almost prohibitive. There is no question but that the United States can raise all the beef cattle that are wanted and that there are plenty of farmers only too glad to get a chance to do the raising if they can have any guarantee of profit in the business. However, the Beef Trust for years has been systematically beating down the price paid the farmer and stock-raiser for beef on the hoof although at the same time raising the price of dressed beef to the consumer. Hence it is very likely true that there is today a shortage of cattle simply because it has not paid the farmer to raise them. In other words, the Beef Trust has killed the goose that laid the golden egg. This is not a case of dishonesty, it is one of stupidity. The men to whom we have given over the beef business have shown themselves

to be incapable of handling the job and therefore should be deposed. If they were simply greedy knaves with another trial they might possibly do better, especially now that President Roosevelt has spanked them with his feather, but there is no punishment, no matter how strenuous, that will batter brains into a man. However, whether they are fools or knaves the fact remains that the beef famine is directing more attention to the reason for the dethronement of the men who have usurped the control of our industry than any other one thing that has ever occurred. When we dethrone them we will not be foolish enough to replace them with another set of private individuals to whom will again be given control of our food supply with *carte blanche* to get their pay for their management by holding up the customers for all the traffic will bear. The next time we make a try at feeding ourselves the great Beef Baron will be your Uncle Sam himself.

THE BEGINNER.
Uncle Sam—Now look out, old man; this is where I let go.
—From the Minneapolis Journal.

The Letting-Go Point.

This is just about it. We are giving Cuba a shove off on the bicycle of self-government although we know that she has not had enough experience to ride alone. When she comes a cropper we will then step up and once more resume our help in the work of her government. Cuba will be so demoralized that she will not resist a friendly hand, and we will then have had enough experience in the game of "Imperialism" to not make any silly pledges about withdrawing when peace is assured. The Cuban question is a ticklish one. We know that she cannot govern herself and we also know that we cannot govern her. It was simply a lucky accident that a man as honest and efficient as General Wood was put into control. The impatient contractors and boodlers generally would not have stood for him much longer, and the only reason they have stood for him at all was the fear on the part of the administration of a great scandal happening if anyone else were substituted.

I am no Imperialist, it is unnecessary to say, but I must say that I do not see any future of independence for Cuba as a possibility under our capitalistic system. In every way the United States

seems to be destined to gobble her up. It would seem to me one of the inevitabilities of the future that there will be a civil war in Cuba, *a la* Central America, and that the United States will be called in to adjust matters with the result that Cuba will be formally annexed, and that will end her dream.

Trust: His Mark.

The cartoonist sees clearly enough that Trust already has the laborer a bonded slave and he is drawing attention to the fact that now the Beef Trust not being satisfied with ownership must needs add insult to injury by actually branding the victims as such. The beef famine really leaves a worse scar than any iron. There are thousands who will go hungry this summer simply because they will be unable to buy food at the high prices and starvation will make a much deeper physical mark than any branding iron can do.

BRANDED AND ROPED.
—Philadelphia North-American.

This is a mistake the capitalists make that the old slave holders would have never made. Branding slaves or steers does not affect their market value, unless you wish to sell their hides. Starvation, however, does a physical damage that no subsequent good feeding will ever repair, even if there was a possibility of the good feeding coming later on.

Cost of Things Folks Eat and Wear.

A *resume* of the markets for the past week and month as compared with those of weeks and months of previous years, shows a startling increase in the cost of living for the consumer. While beef is ballooning skyward and pork is following in its wake, a majority of the staple articles which come under the head of necessities are becoming proportionately more costly.

Students of economics have been concentrating their efforts to discover what class of consumers feels the increase the most as a result of the beef and pork trusts and other agencies that are sending prices upward.

Skilled labor, being organized, is able to demand wages proportionate to the cost of living. The wealthy, of course, can pay whatever the retailer asks for both necessities and luxuries. It is the salaried man who hustles to make both ends meet. The clerk in a railroad has

no union back of him to demand a fair wage scale. Perhaps he gets $600 a year, perhaps more. The chances are he worries along without increase or decrease in salary for five years at a time. The bottom may fall out of the market or prices may soar out of sight, the salaried man has the same fixed amount each year to last him and his family 365 days. Just now skilled labor is as well paid as at any time in ten years but prosperity has passed by the man whose money comes to him monthly or yearly and is dignified by the name of salary.

While the salary has been resting quietly on bed rock, statistics show how steady has been the increase in cost of things men eat and wear.

Harkingback, the increase in cost of breadstuffs from Jan. 1, 1897, to Mar. 1, 1902, was 70 per cent. Meats went up 32 per cent in the same time. Dairy and garden products jumped 49 per cent, and other foods 9 per cent; clothing 25 per cent, and miscellaneous articles 31 per cent.

These figures tell a story. Breadstuffs and meats excelled themselves and surpassed the others in their efforts to soar.

Comparative figures tell a still stronger tale. Breadstuffs cost 50 per cent more on the first of last month than they did on Jan. 1, 1900. Meats cost 36 per cent more. The increase in cost of dairy and garden products was not so great, being but fourteen per cent.

Tariff and Trust.

There is not a man among those Congressmen who are the most averse to any changes in the tariff but would admit that if a *few* changes could be made and that the revision could

then and there be definitely ended, he would consider it a good thing to be done. It is the question of "Where will we stop?" that is scaring the Republican Congressmen. Each fellow feels that he owes his strength to the support of his colleagues, and he gets this support because he reciprocally supports them. Let him fail to support any one of them and the *esprit du corps* that holds them together, in solid phalanx, will vanish.

THE GENIE IS OUT OF THE BOTTLE.
And the Fisherman doesn't seem to care to get him back.
—From the Minneapolis Journal.

As a matter of fact, this fear of the protectionists of a radical revision of the tariff, has very little reason. There is no particular demand by the people for a revision of the tariff, not because the people do not think that the Trusts are robbing them, but because they see little reason for believing that the removal of the tariff would be of any great benefit. The Trusts are now in position to get along without any tariff, and absolutely free trade would make little, if any, difference in their profits.

I quote here a recent editorial from the New York Journal:

> We Americans are at the head of the procession politically. With universal suffrage and republican institutions we are, of course, the envy of less favored peoples.
>
> But we have lots yet to learn about the art of government—not in comparison with other nations, but in relation to our needs as they arise.
>
> Here we are, eighty million of us, being held up by a handful of our fellow citizens—held up and compelled to go on half rations while being robbed—and the most we can do in self-defence is to raise angry shouts.
>
> It is as if a twelve-foot giant were being goaded into impotent outcries by a larcenous monkey — a giant without the sense to stretch forth his great hand and seize his petty tormentor.
>
> The spectacle of helplessness under Trust pillage that the American people present just now would be ludicrous were the hardships inflicted upon the poor by the meat monopolists not too serious for laughter.
>
> We have a Congress elected by the people to pass laws and repeal laws in the public interests.
>
> And this Congress deliberately turns its back on the people and serves the people's plunderers.
>
> We have a President, also elected by the people, and though he sees Congress serving the Food Trust, he does not utter the word that would force Congress to give the people relief from the cruel thievery of the monopolists.
>
> Had we as a people arrived at real self-government such a condition of things would be impossible. Congress and the President would be instantly responsive to the public will. The

House and Senate would run a race to see which should be first to vote for repeal of the tariff duties on meat, or were there any hesitation, the President would remove it by sending in at once a special message urging the tearing down of the tariff fence which protects the Food Trust in its monopoly.

But as matters stand Congress and the President hear with indifference the clamors that go up while the monopolists cut down the American bill of fare and empty the American dinner pail.

What is the cause of this inaction, so extremely helpful and gratifying to the Food Trust?

The cause is in the people themselves. They still are so backward in the art of self-government that they have not learned to punish unfaithful and reward faithful public servants.

Until that shall be done by the people the Trusts and not the people will be in command at Washington.

Now this is not a bad editorial from a certain standpoint. It states the helplessness of the people in the hands of the Trusts well enough, but it is rather absurd in assuming that if the tariff were taken off of beef, that the Beef Trust would be hurt and that prices would be lower. We are great exporters of beef, and there is no country that could send beef into the United States even if we had free trade.

However, this is only a minor absurdity. The great absurdity of Mr. Hearst's editorial is seen in the closing paragraph. He assumes that it is possible for the Trusts to exist and not be in command at Washington. As long as there are Trusts, then Trusts are bound to control Washington.

There is but one way for the people to control the Trusts, and that is to "Let the Nation Own the Trusts."

Mark Hanna's Role.

That Mr. Hanna would have been the next nominee of the Republican Party had not Mr. McKinley died before his term expired, is a moral certainty. As it is now, President Ted, although an accident, has all the machinery at hand to secure the nomination, and he would ordinarily be pretty sure of getting it if he only had somebody to tell him how to work his machinery. Mr. Hanna is the best man to show

"WOULD A DUCK SWIM?"

—Minneapolis Journal.

him how to run the machine, but it is probable that President Ted will not listen to his advice until it is too late.

I don't altogether agree with the theory that Hanna is as anxious for the nomination himself as is a duck to take to water. Hanna is distinctly a man of action. He likes to do things. He had far more satisfaction in making McKinley president than he could have had in having McKinley make Hanna president. There may be fun in watching others play a game, but there is far more fun in playing it yourself, and this remark applies to politics as well as ping-pong. Hanna played the game of business until he grew tired of success; it became too easy; then he went in for running the Republican Party, and he now is tiring of that, so he has tackled the hardest game in the bunch—reconciling Capital and Labor. Now this is a game for your life, and I feel sure that nothing else has ever given the old man half the fun he already has had out of his Civic Federation. He has had marvellous success, too, considering everything. However, he is riding for a fall. It is always a possibility to reconcile capital and labor when the conditions admit of a reconciliation. When labor does not demand more than capital can afford, it is always possible for an agreement. Times are "prosperous" now, and there is a margin for concessions, though the Beef Trust seems determined to force up the cost of living to the marginal point where no concessions can be made. However, as long as capital can find profitable employment for labor it will do so, and so long Hanna will have the possibility of arranging a *modus vivendi*.

HANNA WANTS A LITTLE EXERCISE.
—Philadelphia North American.

The test of the Civic Federation, however, will not be made when times are "prosperous," but in times of "depression"—in times when prices have fallen so low that the employer cannot pay living wages, and the laborer cannot accept the wages that are offered without suffering slow starvation. When this event occurs Hanna will indeed appear like the Old Professional boxer against the Dude Amateur when compared with Roosevelt in relative ability to meet such a

crisis. Hanna has served his term both as a business man and a political manager. He knows how to manage both business men and politicians. He has made a record for himself. On the other hand, Roosevelt has never made a success at anything except getting up a Reputation for Strenuosity. As a President he is Miles behind anything that has ever been in the chair. However, to pass on. In case there is a time of commercial depression before the end of the Roosevelt term, there can be no question but that Hanna, as the head of the Civic Federation, will be called upon to play a far greater role than that which will fall to the President.

Let us call upon our imaginations. Suppose in 1904 the railroads say they have built all the new trackage that they find need for, or that, owing to short crops, they have not the funds to continue building. Then the Trusts announce that there is now no longer any need for the employment of many men hitherto employed in extending their plants. The plants are already over-built, they say. The result of this natural cessation of demand for new railroads and new machinery will naturally and inevitably cause a great unemployed problem. Is it not more likely that Hanna, rather than Roosevelt, will be the man looked to by the general public for a solution of the industrial problem? Will not his opinion carry more weight than that of any other one man? I think there is no question about this. I wonder if Mr. Hanna has ever thought of such a contingency, and if so, I wonder what he has thought his solution would be? He has not thought, and this is the fall toward which I think he is riding. Mr. Hanna has never thought of such an *impasse*. He thinks that with good nature and good sense upon the part of both capitalists and workingmen, that he and the Civic Federation can solve all problems without abolishing the Competitive Wage System. In fact, I do not think Senator Hanna has even thought that there is such a thing as a competitive wage system. He is like the healthy man who never knew he had a liver until he got sick, and when he did get sick it was a long time before he located the trouble in his liver.

Hanna considers the present wage system a natural and permanent part of the human society, and he will continue to think so, too, until society gets sick enough and stays so long enough for him to finally locate its disease in the Competitive Wage System. That will be the last place the Civic Federation will look for disease, and when they finally locate it there you may be sure they will be a long time in coming to the conclusion that the present Wage System is so totally worn out that a New System must be substituted for it. However, let the Unemployed Army grow large enough, and let it be unemployed long enough, and I have no fear that the defective cog in the mechanism of Modern Society—the Competitive Wage System—will be thrown out, and the Co-Operative Wage System be inserted in its place.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Hanna and his Civic Federation will patch up the old machine, and we will go along somehow until there will be a collapse on the One Horse Shay order that will astonish some people who think that all evolutionary changes must take place deliberately.

I am not decrying the Civic Federation. It, like all other institutions, is the child of natural conditions. It will perform, no doubt, an important function in the rapid industrial evolution

now going on before our eyes. Its formation is in itself a confession of the inadequacy of any of our existing political or industrial institutions to meet present conditions. It is, in fact, the precursor and progenitor of the future Revolutionary Committee which will be formed to administer things in the transitional period between Capitalism and Socialism.

Right now I consider the Civic Federation as performing a far more important role in the United States than that of either Congress or the President, and, in fact, far more than that of the President and Congress combined. This may sound hyperbolic, but when we consider how much vaster are the interests, both in capital and men's lives, for a man's job is his life, that are now being informally adjusted by the Federation than the interests under the control of the Federal Government, I feel quite justified in my assertion.

The President has in the hollow of his hand a few hundred parasitical office seekers, a few thousand Filipinos whom he may or may not suffer to be given the "water-cure" by General Smith, and he also has a little, very little, to say about starving the Cubans by the denial of a reduction in the sugar tariff. These are all important matters, to be sure, but what are they all together compared with the settlement of the coal-miners' strike, either looked at from the point of view of money or of lives, of either the capitalist or the laborer? Congress and the President are every year coming more and more completely under the control of industry. Our industrial affairs have long over-shadowed our military and political affairs.

The Civic Federation is an outward and visible sign that the time is fast approaching when the industrial management of things is to be of far more importance to society than the political management of men.

SOCIALIST CANDIDATES OF ONTARIO

The Ontario branch of the Socialist Party, organized some two years ago, has this year for the first time placed candidates in the field for the Provincial Parliament. Although the campaign follows very closely upon the nominations, and the time for effective work is short, yet such encouraging reports of the situation are received from the several ridings that it is expected that a very heavy vote will be polled, and that at least two, and possibly three, of the candidates named will be elected. The election takes place on the 29th of May. The following candidates have been nominated:

Manitoulin — John H. McMillan, Gore Bay.

South Wellington — Ald. Samuel Carter, Guelph.

West Elgin—H. Gaylord Wilshire, St. Thomas.

East Toronto—James Simpson, Toronto.

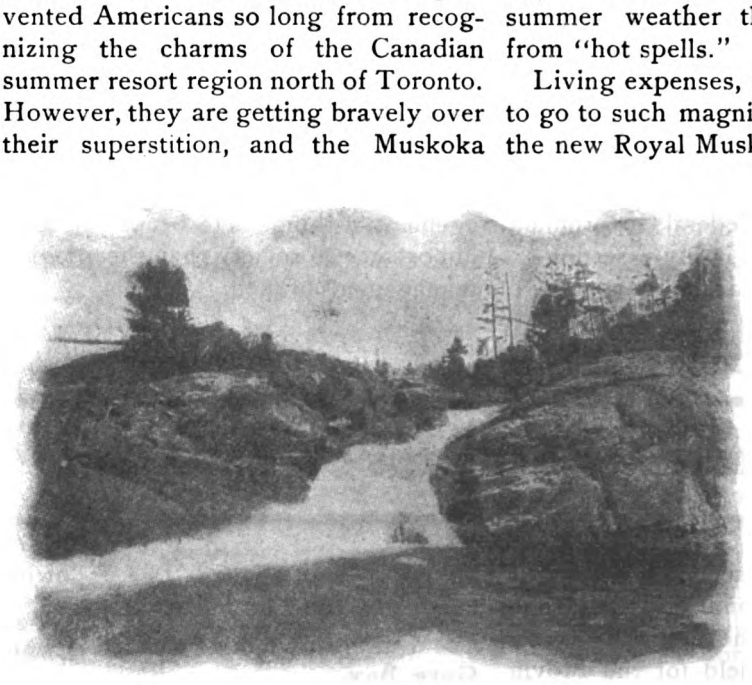
West Toronto—John A. Kelly, Toronto.

North Toronto — Miss Margaret Haile, Toronto.

South Toronto—S. A. Corner, Toronto.

THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO

I SUPPOSE it must have been the superstition of the obstacles to be encountered in crossing an artificial national boundary line that has prevented Americans so long from recognizing the charms of the Canadian summer resort region north of Toronto. However, they are getting bravely over their superstition, and the Muskoka Lake and Parry Sound region is now coming into well deserved popularity.



MOON RIVER FALLS.

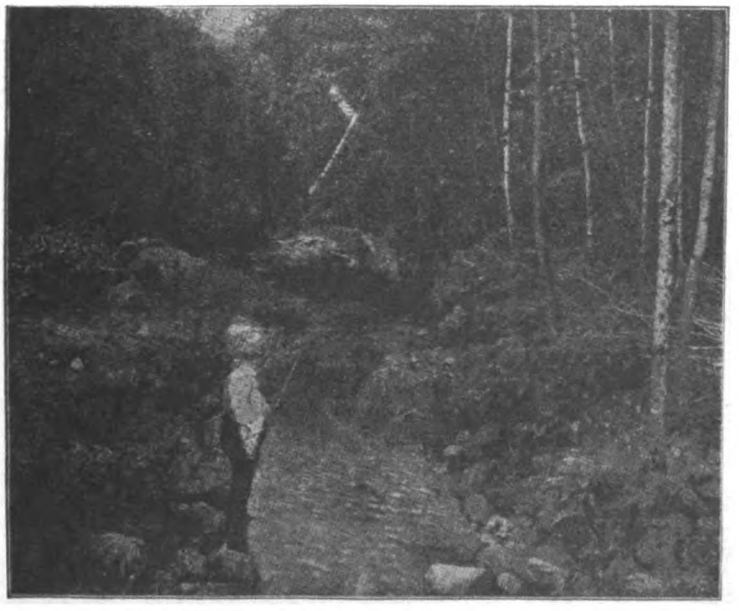
But little over half a day's journey from Buffalo and the tourist is landed in the midst of the finest natural inland resort country on the continent. Literally thousands of lakes, fed by more than thousands of fine trout streams, nestle in the woods. The elevation is a thousand feet or more above sea level, and this, together with the northerly latitude, contributes to make the summer weather there entirely free from "hot spells."

Living expenses, unless one chooses to go to such magnificent hostelries as the new Royal Muskoka Hotel, are exceedingly moderate at the many hotels and boarding houses. However, the best way to fully enjoy oneself in the Canadian lake region is to camp out.

To those who don't go anywhere at all during the summer the sea shore may seem like heaven, but for those who have spent many summers there it becomes frightfully monotonous. Most of our sea-side resorts have really almost no natural resources to interest and amuse the sojourners. The one great thing that they do provide is an escape from the torrid weather of the interior.

Of course, for those New York men who cannot leave their businesses, a resort like Long Branch, only a few minutes from town, has great advantages. But for those who have plenty of time on their hands, it seems to me supremely silly for people to spend their time on an inane and insipid sand beach when the woods and mountains and lakes are at their choice. When that happy day comes, and we all have arrived at the co-operative commonwealth, I feel sure that Canada will be the summering resort for all North America. She herself is somewhat anticipating the future by reserving for her people Algonquin National Park of two thousand square miles area and comprising a thousand lakes within its borders. Here anyone may go and live for the summer and pay no rent to any private owner.

CAMPING PARTY ON SHORES OF LAKE ROSSEAU.

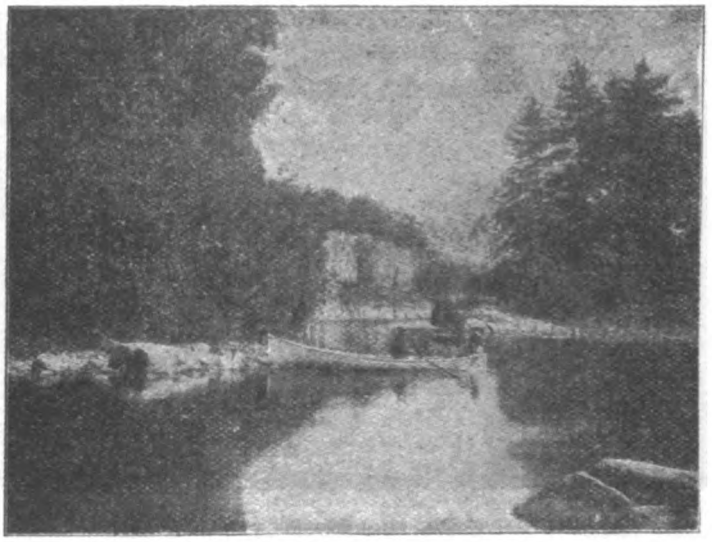


A HIGHLAND STREAM, MUSKOKA LAKES DISTRICT.

This reserving of resorts for the people by the nation is a move in the right direction, and should be followed up by the United States. It is true that the United States has already made a number of park reservations, like the Yellowstone and the Yosemite, but they are so inacess-

ible that as far as the ordinary citizen is concerned, he has rarely the opportunity of profiting by them.

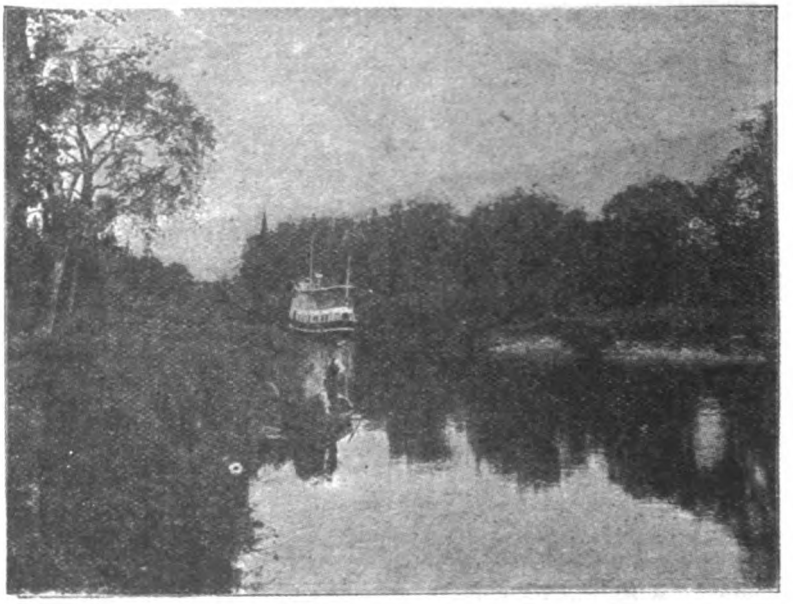
Nearly the whole of the sea coast of Maine has been appropriated by a few families of very rich people, and thus the people of the United States, as a whole, have been barred from access to the Atlantic Ocean where it is seen to the greatest advantage. This coast of Maine should have been reserved, as a whole, to the people as a National Park. A strip of land extending one mile back from the ocean and running along the whole coast of Maine should have been made exempt from private ownership.



NEAR PARRY SOUND.

Niagara has been saved, in a way, from the rapacity of the private owner, but it looks now as if the National reservations there will some day look more upon where the falls were than where they are. At the rate the various electric power companies contemplate digging canals for new supplies of power, there won't be much water going over the falls in twenty years from date.

There are said to be thirty thousand islands in the Georgian Bay. It looks as if they had been sifted over the water out of a giant's sieve. These islands are also being



ON THE MAGNETAWAN.

rapidly appropriated by private owners, and particularly by Americans. It seems to me that the Canadian Government would be wise if it made all that remained into a national reservation for the benefit of the coming generations. One very delightful way of spending the summer on the Georgian Bay is to take a house boat; they can be rented for four dollars a day, and one will accommodate sixteen people. I don't know of any other place in the world where one can find such an ideal place for an outing in a house boat as among the islands of the Georgian Bay.

AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE MUSKOKA LAKES.

For one who wishes a "view" from his summer hotel, probably no place in the Canadian lake region will answer the requirements as well as the Belvidere at Parry Sound. The black bass fishing is very good at that point also.

AMONG THE 30,000 ISLANDS OF THE GEORGIAN BAY.

I don't know that hunting deer will ever go out of date like bear-baiting and cock-fighting. I think some day that many of us will be like the hunter of the Sand Hill Stag that Seton Thompson so beautifully describes. We will be too soft-hearted to shoot our deer after we finally get him in range. Hunting with the gun has its close season in Canada as in all countries, but you may shoot your Kodak at the deer whenever you get the chance.

For those who like hunting and fishing, there is no better place than the whole of the Muskoka region, while for the enthusiast on these sports there is no place that, once visited, will linger longer in the mind as the sportsman's paradise. Canoeing on the deep and swift rivers that empty into the many lakes of the Muskoka district, is as fine sport as can be found in America for those who appreciate excitement, not altogether unmixed with the spice of danger, although the skillful guides who are to be had are so versed in the handling of these frail craft that accidents are very rare.

$1.00 per year 10 cents

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

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Published Monthly at Toronto, Canada by the United States Publication Co.

HE OVERSHADOWS THEM ALL

The Trusts, in Politics as Elsewhere Bid Fair to Be the Whole Thing.

—Detroit Tribune.

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS"

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

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THE TRUST OVERSHADOWS ALL ISSUES

THAT the Trust would sooner or later be the great issue in American politics I have never once doubted for the last fifteen years. My surprise today is not that it has suddenly become so important an issue but that it has been so long in becoming such. In 1884 I was managing director of the Riverside Rolling Mill Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio. The price of iron was steadily falling and there seemed an end to things. If we wished to sell our iron we must meet a market that already forced us to manufacture at less than cost, and there seemed no prospect of the future being any better than the present. There was no way that we could lower the cost of producing. We bought our ore and coal at the lowest market price, and our day labor was at a price that only too obviously admitted of no reduction. The men were already at the margin of starvation. Our skilled labor was paid upon the scale of the Amalgamated Iron Workers that allowed us no option about reduction. We must either pay the scale or shut up shop. I was young in businsss in those days, fresh from Harvard College, and I used to puzzle over the question of how long the world could get along on the basis of everybody losing money. For after finding out there was nothing in the iron business I naturally looked into other businesses and my inquiries showed me that the iron business was in no exceptional condition. Every manufacturer that I talked with had the same story to tell of the impossibility of making a living with the existing low prices. I was so discouraged with the outlook for making money in ordinary business that I made up my mind that the only

thing to produce that seemed to be sure of a market at a standard price was gold. Therefore I decided to go into gold mining. When you got your ounce of gold it was always worth your $20 and this sort of a business seemed infinitely better than the iron business where you had to sell your iron ten per cent. less every three months than you originally expected for it.

It is true that Mr. Rockefeller and his Standard Oil Trust had already even in that early day shown me and the rest of the world how to prevent over-production and get a fixed price for our product, but I did not see how I could ever wait long enough for the iron men to get sense enough to follow Mr. Rockefeller's example.

It is well, too, that I did not wait. It took those iron manufacturers eighteen years, from 1884 to 1902, to do what they should have had the sense to have done at once. How they ever managed to survive all those eighteen years has been a great surprise to me although I know that it has not been four years since a good many of them, who are now on Easy street through the forming of the Morgan Trust, were on the verge of bankruptcy.

While I was investigating gold mining prospects, which, by the way, did not prove to be particularly rosy because the uncertainty of your product fully offset the certainty of your selling price, I happened to be chucked off a fractious horse in the mountains of California and suffered a broken jaw. Although I was not an "agitator" in those days, nevertheless I felt my jaw an important enough member of my ego to justify a trip to Southern California to allow it an opportunity to consolidate, to form a little trust of its own, so to speak. While there, the real estate boom came on and I, at last, saw an opportunity of buying something—land—which looked as if one could be sure of selling it for more than he paid for it. I gave up my determination to go in for gold mining and became a real estate shark. It was possible for a year or so to buy land and sell it at a considerably larger price than you paid for it; then the "boom busted" and as far as I could see, the problem of selling for more than you gave was as impossible of solution as ever, unless you could form a trust. This was in 1888. Since then there have been ups and downs in business, principally "downs," though, for most men, and the "downs" had all the game to themselves, apparently, until after McKinley's first election, when the Cuban war stirred up trade so much by the destruction of property and the consequent demand for things of all kinds, that ever since the "ups" have been very much in evidence for most American business men.

However, a little prosperity has not made them blind to the advantages a trust has in making assurance doubly sure. If we had not had the war, the trusts would certainly have been formed as a matter of absolute necessity. As it is, they may possibly have been formed as a matter of expediency in some cases, although I think most of the insiders on the trusts of today would admit that they had in forming their trusts only forestalled an inevitability.

I think my own experience in business life in America since the year 1884 is more or less typical of all other business men. We all realize that the only way to make money is to get into a monopoly and if that cannot be done then the best thing is to stay out of business. However, there happen to be so many people who must make

a living somehow, that neither get into a trust nor stay out of business, that there is considerable dissatisfaction in the land among these outsiders. They may be very rude to make their weeping and wailing such an offence to the eye and ear, but we must take men as they are.

Man is primarily and above all things an eating animal, and after all an animal is simply an intelligent automobile carrying around an ever greedy stomach. If a man cannot feed himself he is sure to make unpleasant remarks. If to feed oneself one must own a trust, and there are not enough trusts to go around, then those fellows who fail to draw a trust are sure to become ill-natured and generally inconsiderate. However, the mere matter of men being inconsiderate would be of no particular moment,—men are usually that way anyhow, some people think,—did it not happen that these fellows propose to take their inconsiderateness into the political field.

It so happens that the fellows who draw blanks in the trust lottery are so far in the majority of those who draw prizes that if it came to a matter of voting there is not the remotest doubt as to who would win out. However, while the winners of the trust prizes are few in number they make up in brains what they lack in numbers, and they also have brains enough to know where to hire other brains to do some of their thinking for them. What they are mortally afraid of just now is that the business men who are not in on the draw will throw down their cards and demand a new deal. Hence the main object of the winners is to persuade the losers to continue in the game by feeding them with fairy stories of how, by some change in the rules, they will be able once again to win back their losings.

In the present stage of the trust problem the workingman is largely a disinterested onlooker. The people who are objecting to trusts are not the workingmen but the capitalists who have been squeezed by the trusts. It is true that the beef trust has called attention to itself by the high price of beef and many workingmen have suddenly become aware of their interest in the trust problem on that account who hitherto had regarded the trust problem as one of simply academic interest with no immediate application to their daily life. However, the price of beef will fall or wages will adapt themselves, and that episode was and is simply an accidental note in the song of monopoly. The merchants and manufacturers who have lost their power to conduct an independent competitive business alongside of the trust, however, are naturally up in arms against an invasion which threatens their commercial existence. Thus, when the trust problem is represented as overshadowing all other issues of today what is really meant is that the smaller capitalists, and they are vastly in the numerical majority, are demanding legislation to curtail the growth of monopoly. So far in the United States political issues have always been simply clashes between the different interests of certain capitalists. It is true that the interest of the workingman and the country as a whole has always been the ostensible interest in concern by both parties, but this has always been a palpable mask used for the purpose of gaining votes. For instance, take the tariff issue. The manufacturers wanted a high tariff to increase their profits, but they said they wanted it in order to pay higher wages. On the other hand the farmers wanted a low tariff in order to reduce

the cost of the various articles they required and the price of which was raised by the tariff, but they said they wanted a lower tariff in order that the workingmen could buy the necessities of life, including farm products, at a lower price.

So it is today the smaller capitalists want the trusts crushed because if they are not crushed, they themselves will be crushed. It would never do for these capitalists to go before the country with such a purely selfish cry that they wanted legislation simply in order to protect their own particular class, so they add to the causes which impel them to attack the trust on their own account the additional ones which they think will make workingmen and the country at large rally to their support.

First, they say the trust, by holding a complete monopoly of the sources of life, is putting the whole country at its mercy.

Second, they say that by reason of the undoubted economies the trust introduced in the production of goods it is threatening the working class with a huge unemployed problem.

Of course both these indictments are correct, but what I wish to call attention to is that the smaller capitalists would never have paid attention to the "country as a whole," nor the working class in particular, unless they had not seen their own interests in jeopardy and wished to rally to their political support other interests outside of their own particular circle.

I am not blaming them for this course. It is simply a natural human phenomenon. Men never look much after other people's interests; they are usually too busy looking after their own.

However, just as these same smaller capitalists could never be induced to take action until the trust had actually compelled them to look financial death in the face, just so will the working class never take action until they, too, are placed in the same relative position that these capitalists are in. The appeal to the working class to rally to the support of the smaller capitalists will be in vain. The workingman will vote just as he has been voting until an economic condition presents itself directly to him, that will compel his attention.

Judging from the following editorial the Detroit Tribune thinks that such a condition has already presented itself.

THE ALARM OF LABOR IS NATURAL.

Trust control of any industry means the application of trust methods. Trust method means the systematic elimination of every item of cost that can be dispensed with. It means the substitution of cunning mechanism for human handiwork as far as possible. It means the substitution of women and children for men in every department where men can be thus displaced. It means a reduction of prices just to the exact point that will squeeze out competition. Then follows absolute control of price and product.

A case that is very much in the public eye is that of the Brown cigar factory. It was operated under a system by which young girls became competitors of men in cigar making. Their product went out in competition with that of skilled laborers. Now another step is being taken which will multiply the effectiveness of the trust operative. The displacing of a certain number of girls from their employment in a given factory is the lesser evil, although that is bad enough for those who are dependent upon such employment and are the support or partial support of a family. Trust control must by its constant reduction in the cost of production seriously affect the independent factories and their workmen who make a specialty of hand work. It is possible that the future of such industries may not be as bad as it looks, but the operatives can not be blamed for exhibiting serious alarm for their jobs and hostility to the new system.

Passing by the complacent manner with which the Tribune regards a sys-

tem which forces girls to support their families as a perfectly natural and satisfactory one, and that anything which tends to prevent the perpetuation of such a system must be viewed with abhorrence, I would deny the general proposition that the working class as a class are ready to take any decided stand against the trust in its present stage of development. I say this simply because the problem of unemployment is not sufficiently large to induce any considerable part of them to think. The capitalist's political brains are found in his pocket-book; the workingman's brains are in his stomach. The capitalist is finding the trust emptying his pocket-book. I have been warning him that this event was sure to happen, warning him for fifteen years or more, but he would never listen. In fact now that his pocket-book is actually being emptied, while he is kicking hard enough, he has hardly yet come to listen to the advice I offer him. He still wishes to destroy the trusts; I tell him "let the nation own the trust."

This is too radical a solution yet for him to adopt, although, judging from the editorials appearing in the Hearst papers demanding National Ownership of Trusts, I should judge that the tide is setting pretty strong in that direction now-a-days.

Mr. Hearst has too much good newspaper sense to run very far ahead of public opinion. Mr. Hearst gives his readers such ideas as he thinks are in commercial demand, albeit he usually selects the more radical kind. I, on the other hand, give my readers the kind of ideas they ought to like. I am like a temperance bar-keeper, who, when a customer asks for whiskey, puts him off by giving out ginger-ale. This is not usually a good commercial policy, and, in fact, is so unheard of that when Mr. Madden refused me the use of the United States Post-office to carry on such an unusual business of selling my own hand-made ideas instead of the ordinary ones manufactured in quantities for the general newspaper trade, he had the endorsement of President Roosevelt and the whole tribe of American politicians, together with the daily press. In Canada all manufacturing processes are somewhat backward compared with the United States and home-made articles are still in demand, hence, owing to this primitive state of affairs they let me publish and manufacture home-made ideas and send them through the mails to a degree of liberality that must be quite shocking to the firm of Madden, Roosevelt & Co.

However, while the small capitalist is shilly-shallying with the trust problem and letting President Roosevelt fool him with ridiculous feints through palpably impossible actions in the United States Supreme Court against the beef trust, the steady march of economic evolution goes on apace and conditions are fast becoming so ripe that they will force the working class to act.

The small capitalist is at present praying to the workingman to come to his aid and destroy the trust in order that he, the small capitalist, may once more go into business. The promise made to the workingman is that the waste of labor engendered by this going back to the methods of production on a small scale will be sure to make his labor much more in demand than at present. He will have good wages and a steady job if he destroys the trust. That there is something in this argument cannot be denied. There was something in the logic of the hand-weavers who in 1838 tried to destroy the machinery that was taking away

their livelihood. The proposition, viewing it politically, is simply this, "Can there be a sufficient number rallied to the support of a movement to prevent an economic development?" If not, then the movement must proceed. The growth of the use of machinery has never yet been stayed, because men were thrown out of employment by its use, and there is no reason why the future should differ from the past. A boy may wish to remain a boy, but he grows into a man all the same.

I referred to the steady growth of the process of economic evolution finally forcing the working class into a very pronounced attitude on the question of the trusts.

The stage in which this event will occur is not during a stage or period of so-called prosperity such as we are now enjoying. It will come during a time of depression. Depression will only come when the demand for new machinery has so decreased that the demand for labor to build such machinery falls off to a degree to create an unemployed problem. The trust presages that such a condition is rapidly approaching.

The trust is primarily simply a device on the part of the capitalists to prevent price-cutting as the result of over-production. Over-production is caused by the competitive wage system limiting wages to approximately what it cost the workingman to live. We have by the use of machinery largely augmented the product of the workingman, but he has shared hardly at all in this increased productivity. The increase has gone to the capitalist who has used it in the production of new machinery. He has had finally piled up for him more capital in the shape of new machinery than he can use and therefore he has been compelled to form a trust to prevent over-production. The first economic effect of the trust is to force the surrender of other *manufacturing* capitalists engaged in the same line of production. The next point of attack is the capitalists engaged in *distributing* its products. For instance, the American Tobacco Trust first captured most of the competing establishments manufacturing tobacco. After that it went after the wholesalers and jobbers and forced them to abandon handling any competitive brands. By this means it forced the surrender of those recalcitrant competitive manufacturing establishments who would not surrender on direct assault. They were starved out by a siege. Their sources of supply were withdrawn by taking away from them the avenue by which they sold their goods and derived their profits.

It is thus seen that the first people to be up in arms against the trust are naturally those first attacked, namely, the smaller competing establishments and the distributive establishments, that is, they are capitalists and not workingmen. These are the men who are now doing most of the howling and from them very largely comes the cry for workingmen in particular, and the public in general to rush to their aid and destroy the trust in order that they, the capitalists, may live.

When the people at large and the workingmen do not respond with that alacrity which they supposed they would show, these small fry capitalists throw up their hands to heaven and cry that the country is "going to destruction."

They confuse their own petty interests with those of the country at large.

We can dispense with these little capitalists and we can see the jobbers

and wholesalers enslaved by the trust and still see how the country can live. It is the usual process of nature to eliminate the unnecessary. Years ago the farmer cried that the middle man must go. He is going. However, the day will come, and it is rapidly approaching, when the trust will say to the working class, "*You have built up the manufacturing plants of this country to such an extent and to such perfection that we do not require your service to build any more and we do not require many of you to operate those already built, so automatic has your ingenuity made them,*" then may we expect the working class to at last awaken to the real significance of the trust. The workingman will only vote for the Public Ownership of Trusts when lack of employment will force him to do so in order to preserve his existence. The smaller capitalists never made a move when they simply had the *theory* of the trust expounded to them. We had to see the trust actually throttle them before they could realize their danger. Why should the working class be any clearer sighted than those capitalists? There is no reason to expect it. They, too, will decline to move until conditions force them to, and the only hope I have of soon seeing any movement from them is simply because I foresee conditions where they will have but one chance of escaping starvation from an unemployed problem. That chance will be the adoption of the Co-operative Wage System, Public Ownership of the Trusts and Means of Production.

The co-operative wage system will do away with the over-production, for over-production is simply the result of the competitive wage system preventing the laborer buying back what he produces. By the aid of machinery the worker produces far more than he gets. The surplus has been handed over to the capitalist, who in turn has used it up in the production of more and more machinery. He has been "building up the country." As long as the capitalist could use this surplus in this manner there would never be any permanent unemployed problem because when the laborer had produced enough to feed himself the capitalist would set him to work producing more machinery.

But now comes the trust as the sign that this production of new machinery must come to an end for the simple reason that no more machinery is needed.

This is why the Trust signifies an Unemployed Problem.

However, until this problem of unemployment is right upon the laborer as a fact, and not as a theory in WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, history teaches us that he will do nothing. I therefore do not look for any great political movement as the result of the trust until this unemployed problem actually makes its appearance. When this event does occur, and it cannot be many years away, then it is evident that a solution *must* be found.

I myself take the scientific Socialist stand that no solution can be found other than the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth.

However, while I declare that this catastrophic theory is the only true theory from a scientific economic standpoint, yet I admit that from the purely political standpoint there are many reasons why I should favor trying to make steps toward the co-operative commonwealth, even though I do not think those steps will ever be built, or if built, will be ever used to assist us in gaining the aforesaid co-operative commonwealth.

I do not believe there will ever be a single trust or a single railway nationalized in the United States before the whole of industry is nationalized, yet I know that there are many people who can never see how we can nationalize all industry until they are first convinced of the good and the practicability of nationalizing railroads. For such people we need a kindergarten method of teaching, but because a kindergarten is needed is no reason for us to refuse to educate children at all. The man is only the outcome of the child, both physically and mentally, and many a man has the frame of an adult, concealing the brain of a boy, and especially is this true of his capacity to absorb a theory in economics. We must take men as they are, and not as we would have them. Just as I know the small capitalists will never be able to rally the working-class to their support on any theory of economics, so do I know that until those same capitalists see that their economic salvation depends upon the nationalization of the trusts they will never favor such legislation. However, the day is now at hand when such capitalists will favor such a measure, and they will be enforced in their demand by the farmers. There will also be a number of workingmen who will join them in this demand. It is true that these people will be demanding nationalization simply as a reform of our present competitive system, and with no thought of its leading to the co-operative commonwealth, but even so, that, to my mind, is no reason why I should not do all I can to help them along with their movement, and utilize their platform to affirm the necessity of still further steps in order to introduce what will be finally necessary, viz., the Abolition of the Competitive Wage System.

Let us get down to Earth in our dealings with men, and always remember that you can do much more toward teaching a man a new idea if you start out by humoring his prejudices rather than by antagonizing them.

This magazine is published for the purpose of extending the idea of the Necessity of Socialism. I am lucky to be in Canada when I say this, because in the United States you must declare you publish a paper to make money, otherwise the Madden-Roosevelt Post Office will rule you from the second-class privilege because your primary object is not to make money but to advertise ideas. This sounds funny, but it's simply a solemn fact. I say this for the information of my foreign readers who have been accustomed to think America free.

However, this magazine is published to advertise the theories of Socialism, and that being its primary object, I regard any honorable means justified to attain my end.

One of those means is the use of people who will help it along because it gives voice to their ideas as to the practicability and desirability of Public Ownership, of some Public Utilities.

I consider any movement toward nationalization of industry an unmixed good, and will do all I can to push it along without qualification.

I regard every step taken in that direction in the United States as of almost certain good to the people, and in any case, of great value as an object lesson in the practicability of complete Socialism. I say this, too, after full experience in the brutalities that may exist from a Post Office owned and operated by the People.

I say frankly, however, to my Public Ownership friends, that I do not look for any measure of success from their

program simply because I do not think the people generally will move until an unemployed problem forces them to move, and that when this occurs no measure of Public Ownership will be of any avail short of complete Public Ownership of All the Means of Production and Distribution, and this program necessarily carries with it the introduction of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

REV. W. THURSTON BROWN RESIGNS

Rev. William Thurston Brown, pastor of Plymouth Church, of Rochester, New York, has resigned his pastorate. Although no reason for the step has as yet been made public, it is understood that a growing conviction that a broader field demanded his energies and talents has led Mr. Brown to reluctantly sever his connection with his church.

No minister of the gospel has attracted such attention during the past few years as has Mr. Brown by his eloquent and fearless espousal of the cause of Socialism, both in and out of his pulpit. While his course has been frequently the subject of bitter condemnation by those who uphold the present industrial system, none have questioned his sincerity, his honesty of purpose or his broad grasp of questions of burning interest to the people of today.

In a private letter to the editor, Mr. Brown expresses his intention of recuperating during this summer, with the view of entering the field for Socialism for several months at least this coming fall. He also encloses a correct copy of his resignation, which reads as follows:

Rochester, N. Y., Mar 11, 1902.

To the Members of Plymouth Church and Society: My Dear Friends,—

I hereby tender to you my resignation as minister of Plymouth Church, the same to take effect, if agreeable to you, the first of July next.

I need not say to you that this action of mine has not been inspired by even a suspicion that the severance of this relationship is desired by any member of this church or society. On the contrary, it will come to most of you as a surprise—to many of you, perhaps, as a disappointment. I cannot conceive it possible for any minister to have more cordial sympathy or more loyal support from a church than I have had, and still have, from you. Nor is it any lack of appreciation of that sympathy and loyalty that moves me to take this step.

Moreover, there has been much in the history of the past four years to encourage us. The attendance at the Sunday evening meetings during the past eight months has exceeded the total attendance at both services last year, and more than doubled the total attendance during either the first or second year of my service here. This increase, of course, has been made up largely of working people. The losses which our membership has sustained have not been of that character. It will always be a source of satisfaction to me that my preaching has appealed to some extent to that element in our population which occupies, morally, the highest position in the community—the working class.

But several circumstances make it imperative that I not only resign as your minister, but that I decline to again become a servant of the church.

During my four years here I have been, as you know, under a somewhat severe nervous strain. No blame therefor attaches to anyone. As a public teacher I have acted and spoken only in obedience to the compulsion of conscience and conviction, and I have no regrets for the course I have taken in that respect. As a self-respecting man I had no choice but to give utterance to my honest convictions. No other course seems to me honorable for the individual or good for the community.

I do not doubt that those who differed with me were also obedient to the same sacred compulsion. But the nervous strain consequent upon a course of action or line of thought which takes one away from the beaten path of popular beliefs and traditions is somewhat exhausting. And while I have no intention, while I live, of

adopting any other principle of conduct, it seems to me better economy of physical vitality to make a change.

Moveover, I am unwilling any longer to permit the financial sacrifices which the maintenance of Plymouth Church under my ministry entails. I am aware of the fact that even under the ministry of so beloved and revered a man as Myron Adams the maintenance of the church involved some sacrifice and even the accumulation of some indebtedness, although the membership at that time represented fully twenty-fold more wealth than the present membership. All the more difficult, therefore, is it for me to accept any longer the personal sacrifices necessary to my support in this pulpit.

And I am unwilling that you should longer be held responsible for anything I may teach or do. Under no circumstances could I agree to adjust my teaching to any creed, and for my own peace of mind and manhood I cannot consent to adjust my life to immoral social conventions. Religious creeds and social conventions stultify and strangle manhood. It is no better to live a lie than it is to teach one. It is no better to conform to immoral and artificial standards in one's living than it is to conform to false standards in one's thinking.

When I made choice of what is called "the Christian ministry," it was not because I felt that men and women were in danger of a future hell, but because I was convinced that the chief end of human life was the establishment of the kingdom of heaven or happiness on earth ; and it seemed to me then that the church was the most natural and suitable agency for that purpose. I assumed that an institution taking Jesus as its head could have no other aim.

Of course, I found out my mistake. I found not only that the church as an institution nowhere contemplates any such program, but that it does not possess in its equipment, whether material or intellectual, any of the agencies that can realize such a result. I heard much talk of the "brotherhood of man" and the "fatherhood of God," but I saw that these phrases meant nothing and were taken to mean nothing in men's social and industrial relations.

At first, like many another clergyman, my mind dulled and stupefied by the teachings I had received, I was inclined to blame individuals for those social conditions which make all our talk of "brotherhood" and "fatherhood" a species of hypocrisy that completely discounts anything the "Scribes and Pharisees" of Palestine could show. But I have discovered my error and am convinced that men of all classes are about as good as their environment will permit them to be. And I understand that men's social and industrial relations are determined by forces over which either religion or the church have no more influence than they have over the motions of the planets.

Accepting the ideas of origin and development as enunciated by Darwin and others, my whole thought of social problems and personal duty has changed radically. To my mind, the whole philosophy of religious and so-called philanthropic activity is mistaken, and the church and charitable institutions are simply exhibitions of misdirected energy.

My hope of moral progress lies in the direction of enlightenment and of the development of such a sense of personal and class interests as will make the people the masters of their own destiny. I have long ceased to believe that any outside being or force is going to help men in their personal or social life. The forces which are to solve our problems and bring us emancipation from all kinds of slavery are within and about ourselves. Believing thus, I look forward with hope to the advent of industrial democracy as giving promise of a larger freedom and a better life for all.

But the most imperative reason for the action which I take relates to the question of personal morality. No man can contiuue to think worthily who does not square his deeds with his words. We can know only in proportion as we do. A man's life is his creed, and if his personal action does not reflect the ethics of his teaching or his convictions, he is bound soon or late to crystallize into a hypocrite. In our modern world, conformity has taken the place of morality. We are not free souls—we are only monotonous reflections of customs based on economic slavery.

For my part, if I am to retain my own self-respect, I must at least make the attempt to gain freedom. I must at any rate make a break for it. The world can know no severer judge of its moral quality, no diviner messiah to its expectant longing, than Freedom. And by freedom I mean the absence of formal coercion. Only in the light of freedom can we know ourselves or the world we live in. Only in freedom can life find fulfilment. If we have any sacred bequest from the past, it is that of freedom of conscience and the heroism consequent thereupon. For its sake the Pilgrims came to Plymouth—the rock, not the church. For its sake the Catholics came to Maryland, the Quakers to Pennsylvania, the Huguenots to Georgia. For its sake men and women have dared everything. For its sake, it is quite possible that men and women will continue so to do.

I cannot let you be responsible for me in any way. My conscience requires me to assert my freedom, to express myself. I wish no one any harm. I want everyone to be free and happy. I want justice and liberty. If I must choose between being an exploiter and being exploited, I choose the latter.

It is no light matter to sever the ties that bind us together here. Indeed, I cannot think that this action does sever any real tie. We have been held together not by the vows of a church, but by the bonds of fellowship in a cause. You who now constitute Plymouth Church and Society represent not an institution, but a cause. Institutions may pass away, but a just cause cannot die.

With grateful appreciation of your friendship and kindness—which no words of mine can measure or express—and with every good wish for your welfare, I am, Yours faithfully,

William Thurston Brown.

As showing the high standing of the eloquent divine in his home city, the following from the Rochester Herald is interesting:

Rev. William Thurston Brown, of Plymouth Congregational Church, surprised his congregation by reading from the pulpit last evening his resignation as pastor. No previous intimation had been given by the pastor of his intention to retire, and the announcement was entirely unexpected to most, if not all, his hearers.

A meeting of the congregation will be held soon to pass on the resignation, but Mr. Brown's decision to withdraw from the church is said to be final and not subject to possible reconsideration later. No specific reason is given in the letter read in the pulpit last evening, and no reason has been assigned, privately or otherwise, for the act. What plans Mr. Brown may have for the future are not known.

No Rochester pastor has been more before the public in the last three years, subject both to criticism and eulogy, than the pastor of Plymouth Church. As a preacher, scholar and thinker, Mr. Brown has taken high rank in this city. At the outset of his ministerial career in Rochester, when he succeeded Rev. Mr. Kettle as pastor, four years ago, he attracted attention as one of the most liberal thinkers and most fearless preachers this city had seen or heard. The Herald has printed Mr. Brown's sermons each Monday morning almost from the first year of his ministry here, so that the public generally has become more familiar with his ideas than with those of any other local preacher. In the early days Mr. Brown devoted himself mainly to theological subjects, treating them with a liberality of view not known in this city before. His sermons were couched in most eloquent language, far removed from the suggestion of sensationalism. Those who disagreed radically with the preacher's conclusions could not but be impressed with his earnestness of purpose, his sincerity of aim and the scholarly training of the man.

Here was no charlatan, straining after effects, seeking notoriety through sensational preaching, but a fearless, eloquent, brilliant student of men and of books, proclaiming in the clearest and most forcible language possible the result of his independent investigations in the field of theology.

For the last year or more Mr. Brown has been devoting himself in his pulpit utterances almost exclusively to the treatment of social and economic problems in their various phases. Oftentimes his evening sermon has been divorced entirely from theology and directed to labor questions that were suggested by current events.

Mr. Brown has been most industrious and most effective in his labor crusades, and his sermon-lectures have attracted widespread attention throughout Western New York. In many other public places he has also proclaimed the rights of labor. With his pen he has often contributed articles, first to the Social Age and later to a publication enlitled Here and Now, in both of which publications he was interested. His sermons were also reproduced in full in some national publications.

A radical change in church government was announced last October, when the attempt was made to transform a portion of Plymouth Church building into a club house, the trustees renting quarters in the church to the association formed of the active supporters of the pastor, known as the Pilgrims Club. It was proposed to have billiards, pool, cards, and, on occasions, dancing under the church roof. The church was to be opened every day in the week, and the avowed object was to bring the church membership into closer relations with the church.

The Pilgrims Club has been a success only in part. The plans for remodeling the church building announced last fall, have not yet been carried out, and while to all outward signs interest in the church has been increasing, the Pilgrims have not played as prominent a part in the church as was at first anticipated.

A GOOD TIME COMING

CHARLES MACKAY

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he the more he has;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger;
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming;
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

MY CAMPAIGN IN WEST ELGIN

The riding of West Elgin, which I contested in the interest of the Socialist Party, is situated in the Province of Ontario. A straight line drawn from Detroit to Buffalo, 200 miles, will very nearly bisect St. Thomas, the largest city in the riding. Ontario is well called the garden of Canada, and, in fact, it might well be called the garden of the North American continent. The soil is rich and climate delightful. Not too cold nor windy in winter and not too hot in summer. The people are well contented with their country, climatically, industrially and politically.

The farmers are all doing well. Everything except wheat is selling at the highest price for years. Inasmuch as the farmer vote is considerably more than half of the whole, it is not surprising that so few socialist votes were cast for me outside the city of St. Thomas. In fact, it's remarkable that I got as many as I did, for in most of the places where I spoke—I spoke seventeen nights hand running—never before had a Socialist been seen. The country was entirely unorganized, and very often there would not be a single Socialist in my audience except myself. However, I had most attentive hearings and everywhere the theory of Socialism was sympathetically received.

It was such a new and unheard of thing having a Socialist candidate, that many considered my candidature gotten up merely as an ordinary third party movement in the interest of one of the other parties. This riding has been such a notorious nest of political corruption that each party was willing to believe any kind of a political trickery possible by the other.

At the last election, four years ago, the incumbent Mr. McDiarmid won for the Conservatives, or "Tories," by the narrow majority of seventeen votes against the Liberals, or "Grits," out of a total poll of 6,400. A considerable part of McDiarmid's majority came from the city of St. Thomas, and inasmuch as it was seen that most of my vote would come from that city, the Tories were very suspicious that I was simply running in order to take away enough votes from them to elect the Liberal, or Grit, Mr. McCrimmon.

On the other hand, there were so many Grits who said they were going to vote for me that some of the Grits thought I was being run by the Tories. However, before the campaign was over there is no doubt but that the Tories had convinced a good number of people that I was a Grit candidate, while there were few Grits who thought I was a Tory. That I was simply a Socialist, and standing for Socialism, was simply incomprehensible to the old

party hacks. Another suspicious circumstance consisted in the fact that I was running such an evidently hopeless race. They had known of third party candidates before, but in such cases the third candidate had the same views as one of the other candidates, but had some personal reason or other that made him think that there were enough independent voters to elect him. In the last Dominion election the independent actually did so win. No such thing as a man running simply for advocating a principle was ever known before, so I had a hard task convincing many of my genuineness.

Then again, the fact of my being a "Yankee" was made much of, but on the whole I must say that this objection was not played upon nearly as much as it would have been in a like case in the United States. Suppose a foreigner, who had not been in the country six months, and who had never lived within two hundred miles of his constituency, had offered himself as a candidate for Congress in any farming district of the United States, would there not have been a howl? How many votes would he have polled?

One great advantage Canada has over the United States is that an election for a member of parliament is not confused with an election for any other office. In fact, the Canadians have nobody to vote for—except in municipal elections—but members of parliament. All other office-holders are appointed.

Hence in the election in West Elgin there were only three contestants.

The other two had been informally nominated by their respective parties over a year ago. In fact, no sooner is an election over than the party often unofficially nominates for the next election. Elections do not take place at stated times in Canada, but when the ministry dissolves parliament. This must happen, in any event, every four years, and sooner if the House gives the ministry an adverse vote. However, a party rarely votes itself out of power nowadays, either in Canada or in England, so the four-year term is held to the end.

The formal nomination took place just one week before the election, May 22nd, and the election was the 29th.

The law required that all persons who wished to be candidates for West Elgin must be nominated and seconded in the town hall of the village of Dutton, about ten miles from St. Thomas, between the hours of twelve and one on May 22. At the appointed hour the hall was packed to the roof. According to custom, each nominee was to make a half-hour speech after the nominations were over.

Mr. McCrimmon led off. He being the Liberal, and the Liberals being in power, it devolved on him to prove that his party were not the scoundrels that the Tories, being out of power, were of necessity compelled to call them. "Turn the rascals out" is just as familiar a war-cry in Canada as it is in the United States. He made a rather favorable impression on the audience, although naturally he could not interest it very much by glorifying the Administration.

Mr. McDiarmid followed, and he naturally spent most of his time showing what rascals Mr. McCrimmon's party were. He particularly denounced the Liberals for selling the pulp forests to private capitalists by *private* sale. He said if the sale had been conducted by auction he would have had no objections. He then proceeded to say that while he had no objection to Socialism he did have an objection to

having a man come into the constituency and stand for parliament whose citizenship was in doubt, and who had said the farmers over-worked their laborers and fed them on salt pork. He wound up his speech with these remarks serving as an introduction for me, and I must say that no part of his speech received more applause. It was then my turn to "orate."

The audience had evidently been rendered very hostile, and I felt that Mark Antony, facing the angry Roman populace, had an easy task beside that cut out for me speaking before our Canadian cousins—me, a hated "Yankee Trickster," who had insulted every farmer in the riding by saying the farmer fed his men on salt pork and made his men work from four in the morning till midnight! The gall of such a man to come before them and ask for their suffrage was simply incomprehensible!

I might explain that this "4 a. m. Salt Pork Story" originated from a reply I made to an interlocutor in the audience at the St. Thomas Opera House at the opening of my campaign. Squire Hunt, a well-to-do farmer, asked me how it was he and other farmers could not get men to work on the farms nowadays if there were so many men out of employment. I replied there were a variety of reasons.

Farm employment was unsteady; the hired man was taken on for six or eight months of the year and then left to shift for himself during the winter. It was better for a man to take less wages in the city and get steady work all the year round than take the unsteady farm work. I also mentioned that the lonesomeness of farm life, compared with the life of the city, made men loath to go out on the farm. Also the fact that it was the personal employment of one man by another man, and such employment is always more irksome than working in company with many other men in the same employment.

Then I gave the standard American newspaper joke about the beauties of farm life, the rising at 4 a. m. and the diet of salt pork, as the final objection. The audience saw the point of the joke well enough, and it brought down a roar of laughter, and Squire Hunt was squelched for the night, but he had his revenge when the report went over the riding that Wilshire had said that the farmers fed their men on salt pork and made them get up at 4 a. m.

The Canadians are a more serious-minded people than the Americans, and one must be careful how he jokes, especially when his joke may look differently in cold type than in a hot speech.

I might say that salt pork, as a farm diet, has long ago gone out of date on all farms since the Beef Trust has taken it upon itself to deliver through the village butcher fresh beef every morning. This remark applies just as much, if not more so, to the Ontario farmer as to the American one. But nevertheless, the newspaper farmer still feeds on salt pork. Also, while the Ontario farmer luxuriates in his downy couch until six or seven in the morning, I noticed that he never got through his work in the evening in time to get to any of my meetings until nine o'clock. He stops regular work at six, but after supper there are the chores that take until after eight to finish up.

However, as I have before said, the Ontario farmer is fairly prosperous and takes life easy, for a farmer, and his hired man sits at his table and works the same hours as he does. Many of them are actually laying up a little money every year. Schools are much

in evidence and the general standard of living and intelligence is higher in Ontario than most farming districts in the United States that I am familiar with.

My first task before that convention was to right myself on the salt pork business. I never flatter an audience; in fact, I never think of referring to its personal characteristics. However, here was a time for me to break a rule. Seymour Stedman, who had come over from Chicago to help with a speech or two, said afterward he did not know whether to be more astonished at the amount of sass my barrel seemed to contain or the unbridled appetite the Canadians had for the stuff.

However, he mistook me. I was perfectly sincere in telling them I considered the riding of West Elgin to have the happiest and most contented farming people on the North American continent and that nowhere did education and intelligence stand higher, and nowhere was nature more ready to bestow her blessings. I questioned, however, if the people were taking full advantage of their position.

I then proceeded to hastily review my opponents' positions. I had but thirty minutes allowed me.

I said that both of them favored selling the resources of their country, that their only difference was as to method of sale. One said private sale and the other said auction. My position was for Canadians to hold on to their country for themselves, and to sell it neither by auction nor by private sale.

I then went on to show that the farmer in selling his products was always subject to the laws of competition, and that any cheapening of production by use of machinery meant simply his cash return would remain about the same for an increased product. That the cheaper the cost of producing wheat, the less the price would be, and that therefore the farmer could never expect to gain any considerable benefit from the use of machinery or the increase of general wealth of the country. That he was really in the same position as the laborer, only that instead of selling labor direct he sold it in a secondary form, crystallized into his farm products. That the ordinary farm in West Elgin is of one hundred acres, is worth about four thousand dollars, and can be rented for about two hundred dollars a year free of taxes. That, therefore, all the average farmer had in the way of advantage over the laborer was an income of two hundred dollars a year provided he owned his farm free from a mortgage. That the income he got above this two hundred dollars was simply the reward for the labor of his entire family, and that when he figured it all out he would find that the total yearly wages he paid his farm laborer and his own yearly income were not far apart. That he was, notwithstanding his prosperity, not particularly better off than his grandfather, yet he had all the resources of modern machinery to help him produce where his grandfather had hardly anything except his good strong arms. Fifty years ago his grandfather worked hard and got a fair living, and that was about all he was getting today after working hard. However, he knew statistically and by his eyesight that the productivity of man's labor had been enhanced many, many fold by the use of machinery, that while the wealth of Canada had increased greatly yet he himself had had practically no share in this general improvement. I then showed him how, under the competitive system, he never could have a chance of participating in this increas-

ing wealth of the community because that wealth must inevitably fall to those who owned the monopolies at the expense of those who sold competitively. I then said that if he wished to share in the general increase of wealth he must own the monopolies and introduce the co-operative system of production and distribution. I also drew his attention to the fact that the enormous surplus wealth produced in the United States and which was being handed over to Mr. Morgan for investment in foreign countries (the American Trusts were an evidence that it could not be used at home), was a great menace to Canada. That Morgan was sure to throw a few of his golden lassoes over Canada and gather in, one by one, her great industries. I asked my Canadian audience how they liked the prospect. I asked them if I were not a more fitting representative, though born in the United States, when I declared that I would, if elected, do all in my power to hold these utilities, these railways, etc., for Canadians by having the Dominion own and operate them for the benefit of Canadians rather than let them be sold to Mr. Morgan to be used by him to enrich the American capitalists. By this time I had the audience going in good shape, and my time expiring, I sat down amid great applause. I don't think Mr. McDiarmid gained many votes by his salt pork story.

At the opening of the campaign I had posted a notice in the press offering to pay all the expenses of a meeting at the St. Thomas Opera House if either of my opponents would meet me in debate. I added to this an agreement to give $100 to a local hospital if either accepted and to give an additional $100 if either, after having accepted, could carry one-third of the audience in his favor against me. The question up to be "Who is the most fitting representative for West Elgin?"

The custom in Canada is for candidates to meet in debate, joint meetings as they are called being quite the usual thing; hence the non-acceptance of my challenge was made the subject of considerable unfavorable comment. In the United States we have for so long gotten over even thinking of our representatives being able to hold their own in a public debate that the non-acceptance of a challenge is a fore-gone conclusion. In addition to Mr. Stedman's speeches, I derived great assistance from the help of the Rev. E. E. Crawford of St. Thomas, one of the most popular ministers in the town. Mr. Crawford was about retiring from his pulpit and became my election agent for the campaign, devoting all his time to the agitation. There is no doubt that his eloquence, together with his great following in the town, did much to put the cause upon a footing that without his help would have been hard to gain. Mr. R. V. Price, and others of the riding, did effective speaking.

One singular thing was that neither of my opponents took the least stand against my Socialist theories. In fact, as I said, Mr. McDiarmid, although a farmer, said he had nothing against Socialism right from the convention stand on nomination day. It was Wilshire, not Socialism, he had attacked. Mr. McCrimmon even went so far as to call himself a Socialist, but said he would not go in advance of the people's wishes. Both declared for public ownership of public utilities.

While I did not get either of my opponents to debate with me, my old friend of the "salt pork" episode, Squire Hunt and myself had an interesting little set to.

The Squire is a Grit, and I suppose

I will not be doing him an injustice if I give an account of the debate taken from the St. Thomas Journal, the local Grit paper:

The Grange Hall, Middlemarch, was filled last night, about one hundred being present, including a number from the city, when a joint debate took place between Mr. Gaylord Wilshire and Mr. Frank Hunt. The crowd was an orderly and good natured one, though some present frequently gave free expression to their individual views.

The chair was occupied by Mr. J. Lyle, and it was arranged that Mr. Wilshire should speak for three-quarters of an hour, Mr. Hunt for the same time, and each have a quarter of an hour in turn to reply.

Mr. Wilshire in his speech elucidated his well-known socialistic doctrines, contending for a co-operative instead of a competitive system for the farmer as for the laborer. He contended that the farmers did not receive the full fruit of their labor, but that it went to the Rockefellers, the Morgans, and others of that class.

On Mr. Wilshire's time being up, Mr. Hunt arose and expressed his determination to nail Mr. Wilshire's hide to the barn door, but Mr. Hunt had a pretty hard task to perform, as Mr. Wilshire's speech was such a diplomatic one that he did not leave Mr. Hunt very much to answer. However, Frank sailed in and produced a batch of new stories that took well with the crowd, and served to illustrate his points. He admitted that he agreed with much that Mr. Wilshire said, but his scheme was impossible of execution, and impracticable. "I am a Socialist myself," he said, "but I believe in a socialism of individual effort and brains." The industrious man need not want, and the farmers were not the poor shiftless lot that Mr. Wilshire pretended to think they were. Anyway, Mr. Hunt protested against Mr. Wilshire, or anyone else, coming and taking his farm to divide it up with the loafers that would not work for themselves.

The meeting closed with the usual cheers.

The Squire really wound up by agreeing with me that Canada should own its public utilities, and moreover said she should build her own Atlantic Steamship line to ship her cattle and wheat to European markets rather than pay tribute to Mr. Morgan. It is unnecessary to say that I did not propose dividing up the farms, but specifically said that whatever a man could use for his own use he should have. It was the ownership of the monopolies I said should vest in the state. The farmer will never lose his farm by either confiscation or division. Socialism would give him and his hired man an opportunity to get so much better a living than he now gets that he will be glad to get rid of his farm and come into the general fold.

The election results were as follows: Out of a total number of 5,732 votes cast I received 425, Mr. McDiarmid 2,769, and Mr. McCrimmon 2,341. Of my 425 votes, 375 were given in St. Thomas. The total vote in St. Thomas was but 2,514, so I received 15 per cent.

It is superfluous to say that I went into the campaign purely for propaganda purposes and with no hope of election. Considering that I was the first Socialist parliamentary candidate ever voted for in that constituency, and that both myself and Socialism were quite unknown quantities to more than half the electorate less than one month before the election, I consider the number of votes polled is eminently encouraging.

There is today absolutely no difference in the programmes of the Liberal and the Conservative parties in Canada. The campaigns are simply conducted upon the theory that the "ins" are dishonest and should be kicked out for the purpose of installing the honest "outs," who are honest because they are "out." Some years ago the Liberals were more or less free-traders and anti-imperialists, while the Conservatives were protectionists and monarchial.

But today all that has passed. They

are both of them protectionist and imperialist now.

With the growth of the Socialist party it is a certainty that one or the other of the old parties must disappear, but it is difficult to say which.

If the Liberal party in Canada were true to name it would be the logical one to be swallowed up, but as it is not there is no reason to say it will go. Especially is this true when I say that inasmuch as it formerly stood for free trade, and as the farmers were to be more benefitted by a lower tariff than the city manufacturers, we find that the Liberals are the stronger in the country, while the Conservatives carry all the cities and carry them because most of the working class are Tories.

Now, as the Socialist Party must surely derive most of its votes from the working class, it should logically, then, break up the Tories more than the Liberals. However, we see in England much the same phenomena of a great number of Tory workingmen, yet the Liberals there are certainly breaking up, and their remnants are making the Socialist Party. However, it is true that of two workingmen in Canada, one a Liberal and one a Conservative, the latter will really be more likely of a conservative nature than the former.

CANADA IS WAKING UP

The following is the vote received by each of the Socialist candidates for the Provincial Parliament in the province of Ontario at the election held on the 29th of May last:

CANDIDATE	RIDING	VOTE
JOHN H. MCMILLAN	Manitoulin	241
SAMUEL CARTER	South Wellington	100
H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE	West Elgin	425
JAMES SIMPSON	East Toronto	376
JOHN A. KELLY	West Toronto	225
MISS MARGARET HAILE	North Toronto	81
S. A. CORNER	South Toronto	180

Considering that this was the first attempt of the Socialists to contest for seats in the Provincial Parliament, and that the sole object sought was to educate the voters as to the true meaning of Socialism, the result of the election can not fail of giving satisfaction and encouragement for a more vigorous and determined campaign at the next election.

In every riding the votes cast for the candidates far outnumber the avowed Socialist vote. Especially is this true of North Toronto, where with only 17 known Socialists in the riding Miss Haile received 81 votes.

Not only did the election result in bringing out more votes for the Socialist candidates than was expected, but it has resulted in an increased interest in the meetings of the various leagues and branches.

THE AMERICAN INVASION

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

HEN Mr. Morgan the other day said in court, obviously without any affectation, that he saw nothing extraordinary in a transaction of ten million dollars, he said nothing extraordinary, though a capitalized press and a capitalized world may gape in astonishment. It was merely the talk of a certain class of brain at home with its material. Similarly, my dear Wilshire, I see nothing extraordinary in receiving a paltry fifty guineas for this article, though it may well astonish others. There are many parallels hardly less astonishing to the man who does something else. You may, perhaps, sometimes stop a moment and watch the huge cranes hoisting tons of stone to the top of some new sky-scraper. It is marvellous, you say. How ever do they do it! But the architect sees nothing surprising in these vast masses of iron and stone. To him it is all in the day's work. A special training has made it a familiar feat to him; and, as a matter of fact, there is in it little more than a multiplication of force and an accumulation of material, which comes primarily of the money to purchase both. A little building may be essentially far more wonderful, and have called out much rarer gifts in the man who made it. But mere bulk naturally impresses and even terrifies, however really insignificant it may be. Leaving out the work of nature, bulk in the works of man can only mean two things—really only one thing—money and labor. The pyramids, we are told, were built with the sweat and blood of myriads of slaves. Any fool could have designed the pyramids. They were only rendered possible by an inexhaustible supply of cheap human labor. Technically they are monuments to forgotten Egyptian kings. Actually, they are, so to say, anthills of stone, whose real significance is the power of money and the cheapness of human industry. They meant no special brains in the architects who designed them or the kings whose ridiculous vanity ordered them.

It is just the very same with the pyramids of dollars which certain American financiers are at the moment causing to be erected in their own honor. The colossal fortunes of Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan do not really for a moment imply that any of these gentlemen are really cleverer financiers than their predecessors—anything like so original, for example, as Mr. John Law who blew the South Sea Bubble. They make a greater impression merely because the chess-board is bigger, and the game for higher stakes. There is no more skill in manipulating a million dollars than in manipulating ten cents. The real skill is in the million dollars. Indeed, the more million dollars you have, the easier becomes the game. In fact, very soon it plays itself. Your real financier is the poor man.

That America was to be the land of financiers was a foregone conclusion. With all its vast natural resources, the American nation must surely have been

the stupidest nation in the world if it missed being the richest. But the point I wish to make is that America's wealth means no specially terrifying genius in the men who have made it, and no essential originality of method.

The originality of America is vastly over-rated. America has applied ideas with immense industry and skill, but it has invented none. It has wealth, energy, skill and industry. It has more electric power than any other country in the world. And yet, it is not going to beat the rest of the world upon that. It is the quality, not the quantity, of mind that wins in the end, and the mind of America is still the mind of a skilled mechanic, of an expert salesman.

Europe's fear of America seems to me childish for many reasons—chiefly for the main reason, the money reason. Of all things money is most democratic. Money knows no country. The complications of public and private investments are the best proof of that. Why should an Englishman care because an American runs his underground railway for him, or, maybe, dislodges London "lodgings" by the more excellent way of the apartment house? Is the country going to pieces on that account? Is American architecture going to pieces because it has so finely adapted to its own climate and social conditions the ideas of our new English school of architecture? Nobody appears to have talked of a Danish invasion when a Danish company started its great trans-Atlantic system of cables; and French cookery and Italian opera, or Russian diplomacy, have done no particular harm to other nations.

The "American Invasion" is one of those bogie-phrases with which the world delights to frighten itself. What about the long-standing European invasion of America? Such insignificant nations as Germany and Ireland and Italy and France—not to speak of her poor despised parent, England—have still their representatives on American soil.

Indeed, the "American Invasion" is chiefly the application to Europe of Americanized English ideas. Let us call them Ang'o-Saxon, for peace' sake—but they began in England none the less; and England, of all nations, has no need to trouble her old, ever-young soul about them.

What though the young American Eagle should carry on the work of the British Lion! So long as the good work goes on, who cares. Only I confess a prejudice against the Russian Bear—and there is one thing to be said in favor of America. It is good to old Ireland.

Personally, the more nations "invade" each other in the way of helping each other with rapid transit and "cut" steamship rates, the better it seems to me for all nations concerned; and Mr. Morgan, consciously or not, is undoubtedly doing more for the "federation of the world," and the obliteration of ridiculous race-hatreds than a million poets. It is sad to think that a few million dollars is worth so much more than a few million poets.

DEAR LE GALLIENNE,—

Kind of you to sing your song of The American Invincible Golden Armada which has carried off England's Fleet of a Night. I see you are indifferent to the matter, for you calmly say that "personally, the more nations invade each other in the way of 'cut' steamship rates, the better it seems to me." It's well for you that you slipped off to England before I had a chance to send you that fifty guineas, for I am sure if you are counting on Mr. Morgan's syndicate giving you a "cut" rate on your return you will be very much mistaken. I will now wait, dear Le Gallienne, until I inevitably get a beseeching cablegram—it may be a Marconi-gram by that time—for me to wire you money to get back here on the new return rates. They will be nearly double what they are now, I have no doubt, if what I hear is true, and there will be no longer any half-rate tickets for poets, either, so you are

very liable to change your mind about it being "better for me."

Yes, you are quite right, Mr. Morgan is doing far more to federate the world than a million poets. But, after all, he is, as you say, simply like all other financiers—simply a tool of destiny, and an unconscious one, too. We poets at any rate, even if we do not have the satisfaction of looking upon ourselves as "tools," have the greater satisfaction of knowing who are the tools, and can see with an artist's eye the design of the great work of art they are carrying out—the building of a Heaven on Earth. Mr. Morgan in reality has no more conception of the grand plan he is carrying out than has an Italian immigrant any idea of the architectural effect of the twenty-story building, the cellar of which he is engaged in excavating.

Mr. Morgan sees the thing in hand to do for the moment is to find a remedy for "over-production," be it of iron, or of railways, or of steamships, and he forthwith organizes companies for the express purpose of preventing this "over-production." It's a startling paradox that, whereas only a few years ago we were rewarding the men like Carnegie who organized to *assist* production, we have now reversed the process, and are rewarding, and in a far greater degree, the Rockefellers and Morgans who are showing us how to *prevent* production.

However, all this is in the line of a natural evolution. Society always develops that which it has the most need for. There was a time when what we needed was more railways and more ships.

The more railways we built the richer we became. Now, however, that we have built all the railways we need, it would be simply a waste to build more, and so we must invent a Morgan to act as a brake on the wheels of industry to prevent these needless railways being built.

A few years ago and Morgan as an organizer of Trusts would have been an absurdity. We had not then reached the stage where we needed to stop production. No better proof of the truth of this theory can be had than turning back into the pages of Mr. Morgan's own life.

What do we find him doing ten years ago? We find Mr. Morgan then as the great reorganizer of bankrupt railroads, taking up odds and ends of mismanaged roads, building them into great systems, *vide* his Southern Railway, putting them in perfect physical condition, and in general acting the part of a great organizer of industry. It is particularly to be noted that in those days he was also doing just the reverse of what he is doing now as to capitalization. Then he was squeezing water out of the bankrupt, water-logged railway corporations. He would take a railway stocked for ten millions, reorganize it, and capitalize it for two millions. Today he organizes his Trusts on exactly the opposite principle. He capitalizes them for about four times as much as they cost. The capitalization of his new shipping trust is $170,000,000, yet it is conceded that the $40,000,000 bonds represent fully all it would cost to rebuild the ships anew. Likewise with his Steel Trust, the 300 million of bonds represent a full estimate upon the cost of reconstruction, but the capitalization, including the bonded debt, is nearly four times 300 million.

Now Mr. Morgan is the same Mr. Morgan today that he was ten years ago. He has not gone mad, and, in fact, the very men who approved of his

squeezing out the watered stocks ten years ago are the same men who now are with him in pumping it all back again. Why this reversal of the stream of water? Very simple.

Mr. Morgan is today "capitalizing the future," while ten years ago he was "capitalizing the present."

What is particularly to the point is the fact that in each case he was and is doing exactly the correct thing. Ten years ago he was capitalizing his roads upon the theory that there would be more or less competition, and that consequently he could not look for more than an ordinarily fair interest upon the money invested. He therefore capitalized the reorganized roads upon the basis of what they would cost to reconstruct.

Today he knows that with his Trusts he has nothing to do with costs of construction as a basis for valuation. His new capitalizations are not based upon cost of construction but upon "earning power." Now, "earning power" when you have a trust is a very different proposition from "earning power" when you have competition. It may cost the steamship line ten dollars for every steerage passenger that they carry across the Atlantic. With keen competition they may possibly not be able to charge over eleven dollars a head. At this rate say they earn four per cent. When they go in the Trust they put up the rates to say thirteen dollars. Now the increased cost of two dollars will probably not decrease traffic to any great degree, so it practically represents a net gain. Well, then, if eleven dollars meant one dollar profit per head, and that meant four per cent dividend, then thirteen dollars means three dollars profit per head and twelve per cent. dividend. Hence where, under competition, the ship company could only earn four per cent. on a capitalization of one hundred dollars, after the Trust was formed it could have its capitalization increased to three hundred dollars and still earn four per cent., the same percentage it earned before.

I therefore say that Mr. Morgan is quite justified in watering his trust stocks as heavily as he is doing because with a monopoly he can make them pay upon so much larger dividends.

However, I am wandering from my point, namely, that Mr. Morgan is no more aware that he is building the foundations of the organization that is to Federate the World than is the polyp that contributes his share to the coral island aware of the thing of beauty he may be creating for man's use. The polyp has no knowledge of the existence of man nor of a coral island. His life work is to form his cell in the coral where he is working. He does this simply for his own amusement and comfort. That the work he was doing for himself was ever to be of benefit for another order of beings would be a thought obviously beyond his comprehension.

Now, my dear Le Gallienne, while you and I both have the highest regard and respect for Mr. Morgan's preeminence in finance, and even in the matter of art he is no mean connoisseur, yet I think we both feel that it would be quite as impossible to show Mr. Morgan a picture of the future human society of which he, more than any one man, is building the foundations, as it would be to show a polyp a picture of the future coral reef of which he is laying the foundation.

However, the mere fact that Mr. Morgan cannot see what he is really building has little or no effect upon the fact that we are going to have the structure. Mr. Morgan can no more stop

his work than can the polyp. There is behind both an irresistible instinct to work, and it no more can be disobeyed than can a rat terrier avoid cocking his ears when he sees a rat.

Now that we have agreed about Mr. Morgan, my dear Le Gallienne, let us turn our eyes upon our own differences of opinion.

You rather seem to make fun of the term "American Invasion," and style it a "bogie-phrase.' Of course, the way you and I look at it as leading to the Federation of the World, allows us to contemplate it in a general way with the keenest satisfaction as carrying out our highest ideal. But for those who have no such ideal, or for those who, while they may have the ideal, and see that the "American Invasion" is carrying us toward a world federation, yet are in danger of starving to death from unemployment during the process, Mr. Morgan is certainly a very true Bogie-man to them. Take the very shipping trust which we have been discussing. Why did Mr. Morgan form it? He says, in order to prevent the construction of unnecessary ships. He wished to prevent the cut-throat competition that too many ships are sure to bring about. Now this was a perfectly logical step of Mr. Morgan's, but I would like to remind you, my dear Le Gallienne, that those men who have been working in the ship yards of Europe, and who are now going to lose their jobs making ships, will hardly be satisfied when they come to you hungry, by your loftily telling them, "Oh, it's all right, boys. Mr. Morgan is simply preparing ing to federate the world. There are too many ships." They may be as strongly in favor of a world federation as you or I, but they don't wish to starve while getting there.

Mr. Morgan is quite right in stepping in and preventing society wasting labor making unnecessary ships and things, but he must remember that the men who were making these waste ships were getting bread for themselves and their families. It's the problem of taking care of these men who are losing their jobs by this Morganization of the World that I consider very far from being any mere Bogie Problem.

It's not that you Englishmen don't want better means of transportation than you have now, and that you are not appreciative of the American brains and money we are sending over there to solve such problems for you, that there is a fear in England of the American Invasion. It's not so much that there is a sentimental regret at America sweeping the British fleet off the seas by no bigger wave than that created by an American bank draft.

Pas du tout, it's the unconscious feeling that Mr. Morgan presages a great social change that is causing the uneasiness in Europe. Unquestionably, the first symptom of this change is going to be an unemployed problem. Now, Mr. Morgan is not causing this problem to appear. As a matter of fact, the same conditions that presage this very unemployed problem are the very conditions that have created a Mr. Morgan.

Mr. Morgan can play his role simply owing to the tremendous amount of surplus capital which is accumulating in the world, and which has been put into his hands for investment. He is doing the best he can to find it investment, but the surplus is growing much too fast for even Mr. Morgan to find an escape for it. The moment Mr. Morgan confesses that he cannot use the surplus capital that is being produced, then we will have our unemployed problem. Vast numbers of workmen

today are getting work producing capital. Once let the word go forth that there is an over-production of capital, and that there must be a shut-down, then at that moment will the great unemployed problem appear.

This, then, my dear Le Gallienne, is the problem that the world must solve, and I doubt very much if Mr. Morgan will be any more able to solve it than could the polyp, who has built his reef above sea level, know how to continue building without destroying his life.

It is here where Le Gallienne and Wilshire can come in and do their little stunt of singing their song about Federating the World.

You know the story of "Little Jack Horner Who sat in the Corner, eating his Christmas Pie." You remember he thought he was a pretty smart fellow when he stuck in his Thumb and Pulled out a Plum. I know I never could see what he had to be so conceited about. There he had the pie, and he knew the plum was there, and of course if he stuck in his thumb he could fetch it out whenever he wanted it. Why he should brag and blow about the discovery of the plum was always a mystery to me, but I now see that there was a mystical meaning to our old nursery rhyme. Jack Horner was meant to be the People, and the Pie is the Earth. The Plum is the good things of the Earth. They are all there for the asking. Some day we will have sense enough to stick in our thumbs and pull out our plum. Then we will all be as conceited over our obviousness as was Little Jack Horner.

In the meanwhile, my dear Le Gallienne, you and I, knowing where a few of the smaller plums are, will stick in our little thumbs and grab what we can and think what fools the rest of the people are not to stand together and rig up one of those wonderful cranes you speak about, and have it lift out the plums for all of us, while we take time to play ping-pong.

FREEDOM AND THE NEWSPAPERS

The members of an influential church in one of the greatest cities of the United States met Wednesday night for their annual dinner. The Reverend Henry Frank, in charge of the church, requested this newspaper to arrange for the delivery of a speech at the dinner on the topic, "Freedom and Journalism." Instead of "speaking" the speech, we sent the Rev. Mr. Frank a proof of the editorial which we print below:

It is a mistake to consider the daily newspaper a separate, independent feature of human life. The newspaper is simply one of the forces, or faculties, of the complex organism which we call society.

In civilization, the press corresponds with the faculty of speech in the individual. Whatever speech does for the individual, the press does for society as a whole. It is almost unnecessary, therefore, to insist on the usefulness of the press in all departments of organized social life.

The higher the social development, the more fully will be developed that social faculty which we call the newspaper.

The development of the newspaper follows very much on the lines of the development of speech in a human being.

In a very young child, speech is used simply for the purpose of conveying news.

Primitive speech simply gives facts—"I am hungry," "I am thirsty," "I am sleepy," "I fell down," "I have a headache."

Primitive journalism, like primitive speech, is simply a record of simple things, of mere news.

As the individual develops, the uses of speech become more complex. News, of course, is still important, but the spreading of news ceases to be the only or the most important work of speech.

And so it is with journalism.

When speech and journalism are fully developed in the individual and in society, their important work ceases to be bald statements of facts.

The important work of the newspaper is spreading knowledge, protesting against injustice, encouraging public service by widespread praise, exercising in the affairs of the world the irresistible power of publicity.

When an honest newspaper speaks it expresses the beliefs and the wishes of those who read it.

There never was a corrupt official who could hear without dread the growling of a hundred thousand voices outside his door.

There does not live a corrupt official, however hardened, who hears without alarm the opinions of a million men voiced through a newspaper which they trust.

The newspaper is a powerful agent—probably the most powerful in the world, in spite of its innumerable imperfections.

It is powerful because it represents combination, organization, co-operation. A newspaper is powerful not merely in proportion to the ability of those who may chance to direct it. Its power depends even more upon the character of the men who read it, who really direct it, and who in turn are influenced by it.

Whatever power there is in a combination of individuals resides in the press. Undoubtedly it is the world's greatest power.

Of all agencies among men, the daily newspaper is perhaps the least corrupt, the most accurate in expressing the will of the people. Its virtue is not due, of course, to any superior qualities in those by whom the newspaper is directed.

It is due to the fact that the newspaper is daily subjected to the test of public opinion. It exists on the basis of an absolutely perfect "referendum." It can be destroyed by its readers at any moment. It must represent them and accompany them in their various aspirations, or cease to exist.

Established government, on the other hand, as everybody knows, is based on a constitution, and by various devices it is put beyond the reach of the people presumed to control it. It has ever a tendency to escape from the control of the people and become the tool of selfish individuals.

Jefferson, in a letter which he wrote to David Humphreys in 1789, expresses briefly the strongest argument in favor of freedom of the press :

"There are rights which it is useless to surrender to the government, and which governments have yet always been found to invade. Among these are the rights of thinking, and publishing our thoughts by speaking or writing."

Every government, not excepting our own present government, has its moments of attacking the liberty of the press.

Every now and then some wise schemer, profiting by public sentiment or by newspaper mistakes, devises some plan for submitting the newspaper to the control of some set of individuals or laws. Every dictator has had his day of newspaper suppression. Every ruler, seeking to take away from the people the power which belongs to them, has sought control of the press first.

A strong mind among those who have felt and expressed contempt for inferior kinds of newspapers was that of Carlyle. Yet he recognized the connection between the newspaper and individual liberty. In his "Heroes and Hero-Worship" he says :

"Literature is our Parliament, too. Printing, which comes necessarily out of writing, is equivalent to Democracy ; invent Writing, Democracy is inevitable. . . .

"Those poor bits of rag-paper with black ink on them—from the Daily Newspaper to the sacred Hebrew Book—what have they not done, what are they not doing !"

"Those poor bits of rag-paper" were indeed poor bits of rag-paper in Carlyle's day. A change has come, wonderful and sudden. The "rag" age has gone. Whole forests are now ground up into newspapers every year, and in spite of all the mistakes the newspapers make it may safely be said that these forests, ground to wood pulp and fed to the printing press, do far more for humanity than would have been done by the same forests transformed into houses or into blazing fires.

Men have never achieved freedom for themselves except when combined together physically and mentally in great numbers.

The newspaper unites hundreds of thousands, and even millions, of men and women in one line of thinking, and in this way it becomes the world's greatest agency for freedom and mental development.—Chicago American.

A BOUQUET FROM McGRADY

Bellevue, Ky., April 29, 1902.

MY DEAR WILSHIRE:

Enclosed find check for one dollar, and kindly continue my name on your subscription list. I am delighted to notice that your magazine is recognized by the ablest thinkers of this country and Europe as one of the leading publications of the age. You are doing a noble service to the cause of justice and humanity by enlisting such an array of talent under the banner of Socialism. I read, with great pleasure, Julian Hawthorne's letter on the Soul of America in the last number of your Review. It is really gratifying to see this representative scion of the Puritans wield his mighty pen in behalf of a movement which aims to emancipate the human race from the bondage of industrial servitude. Today the world is sighing for the Brotherhood of Man. The genius and talent of the age are anxiously awaiting the dawn of the Millenium, which will be established on this earth when men shall accept the doctrine of love and justice proclaimed by the lowly Nazarene on the vine-clad hills of Israel. The noblest minds in the field of art and science and literature, recognize the vast possibilities of future ages, and fully realize that the triumph of the soul can not be accomplished, the human intellect can not reach its complete development, till the masses are released from the yoke of slavery, and the life of every individual is blessed with all the opportunities created by the force and power of social agencies. Of course, the selfish and the ignorant will repudiate the doctrines of Socialism; for, owing to their dwarfed mentality and inert spirituality, they are incapable of appreciating the advantages that would accrue to society from the establishment of a Co-operative Commonwealth. These poor creatures are the product of their environments, and they are no more deserving of censure for their vulgar views of life, than the man who was born blind, because he fails to conceive the splendor of the noon-tide sun and the glittering expanse of the nocturnal skies. Quite recently a Cincinnati weekly said that if the free lunch counters were destroyed, Socialism would be silent for twenty years. I presume that the benighted Editor of this little sheet had never heard of Count Tolstoy; Lombroso, the ablest living authority on criminology; Buchner, the peer of the last century; Wallace, the rival of the immortal Darwin; Renan, the pride of his century; Sir Thomas More, the glory of his age; Fourier, Proudhon, Saint Simon, Marx, Lassalle, Morris, Ruskin, Zola, and a host of others who have achieved imperishable fame in the realm of thought.

Yours sincerely,

T. McGrady

THE POSTOFFICE—ITS POSSIBILITIES

JAMES L. COWLES, in Wayland's Monthly

A government department for the transmission of intelligence is probably as old as government itself, and a freight and passenger post, the Cursus Publicus, was one of the earliest establishments of imperial Rome.

Nothing is more expeditious, says Herodotus, than the mode of transmitting messages invented and employed by the Persians. Upon every route there are ranged, from distance to distance, and for each day's march, relays of men and of horses, kept in stations, (posts) specially established for this purpose. Snow, rain, heat, darkness, nothing prevents the couriers from fulfilling their office, and doing it with the greatest celerity. The first to arrive passes his dispatches to the second, this one to the third, and so on until the message reaches its destination.

The Book of Esther tells how King Ahashuerus, pressed to revoke the murderous decrees against the Hebrews, and to get his new orders to the extremities of his empire, made use of all sorts of postmen, riders upon horses, on camels and on mule back.

It is said that the Orientals made use of swallows as carrier pigeons are now sometimes used in postal service. They carried the birds far from their homes and, having painted certain signs on their wings, set them at liberty. The birds returned to their nests and the message arrived with them. They even raised swallows for postal carriers, and up to 200 years ago this custom still prevails in some parts of Asia. In the reign of Artaxerxes, high towers were built at the different stations on which signal fires were burned at night and criers, posted on these towers, carried the news from one to another.

The Caliphs of Arabia, the sovereigns of China and of Tartary had regular postal services in the ninth century of our era. The Couriers of the great Khan of Tartary wore belts garnished with bells to notify the different relays of their coming. The couriers of the Incas of Peru carried the messengers upon their shoulders, each courier as he arrived at a relay station, skilfully transmitting his charge to another courier until the messenger reached his destination.

Couriers were undoubtedly employed by Romulus and Sextus and Tarquin and Brutus, but a regularly established post only became a necessity to the Romans after they had begun to extend their power over Italy, and probably followed the construction of the great Roman roads. The Appian way was commenced by the Censor Appius Claudius about 311, B. C., and ran from Rome to Capua and Brindisi. Ninety years later Flaminius Nepos commenced the Flaminian way to Rimini

and Aquilea. Upon these routes the Roman post seems to have had its birth. The administration specially charged with the transport of intelligence was called the Cursus Publicus, and beside it and along with it was operated a service styled Angariæ, which in certain cases and on certain conditions was open to private use. The service thus established covered not only the transport of letters, but of persons and of produce and, in the happy days of the republic, says the historian Rothschild, it seems to have rendered as much service to the public as to the state.

The Emperor Augustus introduced most important changes in the Cursus Publicus. Those who used it were obliged to furnish horses for the state relays. The administration of the service was divided into two distinct sections; first, the Angariæ, covering the regular postal service, whether of imperial dispatches or of persons enjoying imperial passes, and second, the Parangariæ, or the service of the army, including the repairs of the roads and bridges, and the imposition of forced labor on the roads. It was Augustus who set up in the Roman Forum, the golden milestone, and from which all distances were taken between Rome and the provinces.

Only those private individuals who held an imperial passport or diploma were allowed to use the imperial posts, and in some cases these passes secured to the fortunate holders not only free transport, but free entertainment as well. The imperial relays were so organized under Tiberius that on one occasion he made a journey of 200 miles in twenty-four hours.

Diocletian divided the postal service into three classes; the Cursus Publicus Fiscalis, devoted to the transport of the tribute and of provisions for the service of the state—taxes usually paid in kind; the military relays and the public post. The result of Diocletian's reforms was an increased strictness in the issue of travelers' privileges. Every traveler was obliged to have a passport. Letters extraordinary were granted, but only to ambassadors and other dignitaries as special marks of the imperial favor. Possibly, also, says Rothschild, ordinary letters—tickets—were issued and sold at rates determined by distance and the necessities of the journey—as in our railroad toll system, while the extraordinary letters — passes—were gratuitous; possibly also, there may have been a difference in the celerity of the services, the one accommodation; the other, express. The Roman innkeepers were often obliged to furnish the holders of the imperial passes not only with free transport, but on occasion to entertain them according to their dignity, on wine, beer, bacon, beef, oil, vinegar, wax, nuts and cheese.

Constantine the Great, used the posts as a most annoying means of public espionage. His pious son, Constantius, in his religious zeal, issued 400 clerical passes to as many bishops on the occasion of the Council of Rimini. Gibbon says that during the reign of Constantius, the highways were covered with troops of bishops galloping from every side to their synods, and while they labored to reduce the whole sect to their opinions, the public establishment of the posts was almost ruined by their hasty and repeated journeys.

Monsieur Nadet concludes his "L'Administration des Posts Chez Les Romains" as follows: "In our modern Europe, the posts with their liberty of land and water transport are a source of incalculable prosperity for the people. They are the arteries of commerce. In that ancient world they not

only added an additional instrument of servitude to so many others ; they also enfeebled and impoverished the provinces, crushed less under the weight of the legal imposts than by the iniquity of the assessments and by the exactions for which they served as a pretext. Without reckoning the members of the imperial court, the magistrates and the commanders of the troops, there were the soldiers and the servants of the magistrates who took the horses and the cattle of the farmers. There were also the directors of the stations in the cities and upon the routes who invented every species of extortion. There were also the nobility of the cities, the chiefs of the councils, all the powerful, indeed, who forced the poor people of city and country—*plebes urbana*, *plebes rustica* —to furnish them free transport for themselves and for the material with which they built and decorated their palaces and their villas."

The possibilities of the postal service for good or for evil are altogether beyond imagination. It may become a public curse, as in imperial Rome, or it may be made the greatest of public blessings, as we would have it in democratic America. It is by no means certain, however, what the issue shall be, curse or blessing, for in this cou ıtry the proper functions of the postoffice are divided between the government and our great private transport corporations — railways, telegraph and telephone corporations—and the question as to which shall dominate and absorb the other, has as yet hardly attracted public attention. On the settlement of this question, however, rests unquestionably our future good or ill.

In his pamphlet on Postal Reform, issued in 1848, Pliny Miles, of New York, wrote of the postal system of Iceland as follows: "In my wanderings up and down the earth I once found myself in Iceland. There I met a primitive and well behaved people, highly civilized and enlightened. These people have been noted for their cultivation of letters for a thousand years. They have no roads or wheeled vehicles, but they have a mail system. They have no locomotives, steamships or telegraphs, but they transport letters regularly through their rough, sterile and mountainous island. And in one respect their mail system may be said to be superior to that of any other in the world ; it is run free from tolls ; it costs nothing (either to the writer or his correspondent), the government paying the entire expense from its treasury."

May not this be one reason why the Icelanders are a people of higher cultivation, more noted for their literary research, and more devoted to intellectual pursuits than any other nation of modern times ?

Some dreamers talk of a time when on land and lake and sea the wide world over, the free transport of persons, of produce and of intelligence shall be the chief business of government; when the soldier shall give place to the postman ; the cannon field-piece to the postal car, the warship to the free postal transport, and when, become great public business corporations, the different governments of the earth owning and operating all means of transportation and transmission shall defray the expense of these services out of their various treasuries. This, they say, is even now the trend of public thought, and by and by is to be the result of public action. This is to be the outcome of the future unless, perchance, as has often happened in the past, the movement of the rising democracy be checked and thwarted by an

imperialism that shall bring in its train all the horrors of old Rome.

A regular system of posts was established in England early in the seventeenth century but, like the Roman post, its chief end was espionage and other service of the king. The modern postoffice, specially devoted to the public service, dates back only to 1839, and the establishment of the uniform English penny post of Rowland Hill.

The abolition of the old system of postal tolls determined by distance and averaging nearly twenty cents a sheet, and the substituting of a uniform rate of two cents for all distances was a practical emancipation proclamation to the masses of old England. The year 1839 may well be marked as the birth year of democracy. The postal reforms of England were quickly followed by other civilized nations.

In 1874, Berne, the capital of Switzerland, was made the seat of the International Postal Union, and since then all the world has been joined together by the establishment of the uniform five cent international letter post. In recent years, under the lead of Germany, an international parcels post has been established, covering a very large part of the civilized world, and under it parcels up to eleven pounds in weight are carried today, distances, postoffice to postoffice, Germany to Egypt, for forty-five cents. Within the combined limits of Germany and Austro-Hungary eleven pound parcels are sent postoffice distances up to forty-six miles, for six cents, and greater distances for twelve cents.

The cheapest postal service in the world is that of Switzerland. The remotest hamlet in the Swiss mountains enjoys at least one free delivery of letter mail every day, and within the local radius, 6.213 miles of a postoffice, the rate on a Swiss letter up to one-half a pound is but one cent, and for greater distances but two cents.

Parcels up to eleven pounds in weight are received at any Swiss postoffice and carried to the domicile of the addressee anywhere in Switzerland, parcels up to 1.1 pounds for three cents; over 1.1 pounds, up to 5.5 pounds, for five cents; over 5.5 pounds, up to eleven pounds, for eight cents; and on larger parcels, up to forty-four pounds, the rates postoffice to postoffice, are as follows: Over eleven pounds, up to twenty-two pounds, fourteen cents; over twenty-two pounds, not over thirty-three pounds, twenty cents; over thirty-three pounds, not over forty-four pounds, thirty cents, and three cents more carries these heavy parcels to the domicile.

And on their mountain routes both the German and Swiss postal services carry persons, as well as letters and parcels.

Since May, 1899, it has been possible to send a half-pound letter for five cents and a two-pound book for seven and one-half cents, from any postoffice in Germany to any postoffice in farthest German Africa. On Christmas day, 1898, England established a two-cent, half-ounce letter rate with all her colonies. New Zealand celebrated the opening of the twentieth century with a uniform two-cent, half-ounce letter rate to all the world.

The Swiss have for some time interchanged eleven pound parcels with their neighbors in Germany, Austro-Hungary and France, at a charge of but twenty cents a parcel, and in the spring of 1899 this service was extended to parcels up to twenty-two pounds, at a rate of thirty cents on parcels over eleven pounds. On September 1, 1900, Switzerland, Germany

and Austro-Hungary extended their interstate service to parcels up to 110 pounds in weight at rates on the larger parcels composed of the combined domestic rates of the respective countries.

Congressman Palfrey, of Massachusetts, speaking in congress in behalf of a uniform two-cent letter rate, said of the postoffice: "Never was a simpler mechanism devised for working out great and good effects. A more beneficent agency can scarcely be imagined, and before long this nation and Christendom will say so." Dr. Stephan, of Germany, inaugurating the International Postal Union in 1874, said to his associates: "You enter upon one of the most important fields of action in the intercourse of nations—you are promoting an eminent work for their peace and prosperity."

We might have hoped that our government would have been the leader in the advancement of this wondrous service, but at the opening of the twentieth century we find our postal business far behind that of the leading European nations, both in variety of service and in cheapness. In but one single line are we in the lead.

Since 1885 American newsdealers and publishers have enjoyed the cheapest postal rates in the world as to one particular class of merchandise—one cent a pound, from a pound to a carload, on newspapers and paper-covered serials—second-class matter, so-called—and never, I venture to say, has any governmental enterprise proved more clearly both its beneficence and its utility.

In 1888, within three years after this cent a pound service was established, the weight of the second-class matter transported had already reached 143,000,000 pounds; for the year ending June 30, 1901, it amounted to 420,444,573 pounds. This country spends immense sums on free schools, but I doubt if our free school system has done more for the education of our people, especially for our rural population, than has our cent a pound newsdealers and publishers' post. It has made possible the creation of the cheap magazine, and of all the host of paper covered serials that are doing so much to enlighten the common intelligence and to add to the common pleasure.

In the winter of 1896-7, a virulent attack was made on our postal department, especially on the second-class service, by the chairman of the postal committee of the house of representatives. "There is much maudlin sentiment among our people," said the Hon. Chairman, "about the postoffice department. Many compare it to the war and naval establishments, and say it should not be run for profit, or even to pay the expenses of its operation, but should be supported by taxation and be run in the interest of and for the people." He, however, was not of that opinion. The postoffice is, he admits, an accommodation to the great mass of the people, but it is not an absolute necessity.

It could be as well or better managed, and much more cheaply, by private parties who could make out of it from thirty to forty million dollars a year. "But," he added, "it is not our intent to now advocate so radical a change," and because forsooth it cannot now be done peaceably. Now he will only give to his friends the absolute control of the press. And yet, he concludes, it is a fearful wrong to allow any part of this public service to continue, and herein lies the wrong. It encourages the growth of an agrarian sentiment, which points to the postoffice department, and exclaims:

"See how well the postal service is managed in the interest of us all, and how cheaply it is operated; this is our strong bulwark of defense and illustrates in golden letters that the true course of the government is to become the parent and owner, and operate all means of transportation and transmission."

Mr. Loud, of California, evidently regards the postoffice from a very different standpoint from that taken by Congressman Palfrey, and the great German, Dr. Stephan. But he recognizes none the less its magical possibilities. The enemies of the republic see in the postoffice the very citadel of American industrial and political liberty, the one great obstacle to the quick establishment of an absolute empire here, an empire that would be quite as hostile to the common well-being as was ever that of old Rome.

Surely every patriotic citizen is deeply interested not only in the preservation of our present postal privileges, but in their extension to the widest limit. Under the perfected postoffice the whole wide world will be open practically to the free use of every human being. The weakest hand, the most timid voice, will reach to the very ends of the earth and command its richest treasures. Are these mere idle dreams?

A world postal government is already established in the old city of Berne in the heart of central Europe, and every year its gentle rule is steadily extending. And in our own country we have not only thwarted the foul attempts made to force congress to cut down and finally abolish the postoffice, the inauguration of the free rural mail delivery in 1896 prepared the way for a great extension of the service. How strong a hold this movement has upon the country is proved by the fact that the appropriation of $50,000 for free rural delivery in 1898 was increased in succeeding years to $150,000; $450,000; $1,750,000; $3,500,000, and for the year ending June 30, 1903, it will be hardly less than $6,500,000.

"At the beginning of the fiscal year 1899-1900," said President McKinley in his last message to congress, "the number of rural routes in operation was only 391, and most of these had been running less than twelve months. On the 15th of November, 1900, the number had increased to 2,614, reaching forty-four states and territories, and serving a population of 1,801,534, and by the close of the year—June 30, 1901—there will be about 4,000 routes established, serving a population of about three and a half millions." There are now about 6,000 rural routes in operation, serving about 4,000,000 people, and it is estimated that the entire area suited to the service—about a million square miles, with a population of 21,000,000—will be brought within its scope during the next four years.

In his report of 1899, First Assistant Postmaster General Heath said that great possibilities of social, industrial and educational development lay behind this proposed extension of postal facilities. Already its results were seen in increased postal receipts, more letters written and received, more newspapers and magazines subscribed for. And note this: The value of farm lands reached by the free delivery service was increased from $2 to $5 per acre. There was a growing improvement in the condition of the roads traversed by the rural carrier. Better prices were obtained for farm products; country life was enlivened by access to wholesome literature. There was a great saving in the wear and tear of vehicles,

of horses and of human life. One farmer on the Lees Summit route of Missouri estimated that the rural postman saved him over a thousand miles of travel a year.

The late Postmaster General Smith admits that the policy of rural delivery is unmistakably vindicated by its fruits; that it is a potent educational force, advancing general intelligence through the increased circulation of legitimate journals and periodicals, stimulating correspondence, promoting good roads, enhancing farm values and, in short, giving to the nation advantages of incalculable value.

But if these are the results of the free rural delivery of intelligence, if the free collection and delivery of letters, newspapers and magazines, increases the value of land $5 an acre; if this meagre service saves the time of farmers and the wear of their teams to the tune of millions of dollars a year, what may we not expect when the business is extended to cover the handling of parcels, from the dimensions of a pint to a barrel, and, in weight, from a pound to two hundred pounds, at rates from one cent on a pound parcel to fifty cents a barrel, house to house, throughout our entire imperial domain? And suppose we add to this a postal telegraph and telephone so cheap that every farmer will be able to use the lightning flash to bring him into communication with the world's markets?

And yet again, suppose that, after a little, this wonderful postal service be still further extended to cover the transport of travelers (in 1898, 1,315,460 persons, with their luggage, traveled by the Swiss post in the Swiss mountains), and this at rates within the power of the humblest worker! Under such conditions what will not be the increase in the value, both of land and most of all, of human life, throughout our country? And we may have all this, and more if we will. The American citizen king has but to issue his mandate to his servants at Washington. And steps in this direction have already been taken. Congressman Henry, of Connecticut, has introduced in the house of representitives (at my request), a resolution which reads as follows:

A BILL—For the re-classification of postal matter, the reduction of postal rates, the establishment of a parcels post, with free collection and delivery of the mails, house to house, throughout the whole territory of the United States of America, the insurance of all mail matter, and for the establishment of a postal currency for the payment of small sums by mail.

The first section of this bill follows the lead of Germany and extends our domestic postal service to every inch of territory beneath the stars and stripes, and the postal rates of our domestic postal service we hope to soon extend to all the world. This proposition is based on the doctrine that under a reasonable condition of things, every human being and every part of our planet will be found to be a complement of every other. We propose to supplant the soldier by the postman, the man of force by the messenger of peace, the warship by the postal transport.

The second section deals with mail classification. Our domestic mail is now divided into four classes. First class mail includes post-cards at one cent per card, and all written or sealed matter at one cent per ounce or fraction thereof on local packets posted at non-delivery offices; two cents on other packets.

Second class mail covers only news-

papers, magazines and other paper covered serials, with free transport to newsdealers and publishers on single copies sent to subscribers within the county of publication, provided the matter be not mailed for delivery at a letter carrier office, otherwise at a rate of one cent a pound, and in unlimited quantities. For one cent a pound the American newsdealer or publisher may send his paper-covered serial produce from any postoffice in the United States to any postoffice in the combined area of the United States, Canada and Mexico, and within the United States where free delivery is established, to the subscriber's domicile. The ordinary citizen pays for this service one cent for each four ounces or fraction thereof, four times the publisher's rates. I have already noticed the wonderful benefits that have accrued to our people from this restricted service. Extended to the general public and to all classes of merchandise the results would be as much more wonderful as would be the growth of the service.

Our present third class service covers all other printed matter, and since 1888 it has also included seeds, bulbs, scions and plants, at one cent for each two ounces, or eight times the publisher's rate.

Fourth class mail—the general merchandise post—covers everything not included in the previous three classes, with a rate of one cent an ounce, or sixteen times the publisher's rate. The limit of weight to ordinary Americans is four pounds. Newsdealers and publishers ship a large part of their paper covered produce in fifty pound sacks, but they seem to be subjected to no legal limit in the weight of their parcels.

In our foreign mail service we have seventeen special parcel post conventions, under which parcels, one pound to eleven, may be despatched from this country at twelve cents a pound, with a possible surtax of five cents at the office of destination, but it is a most curious fact that under our parcels post convention with Germany, the charge on an eleven pound packet sent from any postoffice in Germany to any postoffice in this country is only sixty-three cents—fifty-eight cents plus our surtax of five cents, while our charge for a similar return service is $1.32, which with a possible surtax of five cents in Germany, makes a total of $1.37. The result of the light German tax and the heavy American tax in this instance is clearly shown in the business of the last year. "The aggregate weight of parcels received from Germany was 233,690 pounds, as against 51,484 pounds sent from the United States; the average weight of the German parcel was 7.44 pounds; of the American parcel, 2.44 pounds. To all countries with which we have conventions we sent 252,791 pounds, and from them we received 281,813 pounds, of which all but about 48,000 came from Germany."

And the postmaster general significantly suggests that the establishment of a general parcels post is a question for Congress.

Our ordinary foreign mail is divided into two classes, corresponding to our domestic first and third class matter, and the rates as determined by the world postal union are as follows: On post-cards, two cents; on letters and all sealed packets, five cents per half ounce; and on all other matter, two cents for each two ounces or fraction thereof, thus corresponding practically to our domestic third class mail, both as to character and to rates, but with this exception, that in case of a change of address a foreign bound packet will

follow its owner round the world with no extra tax for re-forwarding, while in this country, the enemies of our peace have recently cut off our general free re-forwarding service, and today all domestic mail packets, save first class matter, are only re-forwarded on the prepayment of new postage for each re-forwarding service.

England insures postal matter up to $600, Germany up to any amount. Our democratic government limits our postal insurance to first class matter and to $10 per packet. It is interesting to note that the enormous burden imposed on the government last year by this new obligation amounted to only $1,034.38, and it is further interesting to find the third assistant postmaster general advocating the extension of the indemnity limit to $100 per piece of registered first class matter, and estimating the total cost of the increased service for the coming year to be but $12,000. Mr. Madden's report also seems to indicate that if the transport of public moneys, now largely entrusted to private express companies, were altogether assumed by the mail service, the saving to the government would go very far towards covering the annual postal deficiency. The Railway Review, of Chicago, of December 8, 1900, had the following striking editorial: "Of all the unscientific things in the world, railroad rate making takes the precedence. The whole scheme in so far as yet developed, is the veriest jumble of guess work, opinions, prejudices and self-interests that could be imagined, and it is constantly changing."

Save in its unchangeable aspect the same strictures apply to our postal system. It has no scientific basis whatever. It at once cultivates deception on the part of those who use the mails, and it causes infinite vexation and needless labor to our postal servants. It is a relic of the old spy system of the royalist era. It has no place in a modern democracy.

Now we propose to change all this. Henceforth the one aim of the postoffice is to be the public service and the service of the public—the joint body of American citizens—at the lowest possible tolls, tolls by and by to be altogether abolished. Under our scheme there will be but two classes of paying postal matter. The letter post handling post cards and parcels containing matter written or unwritten, sealed or unsealed—will have this one special characteristic — the quickest possible dispatch—and will therefore charge a comparatively high toll; on post-cards, one cent per card, as at present; on other matter, one cent an ounce, half the present rate, or it may be best to keep the present rate and increase the weight limit to two, or four, or eight ounces. The parcels post — second class service—will handle all other matter, and the proposed tolls are as follows:

On parcels not over one pound, one cent.

Over one pound, not over five pounds, two cents.

Over five pounds, not over eleven pounds, five cents.

Over eleven pounds, not over twenty-five pounds, ten cents.

Over twenty-five pounds, not over fifty pounds, fifteen cents.

Over fifty pounds, not over seventy-five pounds, twenty cents.

Over seventy-five pounds, not over 100 pounds, twenty-five cents, and on larger parcels, for each additional twenty pounds, five cents.

If not prepaid the rates are to be doubled, and for any deficiency the tax

will be double the deficiency. These rates applied to weight will also be applied to bulk in similar proportions according to rules to be hereafter determined. In establishing the relation of bulk to weight, the government will perhaps accept four cubic feet of space as equivalent to one hundred pounds in weight, the standard adopted by the foreign express agents, Davies, Turner & Co., of New York. All parcels will conform in shape, size and method of packing to postal rules. A little later, indeed, space may be very generally substituted for weight as the standard for the determination of postal rates, and with the adoption of packets of standard dimensions, postal weighing will disappear to the great inconvenience of the public and to the great economy of the service. In the country the same machinery will doubtless answer for the entire postal service; in thickly settled districts, an express service may be needed for the letter post.

Under this proposed act any district enjoying a free delivery service may secure the free collection and delivery of parcels by the presentation to the postal department of a petition therefor, duly signed by a majority of the voters of the district. Any district having a population of 500 within five miles of a railway or steamboat station or of any one point on a trolley line, may secure a free delivery service by the presentation of a petition therefor, signed by two-thirds of the voters.

Section 5 of this bill, provides for the insurance of all mail matter up to $600, the English limit, and at the English rate, save that up to $50, the fee is to be five cents, against the English fee of four cents.

Section 6 adds to our postal system an entirely new but most essential feature, if the business is to be altogether successful. Its purpose is to relieve those who have no bank accounts, from the postal order tax, and to provide the cheapest and safest possible method for the transmission of small sums by mail. The United States treasury is to issue a postal currency, 5, 10, 25, 50 cent, $1, $2 and $5 notes, to be redeemable either in gold or in postal services, and to be issued either in exchange for ordinary United States currency, for bonds of the United States, or in payment for any services rendered the general government.

Under this scheme the low letter post will furnish a quick and sure means for the transmission of intelligence, to be made yet infinitely more perfect by the coming postal telegraph and telephone; the parcels post will provide for the quick and cheap transport of produce ordered; and the new postal currency will complete the circuit by its provision for the cheap transmission of money.

Think of it, the possibility of exchanging the good things of life between all the homes in our imperial realm—and it will quickly cover the world—at such rates as these: a pound of sweetness for a cent; a five pound parcel for two cents; eleven pounds for a nickel; a basket of peaches for a dime; a bushel of apples for fifteen cents; a box of oranges, a forty quart can of milk or a half barrel of flour for a quarter!

And this scheme is altogether practicable, and after a little it would pay its way, and this with high wages and short hours of labor. The one essential thing is the reasonable use at reasonable rates, of transport machinery, already at hand and in process of quick development. But if this scheme resulted in a perpetual deficiency in the postal revenues, what of it? Who

thinks of the deficiencies in the revenues of our war and naval establishments? And is not this great peace department of the government of quite as much importance to the national prosperity, the national convenience and the national security as are the army and navy? Is it not true, indeed, that for the preservation of the common peace and the advancement of the commonwealth a single postman is worth a hundred war men?

On this point we find most interesting testimony in the recent report of Postmaster General Smith, who presents the curious anomaly of a government official, with one hand fostering the free rural delivery service, while with the other, he strives to cut down the equally beneficial second class postal service.

"On the average," says Mr. Smith, "there are 125 families on a rural postal route. Under the old system they traveled from two to four miles going to the postoffice. If the cost in time and other factors be reckoned at ten cents a day for each family, it is clearly a moderate estimate. (We should think so.) This makes an aggregate of $12.50 a day. The government can deliver the mail at the doors of all for two dollars." Two dollars! Why shouldn't it do so, and save them the larger burden? Extend the calculation to the whole country. There are about 4,000,000 families dependent on the rural service. The aggregate cost to them of going to the postoffice reaches an enormous sum—$400,000 a day, for the working year, $125,200,000. "The government can carry the postoffice to them for a fraction of this amount,"—for the year, a little over $20,000,000.

In other words, by the government expenditure of about $20,000,000 a year in the free rural delivery service, the farmers of this country will be saved an annual expenditure of at least $125,000,000, and probably of not less than $200,000,000.

This, mind you, from the present meagre mail service. But suppose this service be extended to cover the transport of the farmer's produce to his city customers, and to the return to the farmer of the city manufactures at the low rates of my scheme! What would not be the saving, both to our rural and to our urban population as well, under such conditions?

Would not a thousand million dollars a year be a very low estimate of the value of such a postal service to our whole population? And who would dare to cavil at a possible annual deficiency in postal revenues of even a hundred millions in a service that increased the common wealth by a thousand millions?

But one word more as to the cost of this great business. Up to 1891 it was customary to count the pieces handled by the city postmen, and the result showed that the average cost of the free delivery city service was but one-fourth of a cent per piece handled; in St. Louis, but 1.3 mills per piece; in Chicago, but 1.5 mills. And during the last five years of the counting period the receipts from the local mail alone not only paid for the entire cost of the local service; it left a clear surplus of over $2,000,000 a year. This, with the half-organized service of 1891, and with only walking postmen. Is there not every reason to believe that with a system of electric traveling postoffices, collecting, assorting and distributing mail matter en route, the cost of any particular service to the postoffice would be inappreciable?

If the times are not ripe for the gen-

eral control of the whole business of public transportation by the postoffice, and for the establishment of a general freight and passenger post, may it not be time for the establishment of a parcels post with postal management of the postal, baggage and express car equipment of the country, and the use of the baggage and express rooms at railway stations as our great transfer postoffices?

FROM THE PEOPLE'S POINT OF VIEW

REV. A. B. FRANCISCO

I AM asked by the class to which I belong, to write upon this subject, for the reason that, in my capacity of missionary, I have been possibly more intimately associated with the people on their life plane, than any other minister of the church. That is, my work for the last ten years has not been that of a pastor whose association with the people is limited to a clan, whose duties bring him into intimate relations only with those to whose confidence he is introduced by virtue of his office and whose minds are largely formed by the teaching he is most familiar with, and who ofttimes withhold expressing themselves upon subjects discordant with their Pastor's feelings, teachings or experience. But on the other hand, I have been thrown among all sorts and conditions of the people, and have had to encounter strongly fortified citadels of private and public thought on every plane, from the highest to the lowest.

REV. A. B. FRANCISCO

I draw from my experience that the question most prominent in the minds of the people—which acts as the point within a circle around which a circumference is drawn—is, "If the church does not want a co-operative life on the natural plane, what on earth does she want?" They ask the church to please state what else can possibly be meant by "Thy will be done on earth as in heaven." They say that it is as plain as the noonday sun that the word, the teaching and practice of the Apostolic church and the doctrines of the New Jerusalem all proclaim with all their might that the spirit of co-operation is the literal, ultimate and natural fulfilment of the Lord's prayer.

"Capital and Labor" is confessedly the all-absorbing question of the day, and the people may be said, then, to ask for a solution of the Capital and Labor question. The sum of the people's thought on this subject may be given thus:

"Capital and Labor" is comparatively a modern term. Not long since, it was "Master and Servants." Both of these are the degenerate expression of a condition that more anciently was represented by the two grades of workers, Master-workman and Apprentice, and

which expressed a natural, just and heavenly distinction between laborers. No thought was ever then given to the useless, artificial and damnable system which creates that distinction among men, known later as Master and Slave, but just now as Capitalists and Laborers, and between whom a great gulf now exists—a gulf that must be bridged or abolished or it will widen more and more each day until it becomes impassable and a bottomless pit into which both will tumble headlong. If ever there was a time when a prophet was needed, now is the time. If ever the Almighty need interfere to bring cosmos out of chaos, light out of darkness, peace out of war, confidence out of despair, the time is now.

For nearly a century civilization has been wrestling with this question without any particular results. And even now, the remedy that is fast being adopted (Union Labor Organization) is dreaded more than the disease itself. No man should dare to rush in where angels fear to tread, and I beg the privilege of saying that I am ready to take off my shoes because of the sacredness and sublimity of this question. I have not one word to say from my own cognition on so great and important a question. "Cursed be the man that puts a stumbling-block before the feet of the blind." I can but pray, "Lord, open mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things *out of Thy Law.*" Now, I beg further to say, that I believe that the Lord Jesus Christ, the God of heaven and earth, has come the second time to open the internal sense of His word and reveal to us "the spirit of His truth which will teach us all things;" and that a solution of the Capital and Labor question is included in these "All things." It is from the "Revelation from God out of heaven" that I now am emboldened to discuss the question. I am pleased to assure you that not a word shall be said but what will accord with the Golden Rule, therefore nothing that can offend a worthy king on a throne, or the honest subjects throughout his realm.

I can assure you, also, that the principle I speak of is one which constitutes the order, perfection and happiness of the angels of heaven. This law is none other than that which runs through nature and is perfectly operative in the human body, which is the least form of society. And society is only perfected in the degree that particulars harmoniously unite to constitute generals, and these generals, others more general, and so on until all are perfectly co-ordinate with and subordinate to the most general or universal, which is the Lord. Paul says, Acts 17 : 28, "For in Him we live and move and have our being." Again he says, 1 Cor. 12-12, "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body. For the body is not one member, but many. The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again, the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble are necessary : and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it, or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it."

Hence it is revealed that "In man there is not given any member, nor any part in a member, which does not derive, from what is common or general, its necessaries, its nourishment and its delights; for in the body, what is common or general, provides for things singular, according to use. What-so-ever one requires for its work, this is borrowed there from its neigh-

bors; this again from its neighbors, thus from the whole, and it in like manner communicates from its own to the rest according to want." D. L. 12. "It is the nature of human society both in heaven and on earth, that man can have no life unless he be in some society and thus in harmony of united members; for there can be no such thing as individual vitality, unconnected with the life of others. Thus it is as in the human body, in which whatever part has not conjunction with the rest by means of fibres and vessels, and thus by relations of functions, is not a part of the body, but is instantly disassociated and rejected as having no life." A. C. 687. Here, then, we have the law by virtue of which the many members of one body operate to the individual health, wealth and happiness of each member, and in the degree that there is co-ordination and subordination of all the particulars, does the general, which is the body, have the same health, wealth and happiness.

Using the human body as an example, we may see that each person (that is, each member of the body politic) has a function or use to perform, and in the degree that he sincerely, faithfully and zealously performs his use, do the necessary, the useful and the delightful things of life re-flow and re-bound to its centre of uses and, as the fruit of use, to him who does the use. It may be further seen "that every form of use derives its life from the common or general form of use, and that from the general form flow in the necessary, the useful and the delightful things of the particular."

Were the body politic put on the plane of uses, or act in obedience to the Golden Rule with its "What-so-ever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," then would justice, righteousness, love and wisdom reign in society. "But as society now is, the evil as well as the good, they who perform no uses and also they who perform evil uses are sometimes remunerated and enriched equally with those who perform good uses." If no idler, no slothful vagabond, no indolent boaster of the labours of others was tolerated, but everyone taught and compelled to perform a use before he could come into possession of the emoluments of use, the question would be settled. But who is to order this form of universal uses? Shall some individual, say a King, acting on his own authority, do it? The question involves its own answer. Does the hand command the body, or the body the hand? Undoubtedly the body commands its individual members and the individual members are mere obediences. Individualism would throw the body into a state of satanic disorder and ultimate death.

From this living illustration we may see that if we would have these heavenly principles reign on earth we must have a public form truly human. I believe that for this "consummation devoutly to be wished for" we must turn our hopes to that much-maligned and much-misunderstood movement, Socialism—a movement that embodies the principles towards which all past progress in social evolution has been made and constitutes the goal towards which society is ever tending. The Public, or Grand Man, must be generated, and when we get to that state wherein every individual interest will be swallowed up in the public interest, then, and not until then, will we be a man nation.

Humanity is the vine and individuals are the branches, and all that the Lord

said about His own Humanity can be said here, for this is the Humanity He assumed, that the race might be held together, otherwise mankind would long ago have perished by its own insanity. Heretofore, the unity of the race has not been recognized, and government has been interpreted to mean "some of the people being governed by some others." The idea of self-government has had much to do with removing the idea of government *by persons* and establishing the idea of government *by principles*, resulting in the contention for certain principles in government. But the government of principles still includes the idea of a government *of persons* by principles. Now, in contradistinction to this government of *persons*, Socialism proposes the government of *things*. That is, a government of *things* by the people according to certain principles. All *things* are to be so governed by the people, acting as one man, in such a way that these things are made to serve this one man, or each and all alike. Therefore, no *thing* is to be owned or governed by an *individual*, whereby he can govern or use it in such a way as to make his neighbor bow down to, or serve him, simply because he is the owner or governor of said thing. This principle is included in the statement, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and all must come to acknowledge the truth of the further statement, "That ye have one Master and all ye are brethren." No man should be compelled to apply to any other man for the use of any *thing*, but all shall apply equally and alike to the One Man, the Organic Man, the Grand Man, the National Man, for the use of each and all *things*. Let me submit a few facts from the people's point of view bearing on *things*:

1st. In the day of our fathers, the laborer owned and operated his own tools. Hence came the universal independence of the laborer, and capital was justly considered as so much stored up labor.

2nd. The hand tool has been displaced by machinery.

3rd. The machine is now in the hands of the Capitalist, and the laborer is divorced from his tool.

4th. The multiplication of machinery means the reduction of the number of Capitalists and the reduction of the number of laborers or operators of the machinery, and a proportional multiplication of those who cannot be Capitalists and are not needed as laborers; therefore, are thrown off from the body of creators and distributors of wealth.

5th. That heretofore this constantly increasing army has been utilized in making new machinery by means of which wealth is increased and distributed.

6th. The Trust is the evidence that the machine is complete. It only needs so much capital and so many men, and there it stops.

7th. When every industry reaches this state, then all who are not employed in this or these Trusts must get off the earth.

This is a complete statement of the question. The Trust is here and it has come to stay. It is the legitimate flowerage and fruitage of the Competitive System. Yet the Trust does away with all competition. It is not a Trust until it does. It does this by means of combine and co-operation; but inasmuch as it ends in death and hell, it is the combine of falsity and evil and the co-operation of devils. The same principle operating from heaven is the only power that can overcome it—the combine of Good and Truth, the co-

operation of angels—not private but public trust—not the Trusts Owning the People, but the People Owning the Trusts.

These are some thoughts from the People's Point of View, and it seems to me they are in accord with the Word and the Doctrines.

A TALK ON RELIGION AND POLITICS

CHARLES FERGUSON

MY DEAR WILSHIRE:—

If I should write in my best style an article for one of the Episcopal Church papers on the Sarum Use in colors, on the historicity of Uncommunicating Attendance, or on Bishop Doane's breeches, I should easily get attention. Especially would I be listened to if my position on these subjects were radical and polemic—which, I am bound to admit, it is not.

I like the Sarum Use but I am not insensible to the appeal of the other uses. I think I could make an argument on either side of the second question, and as for Bishop Doane's breeches, I find myself neutral or wavering—sometimes I believe in them and sometimes I don't In spite, however, of my inability to say challenging and cantankerous things on these subjects, I could, I repeat, easily get professional religious people to talk about them if I cared to do so; anybody could.

But there is another class of questions which for some years I have been trying to get the Church papers to attend to without any considerable success, and it is only after careful experiment that I have discovered the reason why. Impatient reformers who talk loud on the sidewalk and glare at the Church windows say that the clergy and the editors of the religious journals do not discuss these questions because they do not dare. Simple souls, these reformers! They have only to come inside the walls and watch closely the expression of the preachers and editors when the Great Questions are shouted out and they will discover what I have discovered,—to wit, that so far from the elders being cowards there really is no evidence that they are not as brave as hungry lions; the reason they take no account of the Great Questions is that, thunder as loud as you will, my dear Wilshire, *they simply do not hear you.* The fact is they do not hear anything that is loud or see anything that is big. It is an epidemic disease—the immemorial contagion of the cloister.

In casting about to find a name for this megalaphobic twist I am tempted to risk a kind of plagiarism upon the most imaginatively named disease in the whole book of therapeutics —I mean, of course, house-maid's knee. I would suggest that the ancient distemper of the cloister which makes it impossible for the patient to hear anything that is loud, should be known by the name of church-mouse-ear.

There is a mouse that sallies out occasionally from behind a clothes press in the vestry room where I write that has Aesopped me into a state of compassion for all the great men of the cassock. I have noticed that if I strike

a match, even in the gentlest manner, this mouse will run in terror to his hole as if it sounded in his ears like the shriek and rattle of shrapnel. But a loud knock at the door or a detonation of thunder that shakes the windows is as nothing to him. He plays about me unconcerned, taking not the least notice of the bulk and presence of a man, but the smallest puppy or even a lizard or a spider he regards with the greatest deference and attention. I could fling a book at this mouse and kill him and he would be unaware of the attack until he was flattened out and dead.

There is no inconsiderate cruelty in my nature and I am not going to fling any more books at anything—for the present. And since I am unintelligible to the religious journals, as I am able to prove through Mr. Henry Romeike's newspaper-clipping bureau, I am going to start a publication of my own pretty soon, a periodical designed to be religious without making a business of it. For I am persuaded that the trouble with the clergy and the editors of religious papers is that they are, like the Mars Hill congregation of ancient times, altogether too religious to be of use to the cause of religion—too good to be good for much.

Whether or not it be literally true that intelligent and competent people do not read books any more it is at least worth while to take an appeal from the people that pretend to read books and expound them, to those that frankly read the magazines. After all, what is that ancient regime which democracy comes to destroy? It is the dominance of books. So long as the law by which life should be lived under upon this earth is conceived of as hidden in the mystery of genius, or in the inscrutableness of scripture and statute there is no show for a common man. But the magazine is the sacred oracle of democracy because it is true only until you see for yourself that it is false. Or if you don't see, it's your own fault. The oracle does not sit on a tripod in a cave; it is accessible. And if its vaticinations come out of its own entrails, the more fool you if you take them for experience. Magazines will increase but books, by and by, will be shelved.

Honestly I think that even without my help the days of the clergyman are numbered. *Morituros salutamus*. For a thousand years the clergyman has been the book-man. And now by a sure token we may know that he is coming to an end, because he cannot any longer understand books. The ministers of that Church which is to conquer the Empire will not be clergymen. If the bookman could still understand books there might still be hope for them. Once more they might rise to the emergency of the hour, once more they might enwrap the nations in the mantle of dead genius. But it's no use. They cannot understand and the out-door world presses hard.

Addressing myself, therefore, not to the book man but to a magazine man—or woman—permit me to say that the times demand an ecclesiastical insurrection. Those who are enlisted to fight for the unity of the Church must count upon the antagonism of the clergy—not of all clergymen, to be sure; but of the clergy as a class. We will be mindful that the good people of old who attended so scrupulously to the "mint, anise and cumin" did not merely neglect the weightier measures, but were conscientiously opposed to them.

For a long time the clergy have been praying for Church unity and repairing their partition fences. In resolving upon new dogmas to suit the demands of prevailing popular prejudices they

have been resetting their man traps and sharpening the teeth of them to hold fast the slippery heel of modernity. We read without elation that the Presbyterians have decided that babies are not to be damned any more; it will be harder for the grown-up people to escape their irons. If they had stuck to the damnation of the infants there was a chance here and there that a mature person would get away. The "liberals" in the Synods and Sanhedrims are by far the more formidable foes of liberty.

The Episcopalian fathers meet at Chicago and again at Lambeth Palace in London and resolve that if the dissenters will but accept the "historic episcopate" and three other simple historic things, all will be forgiven them and they will be excused from worshipping the outlying sections of the Book of Common Prayer—at least for the present. And so they publish their famous "Quadrilateral" to the four winds in a generous glow of feeling. After that how can there be any wind left in the heavens for the sails of the discontented?

The plain fact is that all the clerical schemes for Church unity are grudging concessions to the infidelity of the mob. The sects are selling out their faith in the militant Church at the highest price in pew rents; just as the political parties are selling out their faith in militant democracy and republicanism at the highest possible price in political preferment. The logical end of both processes is the complete debilitation of society and the establishment of a social unity of undifferentiated protoplasm moulded under the hard hand of the military and money power.

So the sooner you and I shall cease to call ourselves Presbyterians or Episcopalians, Democrats or Republicans (with a capital letter), the better it will be for the country and the Universal Church. Of course the sect managers and the party managers mean well, but they lack faith in the integrity of the universe and in the sanity of ordinary men. They suppose that the only way society can be held together is by getting people to think alike—whether by heeler's hook or pastor's crook. They seem to have no idea of a society based upon moral and intellectual liberty and holding together because the universe holds together. Their idea of social unity got by all saying the same prayers and minding the same boss is a very crude idea to be sure, but it is very ancient. It is the great idea of the great powers of Europe. The world has been run that way for a long time.

The Old World goes in for "indefinite, incoherent homogeneity," as Herbert Spencer might say, while the New World of Democracy stands for "definite, coherent heterogeneity." And this New World is, in spite of all the confusions and cross currents of history, the work of the historic Church.

The American idea which is, at last, one and the same thing with the historic Church idea,is that social order does not depend upon conformity, not even upon morality, but upon religion. That is to say, it does not depend upon everybody thinking alike as to what is right or wrong, or what is nice or not nice; it depends upon that relation of the soul to God which clergymen describe as faith and holiness, but which laymen speak of more intelligibly as courage and sanity.

Social order in the United States does not as in the Old World, rest upon a basis of conventional morality, a legal definition of rights and duties.

It depends entirely upon the spiritual and intellectual pluck and the practical competency of the people—the sound relation of a lot of private persons to the constitution of the universe.

That this is so becomes apparent when we consider the fact that our social state is headless. As a legal system it is at last without unity or coherence. The President, the Chief Justice and the Speaker of the House represent equal and co-ordinate powers with nothing to arbitrate between them but the common sense of the people. Thus, by the careful and scrupulous design of our democratic ancestors, there is no man in this country competent to give us a last word as to what Goodness is—or Right, or Law, or Loyalty. We are thrown back upon the soul and upon the general reasonableness of existence. It is high time that the discovery should be made and announced that, in the last analysis, government in this country is not and never was intended to be by law in the old-world sense, but by the balance of personal forces.

Modern constitution-mongering, from the days of Montesquieu, has been a delicate craft, the aim of which is to break up the legal foundations of the old-world social order—without letting anybody know.

If society is to be governed by law as law, it is indispensable that the constitution should designate a person qualified to represent the law under all circumstances—one who is himself not subject to any kind of impeachment. There is a beefy sense and caution in our English cousin with his holy chrism of coronation. Once give up the idea of the infallible prince or emperor and your legal constitution becomes a thing in the air. It may take a century or two to discover the fact, but the fact is that you are committed to the principle of government without earthly authority, by the consentameousness of private wills and the fluent equilibrium of personal forces. This is the Church idea. It is government by the Holy Ghost, a government whose executors can be none other than those "Knights of the Holy Ghost" of whom Jean Paul Richter writes—whose sword thrust is justified by no judge with a wig.

The idea that lies back of the Church is the greatest idea of history, because it is the mother of all other fruitful ideas. The idea is that the more independent men are of each other in their spiritual, that is to say, their moral and intellectual character, the more they will care for each other and for the cosmic truth of things, and the better they will work together for the mastery of the practical problems of civilization.

This is the democratic idea, with its clothes off. It is the naked soul of the Republic. The discovery of it fifteen hundred years before Columbus, was the discovery of America. If you will ponder this idea a little, and the circumstances of its origin and growth, you will understand better than the ecclesiastical historians do why Church-history is such a muddle of contradictions. For Church-history is the growth of this idea that men must despise the world in order to save it—must detach themselves from their conventional relations and get a free and disengaged view of life in order to build the imperishable city. Naturally the Church could get forward with its idea no faster than the world did, for its business was not to save itself but to save the world. And the world was, two thousand years ago, and is today, faint-hearted and fat-witted in the thralldom of the ancient theory that the only way to get people to work together is to get

get them to think in a set pattern.

Do you say that the Church itself has inculcated just that notion of the supreme value of uniformity of thinking? Yes, and every singular and particular falsehood related thereto. The Church had to. The people would have it so. The Church's sacramental, sacerdotal and dogmatic system was a specious imitation of the old regime built to receive the people and hold them until their lungs should grow half accustomed to the open-air of liberty. It was a Roman Empire built of cards and calculated to tumble down at the moment when the people began to realize in a practical and secular way the truth of the essential Church-idea. That moment was the sixteenth century when the free nations began to rise. Then it was that people began to see that personal liberty is not the opposite of social order, but on the contrary is the indispensable basis of any social order that shall be permanent and progressive. I say people began to see this four hundred years ago, but if you read the current magazines, essays on politics, and the newspaper editorials you may be led to think that not many people see the point even now. Professional moralists still pull long faces over the problem as to just where to draw the line between freedom and authority, and patriotic statesmen still speak of liberty as if it were a creation of the law courts. All the partisan and sectarian controversies that are now fretting the air and confounding the wits of plain men grow out of the failure to apprehend the fundamental idea of modern society, to wit, that the more freedom we have in our thinking the more order we shall have in our institutions.

The religious sects and the political parties are the children of the old regime. The fact is that a sect or a party is a distinct anachronism in this time and country. It implies that the Truth can be put into a series of abstract propositions and sworn to—which it can't; and that social order can be improved by getting more people to think in one groove—which is the opposite of the Truth.

The solution of the social problem in this country, and after that in all countries, consists in a clearer understanding of the fundamental principles of Christianity and democracy—the principle that men become physically helpful to each other as they become spiritually independent of each other and disdainful of each other's opinions.

Of course this independence of human opinion implies dependence upon something that is stronger than opinion, to wit, the experienced realities of the universe. It implies a working faith in the God of the normal instincts and of the out-doors world.

The Church and the Republic are synonymous terms. The Republic conceives of its social order as depending not upon the subjection of the people to a sovereign government, or their awful reverence for legal definitions of rights and duties, but upon their grip upon the realities, their personal independence and their general reasonableness. The simple truth is that in a genuine democratic country the Law is actually superseded by the Gospel. Certainly one may not be able to see this point if his mind is fixed and rapt in the notion that the Kingdom of the Son of Man is a mystical romance, an Utopia dream that in some sense *ought* to be realized, but by no possibility can be. For my own part I fail to see how a sensible man can interest himself in that sort of thing. The gospel of democratic society hates Utopianism, and

forever fights against it as the chief of devils. There is nothing like a fine theory of what "ought" to be, to weaken the resolution of the world-makers. Hell, I suppose, is roofed and tiled, fired, furnished and provisioned by ethical ideals. The original sin of the world was not naughtiness but abstract idealism—the faithless desire for an authoritative moral law, a sure rule of good and evil. It was this perpetual moral cowardice of mankind, preferring the comparative safety of fine theories to the free adventure of the natural instincts that constituted the problem and peril of Jesus. So complete was the breach between the Old World's instincts and its intellect; so thoroughly was it permoralized, conventionalized and theory-ridden, so corrupted had its instincts become by repression and denial that the proposal to return to them was not received with shouts of acclamation by the "best people;" and that proposal has had a hard fortune to make in subsequent ages.

With best wishes, my dear Wilshire, I am always yours,

Tucson, Arizona.

[Mr. Ferguson is the author of two recent works that have attracted much attention, "The Religion of Democracy" and "The Affirmative Intellect," both published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.]

A BRAVE MAN WHO HATES A BULLY

A PROPHECY was made some time ago by James Lane Allen that, if the present military policy of Great Britain and America inspired any great works in English literature, they would be anti-military and anti-imperialist in character. Events have fully justified the prediction. "Captain Jinks, Hero," the anti-military novel of Ernest Crosby, illustrated by Dan Beard with cartoons that are, as Mark Twain says, "red with the bloody truth," is acknowledged to be the most telling satire of the time. Michael Davitt's "The Boer Fight for Freedom," to be issued during the present month (May, 1902) by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London, is awaited as the one history of the South African conflict which is written with an historian's fidelity to facts, a journalist's graphic style, and a statesman's insight into racial characteristics and political moves.

But while the first and last Muses, (counting Satire, the "Muse of the "Nettle-Crown," as the tenth of the sisterhood), have been on the side of the "little peoples," Euterpe, the greatest in her influence, has lent her lyric inspiration, until recently, to the laureates of Empire rather than to the singers of brotherhood. From Austin's poem on the Jameson Raid to Kipling's eulogy of Cecil Rhodes, it is the men of conquest who have been extolled by the poets of place and prominence, whether such leadership is adventitious

or earned. Now, however, comes the gray singer of the Sierras, who in his youth was hailed brother and equal by Swinburne, Morris and Rossetti, to cast in the balance in favor of human rights a gem of flawless verse that shall outweigh, in the estimate both of the present and the future, all the gauds and tinsel of imperial laudation.

In three great papers of the country, The San Francisco Examiner, The Chicago American, and the New York American and Journal, there appeared simultaneously on May 1st the following poem:

THAT ASSASSIN OF SAMAR.

DEDICATED TO

GENERAL JACOB H. SMITH,

By Joaquin Miller.

But yesterday who wore the blue
  Held high his head with honest pride;
His sword sang gayly at his side,
  His martial step was manly, true.
Today his head bows to his breast,
  His sword is as a sword of lead,
His airy step has lost its zest
  And shame walks by with sullen tread.
He bleeds anew, each honored scar
  With red lips cries, and cursing cries,
"Let me not live unless he dies—
  That bully, butcher of Samar."

The star-built flag of spotless fame,
  The flag that never knew defeat,
Today is trailing in the street
  And Europe mocks us in our shame.
From Maine to far Manila Bay
  The nation bleeds and bows its head.
How tall we stood but yesterday—
  Sackcloth and ashes now instead;
Sackcloth and ashes, near and far
  Lest God shall smite us, hip and thigh;
Sackcloth and ashes lest we die,
  For that brute, butcher of Samar.

For this brave utterance it is to be expected that the epithets of "pander to sensationalism," "hireling of the yellow press," will be hurled at the poet by our pseudo-patriots. But his integrity can easily withstand such assaults. From his boyhood, Joaquin Miller has consistently upheld the cause of the weak against the strong, no matter what the cost might be to health or wealth or reputation. His book of autobiographical sketches, "Memorie and Rime," [Funk & Wagnalls Company], is full of anecdotes and sentiments which illustrate this trait of character.

We quote the following extracts:

IN A CHRISTIAN'S WAR.

I love my own land, where the rabbits dance measures
  At night by the moon in the sharp chaparral;
Where the squirrels build homes in the earth, and hoard treasures;
  Where the wolves fight in armies, fight faithful and well;
Fight almost like Christians; fight on and find pleasures
  In strife, like to man, turning earth into hell.

CALAIS, FRANCE, October 30, 1870. Been to the war! Brutes! Such heartlessness to each other! By the road one day I found a wounded soldier. He had got out into the hedge: hundreds passed—soldiers, citizens, all sorts. He was calling to all, any one. I got out of the mass of fugitives and tried to help him. . . . I found a wounded horse on a battlefield one day trying to get on his feet. I helped him. He was bleeding to death, and soon sank down again. But I tell you he looked at me like a human being. Poor horses! I am more sorry for them than the men. (Page 17.)

THE MEXICAN WAR.

Small glory indeed for any man who took part in the murder of those gallant Mexicans who fell defending their capital. Smaller glory, even shame and oblivion, for those who instituted this brutal war of invasion. Let our historians make its page as brief as possible, that our children may forget it. (Page 202.)

THE PARADOX OF OUR CIVILIZATION.

Something is surely wrong. A man may edit a journal, or write a thing that makes a million people happy, and yet be left to go hungry; while a man may fight a battle that makes a thousand people miserable, and for that get wealth and honor without end. (Page 212.)

JOHN BROWN.

In the great dramas of the days to come, this is the man who will walk the stage with the most majestic mien. It will not be the noisy-mouthed man of the capital; it will not be the contractor with his bloody millions; it will not be the general of the war with a million men at his command, who will loom up largest and last. But it will be simple, honest, humble old John Brown, who died in pity for his helpless fellow-men. (Page 231.)

A CALIFORNIA JOHN BROWN.

Joseph De Bloney was of the old Swiss family of that name, which was famous for being the first to renounce their high rank of nobility and assume a simple republican name. The world never heard of his feeble attempt to help his fellows. His ambition was to unite the Indians about the base of Mount Shasta and establish a sort of Indian republic, the prime and principal

object of which was to set these Indians entirely apart from the approach of the white man, draw an impassable line, in fact, behind which the Indian would be secure in his lands, his simple life, his integrity, and his purity. Some of the many tribes were friendly; some were hostile. It was a hard undertaking at best, perilous, almost as much as a man's life was worth, to attempt to befriend an Indian in those stormy days on the border, when every gold-hunter crowding the hills in quest of precious metals counted it his privilege, if not his duty, to shoot an Indian on sight. An Indian sympathizer was more hated in those days, is still, than ever was an Abolitionist. And it was against bitter odds that this little California John Brown, even long before John Brown's raid, tried to make a stand in behalf of a perishing race. He, too, failed. (Page 232.)

JOAQUIN MILLER FIGHTS FOR INDIANS AGAINST THE WHITES.

By and by he (De Bloney) had his plans matured, and had armed his Indians against the brutal and aggressive white men. I was sent on one occasion to Shasta City for ammunition. I had made similar raids before. My horse was shot on the return. I was dreadfully bruised by a fall, and the two Indians with me took me in turns behind them. Then we got, or rather captured, a fresh horse and kept on. But I was too badly hurt to go far, and they left me with some Indians by the road. Here I was captured by the pursuing white men. This was in 1859. I was in my seventeenth year, and small for my age. Of course, they had sworn to hang the renegade to the nearest tree. I was really not big enough to hang, and so they took me back to Shasta City, put me in jail, and my part in the wild attempt to found an Indian republic was rewarded with a prompt indictment for stealing horses. A long time I lay in that hot and horrible pen, more dead than alive.

God pity all prisoners, say I. Fortunately I could see and even smell some pine trees that stood on the hillside hard by. I know I should have died in those hot days, with the mercury up in the nineties, but for the friendship, the fragrance, the sense of freedom in those proud old pine trees on the hillside. Meantime, as always happens, I was left alone. All the men passed away like water through a sieve, and only the Indians remembered me. On the night of the 4th of July, while the town was carousing, they broke open the jail, threw me again on to a horse, and such a ride for freedom and fresh air was never seen before.

Poor De Bloney lost all heart and gradually sank to continued drunkenness on the border and ultimate obscurity. As for myself, I tried to inherit his high plans and spirits, and made one more attempt, for I had formed ties not to be broken. But the last venture was still more disastrous. Volumes only could tell all the dreadful story that followed—the tragedy and the comedy, the folly and the wisdom. And yet now, after a quarter of a century, I still fail to see anything but good and honesty and integrity in these bold plans for the protection of the Indians—the Indians, to whose annihilation we, as a nation, have become quite reconciled. Ah! how noble in us to be so easily reconciled to the annihilation of another race than our own! I never saw De Bloney after this final failure. I would not be taken again prisoner, and so an officer in pursuit was shot from his horse. We separated in the Sierras, and sought separate ways in life. I made my way to Washington Territory, sold my pistols, and settled down in an obscure settlement on the banks of the Columbia, near Lewis River, and taught school. And here it was that the story of John Brown, his raid, his fight, his capture, and his execution, all came to me. Do you wonder that my heart went out to him and remained with him? I, too, had been in jail. Death and disgrace were on my track, and might find me any day hiding away there under the trees in the hearts of the happy children. And so, sympathizing, I told these children over and over again the story of old John Brown there. And they, every one, loved, and honored and pitied him.

It was an odd sequel to our failure to establish our Utopian Republic about the base of Mount Shasta, with the great white cone for a centre, that I should finally meet these same men who had fought and had captured me in California up in the new gold-fields of Northern Oregon. And singularly enough, they were very kind. As if to convince me of their love and confidence, they elected me judge of the country, and for the four years of my administration stood truly by me, as if to try to make me forget something of the sorrow and the shame of imprisonment. Yet for all that I was in some sense an old man from the time of our failure and flight. And how wretched the few remaining Indians there now! There are only now and then in all that splendid mountain region a few miserable hovels of half-starved, dispirited beggars of the lowest sort to be met with. Captain Jack and his sixty brave rebels were the last of this race. But they made a red spot on the map which the army will long remember. (Page 234.)

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL.

"All honor to those who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years;
But to him who tries, and who fails and dies,
I give great honor and glory and tears.

Give glory and honor and pitiful tears
To all who fail in their deeds sublime;
Their ghosts are many in the van of years,
They were born with Time in advance of Time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame,
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But the man who fails and yet still fights on,
Lo, he is the twin-born brother of mine.

(Page 237.)

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TRUST

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE

THE real danger of the trust exists not in what it is to-day but in what it promises to-morrow. Most writers on the trust have confined themselves too much to expatiating upon the most palpable features of the trust. Anyone can see the menace to our institutions involved in the change from industry conducted on a democratic competitive system to an autocratic monopolistic system. Anyone can see the menace to labor when there is but one employer instead of a hundred. Anyone can see that when the production of a commodity is controlled by a trust that prices may be put up to exorbitant figures. I say all these points are so evident that it is a waste of time pointing them out.

Not only is it a waste of time to run over and over again these manifest dangers of the trust, but the remedies proposed for their elimination are usually so absurd that their proposal constitutes another waste of time.

It is the indication of what is to come that constitutes the dangerous significance of the trusts.

The trust signifies the near approach of a tremendous and insoluble Unemployed Problem and it is upon this point this article proposes to dwell.

A great change in public opinion regarding the trust issue has occurred in the last few years. It is not so long ago when all our public men and newspapers had but one solution for the problem; "the trust must be destroyed," they said. To-day nobody in his right senses looks to the possibility of the *destruction* of trusts. Trusts are now admitted to be the inevitable result of our competitive economic system.

I do not propose to devote any great attention to a demonstration of this inevitability of the trust, as I regard such a task as practically superfluous.

The point I care more to dwell upon is not the *inevitability* of the trust, which will be generally agreed upon, but upon the *impossibility*, in an economic sense, of the permanence of the trust. Let me say at once, before I raise false hopes in the breast of any classical economist, that I do not propose to show that trusts must fall to pieces of their own weight and that competition must be restored owing to the entrance of fresh capital into the field attempted to be monopolized by the trust. That would be an extremely silly position for me to take after having asserted the inevitability of the trust.

Neither am I attempting a glittering paradox by first asserting the inevita-

bility of the trust and in the next breath its impossibility. The theory which I shall attempt to clearly demonstrate is that the natural and inevitable evolution of our industrial system is from competition under private ownership to monopoly under private ownership, and from monopoly under *private* ownership to monopoly under *public* ownership. In claiming the impossibility of the permanence of private monopoly, I speak simply from the standpoint of the political economist, and I leave out of consideration political and industrial changes that might or might not be brought about by the voluntary uprising of a long-suffering and indignant people.

Public ownership of industry might be brought about next month if the people had a sufficient desire to effect it. It is not to the "might be" I appeal, but to the "must be." I shall endeavor to prove that public ownership, otherwise Socialism, is not inevitable because it is desirable, but because it comes into the category of the inexorably necessary. My first task is to prove the necessity of the trust. My next is to prove the necessity of Socialism.

The trust arose from the desire of the manufacturers to protect themselves from over-production and the consequent mad and suicidal struggle to dispose of their surplus stock.

Over-production arises because our productive capacity has been developed to the highest degree with labor-saving machinery operated by steam and electricity, while our consumptive capacity is crippled by the competitive wage system which limits the laborers, who constitute the bulk of our consumers, to the mere necessities of life. I will not tire you with long statistics exhibiting the enormous strides that have taken place in the productive capacity of men due to modern machinery, nor will I harrow your souls with the well-worn details of the narrow, sordid life of squalor lived by millions of our workers. It is patent that the day worker of to-day consumes but little if any more of the necessities of life than did his gradfather of fifty years ago.

The consumption of beef, flour, potatoes, coffee, tobacco, wool, etc., has varied little, if any, per capita in the last fifty years. Every student of history knows in a general way that the ordinary laborers of this country fifty or even one hundred years ago lived in a fair degree of comfort, were warmly clad in their homespun and comfortably housed in their log cabins. The best proof of their condition was their notoriously fine physical development, longevity, and freedom from disease. The average family was from ten to fourteen, and neither the husband nor the wife felt the dread of an addition to the family that is so characteristic of to-day.

I do not think any fair-minded person can but admit that the modern day-laborer on his $1.50 per day, and very uncertain of that, living in a city, wearing shoddy clothes, breathing sewer gas, eating tuberculous beef, drinking typhoid bacilli in his milk and fusel oil in his whisky, and absorbing intellectual garbage from his yellow journal, has had any great augmentation in the pleasures of life through the inventions of the marvelous nineteenth century.

But it may be pertinently asked, "Where has disappeared this immense stream of products that is the result of the labor of the nation applied to modern machinery?"

Taking the product of labor as a whole, it flows into two broad channels, one to the capitalists, the holders of

wealth, and one to the workers. The ordinary workers must be given enough to keep them in efficient condition. Part of the workers, the aristocracy of labor, the trade-unionists and skilled labor generally, the proletarians who sell their brains rather than their hands, may get something above the mere necessities; but, broadly speaking, competition prevents any great augmentation of the share that goes to labor beyond that of the mere necessities.

The whole of the remainder of the product of labor falls into the lap of the holders of wealth simply as a rent, with no economic necessity on their part of doing anything in return for it.

Witness the enormous income of the Duchess of Marlborough and the Countess Castellane, representing abroad the Vanderbilt and Gould wealth, and discover if you can any return they may make to the American people. It is possible that somebody might strain his imagination into believing that the Astors, the Rockefellers and the Vanderbilts, who between them have an income something like $200,000,000 per year, perform some economic good in return, but I doubt if their most generous retainer would say that a hundred thousand a year each would not be sufficient compensation considering that our college professors average less than $1,000.

The stream of wealth flowing into the coffers of the rich is itself again divided into two streams, one of which goes to satisfy what they are pleased to regard as their necessities of existence, a wonderful conglomerate of beefsteaks, truffles, champagne, automobiles, private cars, steam yachts, golf balls, picture galleries, food and clothing for their servants, etc., all classified under the general head of consumables and denominated by the general term of "spent" money.

The other division of the stream of wealth flowing to the rich is what is termed "saved" money, and goes into the building of new machinery of production, new railroads, canals, iron furnaces, mills, etc. It is this last channel for the "saved" money that has been the great sluice-way for carrying off the surplus product of labor and so avoiding the constant menace of a money plethora in our industrial system.

Notwithstanding that the prodigality of the American rich in unbounded luxury is the wonder of the ages, still the percentage of the very rich is so small that all their efforts in lavish "spending" have had little effect economically compared with the wealth they have been forced to "save," owing to lack of ingenuity in discovering modes for "spending." There is a grim satisfaction in the reflection that the "saving" capacity of the nation is increased by this concentration of wealth. Thrift is no longer a difficult virtue when it requires more labor and pains to "spend" than it does to "save," and this is the predicament of the very rich Americans.

No man cares for two dinners, and when Mr. Rockefeller with his $100,000,000 a year income "spends" over a thousand dollars per day on himself and his household, he finds it probably both pleasanter and easier to "save" the remainder than to lay awake nights devising bizarre ways to "spend" it. However, as the condition of affairs now is in the business world, it must be admitted that it is about as difficult for him to discover channels to invest his savings as it is to invent ways to "spend" it. I pity him. Some thirty years or more ago when Rockefeller first went into the business of refining

oil, he was not then bothered with the problem of investing his profits. First, because they were not then so large as to be cumbersome; and, secondly, because the oil business itself was a fairly profitable one, and he had a natural place there to re-invest his earnings.

Others in the business, his competitors, did the same. Finally the capacity for refining oil became greater than the market demanded. Each refiner was bound to get rid of his surplus product at any price, and the price of the surplus determined the price of the whole. Ruin stared them in the face. Over-production must be curtailed. The Standard Oil Trust was born.

All this has been brought out time and again in the many federal and state inquiries into the Standard Oil Trust. Rockefeller completely proved his case in the Congressional investigation of 1888, that competition was ruining his business and that combination had become an absolute necessity. In fact, there has never been any questioning of his testimony establishing these facts. The politicians, however, thought it was a chance to make political capital, and urged the destruction of the oil trust, not attempting in the least to controvert Rockefeller's statement of facts showing that combination was an absolute necessity. However, notwithstanding the efforts of the politicians to overturn the laws of nature and make water run up hill, Rockefeller persisted in combining and making money instead of following their plan of competing and losing money.

The only reason that capitalists in the oil business over-invested in that business was because the opportunities for the investment of capital in other industries promised no better returns.

Capital, like water, seeks its own level. When no trust is on guard to intimidate investors, abnormally large profits will induce the flow of fresh capital to any business until profits are reduced to the normal. Hence, as it may be inferred, if capital was investing in oil refineries, notwithstanding the unpromising outlook, it was doing so because other businesses were in the same state of plethora and could offer no better inducements. That this was true is fully substantiated by the subsequent formation of trusts in other lines of manufacture to prevent the very some plethora of capital that had been affecting the oil business. The great industrial undertakings of the world are practically finished as far as present developments indicate.

As the late David A. Wells says in his "Recent Economic Changes": "It would seem indeed as if the world during all the years since the inception of civilization has been working upon the line of equipment for industrial effort—inventing and perfecting tools and machinery, building workshops and factories, and devising instrumentalities for the easy communication of persons and thoughts; that this equipment having at last been made ready, the work of using it has, for the first time in our day and generation, fairly begun; and also that every community under prior or existing conditions of use and consumption, is becoming saturated, as it were, with its results."

There is no country in which the industrial machinery is not only so thoroughly completed, but actually over-completed, if I may coin a word, as in the United States. We are saturated with capital and can absorb no more. In normal conditions the machinery of production will produce more in three days than we can consume in a week. The present boom is recognized by all

as destined to be of a most ephemeral nature, and existing conditions no criterion to judge by. While over-production makes manifest the desirability of combination, yet desirability does not necessarily mean practicability.

As a general law in economics it may be stated that the tendency to combination increases as the number of competitors decreases and the amount of capital for each competing plant increases. The tendency for both these conditions to manifest themselves in our industrial world is too well known to mention.

In 1890 there were 910 establishments manufacturing agricultural implements, with a capital of 145 millions. In 1900 we have but 715 establishments, although the total capitalization has increased to 157 millions.

In establishments manufacturing salt the number has decreased during the past ten census years from 200 to 159, while the capitalization has increased over 100 per cent., from 13 millions to 27 millions.

Slaughtering establishments have decreased in number from 1,118 to 921, while their total capitalization has increased from 116 millions to 189 millions.

Woolen manufactories have fallen off from 2,583 in 1890, to 2,465 in 1900, yet their capitalization has increased nearly one-third, from 300 to 398 millions.

Perhaps the most striking of the returns is that from the carriage and wagon factories. These have fallen in number from 8,614 to 7,632, while at the same time their capitalization has increased from 104 millions to 118 millions. But this is not the point that is so especially noteworthy. The number of wage-earners has decreased from 64,259 to 62,540, and the number of "salaried" employees—clerks, salesmen, etc., is now actually less than one-half what it was in 1890. They now number 4,311 as against 9,194 in 1890. This cutting off of "salaried" employees means a saving, according to the census, of $3,459,289 a year to the carriage makers.

The figures from the flour mills also show the same trend toward the elimination of superfluous employees. The total capital employed in flour milling has increased in the last ten years from 208 millions to 218 millions, but the number of wage-earners has decreased from 47,403 to 37,073. "Salaried" employees have been reduced from 16,078 to 5,790, and the millers are paying out $3,492,590 *less* per annum for salaries to-day than ten years ago.

As has been delineated, the volume of production has been constantly rising owing to the development of modern machinery. There were two main channels to carry off these products. One channel carrying off the product destined to be consumed by the workers, and the other channel carrying all the remainder to the rich. The worker's channel is in rock-bound banks that cannot enlarge owing to the competitive wage system preventing wages rising pro rata with increased efficiency. Wages are based upon cost of living, and not upon efficiency of labor. The miner in the poor mine gets the same wages per day as the miner in the adjoining rich mine. The owner of the rich mine gets the advantage—not his laborer. The channel which conveys the goods destined to supply the rich is itself again divided into two streams. One stream carries off what the rich "spend" on themselves for the necessities and luxuries of life. The other is simply an "overflow" stream, carrying off their "savings." The channel for spending

i. e, the amount wasted by the rich in luxuries, may broaden somewhat, but owing to the small number of those rich enough to indulge in whims it can never be greatly enlarged, and at any rate it bears such a small relative proportion to the other channel that in no event can much hope of avoiding a flood of capital be looked for from this division. The rich will never be so ingenious as to spend enough to prevent over-production. The great safety overflow channel which has been continuously more and more widened and deepened to carry off the ever-increasing flood of new capital is that division of the stream which carries the savings of the rich, and this is not only suddenly found to be incapable of further enlargement, but actually seems to be in the process of being dammed up.

And why not? Man's material wants are limited, no matter how unlimited may be his spiritual ones. If one bridge is sufficient to carry me from New York to Brooklyn, then two will be a surplus. When one car line is built on Broadway, there is no room or necessity for more.

It is superfluous to point out that with wages determined by competition a workingman can create no effective demand for the satisfaction of his spiritual wants. He is lucky enough to get the necessities of life and is not fool enough to refuse a wage because it does not afford luxuries when he sees a man over his shoulder only too willing and anxious to accept it if he should refuse the offer.

Let us cast a broad sympathetic look over the surface of the United States, with the perplexed eye of a man with a million dollars or more looking for a promising and safe investment. Would he care to build another transcontinental railway? I think not. There are too many already. Would he care to go into wheat-growing? Not if he is not in need of a guardian. One year it pays, then for the next three years there is either no crop on account of drought, or there is low price owing to over-production, and the wheat-grower has no chance of forming a trust. Too many farmers to combine; it is difficult enough to get ten men into a combination, but when you have 10,000 it is manifestly an impossibility.

Is there one single industry which he could find that is of a sufficiently large nature to warrant the investment of a large capital that is not palpably overdone? As for smaller industries there is a concensus of opinion in the business world that there are practically none promising good returns, and that the only ones that seem to be good are of a parasitic nature which live like the mice in a granary, escaping competition of large capitalists, owing to their insignificance.

The channel which carries off the surplus wealth for the upbuilding of new industries we can imagine subdividing itself into a many-branched delta, each mouth furnishing the needed supply for each particular industry. When there was no oversupply of capital in an industry the capitalists controlling that particular branch of the delta flowing to their industry used all efforts to widen and deepen that particular channel. When finally they had received all the capital they wished, and they had formed their trust, the process was reversed. It was as if they had thrown a dam across the entrance of their delta and diverted their small stream back into the main stream to be distributed through the other mouths and into other industries.

With this metaphor before you it is easy to see that with the cloings of

successive deltas by successive trusts so much the greater becomes the supply for the other mouths and so much the sooner does it become imperative that the capitalists in other industries throw across their protective dam. As in a real river, so it is with our imaginary river. When a number of mouths are dammed up, the river no longer can find a sufficient exit through the remaining mouths, and it has a strong tendency to overflow the first dams put up, which will require strengthening if they are to remain secure. This is seen in our industrial world when a trust is submerged either by outside capital in general or the concentrated wealth of some other trust making an onslaught upon it.

Rockefeller, with his enormous surplus income, which he is bound to "save" and cannot from the very nature of things find room to invest in his own confessedly overdone oil business, is constantly forced to seek out new industrial fields to conquer. He is the modern Alexander the Great of our industrial field, sighing for more worlds to conquer. He has already taken possession of the electric light and gas plants of New York City. He is fast coming into control of the iron industry. He already owns the Lake Superior mines and the lake transportation service, and his only competitor in the manufacture of iron is Carnegie, who is simply waiting to make terms of surrender.* He will soon be in complete control of the railways of the United States. He is about to control the copper mines of the United States. He is in control of the largest banks in New York. When Rockefeller gets control of an industry the temptations for outside capital to enlist against him are not over-powering.

The proof that trusts are inevitable as a protection against the rising flood of capital is simply overwhelming, both in theory and in fact. It seems most palpable that every industry in this country must in time fall into the power of the trust. The trust with its enormous capital not only gives our domestic capitalists better opportunities for competition with foreigners in foreign neutral markets, but it is itself, by damming up the old and natural domestic channels for investment, actually forcing itself to cut out new channels for its overflow.

The present immense flood of surplus capital in the United States is shown by the treasury balance showing the greatest stock of gold on hand ever known. The banks are over-laden with money. Interest was never known to be at such a low rate. All this, too, with industries in a most healthy condition. What money will be worth when the "boom" is over is indeed a problem. For the first time in history, American money is entering into the world's markets as a buyer of bonds of foreign nations. Recently, when England had to borrow $50,000,000 to defray the expenditures on account of the Boer war, America took half of the loan and would have taken it all if she had been allowed. The American gold now building railways in China would never be there, if there were opportunities for home investment. Is it not significant that Mr. Yerkes has left Chicago in order to build electric railways in London, or that Pierpont Morgan is buying English steamships?

Chauncey Depew says that we are producing 2,000 million dollars worth of goods every year more than the home market can absorb; that we must ex-

*This article was published as a tract a year previous to Carnegie's surrender. I leave it stand as it read.—H.G.W.

tend our foreign markets if we wish to avoid a great Unemployed Problem arising from our domestic manufacturers being unable to hire men to make goods that cannot be sold. That American capitalists fully realize this is shown by their aggressive entry into foreign manufacturing fields. Here is a specimen despatch:

Special Cable Despatch to The SUN.

LONDON, Sept. 23.—The latest American invasion of England is the report of a syndicate in New York, which is negotiating to obtain control of one of the largest insurance offices in Great Britain. It is understood that the terms offered are generous enough to meet the approval of the shareholders of the company.

Mark Hanna says that we are producing one-third more than we can consume. We must have foreign markets, says he.

The late President McKinley only a day or so before his assassination made a speech declaring that foreign markets must be obtained by reciprocity treaties and that this was absolutely essential to our further industrial progress.

President Roosevelt has also declared that we must have an outlet for our productions abroad as the domestic market no longer suffices. All this is exactly in line with my argument, as to premises, but I disagree as to remedy. In the first place most of the goods that the foreigner formerly gave us in exchange for our domestic productions can now be made both cheaper and better at home than abroad and therefore we do not find any advantage in trading. There was a day when we traded off our wheat for English steel rail, but we can now make steel rail cheaper than England. We still have our wheat to sell but we no longer find it profitable to take steel rail in exchange. As will be seen from the following circular recently issued by the Silk Association of America, the United States is no longer dependent upon France or any other country for its silk goods, and hence another important item of foreign exchange is about to lose its power as a purchasing agent of our products:

The Silk Association of America has just issued a carefully prepared review of trade conditions for the silk season of 1900-1901. Among the features of the review are the following:

"Silk manufacturing in the United States in the year just closed has been more prudently conducted than in the previous season. The quantity of raw silk imported for the mills was 8,886,670 pounds, as contrasted with 10,965,098 for the previous twelve months, or say a reduction of 19 per cent. Prices of raw material have been more uniform, and in this respect manufacturers have not been subject to the losses of the previous season. Competition has been keen, however, in the products; in fact, it grows more so month by month and day by day, and a very small margin of profit must be reckoned on as a permanent factor in this branch of the textile industry. The great equipment of the silk mills in machinery now, say 36,000 broad looms and 7,000 ribbon looms and all run by power, is evidence sufficient that the domestic silk manufacturers are fully up to the demand of the consuming markets of the United States. There are now one million 'throwing' spindles in the country, and a proportionate number of accessory spindles, such as winding, doubling and reeling.

"If all these facilities were in constant use throughout the year the supply of manufactured products would be in excess of the demand from consumers.—N. Y. Sun, Oct. 10.

In fact, the foreign goods that can be profitably imported into our country is getting narrowed down to agricultural productions from the tropics. It is evident that the importation of such goods cannot offset our balance of exports. Last year we exported 600 million dollars worth of commodities more than we imported. After taking away the money spent by American tourists abroad, remittances for interest on foreign loans and freights paid foreigners on ocean transportation, there is evidently still a heavy credit balance in

our favor. Now the foreigner may go into debt for our goods for a certain period, but it cannot, on the face of things, be a permanent method of trading to give a man more than he gives you. There must either be a settlement some day or the other or the trading will be stopped by one party going bankrupt. In this instance it is Europe that is going bankrupt, and when she confesses she cannot pay America, then America herself, with her heaviest customer a bankrupt, will not be very far from bankruptcy.

We will not take European goods to settle our trade balance and she cannot give us gold. How then can foreign trade be any solution of our problem of over-production?

However, for the moment suppose our manufacturer, burdened with his surplus of American goods, as a last resort, to get rid of them, exchanges them for, say, French goods. He now has on the docks in New York 2,000 million dollars worth of French goods instead of his 2,000 million dollars of American goods. Will Mr. Depew now tell me what better off he is? How is he going to get rid of those French goods? Send them back again for the American goods? Exchange them for German goods? Well, suppose such absurd trading did take place. Time flies on apace and while Chauncey is trading jack knives with himself another year rolls by and he finds still another 2,000 million dollars worth of American goods piled up before his bewildered eyes. What will he now do?

Foreign trade is but the most ephemeral solution for the problem of American Over-Production.

American capitalists are today more in need of foreign fields for investment of their capital than are European capitalists. Within the past two years the international financial market has reversed itself, and America is now the creditor instead of the debtor nation. This explains the sudden craze for "imperialism" and its advocacy by the Republican party, which is the political expression of the organized wealth of the country. The "trusts" are a dam built to prevent the swamping of domestic industries by the rising flood of surplus capital. The "trusts," however, do not prevent the rising of this flood.

"Imperialism" is a means of diverting to foreign shores this threatening deluge of domestic "savings."

"Trusts" and "imperialism" are both inevitable results of competition and clear indications of its culmination.

It is impossible to dam up all the mouths of the Mississippi, no matter how high the dams. A flowing river must find the ocean somehow, and if not by one channel, then by another. The trusts will afford but a temporary breastwork for our captains of industry. It will, however, be a flank movement rather than a frontal attack that will finally dislodge the captains from their fortress. The trust is not only a protection against undue competition, but it is a labor-saving device of the highest possible efficacy. Every argument in favor of combined production on a small scale, is redoubled for production on the largest possible scale. The trust pursues its end in a perfectly sane and scientific manner. No longer do the old planless methods of competition prevail. The trust being the only producer in the field produces exactly what the market needs. There is no more danger of either an over-supply or a shortage of Standard Oil in any city than there is of water, gas or postage stamps. The trust no more needs canvassers and advertisements to sell

its goods than does the government to advertise the postoffice. This increased industrial efficiency of the trust, together with its prevention of waste of capital in unnecessary duplication of machinery, hastens by so much the completion of the world's industrial outfit.

Capital will in vain seek profitable investment. Interest, which is determined by the amount of gain received by the last amount borrowed, will fall to zero and money will remain unlent in the banker's hands. The last incentive for the poor man to be "thrifty" will perish. The workers now engaged in producing new machinery of production will join the unemployed army in regiments. The trust will be as defenseless against this new phase in the industrial strife as was the armored knight of old against hunger and thirst. Political autocracy is possible, but industrial autocracy, no matter how benevolent, is impossible. At present the trust is an invaluable and absolutely necessary weapon of defense for the capitalist in the industrial warfare, but when the enemy to be fought is not competing capital, but a complete cessation of demand for products owing to unemployed labor having no wages to buy with, it no longer protects the owner. On board ship in mid-ocean if I have control of the water supply I can demand everything in exchange for the indispensable fluid, but when at last I have gathered everything into my possession then my monopoly becomes of no more value, as there is nothing left to be given me. If I am wise I will then peaceably give up control of the water and let it be taken over by the crew. I will be in great luck if they do not get the fever of co-operation and come back after me for the good things they have already given up for the first water they were forced to buy. It is thus in the United States. The monopolists have unwittingly run both themselves and the workers into an industrial *cul de sac.*

The capitalists may possibly see the danger first and make a turn that will give them a short and precarious lease of life in their present position. An eight-hour law, old age pensions, etc., all such reforms might possibly extend the capitalist system.

The best thing of all, however, to bolster up the capitalist system is a rattling good war between the great powers, followed by a prolonged civil war with great destruction of life and property. If the principal industrial plants, railway shops and bridges, etc., of this country were destroyed, the upbuilding of them would give labor unlimited employment and capital great scope for investment of savings. Witness the boom following our civil war, also the late Spanish war.

However, wars cannot last forever. The capitalists are sooner or later to be forced to face the insoluble problem of finding work for men when there is absolutely no work to be found. It is absurd to hire men to build oil refineries when half of those already built are standing idle. The workmen cannot blame the capitalist for refusing to employ him at a loss. But his stomach may be a better reasoner than his brain in an emergency. It will demand food. He will say, "Here is plenty of machinery to produce food, now why is it I can't get any? You say, Mr. Capitalist, that you can't hire me at a profit. That may be so, but why can't I take the machinery myself and run it and take the product and feed myself? You say you can't run it except at a loss at present. Here you will lose nothing by letting me run it. Anyway,

I don't care what you wish, I know I am starving. You admit you can't give me work. Now I know and you know that my labor will produce enough to feed me if only I have the machinery. I propose to take it and use it for that purpose.

"You say I produce too much. If that is true, then so much the less fear of my starving when I produce for myself."

The capitalist may reply: "Why, John, you can't run a flour mill by yourself that takes a thousand men. You cannot transport that flour on a railway by yourself when the railway takes another thousand men to run it. You need associated labor; that is just what a private corporation is today. You will be forced to run the country just as it is run today." "Oh, no," will say John, "I will run the flour mill and railways by a public corporation, and I have that corporation all ready formed. It is the United States government. We will all be shareholders and we will pay the workmen upon the basis of what they produce and not by a competitive wage determined by how little they can live upon. We won't have any overproduction to scare us again. When we nationalize all industry that bogey man of overproduction will die a natural death."

Free trade is sometimes suggested as a remedy for monopoly by those who do not recognize that trusts are a natural evolution of industry. When a trust in a protected industry is formed to prevent destruction of that industry by domestic competition and then, having complete control of the domestic market, it raises prices abnormally, it is but natural that there will be a suggestion to allow domestic consumers the benefits of foreign competition by striking off the tariff. If this is done it means one of two events will follow. 1st. The foreigner will destroy the trust by his ability to sell at a lower cost. 2nd. The trust will destroy foreign competition by lowering its price. Even the most rabid of the trust destroyers would hardly be willing to destroy the industry to carry out his ends; yet if he cannot do this he cannot destroy the trust. Most of the trusts in this country are abundantly able to take care of themselves, not only in the domestic market, but as the export returns show, are able to compete successfully with the foreigner in his own country, so that the tariff today is of no use to the trust except as a means of allowing it to charge higher prices to Americans than to the foreigner. Free trade would certainly abolish this absurdity, but it would as certainly not accomplish the end set out for, viz., the destruction of the trust. In fact, the very fact that foreign competition had to be met would be an additional reason for the trust's existence as the additional concentration of capital makes it that much the better fighting machine.

The protective tariff is, so far as it goes, a supporter of the present industrial system, inasmuch as it prevents labor and capital operating at the point of greatest advantage. A protective tariff gives better employment to labor exactly as inferior machinery requires more men to operate it than superior.

A change in the money standard from gold to silver or paper would possibly also extend the time for a final collapse of the capitalistic system by reason of the industrial derangements it would cause. At best all the advocates of silver can hope for is a little longer life for the small capitalist who is inevitably doomed under our present competitive system, no matter what money standard we may have. Per-

sonally I have never been able to see how, for instance, the California orange-grower could get more profit through silver coinage when the railroad stands at hand to take it away if he should get it, simply by raising railway freight charges.

Then, if Mr. Vanderbilt overlooks anything, the poor farmer still has a long gauntlet to run, with Mr. Rockefeller reaching for his surplus when he buys oil, Mr. Havemeyer when he buys sugar, etc., *ad infinitum*.

Some have suggested that equality in freight rates obtained by government ownership of railroads would destroy trusts. The slightest investigation, however, would show that many trusts do not in the least depend upon favors from either railroads or government. The taking over of the railroads by the government would, however, have far-reaching and revolutionary results The immense labor-saving that would occur from a centralized management would of course serve but to accentuate the unemployed problem. This would be the least of its effects.

The capital invested in railroads is half the whole industrial capital of the United States. A transfer of ownership to the state would mean the payment to the present railway owners of an enormous sum of money that would naturally seek investment in other industries.

These industries are already about at the point of crystallizing into monopolies owing to plethora of capital, and the advent of such an enormous flood of money set free by the expropriation of the railroad owners would not only complete the process, but would cause the amalgamation of trusts into one huge trust, the coming trust of trusts. Nationalization of the railways would be letting free such a flood of capital that the ship of state would be immediately floated into the calm sea of Socialism.

During the last twelve months, nearly $100,000,000 has been paid in dividends by the Standard Oil Trust. It may be noted that the investing public pay no attention to the intrinsic value of a stock, *i.e.*, to what the property owned by a corporation cost. Nor is the "face" value of stock of any moment. A share of stock may be nominally worth $100—as is Standard Oil stock, but as it pays such enormous dividends investors are willing to pay $700 for each $100 share. On the other hand there are some corporation stocks where each $100 share actually represents $100 invested, yet owing to various conditions dividends do not amount to 2 per cent. a year, and hence the market value of the stock is not $50 per share. There is no remedy to be found for trusts by prevention of stock watering.

Rockefeller could just as well capitalize the Standard Oil Trust at $700,000,000 instead of the present $100,000,000, but he would derive no benefit, as it would simply mean that while he would have seven times as many shares, yet each share would only have one-seventh of its former value. Shares do not sell upon a basis of the figures printed upon the stock certificates, as some of our Populist friends seem to think. The dividends determine market value.

Neither would publicity of accounts avail. Everybody knows that the Standard Oil Trust is making profits of over fifty million dollars a year, and the Carnegie Iron & Steel Company nearly as much. Yet what good does the knowledge do the public? Admitting that oil sells at double what it should, what are you going to do about it? Why has not Mr. Rockefeller

as much right to the unearned increment derived from his monopoly of the oil business as has Mr. Astor to the unearned increment from his monopoly of land in New York city?

To resume: We are confronted by a fact and not a theory. The trust is here to stay as long as our competitive system of industry endures. Democracy has been ousted from industry by autocracy, and as our political institutions are but a reflection of our industrial institutions, we should not pretend that anything but a sham democratic political state remains. When we see imperialism, which is simply political autocracy, expressing itself in the Philippines or in the bullpen for the Idaho miners, we should not stultify ourselves by striving to prevent a result without first attacking the cause that has produced it.

The trade-unionists pure and simple, the anti-imperialists, the would-be destroyer of trusts, are all right enough sentimentally, but are too limited in their vision. This nation has the mightiest task cut out before it that the world has ever set to perform. The ship of state already is in the cataract of a great social Niagara. It is not too late to save her if we only have the patience and brains to cut our political Welland canal, and let her float gently into the Lake Ontario of Socialism. Delay is most dangerous. That we shall finally get into our metaphorical Ontario—Socialism—is absolutely certain. The only question is, shall we go over the falls or through the canal. Now is the time, if ever, when this country needs earnest men who know the truth, and are not afraid to cry it from the housetops. Once let us get into the rapids and nothing can save us from the terrors of a violent revolution. Democracy must be established in industry and re-established in politics. There is really no first step to nationalization of industry; that time has passed. A half-way policy is impossible industrially, unrighteous ethically, and unsound politically. Revolution and not reform must be our battle cry. The main plank, and in fact the only necessary plank in our political platform should be: "We demand The Nationalization of Industry."

The Buffalo Meeting.

(The account of this meeting was unavoidably crowded out of the June issue.)

It was a rousing meeting that greeted Mr. Wilshire at Buffalo on the 23rd of April. Nearly a thousand people assembled in International Hall to listen to the address, and during the evening the audience manifested its approval of the manner in which the speaker presented the principles of Socialism and controverted the claims of the Catholic clergy that Socialism and religion were diametrically opposed to each other.

The meeting was the result of an acceptance by Mr. Wilshire of a challenge issued by Rev. Dr. A. Heiter, of Buffalo, calling upon the Socialist party to prove in open debate that "only Socialism can emancipate the working class from wage slavery, and that everybody should join the Socialist party." At the request of the Socialists of Buffalo, Mr. Wilshire accepted the challenge, but Dr. Heiter laid down such unreasonable restrictions that it was impossible for Mr. Wilshire to meet him under the conditions imposed. However, it was decided to hold a meeting on the date set for the debate, whether Dr. Heiter participated or not, although that gentleman was notified that the meeting was to come off and that he would be welcome to share the time with Mr. Wilshire and make good his original challenge if he so desired.

Dr. Heiter did not accept the invitation, nor could any other representative of the Catholic church be found who would take his place on the platform, so Mr. Wilshire contented himself with denying the statements made by the Catholic clergy regarding Socialism, and offering to prove their falsity if any representative of that church would meet him in public debate.

The following report of the meeting is from the Buffalo Review:

H. Gaylord Wilshire, of Toronto, was the principal speaker at a mass meeting of members of the Social Democratic party, held in International Hall last evening. The meeting was held largely for the purpose of denying certain statements that have emanated from the pulpit in the last few weeks, and was addressed principally to Catholic workingmen.

Previous to the meeting last night a circular letter addressed to "The Catholic Workingmen of the State of New York," was freely distributed among the 500 or more persons present. It charged the Catholic Church with having declared war on the Social Democratic party, and stated that Socialism had been placed under the ban in this State by Bishop Quigley of Buffalo. The circular replied to some of the statements made by Bishop Quigley in radical fashion and attacked both Bishop Quigley and Archbishop Corrigan vigorously.

Mr. Wilshire is the leader of the Social Democratic forces in Canada. He was twice a candidate for Congress in the United States, once in California and again in New York, and is now a candidate for Member of Parliament from his own district in Canada. He was at one time the editor of The Challenge, widely known as a Social Democratic organ, whose circulation in this country was stopped by the United States Government.

ASKED FOR FATHER HEITER.

In addressing the audience last night he first asked for the Rev. Father Heiter, who had signified a desire to meet Mr. Wilshire in debate. There being no response, he then called for any representative of the Catholic Church who cared to debate on the subject of Socialism. Again there was no response. Consequently his talk on the relations of the Church and Socialism was brief.

"Socialism," said the speaker, "has no more to do with Catholicism than Republicanism or Democracy. There is no quarrel between the Social Democratic party and the Catholic Church. A Social Democrat may also be a Catholic and respect his prelate and should do so. I deny the claims of the local Catholic clergy that Socialists are advocates of violence, that they seek to abolish private property, that Socialism harbors immorality, and that Socialism tends to disrupt homes. All these things I deny and am prepared to prove their falsity, providing a representative of the Catholic Church will meet me in debate."

The remainder of the address dealt solely with the principles of Socialism, the principles of the Social Democratic party in particular. The meeting was presided over by Gustave Lang.

A LOS ANGELES COMMENT.

The Los Angeles Socialist refers to the debate in the following manner: The Catholic Priest in Buffalo who issued a sweeping challenge for debate to anyone from the Socialist Party evidently got frightened when the only original challenger, Wilshire, accepted. After the Comrades had hired the largest hall obtainable, the reverend challenger said that he would only debate in a certain Catholic school house, holding about two hundred people, and that half of the debate must be in German. One of our German Comrades met him in this restricted debate, but Wilshire insisted that the priest meet him in public. A big house was in attendance on the night of the debate, but the anti-Socialist failed to appear.

In Imitation of Europe.

The little things sometimes go a great way in indicating the pulse or the sentiment of the people. At the banquet given to Prince Henry in New York by the men of money, the waiters were required to wear knee breeches, and the manager of the affair was given strict orders to have their attire patterned after that of waiters at court functions in Europe. At the opera in the prince's honor the attendants at the door and elsewhere appeared in "court" dress, as nearly as it could be copied by American tailors. If these occasions were the first on which Americans had imitated the customs of monarchies, and if the men who served at the millionaire banquet were costumed merely in honor of the guest, the situation would have little significance. But the fact is, the wealthy classes of the United States are copying more and more the fashions and ideas of the old world, and before we know it, we may consider such officials as the President of the United States too democratic for the country. For years not a few of the servitors who open the doors of the homes on Fifth avenue, and stand at the club entrances, have been faithful copies of the English flunkey, into whose hand the American tourist drops so much of his spare cash in the London hotels. English coachmen have become a necessity, apparently, and are so numerous that they do not excite our attention. It is unnecessary to say that female fashions come from Paris, while the men have for years used the Prince of Wales as a model.

The tour which Prince Henry has recently been making in the United States has been attended by the most elaborate display, and the most expensive entertainments ever arranged in this country. The reason generally ascribed for all this outlay is that the country wished to do him honor as the brother of the Emperor of Germany, and to manifest the cordial feeling of the United States towards the German Empire. Doubtless many people did feel this way, but the motive behind such affairs as the millionaire "lunch" was to advertise the vast wealth of this country, and its power to give those who possess it association with royalty. We might as well be frank, and acknowledge that it appears to be a fact that with the average American

THE HIGHEST AMBITION

is to be in such a position that some monarch will recognize him, even by a nod. This fact has been proved by the exhibition which has been made by Americans at the English court for years past, where every possible plan was adopted to secure a presentation. London correspondents of the daily papers have described the way in which some of the tourists from this country of the nouveau riche class have literally bought acquaintance with the nobility with a view to securing the much-coveted honor of presentation. To a certain extent this is true as regards Paris and other European capitals, although the British metropolis presents the most striking illustration.

If a foreigner visits the United States who can lay claim to any sort of a title, even the possession of a few acres from a remote ancestor, the doors are swung open to him in the finest homes. Newport and the other fashionable resorts welcome him with open arms. It is an actual fact, that on several occasions Englishmen and Frenchmen of note who have come to this country have been asked by hotel keepers to be their guests gratis. The visitors may have been surprised at this apparent generosity, not realizing that their presence would be the most profitable advertisement which the shrewd landlord could secure. The old story of American girls hunting titles might be repeated here, but the less said about that the better. The wealthy classes of this country are

RAPIDLY BECOMING FOREIGNIZED.

Looking back fifteen or twenty years, the change which has taken place in our ideas is actually startling. The strong Americanism of

that day presents a marked contrast to the feeling which prevails at present. While the leaders in business and finance took broad and friendly views regarding the old world, and while the Englishman or other European of note who came to this country was cordially welcomed, the predominant feeling was far more democratic than it is today. When the Prince of Wales, for instance, visited the United States he was given a notable greeting, but people did not go into spasms, so to speak, because he was a prince. The welcome accorded him was hearty, but marked with a dignity becoming the country. The reception of Prince Henry in New York caused a miniature war between the social leaders as to who should be his host; and the entertainments, not only in the metropolis, but in other cities also, were planned as much to show the wealthy classes in each community and to excel other communities, as to honor the distinguished guest.

The people at large instinctively look up to the wealthy classes and pattern after them to a certain extent. Consequently the example set them is important as regards the future welfare of the country. It cannot be denied that society, as it is called, is more and more copying European manners and customs, and it would not be strange if European ideas in politics should soon find an extensive following. It may seem a sweeping prediction, but the developments outlined above tend to bear out the theory.—U. S. Investor.

Toronto Wishes Power from Niagara.

The Mayor of Toronto, Mr. Howland, and a number of other progressive citizens are anxious to have the legislature give the municipality authority to construct a plant at Niagara Falls and transmit electricity to the city. There is scarcely any doubt but that their efforts will ultimately be successful, although in their first attempt the corporations defeated them in the vote of the committee of the legislature having the matter in charge. The following from the Toronto Star is very expressive of the general sentiment of the citizens upon the question:

The Municipal Committee of the Legislature yesterday refused to allow municipalities to develop, transmit and distribute power. "Will you build up municipalities, or build up Vanderbilts?" asked Mr. Fullerton, and the legislators decided to build up Vanderbilts. They refused to a municipality the right which they readily grant to an individual—the right to develop, transmit and distribute one of the greatest necessities of modern life.

No question is settled until it is settled right, and this question was not settled yesterday.

The opposition to the proposal came from those who aim to be our Vanderbilts, and from those who feared that Toronto would develop, transmit and distribute power and prosper so markedly because of it that this city would attract manufactures from all the other towns. The chief complaint was that the proposal, if acceded to, would do Toronto too much good. The Legislature that has jurisdiction over this city thought it dangerous to allow the city to flourish too much lest it should drain people and manufacturing concerns from other points within the Legislature's jurisdiction. "It would," said Mr. Pattullo of Woodstock, "make a Sahara desert of most of the municipalities outside Toronto."

Therefore, it was decided to refuse to allow the city to develop, transmit and distribute power, because by this means we would get our electric energy at too cheap a price. The difference between cheap power and dear power is to go, as usual, into the pockets of private persons, who can flourish without injury, it may be supposed, to anybody here or elsewhere.

It is well for the people of this city to know why they cannot have what they want, and it is a candid Legislature that will tell us that we ask to be allowed to do for ourselves something that will benefit us too much. Other excuses were offered by some of the members, but the prevailing feeling was that this proposal, if acceded to, would give Toronto too great an advantage over other towns and cities. The question was asked whether this city would supply power to other towns that wanted it. If the answer had been in the negative, there would have been an outcry against the selfish purpose of the city. But the answer being in the affirmative, the complaint was made: "Toronto wants to be godfather to other municipalities."

The Municipal Committee of the Legislature is, therefore, so careful to see that one town is not allowed to so reduce the cost of one of her prime necessaries as to give her any possibility of advantage over other towns, that they have

decided to perpetuate the present system, by which private purveyors of power get the advantage over all towns alike. Is this the solution our Provincial statesmen have to offer us? Can equality only be preserved between town and town by giving the difference to capitalists?

Some few members of the Legislature express themselves as in favor of Provincial Government ownership and transmission of power. These at least can feel today that they are reasoning creatures. Meanwhile we hope the subject, defeated in the Municipal Committee, will in some form or other be brought up again this session and fought out on the floor of the Legislature. We would like to have an expression of opinion regarding it from the Government. Members of the House may be the special representatives of their own parishes, but the members of the Government must be looked to as the guardians of the whole Province, in which Toronto has a right to be fairly treated. The fight for civic control of public utilities cannot be defeated. The betrayal of the cause by members who are beclouded by local prejudices and capitalistic traditions may delay it, but the day will come when the Provincial towns, whose true interests were so badly served yesterday, will condemn the members who side with the corporations. Toronto will get her rights. She will yet, we hope, receive the cooperation of smaller towns having identical interests against monopolies; but, in any event, Toronto's fight is a winning one, and the monopolies can only hope to check temporarily the march of events.

Wilshire at Kalamazoo.

Especial interest attaches to the lecture to be given Tuesday evening at the Auditorium by H. Gaylord Wilshire, one of the best known Socialists in the entire country today. All should be present to hear him give one of his characteristic talks.

There are many things of interest connected with the career and reputation of H. Gaylord Wilshire. Personally he is magnetic and earnest, impressing others with the sincerity of his own views on matters of public concern. One of the chief charms of his public utterances is an utter absence of malice or ill-will toward those who are supposed to be benefited by a continuation of the present industrial system.

Frank and fearless he is in pointing out the gross injustice of the present system to those whose toil produces all the wealth of the world, and whose share is the meager pittance that will suffice to keep soul and body together, but his thunder-bolts of logic are directed against the system, while he holds nothing but goodwill toward the individual supporter of it.

Mr. Wilshire believes that Socialism is inevitable. He contends that with the rapid concentration of all branches of industry in the hands of a very few, with the consequent throwing out of employment of thousands of mechanics now employed to conduct individual industries, an unemployed problem will be presented that will demand a complete reorganization of our industrial life. Once this reorganization is forced upon the people, there can be no other plan than that offered by Socialism that will satisfy the great army of workers who have been forced at last to turn against a system that has finally failed to provide even the bare subsistence that was the best it had to offer even in the most prosperous period.

Although a man of wealth and education, enjoying the advantages of high social connections, and without the necessity to labor for his living, Mr. Wilshire has devoted his time and talents to the cause of the worker for fifteen years. At an age when other young men of wealth and leisure are usually devoting themselves to sowing their wild oats, Mr. Wilshire was deep in the study of economics, gathering wisdom from the society of the leading statesmen and thinkers of England and Continental Europe, and preparing himself for what was to become his life's work—the propaganda of that theory of government that embodies equal rights to all, special privileges to none.

As a business man, thoroughly conversant with events in the commercial world, and interested in several large business enterprises, Mr. Wilshire can point out to business men the great advantages that would result under government ownership of all public utilities. He can discuss intelligently with the farmers the great drawbacks to agriculture found in the private ownership of the means of transportation, with its attendant insufficient service, its burdensome freight tariffs, and its immunity from necessary regulation for the public good. To the mechanic and laborer he will submit such strong arguments in favor of a co-operative commonwealth, wherein each shall enjoy the full fruits of his labor, instead of, as now, giving the lion's share to those who do nothing to earn it, that the blind prejudice against "change" must be strong indeed if it can outweigh the clear logic of his contention. — Kalamazoo Gazette-News, June 1, 1902.

The Anthracite Coal Trust.

Walter Wellman, correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald, wired his paper a long account of the state of affairs in the anthracite coal regions on the 3rd of last month. The following are excerpts from that report, and go to show that in the mining and handling of hard coal the trust has reached a position of complete mastery of the situation, and give us a very realistic picture of what is being aimed at and accomplished in other directions by less forward trusts. Says Mr. Wellman:

WILKESBARRE, June 3. There is a coal trust. It has created a monopoly in the anthracite business. It is operating in restraint of interstate commerce. It is violating the federal law.

President Roosevelt and Attorney General Knox have said that they are not hunting for trusts to prosecute, because they do not care to go into a wholesale business in this line. They have also said they do not care to embark in any more trust prosecutions unless it be in instances where the law is not only being violated, but such violations are working injury to the public through the suppression of competition, the creation of a monopoly and the imposition of unnecessarily high prices upon consumers.

All these conditions are found in the anthracite coal trust, and found in most flagrant form.

The President and the Attorney General have further said they could not move against the coal trust in the absence of complaints. Let this serve as a complaint. I file it at the White House and the Department of Justice.

This is a trust which not only violates the law, which has devised cunning machinery to enable it to override the statutes, and which takes out of the consumer the last cent he will stand before resorting to the use of soft coal, but it is a trust which is hostile to organized labor, which is determined to work the public on one side and its employes on the other. It is a trust which utterly disregards public rights and professes not to be afraid of public opinion.

It is a trust which has perfected all the devices known to what is called the modern industrial system for creating and maintaining a monopoly, eliminating competition and restraining trade. At the same time it refuses to permit its 150,000 employes to share in the same tendency of the age toward organization and co-operation. It has centralized its own power to such an extent that it has created an absolute monopoly. Yet it declares an attempt to bring its labor into such cohesiveness that better wages and a juster system may be insisted upon is the result of wicked agitation. Though themselves breaking the law every day, the managers of this trust invoke the law and the peace officers of the state to enable them to crush labor organization.

The monopoly in anthracite coal is almost exactly parallel to the sort of monopoly we should have if half a dozen men controlled the entire crop of wheat. These men could make the public pay for bread or flour whatever the public would pay in preference to eating corn meal or rye or beans or peas or rice. The people prefer wheat flour, just as they prefer hard coal, but in a parallel case they would have to pay for wheat flour just what six men thought they could be forced to pay. A monopoly in wheat and flour—a monopoly that both robbed the consumer and ground the grower into the dust of his fields—would mean revolution. A like trust in ha d coal should at least mean prosecution in the federal courts by the federal government.

As the monopoly of the hard coal business is managed, there is no such thing as competition in the article itself. The laws of supply and demand do not apply to anthracite. The law of supply and demand applies only to another and different and inferior article which is used for the same purpose. It is claimed by the managers of the trust that they cannot fix prices; that prices are fixed by the competition of soft coal. Which is true in just the same way that if these men controlled all the wheat and flour in the land they would claim the selling price was regulated, by the competition of corn meal. If they controlled all the wool they would claim the selling price was regulated by the competition of cotton.

This monopoly machinery is created and maintained by the railroads which enter the coal fields. These railroads are seven in number, as follows: The Reading, the Central of New Jersey, the Lackawanna, the Lehigh Valley, the Erie, the Pennsylvania, the Delaware and Hudson.

If one were to write the history of these coal-carrying railroads it would be a history of attempted consolidation, centralization, monopoly-creating. Interesting and instructive as the history may be, it must here be passed over. The salient, the dominating fact is that this constant tendency toward centralization has at last been successful, and it was successful through the commanding genius of J. Pierpont Morgan. It cannot be said that any one man is absolute master of the anthracite business, the King Coal of the trusts, but Mr. Morgan comes nearer it than anyone else. His well-nigh irresistible influence in Erie, in Reading, in New Jersey Central and in Lehigh would enable him to take the throne if he should think it worth his while. It is safe to say that J. P. Morgan, W. K. Vanderbilt, James J. Hill and Kuhn, Loeb & Co., once agreeing, could stop this strike in ten minutes.

The capacity of the mines in the anthracite field is about 65,000,000 to 70,000,000 tons a year. There are men enough here to take out that quantity, railroads enough to haul it to market. But the output last year was only 50,000,000 tons. The public would consume no more because the prices were so high. There may be more money for the monopolists in small output and high price, but if competition were permitted, if the natural laws of trade were free to take their course, prices would be lower and more hard coal would be burned, to the great benefit of the public and the men who dig the coal and who now work only 200 days in the year.

Most of the railroads are miners on their own account or through the flimsy device of a sub-

sidiary "coal company." Of course it is easy to limit their own output, and naturally they haul to market and sell their own product. About three-fourths of all the hard coal produced each year is mined by the railroads.

While the remaining one-quarter is mined by so-called "independent" operators, they are independent only in name.

Men who own mines are offered their choice of methods of marketing. They may ship their coal and sell it themselves. If they adopt this course they find the freight rates are inordinately high. Rates on hard coal are from two to three times those charged per ton mile on soft coal, says the United States Industrial Commission. A large firm of miners, Coxe Brothers & Co., carried their complaint to the interstate commerce commission in a notable case, and that commission, finding the rates exessive, ordered a reduction. The order was never complied with. To protect themselves Coxe Brothers & Co. built a short railroad of their own, the Delaware, Susquehanna and Schuylkill. Thus they forced their way into the railway pool, and now they have joined the combination.

If an operator attempts to stand out against the combination he is not only charged excessive freight rates, but he has difficulty in securing cars in which to send his coal to market, this difficulty becoming almost insuperable if he cuts prices at tide-water.

Naturally, individual operators have sought peace. They have been compelled to seek peace. Virtually all of them have adopted the alternative method of shipping and marketing their output. The railroads, which for years have been trying to break up the independent operator system so there should be no competition, no cutting of prices, have given them inducements to "come in."

These inducements take the form of a large per cent. of the selling price of the coal. Years ago operators received only 55 per cent. of the selling price. That was raised to 60 per cent. Last year the railroads, being eager to perfect their monopoly combination, offered 65 per cent., but bound the operator to sign contracts to ship over none but the line with which they had the agreement during the entire life of their properties, Virtually every operator has accepted these terms.

By such means the entire output of hard coal has been brought under the direct control of the railway companies. These railways now mine from seventy-five to eighty per cent. of the output, a much larger share than formerly, because in pursuance of their policy of shutting out competition they have found it advisable to buy up many of the independent properties, and the individual owners have found it prudent to sell. The remaining twenty or twenty-five per cent. is not hauled to market by the railroads as common carriers at so much per hundred pounds, but the roads take the coal, carry it to tidewater, sell it along with their own product at prices fixed by themselves, restrained only by the competition of a different and inferior article, soft coal, and turn over to the producer his stipulated share.

If this does not constitute a monopoly and a restraint of trade in the eyes of the law it would be difficult to say what would.

The Sherman anti-trust law was framed for the especial purpose of suppressing just such combinations in restraint of interstate trade. If that statute is not good for the suppression of such practices, contrary to economic law, injurious to public policy and violative of the moral code, it is good for nothing.

These men have formed a combination by which they do with the property of a hundred corporations and firms precisely what they would do if one corporation owned the whole anthracite field and all the railroads leading into it. Good lawyers say they could be prosecuted under the common law if there were no Sherman law in existence. But the Sherman law was designed to aid society in protecting itself against such practices, to put in concrete form that which had long been recognized as a well-established principle of the common law and public policy.

Is it to be a dead letter? The answer lies with President Roosevelt and Attorney General Knox. In a fortnight, if they will, they may obtain ample evidence upon which the federal courts may be successfully prayed to issue injunctions.

Anthracite coal is almost as much a common necessity as wheat and bread. The conditions surrounding its production—a limited field, equal to a tract twenty-two miles square; the superiority of the fuel for domestic and all city consumption; the entire absence of foreign competition—have for several years invited the efforts and stimulated the ambitions of men who thrive by monopoly. At last the monopoly has been perfected. And it is the most complete, the most absolute monopoly in an article of widespread use to be found in the whole world.

Wilshire's Compressed Yeast.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE:

Dear Sir,—Can you tell me the difference between "shooting the chutes" and taking subscriptions for your Magazine? Well, I should hope not, for there is none, to speak of. In both cases, the further you go, the swifter you glide.

As you see, I am "corralling" all kinds and conditions of men and women, too!

I simply whisper to them, "He was suppressed by the machine—not exactly suppressed, you know, but *compressed.*" Sometimes I whisper it across the continent—sometimes across Brooklyn bridge, or North River, or whatever happens to be between us.

"Who is suppressed, or compressed?" they always ask — for while

necessity is the mother of invention, curiosity is the grandmother and all the rest of the family, including the sisters and the cousins and the aunts.

But no, not *all*. One dear old woman, whose ears need fixing, calmly asked, "Whose compressed yeast is that?"

"Wilshire's!" I promptly answered. Then I made her wise, and showed her how that yeast would not stay compressed, but was always rising and running over any pan that tried to hold it. "Land sakes!" she exclaimed, "Put me down for a cake—I mean a copy!"

Sometimes the future subscribers are recalcitrant, as it were, and act a bit coy—manifesting an assumed lack of interest in the proceedings—like a young girl who feels that she is about to be kissed for the first time. But as a last resort, a kind of summer resort, as it were, I show them your picture, whose bashful smile and incipient wink speak all languages. That always settles the business, and another name is added to your list.

In some instances I have told truths that proved to be misleading from no fault of mine. They were told, however, "with the best of intentions," as the fire-brand in the "cab" of the post-office machine remarked, when he sent the "Challenge" *to blazes*—or tried to. But really now, he did set it *blazing*, didn't he? And there isn't water enough to put it out in the whole political tank.

I tackled a policeman who landed last week, and got a reprimand for not getting a "shine," because he "could not bear to part with any of the owld sod." He showed no interest whatever till, with the tragic solemnity of a sergeant refusing a drink while on duty, I tipped him a real boggy wink, and whispered, "But, Pat, he is '*under the British Crown*,' and we must get him out before he is crushed!"

"That we must," exclaimed Pat, "take me name, but yez must give me time—fur me wages is held back by them what guv me de job, an' put me on de foorce."

"That I will," said I—and you will find his name on the list. If you have any with green binding, send it to him, just to keep him from getting homesick.

Most of these people whose names I send, do not take kindly to new things, as a rule. They prefer the old ways, and the old magazines that they know. But when they realize the real fascinations of "Wilshire's" they are like the Irishman who said, "By fortune, oi kin resist anything but timp-ta-tion." And so it goes. The net result is that they are coming in like flies for the molasses—and but few of them get away. See that you hold fast to them after you get them.

In converting them, my strongest card, as a rule, is the first half of your motto, "Let the Nation Own the Trusts." Three different converts said, "Let us begin with the steel trust—there is more in it." They think that when the people own the trusts, the other half of your motto, "Prosperity and Happiness for All," will take good care of itself.

The names I send you are likely to be tubers, and each will probably send you soon some "sprouts" of his own. Hoping you may never be depressed by being suppressed or compressed.

Faithfully yours,

ALASKA.

"Teddy's" Innovation.

President Roosevelt has put his coachman and footman into the most showy livery ever seen at the White House, although compared with the liveries of many private establishments there is nothing extraording about it. The men wear white, tight-fitting doeskin knee-breeches, patent-leather top boots and blue-cloth coats, ornamented with silver buttons. They wear tall collars, white ties and high hats ornamented with the regulation red, white and blue cockade. The liveries are said to be very neat and in exceedingly good taste.—N.Y. Commercial.

Now I do not object to "Teddy" having his coachmen wear livery, any more than I object to "Teddy" himself wearing a silk hat. I recognize that there are classes in this country, and I think it rank hypocrisy to pretend

differently, and to think we are obviating the evil by objecting to its outward and visible signs. As long as we have economic inequality it will exhibit itself by some easily seen label. There was a time when the possession of a horse identified a gentleman, but horses are so plenty and cheap now it may be that, for a while, the automobile will perform the function for the twentieth century "gentlemen."

The people who object to men in livery should not curse the livery, but the social system that causes the necessity of a livery.

Carnegie's Warning.

DOWNEY, CAL., June 7th, 1902.

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:

Enclosed please find clipping from Los Angeles Herald, of May 5th.

Mr. Carnegie seems to take issue with your article on "The Solution of the Trust Problem," in the Challenge, of June 20, 1901. (Reprinted in this uumber, July).

To my mind, this article, "The Solution of the Trust Problem," is a teller, and wherever opportunity presents itself, I drop a copy.

I still have a supply, about a foot deep, which I draw from when there is good probability that the seed used will fall on fertile soil.

Hope to hear your reply in the next issue of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE.

Fraternally yours,
B. P. PATTEN.

(Following is the clipping referred to)

"The fashion of trusts has but a short season longer to run, and then some other equally vain device may be expected to appear when the next period of depression arrives; but there is not the slightest danger that serious injury can result to the sound principles of business from any or all of these movements." This expression is not the thought of an ordinary observer. It is the judgment of the man best qualified, of all American citizens, perhaps, to speak upon the subject in question.

Andrew Carnegie, who thus expresses himself, is positive in the belief that the trust is a transitory business device. He goes to the extent of saying that "It is simply ridiculous for a party of men to meet in a room and attempt by passing resolutions to change the great laws which govern human affairs." And hence this warning: "The only people who have reason to fear the trusts are those foolish enough to enter into them; the consumer and the transporter, not the manufacturer and the railway owner, are to reap the harvest."

As the trusts are certainly a present success, judging from all accounts of the dividends they pay, it is evident that Mr. Carnegie looks for a collapse, in the not far distant future. It seems reasonable, indeed, that such astounding trust expansion as we now witness must end in disaster. Without such ultimate result all the known laws of business, and of human affairs generally, will be demonstrated fallacies.

It will be the part of wisdom for business men to heed Carnegie's warning, and be in position to "stand from under" when the trusts begin to tumble.

This theory of Carnegie's, that the trusts are an ephemeral fashion for business men, like the prevailing style of shirt waists worn by the ladies, is not a new theory by any means. The trusts have been styled ephemeral ever since they were born, but they live on just the same. You may call winter an ephemeral thing because you know the summer heat will dissipate it. But if you go through twenty summers and then it don't melt, you may finally come to the conclusion that there has been a change in climatic conditions.

Now this is the very position. There was a time when a business monopoly was ephemeral, and you could always count upon natural laws finally acting to dissolve them. That day has past. The business climate has changed. Ice will never melt as long as the temperature stays below the freezing point. Trusts will never dissolve as long as competition is too fierce to allow a business to exist unless entered by monopoly.

There will, undoubtedly, be a time when times become depressed and when the trusts cannot pay dividends, but that will not cause them to disintegrate. In fact, there will be far more reason for business to consolidate in bad times than in good times, because "over-production" is the cause of low prices and the consequent necessity of combinations. Nobody, but a few fatuous Carnegies, today is doubting that the "trusts are here to stay." The doubt some have is, "Are We here to stay."

WE and the TRUST cannot see room on this earth for both of us.—H.G.W.

Light from the Cane Brakes.

(Copy of a letter to Mr. Smith.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA., March 12th, 1902.

THOS. J. SMITH, ESQ.,
22 Worcester Sq., Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir,—I have read your letter in Mr. Wilshire's Magazine for February, requesting to know, since Socialism is inevitable, since it is a thing which will necessarily come to pass by natural laws, why we should not "let things take their course."

As I happen to have been doing some thinking along those lines myself, I have thought you might be interested to know the reasons which offer themselves to my mind for not "letting things take their course."

I may express them, briefly, in these words, that our thinking, our studying, our reading, our talking, all our acts for the propagation of Socialism are part of the natural law or process by which it is being evolved; and therefore that WE CANNOT, WE ARE NOT FREE to "let things take their course." The same law which has led you so far as to take an interest in Socialism will lead you inevitably to follow up that interest, to become convinced that Socialism is good, and to devote yourself to its propagation.

To "let things take their course," according to your conception, would really be to oppose and resist this natural law which, asserting itself in and through us, urges us to think, study, read, talk and work for the propagation of Socialism. The natural law that to live we must eat, may by certain considerations be resisted for a certain length of time, but we know that no consideration whatever will enable man to desist eating indefinitely when he can procure food. Therefore we say that eating is inevitable, that it is a thing which men will inevitably be led to do by natural laws.

In a similar way, in regard to Socialism, Mr. Wilshire's statement is correct; it is inevitable, because the natural law by which we are being brought to it is sufficiently strong to overcome all prejudice against it, root out all ignorance of it and crush down every effort to obstruct, impede or divert its course. Our prejudice against it, our objection, resistance, I might even say repugnance to it, due sometimes to a misconception of its objects, sometimes to ignorance of present conditions, sometimes to self interest in the existing competitive system, are all natural; but the law from which they proceed, though natural, is being rapidly overcome by a stronger law which is not any less natural. It is natural that we should require some time to study and think over this new doctrine before embracing it unreservedly; but when the facts on which it rests are fully and clearly brought to our mind, we can no more hesitate to concede its righteousness, we have no more freedom to accept or reject it, than we have to accept or reject the proposition that two and two make four.

Everything is natural; every act of man is put forth by a natural force, and according to a natural law; but in the force with which Nature asserts herself through the animate and inanimate world, there are different degrees. Accustomed as we are to consider as natural laws those assertions, mainly, of Nature which we see in the inanimate world, we lose sight of the fact, sometimes, that she asserts herself by manifestations equally certain and fixed in the actions of men. It is only on account of the multiplicity and complexity of human actions, and the subtlety of the natural forces by which they are bodied forth, that we still refer to them as if they proceeded from man as a distinct and separate entity, independent of Nature. There was a time when men attributed to the sea, the wind, the sun and many other natural agencies something not unlike our conception of man as a free agent; and invoked their pity, their mercy, or their favors as we still do those of the Divinity. In our own day, there are men who, in fits of passion, will sometimes act as if they ascribed to inanimate objects a measure of responsibility for their obedience or resistance to natural laws. The "Englishman in Paris" described by Washington Irving exhibits well this disposition by getting angry with "sundry refractory pieces of furniture in his room." Even such a man as Henry Clay in the nineteenth century made the statement that "pestilence and famine, for wise though inscrutable purposes, are the direct inflictions of Divine Providence;" as if God should directly interfere with his natural laws, to administer punishment as a human father might do to his disobedient children; or as if by any measure of invocation we could induce him to change the laws of nature by which pestilences and famine are produced.

The growth of science, the application of hygienic principles to life, the adoption of sanitary methods in building, in matters of sewerage and drainage and other departments of life, have proved far more effectual than all the prayers of Christendom against these "Divine" inflictions. We are ceasing more and more to

ascribe success and fortune directly to God, or our misfortunes and failures directly to the Devil; as of old our ancestors grew less and less disposed to ascribe the operations of nature to human agency, or to people the woods, seas, lakes, rivers and prairies with nymphs and goddesses. Such works as Montesquieu's "Spirit of the Laws" and Herbert Spencer's "Sociology" have done much to obliterate the unfortunate mistake of attributing to human wickedness what is due to natural laws of inherited disposition, early surroundings, education, association and circumstances generally. They have served to broaden our minds, to make us more tolerant of each other's failings, prejudices, ignorance, mistakes, opinions and beliefs; and at the same time to point out the lines according to which we must lay our course.

No one, however, was ever more pronounced or more broad in his ethical views than Benjamin Franklin. He was so strongly impressed with the operation of natural laws through man that he did not see how anything could possibly be inherently wrong, and thought the distinction between vice and virtue was more artificial than real. He saw, in all the acts of man, so clearly, so forcibly, the natural laws by which they are impelled, that he traced them to Nature, as their fountain-head, and not to any intelligent, free entity distinct from or independent of Nature. To him there was no more inherent wickedness in the criminal than there is in the wind which sometimes kills thousands of people by blowing down houses and overturning boats. But as we take measures to protect ourselves against the ravages of the wind; so as an organized society, or as individuals, we take measures to protect ourselves against those acts which we call criminal. The law which impels men to commit crimes is a law as natural as that which breeds pestilence. There is a law by which modern civilization effectually protects itself against pestilence; and there must be a natural law according to which precautions, measures of a social origin, can protect us effectually against that moral pestilence which is called crime. Socialism comes as near being that law applied as anything else known to our civilization.

But these various and general observations which I have been led to make, I know not why, for I fear it might be better if I had not made them, are not what I started out with the idea of saying in this letter.

Of course, I think I have some way shown you that, as we cannot resist working for the propagation of Socialism, therefore we must of necessity not "let it take its course," according to your views. But I want, if I can, to give you a concrete illustration of the reason why we should propagate Socialism, although we know it is eventually inevitable.

We know, for instance, that seed corn planted in the ground will sprout and grow, but we know also that by soaking the corn in water for a day or two, it will sprout sooner than its ordinary required time to sprout when planted dry. Therefore if, knowing that, by talking Socialism and propagating it in various ways, we can make it come quick, we don't do so, we are like the farmer who, knowing well that by soaking his corn in water before planting it will sprout sooner, takes no steps to do so, although anxious to have his corn sprout soon. There are some natural laws over which our frettings, our discussions, our speech-making, will have no effect, but there are other operations, which, while natural and inevitable by the laws of inanimate things, can nevertheless be largely accelerated or retarded by our thoughts, our words, our actions.

Henry Clay's speeches to the corn stalks in the fields, Thomson's praises of Nature through the Seasons, Byron apostrophizing the "deep and dark blue ocean," will never change a single one of Nature's dumb operations. But Demosthenes thundering at the Athenians, Patrick Henry spouting out his fiery eloquence in the ears of the American colonists—who shall say how much their "natural" eloquence accelerated or retarded the natural course of things. Except for the agitation of a few men of brains during the periods antecedent to the Declaration of Independence, we might never have had an American Revolution, a glorious Fourth of July, or a George Washington.

Yours truly,

ERASTE VIDRINE.

Wages Compared.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie contends that the condition of the workingman is better now than in former times, if the cost of living is taken into consideration, says "A Veteran Observer" in New York Times. This, I think, needs an answer from some one more intimately familiar with the everyday life of the wage earner as it was half a century ago and as it now is. Mr. Carnegie prefers to run his comparisons back

for a generation, which, I suppose, means to him about thirty-five to forty years. This, I think, is unfair, as it stops right in the period of the greatest war in our history and the greatest disturbance of values we have ever known.

During that period of financial chaos the price of labor went up with everything else. Then I could earn at my trade as a machinist $25 or $30 per week, and as high as 50 cents an hour was paid laborers as helpers. Not much more than half as much is now paid in the same line.

Any just and fair comparison of this kind must run back to the decade before the civil war, and I propose, with the kindness of The Times, to make a few comparisons between the two periods, similar in many respects, while those of Mr. Carnegie are as unlike as any two that could be named in our history as a nation.

In 1852 I had finished my apprenticeship and commenced work as a machinist near the city of Waterbury, Conn., in the employ of a concern that afterward became one of the largest corporations of the country. I earned $2.50 a day. My board cost $3 per week, which included washing, ironing and mending, and I was within five minutes' walk of where I worked. In 1854 I came to New York and worked at my trade for $20 per week; board on St. John's park, within five blocks of my work, $4.50 per week. This was not a mechanics' boarding house, but quite tony in those days. In 1857 I married and commenced housekeeping on Bergen Heights. We had four rooms on the second floor, for which we paid $6 per month, the family who owned the house and ourselves, six persons, being the sole occupants. It would be hard to find now as good accommodation at double the rent. The cost of living was not higher than now, fuel about the same, flour a little higher, butter, eggs and milk much cheaper, meat at least 25 per cent cheaper, church rates and doctors' charges hardly more than half what they now are.

As regards clothing and other expenses, in 1852 I could buy an all wool, custom made suit of clothes for $25 to $30 which were better made and which would last twice as long as one you would pay about as much for now. You could then buy a broadcloth circular cloak for $15, or a shawl, which was in fashion then, for $9 or $10. These were as dressy and as serviceable as any twenty-five dollar overcoat of today. Let me remind Mr. Carnegie that we had penny daily newspapers then, as now; some of the stage lines carried their passengers for 3 cents and the Brooklyn cars theirs for 4 cents. It might interest others to know that a ticket to the theatre or circus cost a quarter and a good cigar or a glass of ale 3 cents. There were plenty of good bakeries run by clean, respectable American families where pure food could be got at prices below what is now charged for worthless trash.

In the particular line of work in which I have been employed the number of workmen has never been equal to the demand, and still the wages are constantly being lowered and are now about two-thirds what they were in 1855 to 1860.

I would like to ask Mr. Carnegie if he considers the prevailing rate of wages, about 25 cents per hour, a just and equitable compensation for the skill, judgment and hard mental and muscular labor required for the duties of the up-to-date machinist or general mechanic. And yet some of the largest corporations are advertising for men at this rate and for ten hours each day for day or night work.

If Mr. Carnegie, whom I greatly respect, will use his splendid abilities to educate the wage earner so that he can live honestly and respectably on the prevailing rate of wages or show how he can obtain better pay, he will earn the gratitude of the most important portion of our people, the hard workers, whom he himself characterizes as the most self respecting body of men he has ever known. Should he do this there is no danger of his dying disgraced even if he should die rich.—Cleveland Citizen.

Brute Force Has Had Its Day.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 25, 1902.

MY DEAR WILSHIRE:

Why do the newspapers and magazines fight so shy of the Labor Problem if there is a word said that looks "Socialistic" in the article that is submitted to them? This is a question, too, that need not be confined to what is known as the "capitalistic press" but may be applied to seventy per cent. of the trades union publications. I have been extremely cautious in the matter, and rarely mention the word "Socialism," and yet I have have had a number of articles returned with the remark that "your article is too strong an argument for Socialism." Are these publishers afraid to present the TRUTH to their readers? As a matter of fact, I do not know whether there was an "argument" in the

whole lot; but the erudition of these editors gave me this positive information. Now I am going to make a few remarks that I will leave to your readers to place.

After many years of investigation into the social and industrial condition of the people, I came to the conclusion that the more they want the more they will get. In other words, your necessities and ambitions will bring these results. Discontent is the lever that moves the world.

History gives us no clue of any ruling class having voluntarily loosened its hold on any class that it has controlled. So you must not suppose that the capitalists will let go their grip upon Labor until the laborers unite and secure their own freedom. For the past seventy-five years the "laboring classes" have been securing an education, and they are coming to know their power and strength. What they need at the present time is unification of action. Remember the power of the ballot—it is more effective than the bullet. Brute force has had its day, and now reason must hold its sway.

The whole advantages of labor-saving machinery have been monopolized by the capitalists—thus the rich have been enabled to become richer, while the poor are becoming more deeply enmeshed in their poverty each year.

This is a quotation that we hear very frequently: "Labor was never so prosperous," etc. It always strikes me when I hear my learned friends get rid of this well-rounded phrase that they must conclude that labor is woefully ignorant! Possibly we are; to have been so credulous so many ages would indicate that we are.

To those that do not understand "what the workingmen want," I think that the better way will be to proceed and tell them in the fewest words possible. The workingmen of the world ARE AFTER THEIR RIGHTS—and they mean to get them in due time. They are the PRODUCERS OF ALL WEALTH, and it belongs to them. The foundation of ancient slavery was the same that has been the foundation of the wage-slavery of the present time—the simple wish to use the bodily powers of another person as a means of ministering to one's own ease and pleasure, and to possess more than their own labor could produce, and to escape from this necessary toil. THAT is what has impelled men to seek in some way to control the labor of their fellowmen. THAT is the secret of this power that the Capitalists have throughout the world. In the midst of all these alarms there appears to be no one with the strengthened mind that is strenuous enough to take the leadership. The so-called "leaders" are mere pigmies and are too easily influenced by the first offer from the capitalist that will better their own condition. 'Tis true, alas, that his own "class" will not support him in his endeavors, but that is not a sufficient excuse for "the leader" to abandon his cause. It is true, unfortunately, that wherever a strong mind has appeared in the labor movement, that the capitalist has been the first to recognize this strength or character, and, taking advantage of the man's talents, has at once taken him into HIS employ—then we hear of another "self-ma'e man" appearing to the public eye. If Labor treated its own representatives honorably and decently, it might have the use of its own best talents—for that is what Labor MUST HAVE in this matter. Its attorneys or agents MUST BE THE BEST in order to win its case before the Court of Public Opinion.

This is where I will rest, and ask the question: Have I made any argument for Socialism?

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM S. WAUDBY

Kind Words From Watson

THOMSON, GA., May 9, 1902

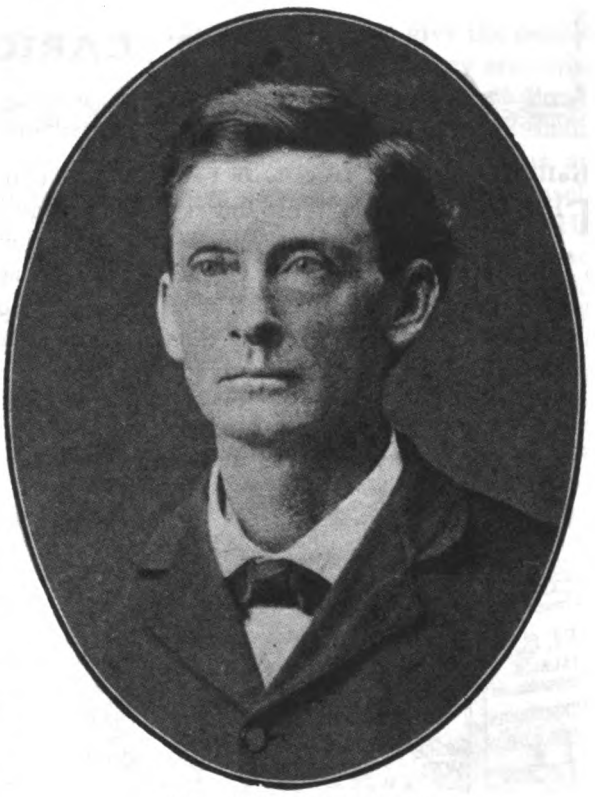
MY DEAR WILSHIRE:

For almost a year I have been a subscriber to your magazine and its constant reader. I find it one of the most independent, stimulating and instructive publications that comes to my home. It is a rare treat to find a magazine so free from cant, hypocrisy and cowardice and so full of mental and moral manhood.

Yours truly,

THOS. E. WATSON.

[Hon. Thomas E. Watson is one of the most prominent of the Democrats of the United States who have sacrificed party prominence and favor to take up the cause of the working class. Although he had been elected to the Georgia legislature as a Democrat and was chosen as that state's presidential elector in 1888 by the same party, he espoused the doctrine of the Populist party, at that time the great reform movement. In 1891 Mr. Watson was elected to Congress on the Populist ticket, and was the party's nominee for that office in 1892 and 1894, although defeated in both elections. In 1896 he was nominated by the Populists for Vice-President. Mr. Watson is the author of "The Story of France" and "Napoleon Bonaparte."]



HON. THOMAS E. WATSON

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN

Fallen Out of Step

Michael Augustine Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, who died in that city last May, belonged distinctly to the conservative wing of the Catholic church, and although his great ability joined to an exquisite sweetness of temper gave him tremendous influence and popularity, I cannot but feel that he had fallen somewhat out of step with the growing army of progressive thinkers within the church.

How To Help Wilshire's

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CURRENT CARICATURE

Shall They Come Into Our Parlor?

THAT the Danish West Indies will get some benefit from annexation to the United States owing to having their sugar and other productions enter the American market free of duty is admitted, but that any real advantage would come to them by the move I very much doubt. If they can retain complete local autonomy then they have little to lose and something to gain, but if they are to deliver themselves over to some Republican carpet-bag Governor-General then they had better look before they take the chance on the American water-cure for rebellious colonists. If there is any one single civilized country that can treat its inferior races with the brutality that the United States does, then I am in ignorance. We have exterminated our Indian wards and if the Fillipinos were of the same racial type as our Indians, they, too, might look for the same fate. Our government is based solely upon a money-making system and a race standing in the way of the system is sure of extermination. Stay where you are, my dear Danes, if you value your health, your wealth or your liberty. If you don't, some of you will be joining me up here in Toronto seeking freedom.

HE CAN DO AS HE PLEASES.
Will he come into our Kindergarten?
—Minneapolis Journal.

* *

Vaccinating the Trust.

Doctor Roosevelt is to vaccinate the Trust octopus with Government Control on the principle that if it 'takes' then the Trust will not catch the severer disease, Government Ownership. I don't think that the Trust will ever 'take' seriously enough of Government *Control* to ever be immune to Government *Ownership*, notwithstanding al good Doctor Ted's intentions. If Doctor Teddy could only be brought to realize that he himself is the real patient upon whom the Trust is trying experiments instead of *vice versa*, he would have accomplished a great step toward his political education. However, such introspection from Ted is as great an impossibility as it would be to the fly that thinks he is moving the wheel.

For twenty years the Trusts have

been sheltering themselves from any real danger that may come up in the way of public sentiment for Public Ownership by disappearing in the dust of a Supreme Court prosecution. It always ends the same way. The court finds after a year or two of legal delay that it has no jurisdiction. By that time public sentiment has died out and the whole matter is dropped. Exactly the same thing will follow with this Roosevelt Fire-Cracker Investigation now going on. The only tangible result will be the formation of a legal New Jersey *Corporation* to own the properties of the Armours, Swifts and Hammonds.

The Beef Trust is about the only one of the big combniations left which has not assumed the corporate form, and this is probably owing to the number of personalities of considerable force in the business who originated the business and built it up and have not yet had time to die and leave their businesses to heirs who have no false pride about the honor of the family being embalmed in a can of beef packed by the very right hand of the founder of the House of Hog, Steer & Co.

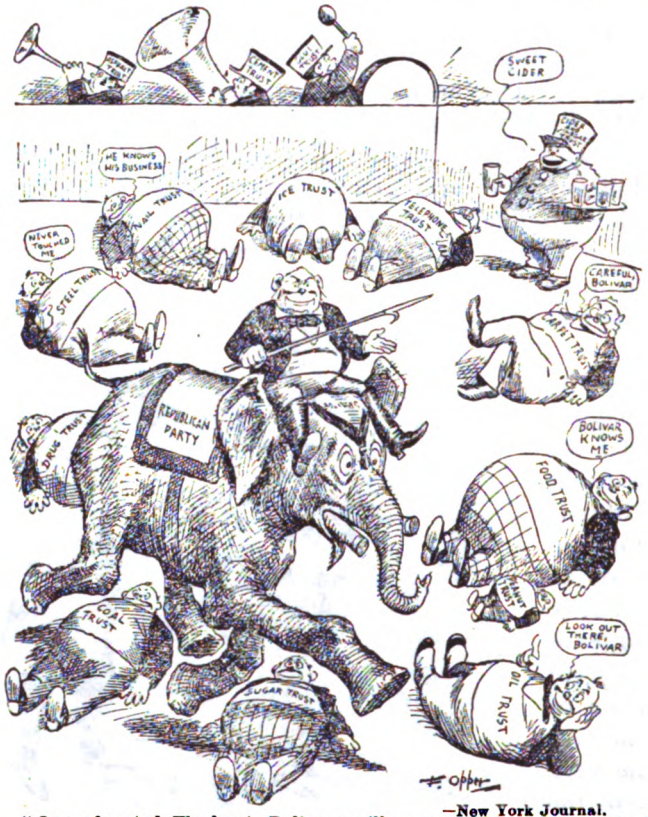
I have no doubt but that the combination even as it now exists with each one of the packing-houses a separate entity, can defy the courts to prove them guilty of illegality in their procedure, but even so, they must always be living with the sword of Damocles hanging over them and always liable to be dropped whenever political emergencies force a Roosevelt to press the thread.

The great wonder is the patience of the people to put up with this tom-foolery year after year. I don't wonder at the Roosevelts feeding them on such pap. Why should they give the people anything else as long as they are satisfied with pap? I even acquit President Teddy of knowing what a sham fight he is engaged in. Ted has an enormous capacity for fooling himself whenever there is a fight going on. He thinks that his excursion to Cuba and back a few summers ago is going to send him down the roll of fame with Leonidas, Horatio, Napoleon and General Samar Smith. And why should he not think that the Republican Party is in earnest? Simply because he is a

VACCINATING THE TRUSTS.
Give the doctor time; his Patient has a lot of Arms that need attention.
—Minneapolis Journal.

man of such limited imagination that he never was or will be able to read between the lines of the Republican Party platforms. They have been for years declaring that they would "abolish" the trust. Now they have given up that cry and have a new one, they "regulate" the trust. If Teddy believed that the Republican Party was honest in its declaration that it was to "abolish" the trust, then he certainly must be given credit for believing them

capable of performing the easier job, apparently, of "regulating" the trust. The more experience I have with men, the more I credit them with stupidity regarding social questions rather than dishonesty. Teddy certainly says and does things that, if they were done by a man with Hanna's mental calibre, I would be compelled to credit to dishonesty. As it is, I simply regard him as preternaturally dull.



—New York Journal.

"Our educated Elephant, Bolivar, will now show how he can trot around the ring without stepping on the members of the troupe. The intelligent animal knows that if he hurts any of them it will go hard with him. Meanwhile sweet cider will be dispensed by the Cider and Vinegar Trust, and the band will rattle out the frisky air entitled 'The Way We've Got That Elephant Trained is a Wonderful Sight to See!'"

It is said that he now has a certainty of re-nomination. I doubt it. If he were simply a passive stupidity he would be safe, but to be "strenuous," and at the same time lacking in judgment, is a pretty difficult life for any politician to lead to a successful issue.

Teddy will Never have to Apologize.

"You may look through the Bible from cover to cover," said President Roosevelt in a recent letter to a Baltimore Epworth League, "and nowhere will you find a line that can be construed into an apology for the man of brains who sins against the light."

There is no question that Mr. Morgan has by his steamship merger done more in one week to shake the old school of political economy in their belief in the free play of competition being all that is necessary to regulate industry than all the Socialist propaganda has done since it first started. Men laugh at a theory but they do not laugh at Morgan's latest coup. Ten years ago I lectured before the Fabian Society in London, England, and predicted the dominance of the American Trust in European industry and was laughed at for my pains. Now, with the Fabian Socialists laughing at such a theory, what could I expect of the man on the street? As a matter of fact, the man on the street being more conversant with business affairs than the scholastics of the Fabian Society, took me considerably more seriously. I admit that all the Fabians did not scoff at me, and as Bernard Shaw says, the late William Clarke was conversant with American industrial development. However, he was not at all representative of the

Fabian philosophy. My position even today, supported by facts rather than theories, is not accepted as good by Bernard Shaw and Sidney Webb. Even as great a thinker as Engels was incredulous of the soundness of my position in my talks with him in 1891. He considered the progress of the Socialist Party in Germany as of far greater importance to Socialism than the movements of Mr. Morgan & Co. I can mention but two in England who were in full accord with my views. They were H. M. Hyndman and Eleanor Marx Aveling (who died a few years ago), the gifted daughter of Karl Marx. I tried to impress my views of the tremendous bearing the American Trusts were to have on European politics upon a number of English statesmen, but while they gave me the most attentive ear they all appeared to consider my prognostications unfounded. I mention in this category the Right Hon. James Bryce, who has since written me acknowledging that my theories enunciated eleven years ago to him have since been substantiated in a remarkable way. However, Mr. Bryce has always seen the *danger* of the trust, but even as it is developed today he fails to see its *political significance*. The man in England I most looked to eleven years ago to appreciate the trust situation was Sir Charles Dilke, and he did. Of all the men in public life in England today Sir Charles is admittedly the one with the broadest scope to his views, and I am in receipt this week of a very kind offer from him to contribute to this magazine provided I can suggest a subject that he feels competent to handle. Sir Charles has the modesty of genius. I simply wish him to write upon "Mr. Morgan's Influence upon World Politics." Certainly no one is more competent to handle the subject of world politics better than Sir Charles. Mr. Morgan is such a simple sum in plain arithmetic that his addition to a known quantity should not enlarge the theme beyond Sir Charles' great and acknowledged competency.

* *

Where the Laborer Gets Off

By the workings of the competitive wage system the workingman can never get any more wages than will simply give him the average living determined by the standard of life demanded by his fellow laborers. Suppose this standard allows him a wage that buys, say, 3 lbs. of meat, 3 lbs. of sugar, 3 lbs. of flour, and 3 yds. of

"JOHN BULL SEEIN' THINGS."
—Minneapolis Journal.

cloth. Suppose that he considers that it is not possible for him to diminish any of these quantities and live. That he will starve rather than lose any part of the above quota. That this is his irreducible minimum. It is evident then that if the price of meat goes up he must either get a larger wage to support such a raise or he must buy his other commodities at a less price or stop work. As money wages cannot permanently increase, being theoretically based upon the labor cost of extracting the gold upon which the money is based, then the only chance for him being able to continue work and live upon the same standard as formerly is for him to manage to get the price of his sugar or his flour or his cloth reduced sufficiently to offset the increased cost of his beef. If the prices of these commodities were determined in a free competitive market there would be no margin for him to work upon, but if the prices are determined by a monopoly which bases its price upon the law of "all the traffic will bear," then he can force a reduction in price in one or all of these commodities that will enable him to buy the same quantity for a less price and so have that much more left in his hands to meet the higher price of beef. Upon this theory it is seen that the men who control the price of articles of necessity for the consumer have it in their power to capture the surplus he produces above and beyond his necessities just in proportion to the relative strength of their industrial position.

—New York Journal.

The greater the necessity of the article the greater is the economic power possessed by the controller of it. Coal oil is a great necessity but it is not so great as beef. A man may go without coal oil but he thinks he must have meat. Water is even of more immediate neccssity than meat, and certainly more than coal oil. Therefore, if Mr. Rockefeller had control of the water of the nation he would be in a much stronger position than he is by controlling the coal oil supply, or would be if he controlled the meat supply.

R CHARLES DILKE *on* THE TRUST

$1.00 per year 10 cents

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

Features for August, 1902

EDITORIAL

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Madden Above the Law - - - - - - - W. H. TUTTLE
Evolution: Political and Economic - HON. HILARY A. HERBERT
Why Belgians Are Restless - HELOISE COMTESS D'ALEMCOURT
Some Facts About Railroads - - - - - W. C. GREEN
Truth at Any Cost - - - - - - CORNELIUS MALONEY
Shaw and Fabianism - - - - - - E. BELFORT BAX
The Despotism of the Dollar - - - - WALTER S. LOGAN
The Paris Commune - - - - - - - FRANK PIXLEY
The Science of Modern Socialism - - DR. KNOPFNAGEL
Twelve O'clock at Eleven - - - - H. M. HYNDMAN
The Art of Swimming - - - - - - G. H. CORSAN

CORRESPONDENCE — POETRY — MISCELLANEOUS

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. Gaylord Wilshire, Editor

AUGUST, 1902

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"Let the Nation Own the Trusts"

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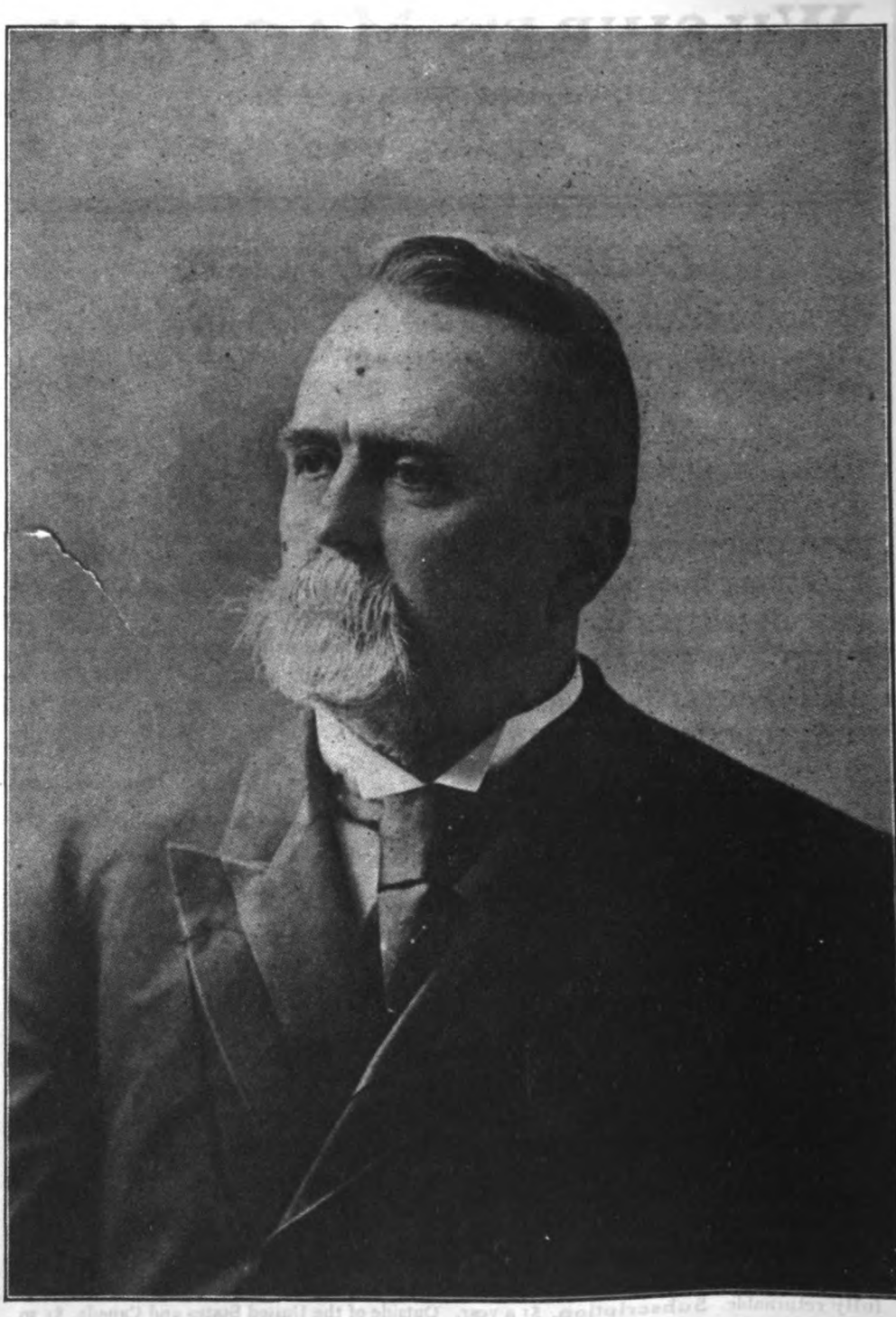

HON. HILARY A. HERBERT

(See Article on Page 20.)

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

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A PROPHECY OF ELEVEN YEARS AGO

[There are very few men in public life who can revive a political article written eleven years ago that will look as if it was written yesterday. Here is an excerpt from my preface to the American edition of the FABIAN ESSAYS published by the Humboldt Publishing Co. of New York, in June, 1891. I challenge some of the people who are saying that Wilshire is a dreamer to produce some of their 11-year-old dreams and compare them with this one of mine.—H. G. W.]

TO the American reader of these essays, it may prove a matter of surprise to learn that English Socialists find in the United States the most pronounced economic phenomena, which, to their eyes at least, seem to prognosticate the near approach of the coming social revolution. I refer to the "Trusts."

It may be remarked, however, that while they consider the "Trust" as a symptom that the competitive system is in its last throes, they wait for the appearance of similar industrial combinations in England to stir Englishmen to a revolt; and that Americans, as if to square the account of '76, are to learn revolution from their trans-Atlantic cousins.

By "revolution" is to be understood, of course, not violence, but a complete change of system; and by "revolutionists," those who advocate such a complete change. As Lassalle reminded us years ago, trifling reforms may be, and often have been, accompanied by excessive bloodshed, while revolutions have worked themselves out in the profoundest tranquility.

It seems to be typical of all social revolutionists that national pride always asserts itself, no matter how much patriotism may be decried as mere racial selfishness whenever discussion arises as to which nation is to be the first to throw off the shackles of capitalism.

The Fabian essayists certainly make out a strong case in England's favor.

The German points with pride to the

million and a half votes polled by the Socialists at the last elections for the Reichstag.

France, the mother of revolutions, sings the Marseillaise.

The Belgian asks but for universal suffrage to show the world what he will do in the way of revolution.

I, as an American Socialist, put forth my patriotic plea in favor of my own country's prospects of being the first to inaugurate the era of industrial emancipation.

There is one point upon which I think all Socialists are agreed, namely, that it is one and the same golden chain that fetters the proletariat of all nations, and that the weakest link in that chain is the measure of the strength of the present social system. Snap but one link in any country, and at the same moment the proletariat of the world are free.

The social revolution, when it does come, must soon be international, (though resting perhaps for a period upon national Socialism). I imagine, for instance, that on gaining universal suffrage, Belgium's proletariat should expropriate the capitalists and inaugurate a successful co-operative commonwealth. Is it possible to conceive that workingmen of all nations would not make a successful demand for the establishment of a like social system in their own respective countries? Moreover, the general industrial condition of the great nations is approximately the same. All complain of overproduction. All are vainly trying to solve the question of the unemployed; in all the tendency to great social change is a marked feature. In all the great capitalists, crushing out their smaller rivals and concentrating wealth into fewer and fewer hands, are the true progenitors of the revolution.

The people of the United States, the nation that certainly furnishes the best educational facilities for demonstrating the advantages of the concentration and crystallization of capital, should naturally and logically be the first to strike for economic freedom. Today, in the United States, 50,000 people, out of a population of over sixty-three millions, own everything worth having in the whole country.

Four men, viz.: Morgan, Astor, Vanderbilt and Rockefeller, practically control, and, what is more important, are rapidly absorbing the wealth of this 50,000. The day is not so very far distant, and a sociologist can predict almost its exact appearance, just as an astronomer calculates the date of an eclipse of the sun, when, if no structural change in society takes place, these four men will be the sole owners of the United States. I think that, if such a state of affairs should come about, no one would differ with me when I say that it would force a reconstruction of society. In other words, the sixty odd millions of people in the United States may now rest undisturbed, and allow a plutocracy of 50,000 to own their country; but when it shall come to having only four own it, patience will cease to be a virtue.

That the tendency of the wealth of the United States is to concentrate into larger and larger masses, held by a constantly diminishing number of capitalists, is not disputed by anyone at all familiar with the statistics of the case. This process continued and followed to its logical conclusion must lead inevitably to Socialism. If Morgan & Co. are not to own the railways and telegraphs, the land and machinery, there can be but one possible successor, viz., the people, as represented by the Government.

The only possible chance of retarding the approach of Socialism, is to stop the tendency of capital to congeal in a few hands. Some plan must be devised to prevent Morgan and Vanderbilt gobbling up more railways; to keep Astor's hands off city lots, and to check Rockfeller's insatiable and omnivorous appetite for industrial plants. It requires but slight intelligence to comprehend that neither a high nor a low tariff, nor free trade, would appreciably effect Vanderbilt's income. Fiscal legislation, whether it takes the form of free coinage of silver, lending money on crops, or increasing paper money until the circulation is $50 or $5,000 per capita, will divert the Pactolian stream which flows into Mr. Morgan's golden reservoir.

Even the nationalization of the railways and telegraphs, although proposed as a reactionary measure calculated to enable farmers, by obtaining lower freight rates, to increase their margin of profit sufficiently to enable them to hold their own as independent producers, would, if put into effect, but precipitate the very event which it is hoped to retard. Governmental ownership of railways would involve the payment of several thousand million dollars to the present owners of railway securities, all of which must seek reinvestment. Senator Carlisle's objection as to the difficulty of raising the money for such a purchase is trivial. The credit of the United States is good enough to float bonds for many times the amount required, although to purchase at their present fancy valuation of watered stocks would be utterly unwise and unnecessary.

The great question to be answered in order to avoid a great unemployed problem, as stated, is for the present owners to find a safe and profitable place to reinvest the thousands of millions of dollars received in exchange for their railways. The channels for profitable investment of such a large amount of money are certainly not visible. It could not be spent in building new oil refineries, as Mr. Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil Trust, is armed with statistics to prove that there are too many oil refineries already. The same blockade to the entrance of fresh capital into the building of more sugar refineries is also sure to be encountered, as Mr. Havemeyer, of that trust, says that he is compelled to shut down part of the refineries already in existence, to prevent the unprofitable over-production which would otherwise ensue. That there is absolutely no chance at all today to invest any considerable amount of capital in building *new* machinery of production in the United States, is a palpable truism with financiers. The only chance for an individual to invest is to purchase existing plants, but that simply is shifting the solving of the investment problem from one capitalist to another, and usually from the large capitalist to the small one.

Nationalization of the railways in the United States would mean the immediate expropriation of all small capitalists by the big ones. If Morgan, Vanderbilt & Co. cannot own railways, they will invest their money, both principal and income, in flour mills, gas works, cotton mills, etc., and the pseudo-owners of those industries will soon be enlisted in the ranks of the proletariat under the banner of Socialism. Nationalization of the railways could not possibly be effected without causing the crystallization of all capital invested in the other industries of the United States in the hands of such a comparatively small

number of owners that the advent of Socialism would certainly be almost instantaneous.

The problem of giving work to the unemployed, although not at present a threatening one in the United States, is, however, destined soon to become one of the utmost importance, and at any time liable to come to the front.

There are, at present, according to Carroll D. Wright's governmental statistics, on an average, over one million able-bodied men in the United States willing to work, yet unable to find employment. The pressure of these upon the ranks of the employed effectually prevents wages rising above the point of mere subsistence. Hence the very fact that we in the United States have such a fertile soil, in such unlimited quantities, such ingenious labor-saving machinery, together with an industrious and intelligent population, tends to make the problem of the unemployed but the more threatening, since these very elements only conduce to an enormous product per capita, with no corresponding methods of distribution. The old-time argument, that our great farming population, with its members all owning their own homes, would always prove an insuparable barrier to Socialism in the United States, is completely out of date nowadays, seeing that the greater part of our farmers are already proletarians, while the few that still own their own farms are hopelessly in debt, and even they are demanding the most Socialistic measures, such as national warehouses for grain, and nationalization of railways. Considering how near at hand is the great social metamorphosis, I would earnestly advise the readers of these exceedingly clever and able essays to give them deepest thought. They express clearly the nature of the crisis through which we are now passing, a crisis in which none who well understand it can fail to be vitally interested. We are now swinging on the hinge of destiny, we are in the transition state of the greatest sociologic event that history has yet recorded Let him who runs, read.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

NEW YORK, May, 1891.

TO OUR 3 MONTHS' TRIAL READERS.

I am sending a large number of copies of this magazine out to new readers who have paid twenty-five cents for a three months' trial subscription. I hope that by the time such people have received and read even one number, let alone the whole three, that they will make up their mind that they cannot afford to be without WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, and will remit one dollar to continue on their subscription for one year beyond the date to which their three months' subscription runs. I think it will be admitted that I am covering a field of economic thought pertaining to the development of industry in the United States that is not so completely dealt with by any other publication.

The Trust is admittedly the great problem up for solution before the American people. It is the duty of every patriotic and thoughtful citizen to get what light he can upon a subject of such tremendous import. Even though the reader may not agree with the solution offered by this magazine, still he cannot help seeing that some solution must be found, and that if some other remedy is not offered, then the people will be forced of necessity to embrace Socialism.

If you feel interested in this magazine and wish to keep posted upon the Trust Problem, then you certainly cannot afford to let your subscription lapse for the sake of saving a dollar bill, the price of a year's subscription.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

THE AMERICAN TRUST IN ENGLAND

SIR CHARLES W. DILKE

LONDON, Eng.,
76 Sloane St., S. W.,
May 29, 1902.

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:

You ask me to write on how British statesmen would meet the American Trust, and on Nationalization of our railways.

I can dismiss the second question easily. The advantage of nationalization of railways would be clear to us were it not that in practice our Parliamentary system would force us to pay far more for the railways than they are worth. We are all for the theory, and yet we cannot carry out the arrangement without committing the country to a heavy loss.

How to meet the American Trust is a different matter. I think that many people who have more right to an opinion than I have are sincerely alarmed. Personally I do not see why we should try to "Meet the American Trust" or do anything but welcome it. Suppose, for example, that our railways were bought up by capital from the United States and managed by American managers, our railway directors retiring into that private life which already, in fact, they, generally speaking, advise. I imagine that we should have better management of our railways, which would be better for this country, and I do not see that we should be likely to incur any sort of damage or loss. I am rather inclined, moreover, to agree with those Socialists who think that the marked tendency toward the control of great enterprises by few hands helps toward that municipalization of some and that nationalization of others which personally I favor.

With kind regards, I am,

Yours very truly,
CHAS. W. DILKE.

P. S.—I have not specially named purchase of British shipping by the United States. So far as it has occurred it has not involved change of nationality of the ship. But should it do so, questions affecting war organization arise which are outside the scope of these observations. From a purely warpoint of view they have in my opinion to be considered and any danger guarded against in advance.—C. W. D.

[Sir Charles is certainly right in imagining that if Mr. Morgan buys the British railways (as he will) then the British may look for much better service than they now suffer from. In fact, I think it is owing to the superior knowledge Americans know they possess about the management of railways, quite as much as the economies that would be effected by a merger of the British railways, that will induce Mr. Morgan to offer sufficiently enticing terms to the British stockholders to sell out to him.

Supposing the railways are now paying three per cent., no doubt Mr. Morgan could make them pay six per cent. This would allow him

to buy them out on a capitalized valuation of fifty per cent. greater than they are now selling for in the open market and still have another fifty per cent. profit for himself.

However, it is not so much the question of superior management as it is the significance of British capitalists selling out to Americans their rights in their own country, that is to me the important social event. Certainly it is a poor consolation to an Englishman to know that his country had to be sold to foreigners in order to be better managed.

The owners of the capital of a country must always be the real masters of it politically as well as financially. If England parts with her capital to Americans, it means that she has become a vassal of the Morgan Syndicate. Economically, it is true, there is no harm to be seen in this, but it can hardly be denied that such a sale will ultimately carry with it far-reaching political results. It hardly seems possible to me that a race as proud as the English would endure to allow their country to remain long in the ownership of foreigners.

However, the question of such an endurance is more psychological than physical, at least it would be so at the beginning. It's strange what humiliation a people will submit to when they are broken into it gradually. The Trusts today own the United States, yet there is not much of any kick about it. The ownership has proceeded so gradually and insidiously that the people have become so accustomed to the coils that they rather like it than otherwise.

If the transition had taken place rapidly there would have been engendered a social revolution to have resisted it. If Washington and his patriot army had been told that they were going through the horrors of Valley Forge simply in order that the United States might some day be handed over intact to Mr. Morgan, does anyone think they would have gone through that winter the way they did? I think not. George Washington would have made terms at once with King George, for he would have considered that despot, with all his faults and tyranny of a personal despotism, as infinitely a safer master than the irresponsible despotism of the Money of Morgan.

It is so with England. If Mr. Morgan should today make a bid for all the capital of England, and the people thought there was the least chance of his making the purchase, there can be no doubt that the most hardened individualist, say Mr. Mallock or Mr. Herbert, would favor Socialism as a refuge from Morgan.

It seems to me that something like this event is going to happen to England and force her to consider Socialism from a very practical side. It is a "shock from without" Hyndman says that she needs, and I know of no one more capable of giving her self-complacency a good hard knock than Mr. Morgan.—H. G. W.]

THE MAYOR OF HARTFORD.

IGNATIUS A. SULLIVAN

WHILE I was at Hartford, Connecticut, the other day I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Ignatius A. Sullivan, the successful candidate of the Economic League for the mayoralty. His Honor was about to go off on a tour of inspection of a new pest house, and kindly invited me to a seat in his carriage to accompany him. The patients had not been installed as yet, so my acceptance did not denote courage.

Mr. Sullivan was, prior to his election, the head salesman of a large clothing house in Hartford. He had always been more or less interested in the subject of municipal reforms, particularly in the way of public ownership of public utilities and early closing acts.

There is a considerable movement in Connecticut along these lines this year, and this was particularly the case in Hartford, although Mr. Sullivan himself is undoubtedly responsible for a large part of the local sentiment there.

Mr. Sullivan attributes his election to the growth of this idea, together with the general disgust of all citizens with the old party methods. While Mr. Sullivan is heartily in sympathy with the general idea of the extension of the

functions of the state and nation, still he admitted that he hardly had given enough time or study to economics to be prepared to say how far he would go in his advocacy of public ownership of all industry.

He is a fine young man, and one who has the indelible stamp of honesty upon all his actions. If he advances in his ideas in the future as fast as he has in the past, there can be no doubt but that he will prove as valuable a citizen to the nation at large as he is now locally to Hartford. I wish him success.

RESTATING FAMILIAR FACTS.

Mr. Madden, like myself and other distinguished men, has his own newspaper to tell the world what a dear sweet thing he happens to be. Mr. Madden's organ is the Detroit Tribune. It happens to be located in Detroit because Detroit is the jumping-off place for Canadians and Mr. Madden lingered there quite a while on his way from his native Canada to his Washington portfolio. While lingering he froze to the Tribune. It is unnecessary to say that the Tribune holds its second-class entry during these troublous times. I have recently been making a ten-day speaking tour through Michigan and the local papers there have been giving me a great deal of free advertising as per usual—and Mr. Madden's Tribune has become in consequence very hysterical over the matter.

This is a sample shriek:

CHEAP MARTYRDOM.

H. Gaylord Wilshire, California's millionaire Socialist, appears to be conducting a speaking campaign in Michigan this spring. The fact is of no particular moment, but it is of some moment that newspapers in the towns he visits should cease to give space to his intimations that his Magazine was driven out of the United States on account of the social and political doctrines it advocates. Mr. Wilshire himself knows better, and if Michigan editors do not know better, their ignorance is their own fault, since the facts have been published often enough and in sufficiently convincing form to remove doubt from the mind of any person seeking the truth. The fact of the matter is that Wilshire was publishing a sheet in his own behalf, a personal organ filled with his own writings about himself, about his lectures, about his books, and about the publication itself.

Its ineligibility to second-class mail privileges was so obvious that it was among the first to be barred when the department undertook to correct the enormous abuse that had grown up under the pound-rate law. But it was only one of the hundreds that suffered the same fate, among them being many that were not of a political or economic character at all. Religious journals, trade papers, fraternal society publications, mail-order advertising sheets and papers of a dozen other kinds were excluded and are being excluded, on the same ground as was Wilshire's. Moreover, his pretense that he was forced to go to Canada to find greater liberality is pure balder-dash. In Canada he so changed the character of his publication as to make it admissable as second-class matter here, as well as there, which is enough to make one think he changed his place of publication not to secure advantageous mailing rates, but for the sake of advertising and cheap martyrdom. We feel like apologizing to most of our readers for re-stating these familiar facts; but, since numerous editors seem to have overlooked previous explanations, it seems right that they should be given one more opportunity to protect themselves and their patrons.

I, like the Tribune, feel like apologizing to my readers for "re-stating familiar facts." However, the Tribune has no cause for apology to anyone on the ground of either stating or re-stating "facts." It must first catch its facts before it can state them.

It says there were hundreds of others which were excluded upon the same grounds that my paper was. I challenge it to name a single paper that was excluded upon the ground that

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE was. I may say to my new readers that the ground of my paper being excluded was that, "it advertised ideas and that inasmuch as these ideas were my own ideas, therefore, the advertisement of such ideas was tantamount to advertising me; therefore, the paper was simply a sheet issued to advertise Wilshire, and therefore as an advertising sheet it had no right to the second-class entry." See?

My Magazine was the only one excluded on such a ridiculous ground and when the Tribune states otherwise it simply gives a painful exhibition of the straits that Mr. Madden has fallen into when he tries to defend himself.

The claim that I have so altered the character of the Magazine since I was forced to take it to Canada as to have made it admissable to entry in the United States, is best answered by the fact that Mr. Madden has also refused the *Canadian* edition registration upon exactly the same ground that he took when he refused the American edition entry, namely, that it was a "personal advertising organ." This Magazine was refused *entry* as an American Magazine and refused *registration* as a Canadian Magazine.

I can readily understand how the editor of the Tribune, upon looking over this Magazine as it is now presented to him from Canada, would naturally come to the conclusion that it was quite impossible that if it were in its present shape that Mr. Madden would ever have dared exclude it. However, he is mistaken. Maddens rush in where even Tribunes dare not tread.

This is the first American Magazine ever excluded on the grounds named and it is the first Canadian Magazine ever refused registry upon any grounds whatsoever.

I may explain further that the refusal of Mr. Madden to "register" the Magazine really had little effect upon me as it simply prevents the American News Co. from using the mails in forwarding copies from New York to their news agents. They use the Express Company anyway—so there was no inconvenience.

As to "Cheap Martyrdom." I have repeatedly said that there was no martyrdom in coming to Toronto. It's a delightful city, the people are most hospitable, the Mayor offered to take the chair at my first public lecture here, and as for climate, there is no American city comparable with Toronto, either summer or winter, in my judgment.

The martyrdom is not on the side of Wilshire, but on the side of the American public, allowing such a nincompoop as Mr. Madden to exercise a censorship over their mails and allowing Strenuous Ted to keep such an autocrat in the postoffice without rising in a social revolution.

There was a time in the history of the American Republic when a President who was responsible for an act forcing an editor to Canada, in order to express his views, would have been impeached!

Now we laugh!

ROCKEFELLER INCOGNITO.

In the course of the injunction proceedings against the issue of bonds to supersede the preferred stock of the U. S. Steel Co., it came to light that a certain hitherto unknown man, a Bertram Cutler, held over twelve million dollars worth of steel stock. There was great curiosity for a while to determine who this unknown millionaire might be. The N. Y. Journal soon

discovered, in its mind, that Bertram Cutler was none other than another name for Andrew Carnegie. It then proceeded to get up a scare-head story of a big fight brewing between the Carnegie and Morgan interests in the Steel Trust which was about to cause the said trust to be split in twain. It was a good enough story, but it only lasted one day, for the next morning it had to acknowledge that Bertram Cutler was simply a young clerk in the employ of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and that the stock in question belonged to John D. but was placed in the name of Cutler for unknown reasons.

The incident points out the ease with which the holdings of the wealth of the country can be kept in anonymous hands. I do not question at all but that very much more of the wealth now owned by Mr. John D. Rockefeller is covered up in many unexpected places. I feel confident that sooner or later it will be discovered that it is the wealth of Rockefeller which is back of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan in all his gigantic deals.

This game of pretending the Morgan and Rockefeller interests to be at odds is simply a fake. The two great banks in New York, one ostensibly controlled by Morgan and the other by Rockefeller, are simply parts of the stage paraphernalia used to delude the public into thinking that there still exists some competition among the great financiers.

Mr. Rockefeller is today the most powerful man in the world because he is the richest. J. Pierpont Morgan is simply his agent. Rockefeller is the substance, Morgan the shadow. Rockefeller is a man with absolutely no ambition for mere ostentatious display. To him it is a matter of no moment whether the great Colossus Morgan borrows his insignia of power or whether it be the unknown type-writer, Bertram Cutler.

Morgan, of course, is an immensely rich man in his own right, but his wealth is insignificant compared with that of Rockefeller, and without Rockefeller at his back he would have never been able to have entered upon his conquest of the world. He not only would have been unable but would not have dared to have even contemplated such a thing. With Rockefeller at his back he can defy the world. Not only has he Rockefeller's wealth, but what is almost as valuable, he has Rockefeller's advice.

A New York writer on financial affiairs says it has been made plain that J. Pierpont Morgan's real intention is to girdle the globe and capture the carrying trade of the world. All he needs, he says, is the Russian trans-Siberian road.

Morgan is planning to build railways in China. He has asked China for a permit. Last week he secured the trans-Atlantic steamers. This week he was after the South American ships and railways.

What next he will do no man knows.

Almost every kind of man who labors works for Morgan through some of his companies. Rudyard Kipling, Lew Wallace—all of the geniuses who in fine frenzy dash off poetry and write stories for Harper's are working for Morgan. The patient scientists are digging out minute facts for Morgan to scatter to the world. The artist with pencil and brush draws and paints, and Morgan pays him.

So absolute has he become that while he is personally worth perhaps not more than $100,000,000, corporations over which he has control possess more wealth than there is gold on earth.

The total capitalization of all the

companies he controls is $5,210,993,386—and all the gold, coined and uncoined, in all the nations, including the populous East, is estimated at $4,841,000,000.

There are in the whole known world about 1,320,000,000 human beings. Morgan controls enough to give each $4.00.

More than a million are employed by the companies Morgan controls. This means that 5,000,000 men, women and children are dependent on him for a living—or rather that 5,000,000 persons contribute to his comfort.

Three hundred of the largest steamships in the world and 30,000 of the best equipped passenger and freight trains take orders from them.

Fourteen steamship lines and forty-four railroad systems belong to them.

On land a mileage of 108,500 and on sea a tonnage of 1,200,000 are in their control.

This railway mileage is greater than the combined mileage of Russia, Great Britain, Germany, Holland, Spain and Belgium. And more than three hundred vessels which will sail under its orders cannot be duplicated from the merchant marine of every ocean.

A world-wide transportation trust has long been Morgan's dream. English newspapers are making comically pitiful pleas to Morgan to let England come into the new trust. The fact that Morgan is addressed in tones of supplication shows that he is absolute master.

Not Alexander, in all his glory; not Cæsar Augustus, not even Napoleon, with all his mighty armies, was such a conqueror as J. P. Morgan with his little "yes" and "no" that makes or unmakes.

No king is one-tenth so powerful as Morgan. Edward VII, Emperor William, Nicholas of Russia—any one of these is a pigmy in real power compared with Morgan.

Continuing he declares that Morgan and six other American citizens have now become more powerful than all the Congresses and Parliaments in the world.

All this is true enough, only Rockefeller's name should be substituted for that of Morgan.

Mr. Duke, the president of the American Tobacco Co., is another man who owes his strength, I have no doubt, to Mr. Rockefeller. The campaign that the American Tobacco Trust is now carrying on throughout the world requires a colossal sum of money, and it is certain that the earnings of the Trust itself are not affording the money that is being spent like water.

Another man whom I believe is working in the interests of Rockefeller is the Mr. Morse who every day or so buys up a new bank. Mr. Morse, while admittedly a rich man, has neither the money nor the motive to acquire the immense chain of banks which he is gathering under one control. In my mind he is working for Mr. Rockefeller, and sooner or later the Morse banks will fall into the ownership of the great City National Bank of New York, of which Rockefeller is the principal owner. This move is preliminary to the establishment of a great central United States Bank, with headquarters in New York and branches in every city of the Union, as well as in the greater cities of Europe. The Fowler Bill, which is now before Congress, is a sign of what is coming. At present National Banks are not allowed to have branches, so the only way for them to attain the advantages of branches is to own stock in the banks in the smaller towns. The small banks are then legally separate entities, but are in

reality simply branches of the central bank, their own. The Fowler Bill simply aims to legalize actions that are already of every-day occurrence. The small bankers all over the country are up in arms against the bill, as they see its enactment means so much the quicker a finish for them. However, they are fighting against the current, and they might as well accept the inevitable now as later. Concentration is the order of the day, and the small banker must go as well as the small manufacturer.

MADDEN ABOVE THE LAW.

(From an address by W. H. Tuttle, attorney of the National Publishers' Bureau, delivered before the 17th Annual Convention of the National Editorial Association at Hot Springs, Arkansas, April 17th, 1902.)

Mr. Madden no longer pretends to treat all publishers alike. He will tell you that he is treating each individual case separately. He will no longer allow you to pin him down to general rules universally applied. His present plan is to exclude a periodical to which he objects because of all of its characistics thrown together, not because it violates any particular regulation or requirement of the law. It is a sort of hanging a man on general principles if he does not suit you. This, of course, gives no opportunity whatever to the publisher to maintain his rights. In this connection I wish to call your attention to a clause in the order of July 17, 1901, quoted above, namely, "when it appears from the contents or from the extrinsic inducements offered in combination with it that the circulation of the publication is not founded on its value as a news or literary journal," etc., "such publication does not come within the requirements of the law for acceptance as second class matter." When it appears to whom? To Mr. Madden. What does it mean? If anything it means that when it appears to Mr. Madden that the news or literature in the journal is not what he thinks it ought to be he can deny it second class mail privileges. That is exactly what Mr. Madden deliberately intended that order should mean. He is now passing upon cases exactly along that line. He has been figuring out a way to become an absolute despot in postoffice affairs. He evidently believes that if he should deprive a publisher of his former privileges because of any particular regulation or interpretation of the law that the matter could be tested in the courts, but that if he announces that he has considered all the facts in the case and therefore excludes the publication that it is a question of fact which the court will not review. Mr. Madden is therefore passing upon everything as a matter of fact and under such conditions he says no court can review the decision of the Postoffice Department. In the section of the law which prohibits the use of the mails for lottery purposes or to obtain money by means of false or fraudulent pretenses it is expressly stated that the Postmaster-General may upon evidence satisfactory to him that any person is thus violating the law forbid to such person the use of the mails and return the letters marked "fraudulent." I doubt very much the constitutionality of that law which expressly gives an executive office judicial functions. The law gives no such right to postoffice authorities to pass upon the contents of a periodical in determining the right to second class privileges. Mr. Madden is again attempting to make law by regulation in a way that will allow him to pass upon your literary style "when it appears

from the contents," etc. It is no longer enough that you keep your columns free from fraudulent or unwholesome matter. Mr. Madden may now suppress you for vacuity. I am not sure but that such a regulation if it could be enforced might have some advantages. I wonder how the publishers regard this assumption of autocratic power? Here is a man placed in power over you who knows nothing of journalism or the publishing business simply because he was at one time valuable to the party as a politician. He assumes the power to exclude you from second class mail rates without any satisfactory reason other than that you do not conduct your paper to suit his taste, and insists upon passing on your case in a way where his decision cannot be reviewed by any court. It is needless to say, perhaps, that in my opinion Mr. Madden has no such despotic power as he claims, but he is certainly capable of considerable damage so long as he believes in his unlimited authority.

I know that in making some of my statements I have been running a grave risk that you will think I am exaggerating. I realize that what I have been saying will greatly tax your credulity. I visited Mr. Madden on behalf of a certain periodical which was excluded in just the manner I have described. Mr. Madden based his decision finally on its literary merit, which did not impress him favorably. What I have been saying is based in part on what occurred and what Mr. Madden said in that case. If time permitted I would go into the case fully. I will pass that by, however, and give you the history of another case that will still greater tax your credulity.

Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire, after having conducted with marked success a weekly paper at Los Angeles, Cal., for about a year, called the CHALLENGE, decided last year to remove his paper to New York City. Mr. Wilshire is a Socialist whose frequently announced platform is "Let the Nation Own the Trusts," and his paper was devoted in part to the principles which he professes. Mr. Wilshire is a very forceful advocate of his cause, is a brilliant writer and his efforts are stamped with a marked individuality, so much so that in reading his publication you do not lose sight of Wilshire. He is in the attitude of a man who has a message to deliver, and he takes full responsibility for it. He signs his published articles and says "I" instead of "we." Very well. Mr. Wilshire made application at the New York postoffice to have CHALLENGE entered as second class. He supposed it was simply a matter of form, as it had all along been entered in this class. He evidently did not know the rapid progress Mr. Madden had been making as a dictator and censor. Mr. Madden evidently decided that he did not like the CHALLENGE. He did not think it was doing any good in the world. The next thing was the usual second step in his deliberations. Mr. Madden must find a punishment to fit the crime, or rather a crime to fit the punishment. He decided to suppress the paper because it was designed primarily for advertising purposes, not because of any advertising carried in its advertising columns, but because it advertised Mr. Wilshire's ideas, and left Mr. Wilshire too prominently before the public. Mr. Madden evidently believes that an ideal, every-day editor is modest. There are many ways in which he misunderstands the persons over whom he is placed. Mr. Madden claims that an editor's ideas are just as much a commodity as soap, and if the editor displays them unduly his paper

is published for advertising purposes and therefore ought to be excluded along with other "house organs." Mr. Wilshire changed the form of his periodical and made it a monthly, changing the name to WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. He made a request to have the monthly entered as second class, submitting for inspection the first issue, that of November. I have in my hand a copy of that number. It starts out with an open letter to President Roosevelt, in which Mr. Wilshire suggests that Mr. Madden be given another job with the same pay, but where he can do less damage. In all about eight pages are devoted to Mr. Madden. It contains an article of ten pages by H. Gaylord Wilshire on "The Significance of the Trust." It contains articles by John Brisben Walker, Walter Crane and others, and its contents generally are that of an up-to-date magazine. Mr. Madden concluded, however, that it contained too many merchantable ideas of the publisher, including probably Mr. Wilshire's ideas on Mr. Madden forcefully expressed, and so it was excluded as an advertising sheet. I brought with me this November number and have asked the publisher to send me several copies of the current number of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE in order that you might see for yourself a periodical that was excluded because it advertised its editor and publisher too much. Mr. Wilshire went over to Toronto, Canada, and entered his magazine as second class mail and is now sending it throughout the United States at one-half a cent a pound. He says that Canada, being under a monarch, still has some rights preserved to its subjects. He has arranged for a suit at law, however, in the United States to test the question whether there is anything to the United States government besides Mr. Madden.

But really, now, what are you editors going to do? If your papers are inane Mr. Madden will suppress them because you have no ideas. If they contain ideas he will suppress them as a "house organ."

I have already occupied much more of your time than I should. I was fearful I would do that, so I put my peroration first. I believe the present conditions that prevail in the Postoffice Department demand your careful consideration.

Wilshire in Chicago.

During the last week two particularly large and successful meetings took place at the headquarters at 181 Washington street. On Monday evening and Tuesday at noon the hall was packed to its utmost limits by an audience who were attracted by the announcement that H. Gaylord Wilshire, the well-known Socialist writer and agitator, was to make the address. Comrade Wilshire in his first speech put up a strong argument on the inevitability of Socialism through the trust development. His second address dealt with questions of public and municipal ownership. At both lectures considerable discussion took place, the speaker answering several objections as well as questions pertaining to the subject. The speaker left for Milwaukee on Tuesday evening for the purpose of making several public addresses. He was billed to return to Chicago and deliver a lecture in the Socialist Temple on Friday evening, which engagement will have been fulfilled before this issue reaches our readers. Comrade Wilshire still holds his optimistic views regarding the near approach of Socialism and is seemingly well satisfied with the progress of the movement.—Chicago Socialist, June 14, 1902.

Why There Are Two Parties.

N. Y. Life: There are always two political parties; not so much because there are two sides to every public question as because there are two sides to every office, viz., the inside and the outside.

EVOLUTION: POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC

HILARY A. HERBERT

An Address delivered at the University of North Carolina, June 4, 1902, by Hon. **Hilary A. Herbert**, ex-Secretary of the United States Navy.

EMORY carries me back today for more than half a century. Within that period mighty events have happened; theories of government have been changing; governments, Federal, State and Municipal, have been taking on new functions; economic changes have been continuous and are still going on with constantly accelerating rapidity. Government, society, industries, all are in a condition of evolution, and it does not clearly appear from the efflorescence what the full fruitage of the marvelous development of this age is to be.

My topic will be Evolution, political and economic. Where is it to stop?

The problem of the hour, when I stood, young gentlemen, many years ago where you stand today, on the door steps and about to bid my alma mater good-bye, was precisely the question that had kept North Carolina out of the Union until long after every other State, except Rhode Island, had given in its adhesion to the Constitution of 1787—was the Federal Government to be the absolute judge in the last resort of its own powers, or, on the other hand, could the States, if they should become dissatisfied in the Union and come to the belief that their reserved rights were in danger, secede and resume each for itself, the right of self-government?

This, as a political question, had been debated ever since the Union was formed, but slavery, which was both a moral and an economic problem, had now given it a sharp and practical turn, and a Presidential election involving it was soon to engulf our country in the maelstrom of a dreadful civil war. The time will never come, unless in the inscrutable future this fair land shall at some time lapse into barbarism, when the people of North Carolina will not boast rejoicingly that, though this was not one of the first States to secede, yet it was nevertheless on her soil that the last of the great Confederate armies surrendered, and that on every important field of that mighty struggle the sons of North Carolina were in the forefront of battle. And yet we are not here to lament the issue of the contest. We were defeated, and have settled ourselves down to an acceptance of the conditions of defeat with a degree of content that is not more astonishing to those who were our

antagonists than it is to ourselves. Slavery has happily been abolished, the question of secession fortunately is settled, and our happiness and prosperity, and that of our children, we now recognize are indissolubly linked with the fate of the Union.

We recognize, too, with genuine pride and satisfaction, that no other country has prospered as have we, the people of the United States, within the period that has elapsed since our civil war, and it is plain to us also that this prosperity is the result largely of the free interchange and exchange of capital and commodities throughout the States. Free trade over widely extended territory is among the greatest of political blessings.

By processess of mental evolution like this we have come at last, perhaps all of us; and yet there has been many a thorn in the pathway by which we traveled to that conclusion. Just after the civil war closed there came to North Carolina, as there did to the other Southern States, the carpet bagger, on a "fool's errand." You convinced him of his folly, he went back North and wrote about it, and to his surprise and our gratification, all the North has finally agreed that he had given his book a proper entitlement, and further that the carpet bagger had not only done a foolish thing, but that generally he was a knave into the bargain. He will not come here any more.

Then there was and is another development, the evolution of the negro question in many phases, but I have not time to discuss that. We are placing it now where it is to be hoped it will never again be so perplexing.

The two opposite extremes in government are, Socialism and the theory of *laissez faire*, individualism in all things. The *laissez faire*, or "let alone" theory first had full play when in 1846 England adopted free trade. Her laws gave competition full sway. She opened her ports to all the world. The theory is liberty itself. Labor was free to make its own contracts; men were free to work when and where they would; the State was to keep "hands off." Individualism had supplanted paternalism, and England soon became the richest of all countries, the financial center of the world.

In America not only was individual liberty the corner stone of our institutions, but, as between the States, free trade was embedded in our Federal Constitution. Whatever might be the restrictions on foreign trade there could be no custom houses between the States. The limitations of and restrictions in our Federal Constitution also favored individualism, and never was government more thoroughly individualistic than in these Southern States prior to 1860. We said to our State governments, "mind your own business, which is to protect life, liberty and property, and for the rest, let us alone. Let everybody be happy, or, as the case may be, unhappy in his own way."

There never was a more typical Southern community than the little town of Laurensville, S. C., where I was born. When I left it at twelve years of age there was no public school there, nor I believe anywhere in the State, except perhaps in Charleston. Nobody was to be taxed for the benefit of anybody else. That was, too, before machinery had begun—except as to cloth—to supplant hand-made products. Seventy-five miles from the railroad at Columbia or at Augusta, and with 400 inhabitants, Laurensville was an ideal village of the old regime,

with not only its shoemakers but its blacksmith shops, its farrier, its tanner and its tinner, besides its tailors. Machine-made shoes, saddles, carriages and tinware were still unknown; and all over the surrounding district was still heard the sound of the shuttle and the loom. I suppose I hazard nothing in saying that, though Laurensville has now its thousands where it then had its hundreds, its village industries, such as I have mentioned, have all passed away.

The fate of the industries of Laurensville has been the fate of such industries throughout the civilized world. They have been driven out of existence by associated labor operating with machinery, and all over the world, too, it is observable that changes in methods of manufacture have been modifying political conditions. Industrial and political evolution have gone hand in hand.

Throughout the civilized world industrial development has proceeded on much the same lines. Inventions multiplied, plants grew larger, competition grew fiercer, products were marvelously cheapened, now and then overproduction glutted markets and periods of financial distress came. To control production and hold up prices manufacturers everywhere turned towards combinations. Thus came the trust. Trade extension offers further relief, or rather further profits and now a fierce struggle is on between great manufacturing nations for world markets. American manufactures are already far in the lead, and it is apparent, from our exports of manufactured articles, that now, profiting by cheap transportation and turning to account superior resources, the American workman, from his present standpoint, energized by the spirit of free institutions and with his ingenuity, can easily, aided by the enterprise of his managers and without the aid of any laws, distance his competitors. But America, partly because of the superior boldness and push of her capitalists, though chiefly because of a tariff that shuts out competition, is likewise far ahead of the world in combinations of industries. Our country with the vast capital it has amassed, has become the home of trusts that are amazing mankind. We have trusts in rubber, in cordage, in photographs, in plate glass, in wall paper, in tobacco, in salt, in thread, in baking powder, in paper, in iron and steel, in smelting, in coal, in starch, in bobbins and shuttles, in cycles, in caramels, in window glass, in borax, in brewing, in gas, in oil, in chemicals, in asphalt, in cotton oil, in milling, in leather, in elevators, in sugar, in copper and in beef, and still they come, so rapidly that no layman can keep count of them. These trusts are constantly multiplying, reaching out their tentacles in every direction to gather in for the profit of monopolies whatever the American consumer's necessities compel him to have. They are capitalized at tens of millions and hundreds of millions, and the Steel Trust has recently decided on an increase of fifty millions, so that its capitalization, counting bonds and stocks, now amounts to one billion, three-hundred and seventy-one millions of dollars, which is $53,000,000 more than all the money that was in circulation in the United States fifteen years ago.

The trusts dictate their own prices and charge higher rates at home than abroad. The president of the Steel Trust declared before the United States Industrial Commission that this was necessary to enable these combinations to keep their plants continually occupied. Their theory is that American

consumers must pay for the necessaries of life an increase of price, which every man now feels but no man can estimate, in order that the trusts may exploit the markets of the world. I do not, for one, believe that the descendants of those who rebelled against a tax of three pence a pound on tea, because they believed it was in principle, will, when they have the power to prevent it by their ballots, submit to such a system as this. Mankind have, M. Renan is quoted as saying, "an invincible leaning toward justice," and all history shows that man entertains an unconquerable aversion to monopolies, if controlled in the interest of private parties. For the law to encourage or allow private monopolies is to put one man in the power of another —it is a deprivation of liberty. One class of monopolies our mother country has dealt with of recent years in a particularly effective manner. Street railways, city water-works, lights, etc., called "public utilities" are, in their nature, monopolies. They were formerly in England nearly all in the hands of private parties, who realized immense fortunes from them. But the work of breaking up private holdings, by taking these utilities into the hands of municipalities, has made such progress that whereas the capital in Great Britain invested in municipal undertakings in 1885 was $465,000,000, in fifteen years (1900) it had grown to $1,500,000,000.

There are now in the Dominion nine hundred and thirty-one municipalities owning water works; ninety-nine owning street railroads; two hundred and forty owning gas works, and one hundred and eighty-one supplying electricity. Half the gas users in England use municipal gas.

The extension of municipal functions does not stop here. Leamington and Harrowgate own Turkish baths, Harrowgate and Glasgow provide musical lectures. Colchester possesses an oyster fishery. St. Helena provides sterilized milk. Hull owns a creamery. Other towns own race courses, golf courses, one a stone flag factory, and another gives organ recitals, has military bands, and provides entertainments of all sorts. In Liverpool, London, Glasgow, and perhaps other towns, municipalities are demolishing slums and providing houses for the poor.

These tendencies sway from individualism in the direction of paternalism, and are startling. Whether they are for good or evil, if halted at their present station, is, for the present, beside the mark. I am but calling the attention of the young gentlemen before me to the signs of the times in which they live, to the evolution which is now going forward, not only in England, but throughout the world.

It is undoubtedly true that another reason for these public undertakings in Great Britain is that these utilities are found to be cheapened when taken out of the hands of private monopolists. It does not mend matters to say that there are two good reasons instead of one, for this undoubted trend towards Socialism.

In city governments everywhere in Europe the trend is in the same direction. Berlin boasts that she is the best governed city in the world, and her public utilities are largely in the hands of municipal authorities.

But the drift in that direction is not confined to municipalities. The British Parliament has taken up the education of the common people, which was so long considered outside of the pale of the State; it has regulated the age

of labor, and has among other things looking in the same direction, passed Irish land laws that practically amount to the confiscation for State purposes of private property. In Belgium the riots of a month since were the direct outcome of a Socialistic movement. In Germany the Socialists have a political party that is led by men of character and ability, a party that seems to have come to stay, and that is always formidable enough to be reckoned with. It is due no doubt to the influence of this party that the Kaiser has headed the movement for the pensioning by the State of superannuated laborers, and now in that country, so long under control of its aristocracy, modern "captains of industry," are contesting for social supremacy with the actions of the ancient nobility. An Associated Press telegram of April 21st informed us that the conservative papers of Germany were freely expressing their indignation because a majority of the Emperor William's guests, on a recent excursion of the Kron Prinz Wilhelm, were untitled business men. They were "princes of gold" and not princes of the blood, and the Cologne Volks Zeitung said that "if those who have written 'industrial state,' 'world trade,' on their banners, shall get the upper hand, then Germany will face the mightiest internal transformation which modern history records."

Italy is in a ferment of Socialism. The student riots in Russia mean Socialism, and in Australia the movement is perhaps more advanced than it is in any other quarter. In New Zealand, we are told, in a recent interview by a Mr. Caldwell, president of the Auckland, New Zealand, Board of Trade, that Socialism is being thoroughly tested by a government which, he says, is a success; and this gentleman goes on to declare that his opinion, formed after two months of travel among us, is, that labor organizations will bring the United States to Socialism at no very distant date.

Is there really anything in conditions here upon which this New Zealand observer could have based his prophecy? Let us see.

Paternalism is the half-way house on the road from individualism to Socialism, and here the trend of public opinion towards paternalism is unmistakable, in Municipal, State, and Federal legislation. We see it all over the Union in the extension of municipal functions. Many of our towns and cities own their lighting system; some are operating street railways, and more than 50 per cent. own their waterworks. A number of cities own public baths, while Boston, Syracuse and Chicago have wayfarers' inns. But the general and marvelous increase of municipal expenditures tells broadly the most unmistakable story. The city budget of Philadelphia in the year 1800 was $68,000. In 1900 it was far over $30,000,000. The per capita expenditure in Philadelphia was, in 1800, 97 cents; in 1900 it was over $27. You will see the same thing, no doubt, in the municipal history of cities in your own State, and so I have no need to multiply examples. A portion of the increase of expenditures is due, no doubt, here and there to extravagance and corruption, but in great part it is only the necessary result of the extension of municipal functions in the direction of paternalism.

You will find the same increase of expenditures in our State governments. Much of it, especially in the South, is for common school education and every such expenditure is to be heartily applauded. Nevertheless, however

laudable in any particular instance the expenditure, the tendency to paternalism is there all the same, and it is that tendency I am noting.

Turn then to the budget of our Federal Government. Very little, indeed I am happy to believe, no appreciable part of its outlay is traceable to corruption, and yet the expenditures grew from $60,000,000 in 1860 to $447,000,000 in 1900, the per capita expenditure from $1.90 in 1860 to $5.80 in 1900. This comes largely from pensions, an increased army and a modern navy, but these by no means account for the difference. Much of the increase results from an extension of the functions of the government. Without going into details, I may say that, through the Coast Survey, the Geological Survey, the Hydrographic Survey, and the National Observatory, our Government is spending more money on abstract and applied science than is thus expended by all the other governments of the world combined. Bear in mind, I am not condemning any particular item, but only citing, when I note, during the last twenty years, the establishment of the Agricultural Department, the Bureau of Labor, the pending establishment of a Department for Labor and other things, the Inter-State Commerce Commission, Agricultural Experiment Stations, extension of the Weather Bureau, the increased expenditures for public buildings, and for rivers and harbors, eight-hour legislation for labor, legislation for butter-makers, etc. Very recently the House of Representatives at Washington, although it is clear that the expense will be much greater, voted, labor organizations petitioning for it, to compel the secretary of the navy to build at least three vessels in navy yards, instead of by contract. Votes like this would not be surprising if the only meaning was that the navy yard representatives were, as the phrase goes, "getting in their work." This thought, however, even if it could in this instance be indulged in, would be far from consolatory. It would only indicate what is unfortunately true that the statesmanship of Senators and Representatives is now often gauged by the amount of plunder from the Federal Treasury brought back to State or district; and the fault is with the people. The tendency of the voter today is to look to the general government to help in building up local interests. Especially is this the case among those who are known as business men. They send a man to Congress, as they say, to "do business."

One of the most remarkable movements of recent date in the direction of seeking government help, was the sudden and formidable call of the Farmer's Alliance a few years ago, for the loan of money from the government on farm products—the demand for the sub-treasury system, as it was called. Just here lies the danger. The farmers reasoned that those in power claimed, by the tariff, to have raised the wages of labor in factories. Why should not government do something to help them? As the farmers reasoned, so others will ask. If the extensions of governmental functions already made work well and general prosperity is cited and often regarded as justification of all existing legislation, then why should not the business of government be extended in other directions? If a city gets cheaper service by operating street railways, why should not the people of the whole country get cheaper fares and freights by owning all the railways? If cities can operate, successfully, water-works, gas

works, and electric light plants, why should not the people of the whole country get cheaper necessaries of life by breaking up monopolies which now control prices? Why not turn over all the business of manufacturing to the government? These are questions which evolution is fast bringing up to face, and to which we must have an answer.

The reply to all this you and I perhaps think is easy and conclusive. Conditions are not analogous. A city serving water and lights and tramways to its citizens is operating within a limited sphere. Its legislation does not tend to cripple the energies, the enterprise, or the manhood of its people. Property in such a municipality is still sacred, and a citizen still a freeman. Not so with the socialistic estate, that would own all property, thus taking away all incentive to excellence, rendering energy useless, killing ambition, subjecting every motion of man to government supervision, and substituting for universal liberty universal slavery.

Every extension of the functions of the Federal Government like geological surveys, agricultural experiment stations, the construction of public buildings and the building of ships, carries with it the same argument. Let us not satisfy ourselves with an answer like that I have given, because we may think it conclusive, and then dismiss the subject from our minds, as if nothing could be said for Socialism. In nearly all ages Socialism has eminent men to advocate it, as Sir Thomas More in his Utopia, Locke in his Origin of Civil Government, and Rousseau, who was among the greatest philosophers of the eighteenth century.

In the nineteenth century were St. Simon, and Fourier, and Thomas Carlyle, and Mill, and the poet Shelley, and Karl Marx, and Fichte. Socialistic sentiment today is more or less widespread among American workingmen. Fortunately, by reason of their intelligence and prosperity, a large majority of them now oppose it, but organized as they are and numerous as they are, suppose some great writer should arise like Rousseau, with power to marshal in a solid phalanx all the arguments that industrial evolution has furnished, and with genius to utter words like those with which Rousseau fired the heart of France. Nothing is more specious and captivating to the mind of the laborer, who, in spite of unremitting industry sees his children in poverty, than the doctrine of equality, equality not only of opportunities, but equality in the enjoyment of everything life offers to man. It was chiefly the teachings of Rousseau in his "discourse on inequality" that sank down into the hearts of the French people and inspired first the bourgeois and at last the laborers, with that inextinguishable class hatred that finally caused them, with "liberty, equality and fraternity" on the lips, to raise in 1789 the red flag of revolution, the appalling signal that ushered in the anarchy and bloodshed that for years desolated France and convulsed all Europe.

Let us not fail to remember the point that would be given today to another great discourse on inequality by a contemplation of the vast fortunes now being heaped up, many of them by monopolies.

But the thought that naturally occurs to us is that in this country even the first step towards such a revolution is impossible. The American will never surrender the right to do as he will with himself and his own. His rights are guaranteed by constitutions, State

and Federal, that cannot be overthrown. What if the English parliament, under stress of supposed necessity, did enact some years ago in Ireland law, under which the estates of landlords by the judgments of a commission, are passing into the hands of the tenants as owners. There are half a dozen constitutional provisions that would forbid the Congress of the United States to pass such an act. Undoubtedly, but let us not, therefore indulge in any feeling of over-security. True it is, that up to this time the prophecy long since made by Lord Brougham, that the American constitution would fail, because the will of the people would not be restrained by mere parchment barriers, has not come true. True it is, that our institutions have endured the strain of the bloodiest civil war in the records of history; but let us recall here what we all know, that there were occasions during the struggle for the Union when the statesmen in control, including even President Lincoln, whose purity and patriotism no man can doubt, announced that the safety of the republic was a consideration higher than any constitutional obligations. Let us reckon not, then, on constitutions to save our property or our liberties when they shall stand in the way of measures that popular majorities may come to consider for the supreme good of the people. If there be danger ahead, let us continue to cling to our constitution as the sheet-anchor of our liberties, but let us not fail to apply in due time such remedies as the most careful consideration shall suggest.

I am not here to make any vain attempt to say what these remedies shall be. I am only sounding a note of warning. There is, however, one simple remedy that would go so far in the direction of relief that I cannot refrain from suggesting it. No monopoly should be allowed by law to rob its own people on the plea that it desires by this means to exploit the markets of foreign countries. Any wild war on corporations, as such, would be as unwise as dangerous. Such a war could not and ought not to succeed. Corporations are one of the prime sources of our wealth and prosperity; and large corporations can manufacture more cheaply than small ones. But corporations should be regulated and compelled to stop short of monopolies. Every tariff law that helps any combination on towards monopoly should be instantly repealed. This I do not doubt that the American people will do. They cannot afford to leave our consumers to the mercy of trusts, and thus furnish an argument to the Socialists for the exploitation of their theories.

Nothing is more difficult than to always gauge and measure correctly the undercurrents of popular feeling. If the North could have understood in 1860 the deep sense of personal wrong that pervaded the South under the invectives hurled from abolitionism against Southern people and Southern civilization, and if at the same time the South had fully appreciated the depth and width of the devotion of the people of the North to the Union, it is not too much to say there would have been no civil war.

The monopolies should take warning from the manifestations before them. The people are appalled at their audacity in declaring that they do and will continue to charge the American consumer more than their export prices, in order that they may reach foreign markets. Popular indignation over such a wrong, a wrong that reaches into every household in the

land will never abate, but will grow and continue to grow. Witness the associations that without any regard to politics have grown up throughout the land to antagonize the beef trust, the anti-beef riots in New York, the attitude in Congress, the anti-monopoly suits brought by a Republican President. The people will have relief. The grave question is whether that relief will come in the form of laws that harmonize with our institutions, or will the people, in their just indignation, finally demand that, as municipalities have taken charge of municipal monopolies, so the national government shall take control of and operate all those industries now in the hands of monopolistic corporations. If relief in due form of well-considered laws does not come, the abyss of Socialism is before us.

When the tariff that protects monopolies from competition is repealed, the task of dealing with the complicated situation will have only just begun. To meet this situation as it confronts us the masses must be educated. Scholars, colleges and universities must extend still further the researches and the teachings they have recently undertaken in political science; political morality must be lifted to and kept upon the highest possible plane, voters must learn to honor and sustain the statesman who, on great public questions, has the courage to think for himself and his constituents and to frown down the miserable politician who keeps his ear to the ground; the public service must not be prostituted by making petty offices, that are not political, the rewards of partisan activity. The growth of our country, the magnitude and wealth of the great interests to be dealt with, the complexity and variety of the problems presented, all demand greater vigilance on the part of the people, and greater diligence from those who control public opinion, than at any previous period in our history.

If thoughtful Americans will only rouse themselves to the situation, take it in as it is, and place the problems that confront us into the hands of the ablest and most courageous men of our country, the prophecy of the New Zealander, who so recently said that we were about to lapse into Socialism, is as far off from fulfillment as is that notable vision by Macaulay, of another New Zealander standing on the ruins of London bridge and gazing at the relics of a former civilization.

[Mr. Herbert's address is of especial interest inasmuch as it is almost the first expression of any American, who has attained the dignity and honor of a cabinet position, giving an inkling that he was aware of the possibility of profound social and political changes being imminent and probable as the result of our economic development. Mr. Herbert is a Democrat and possibly any change that will put the Republicans out of office is viewed somewhat more sympathetically by him, unconsciously so, of course, than if he were one of Roosevelt's minions. It is funny how he marshalls out the force of economic evolution in support of Socialism, and admits such a force to be irresistible, and yet he attempts to show that our reliance must be in the Constitution if we wish to impede the progress of Socialism, and then in the next breath he reminds us that "during the struggle for the Union the statesmen in control, including even President Lincoln, announced that the safety of the republic was a consideration higher than any constitutional obligation." Mr. Herbert admits that unless we have relief from the trusts we must have Socialism, and yet in the whole course of his address he gives us absolutely no hint as to how we can get "relief" except by using that fine old Democratic pain killer, "Free Trade," and he acknowledges that even it will be of little avail anyway as after it will be applied "the task will have only just begun." Now, Mr. Herbert, you are one of those "thoughtful Americans" yourself whom you are calling upon to save the country by giving us their advice. I invite you to come again into these columns and give a friendly lead.—H. G. W.]

WHY BELGIANS ARE RESTLESS

HELOISE COMTESS D'ALEMCOURT

Brussels, May 3.—The present condition of unrest in Belgium is sympathetic. That the rioters have been harshly and effectively suppressed does not indicate any change in the conditions which caused the recent emeute, nor preclude the possibility of a recurrence of the disorders at an early date. This ambiguous situation results from two causes—the dissipation and extravagance of the king, and the amazing poverty and unhappiness of the working people. Here in Belgium we are confronted by the anomalous fact that the jolliest, most modern, democratic, dissipated of monarchs rules over a populace steeped in vice and misery. In conversation recently with a gentleman connected with the court, I learned how the recent riots were viewed by the two people most interested in them—by the king, on one hand, and by the queen, on the other. The king is reported to have said:

"It was eminently fit for the most modern of kings to escape the revolutionists in the very latest of vehicles. If my court marshal had sent a coach and pair to the station, the rioters would have thrown themselve on the horses and wagon, dragged me out, and possibly would have torn me to pieces. My great uncle (Charles X of France) said he preferred a post chaise to the executioner's cart; as for me—give me an automobile."

The queen's comment was:

"Blindness, revolution, bloodshed, loss of power—elements of retribution all for the treatment of our child, for indecency flaunted in the public eye, for poor Charlotte and the Congo atrocities."

The queen is the most womanly of women, and may lack in political insight or possess little of that iron resolution of character that perpetuated in history the glorious names of Elizabeth, Catherine and Louise. But the sufferings through which she has passed—the outrages inflicted upon her by her husband—must obtain for her the sympathy of the world. It is but natural that she should see in the popular uprising, in the latest personal affliction of the king—incipient blindness—a judgment of God on him for horrible meannesses, crime and shame.

In Leopold's character the most contradictory sentiments fight for supremacy. At the age of sixty-five years his heart is as inflammable as that of a boy of twenty. Abstemious and wildly extravagant at the same time, he is careful of his health in many ways, and courts death in a hundred others. He rises early and at a regular hour, and never keeps business of state waiting, even if he must transact it from

the lowest haunts of vice. At the beginning of his reign he made a vow never to sign a death warrant; yet he does not hesitate to distribute ball-cartridges to his troops whenever the question of universal manhood suffrage is broached. So it was in 1886, and so it was a few days ago. Leopold is a showy king. He has a talent for intrigue and diplomacy, by means of which he has elevated Belgium to a position in Europe altogether disproportionate to the size and significance of the country as a state. He has beautified the city of Brussels with great parks, gardens and palaces. Yet his scandalous infidelities have driven his wife from his side, and on one occasion caused the poor queen to attempt her own life. Happily, the fortunate entrance of a tire-woman saved Queen Henriette's life, and averted a scandal which would unquestionably have upset the throne.

It is not easy to believe such extravagance on the part of a man whom fate gave so many hard knocks. Twice he saw the heir to his throne snatched away by death. His two married daughters have experienced all the sorrow and shame a woman in any position may encounter. There is Leopold's mad sister, Charlotte, ex-Empress of Mexico, the widow of the ill-fated and ill-advised Maximilian, who tried to set up an absolute European monarchy on American soil. Leopold had her in his care ever since the year 1867, when she arose from a footstool before Napoleon III—a raving maniac. His youngest and most beloved child, Princess Clementine, wants to take the veil. She could only be dissuaded from doing so by her father's repeated promise to change his mode of life. At one time, too, the gay king seemed determined to keep his word, namely, when Clementine had a narrow escape from burning to death in the Laken palace, but when the young lady recovered her father forgot all about his noble intentions, and returned to his debaucheries.

At the same time the king retains his good looks. With a face full of character and an erect figure, he combines the manners of a perfect gentleman, while his intercourse with friends and strangers and people generally is distinguished for a certain hearty democracy, that endears him to all meeting this many-sided monarch face to face.

Those who profess to know Leopold best claim that he is good-natured and generous to a fault, but this favorable view is opposed by many disagreeable facts.

A father who turns out his daughter, who fled to him for protection from a cruel husband—turns her out in the middle of the night and carries her back to the gilded cage under escort, though knowing that her sufferings would be still greater in consequence of the flight—a father who does that sort of thing can hardly be credited with excessive love or forbearance. Yet that is exactly what Leopold did with his daughter Louise, the Princess Phillip of Coburg, who was declared insane two or three years ago, after eloping with an unloved man and distributing fraudulent checks all over Europe.

There are many who claim that Louise is not mad at all, that her husband's wickedness and her father's failure to succor her simply drove her to wild acts of extravagance by way of revenge.

As to the king's generosity: true it is, that artists of a certain degenerate school find him a liberal patron, and that soubrettes and dancing girls and

prima donnas and leading ladies never appeal to him in vain—provided they are pretty and gay—but as to his far-famed "gift" to the Belgian people, the Brussels royal gardens, the act was one of economy pure and simple. The law forbade Leopold to dispose of the ground, and compelled him to pay for its maintenance—500,000 francs per year. In conferring the title and cost of maintenance upon the people, he still reserved the gardens for his own use, and saved 500,000 francs a year. Good business, was it not?

This same sense of business, which he inherited from his grandfather, King Louis Phillip, the broker on the throne, induced him, it is said, to invest the greater part of the fortune of his sister, the ex-Empress Charlotte, in the Congo State, originally a private speculation of his own. Nowadays the Congo State is a safe investment, but suppose the speculation had miscarried? In that case Empress Charlotte's heirs would have footed the bill, and Leopold would be poorer in expectations, but not in pocket. Still, the ten millions a year Leopold makes out of the Congo State now have brought him no luck. The history of this darkest part of darkest Africa is written in blood, and the queen and her pious daughter, Clementine, are suffering death agonies on account of the cruelties committed in their husband's and father's name. Indeed, the Congo atrocities are forever on Marie Henrietta's mind, and she prophesied long ago that God would punish Leopold for his part in the awful business.

The punishment has come, or is near at hand; total blindness threatens this gayest of monarchs. I saw much of him during his recent visit at the Riviera, in the fairy palace he built for himself near Villefranche. As he took us over his grand new house—the latest and most beautiful of his numerous architectural creations, a veritable treasure-trove of articles de vertu, bric-a-brac, paintings, statuary, bronzes, crystals and mosaics—as he showed, or rather attempted to show us the good points of his collections, I saw his eyes wander far from the spots he described—he was repeating a self-taught lesson, he was trying to deceive us about his real condition. On that occasion he reminded me of the late blind King of Hanover, who was wont to compliment every lady he met on the choice of colors in her toilet.

And now, after devoting much space to the king's failings, let us turn to the miserable, starved wretches among his subjects who class as workmen. Comparatively speaking, Belgium is the richest country in Europe, say the statisticians. Yes, and her workpeople are the most degraded, the most down-trodden, the most alcohol-soaked and the most underpaid. Having just returned from a tour of the smaller factory and mining towns in Liege, I am going to set down here a typical view of one of them, Charleroi, hotbed of the riots of March, 1886, and of the present agitation.

In the provinces of Hainault and Liege every member of the family, except sucklings and children below the age of ten, work either in the mines or factories. The man, woman or youngster who does not, starves as sure as there is a sun in the heavens. During my first visits to the shops, under and above ground, I saw plenty of children risking their life and health for a weekly pittance that an American bootblack would disdain as an hour's recompense. But "Where are the women and the girls?" I asked.

"There and there, and here and yonder." The guide's right hand described a circle, pointing to the crowds of loaders, carriers and helpers. I looked again—really they might be women, but as they wore trousers and a general aspect of uncouthness, I had failed to recognize the sex. I never thought it possible for women and girls, outside of slave countries, to present such appearances — round-shouldered, flat-chested, with scanty hair and enormous hands and feet. Even the girls of sixteen or seventeen were wholly devoid of comeliness—matron, young wife and maid were equally unattractive. "With poor blood in their veins, where could they get red lips and cheeks?" said one of the mining company's physicians; "they are anæmic."

There would be no use in giving the scale of wages—American readers would not believe me. A girl working twelve hours per day does not earn enough money to buy a regular midday meal; coffee and bread is all she may aspire to.

I ran across a typical small family, consisting of three sisters, all of whom are employed from one year's end to the other. They tell me that they eat meat only twice a week—Sundays and Wednesdays.

Another thing that struck me was the absence of pawnshops. "We have nothing to pawn," said the foreman of the factory with whom I was speaking.

Badly nourished, the miner and glass-blower is subject to heart and eye disease, rheumatism and scrofula. In summer, when the furnaces are going inside and out—the heat of the fiery coal intensified by the sun—hundreds die of prostration, these deaths being as "regular" as deaths from consumption, over-work or accident. Yet, on that account no one complains—it is deemed natural. These workpeople, you must know, learned long ago to look complaisantly upon all evils, save actual hunger. Hunger maddens them. If a beef trust invaded Belgium it would be strangled to death within twenty-four hours, with or without process of law.

For hours I walked in the workmen's quarters without seeing a single grown-up person. All the "grown-ups" and half "grown-ups" and quarter "grown-ups" are in factory or mine, working twelve hours by the clock, either in day time or night. Most of the houses stand in little gardens, but neither vegetables nor flowers are planted—who should attend to that? And the children! Numerous as the sand on the sea, but dirtier, less cared for, unhappier than any crowd of little ones I ever encountered elsewhere. During seven days' travel in the Province of Liege I heard not a single laugh, lest it came from a grog shop.

Instead, grog shops, drunkeness, bestiality galore! Day and night the brasseries and gin mills are running wide open, town and suburbs sending never-decreasing swarms of customers.

Horrible and heartrending are the scenes in and about the gin mills on pay-day, when hundreds of women besiege and fight their husbands, brothers or fathers to give up a few sous for the house. Even Zola's realism pales before such battles between domestic furies and the alcohol devil.

Truly, a gayer monarch, or more miserable, starved wretches than the workmen, his subjects, you cannot look upon.—The New Orleans Picayune.

THE DESPOTISM OF THE DOLLAR

WALTER S. LOGAN

HE fight that our fathers made was a fight for government by the people. It was a fight against the despotism of the king. George III claimed to rule by divine right, and irrespective of the wishes or interests of the people over whom he ruled. The divine right of kings was the Tory idea. On the other hand, the Whigs, on both sides the ocean—Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Richmond, Lord Grey, Shelby and Fox on the other side, and Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, John Hancock, James Otis, Thomas Paine, Joseph Warren and Samuel Adams on this—asserted the right of the people to govern themselves. We won our charter on this side the ocean at Yorktown. The English on the other side the water won theirs when Lord Grey's Reform Bill, which he had introduced fifty years before, passed the English Parliament in 1832. As our victory at Yorktown was the most splendid triumph of arms the world has ever known, so Lord Grey's victory in the English Parliament, the consummation of a long life's work, was perhaps the most splendid triumph of peace that the world has ever known.

The Latin's battle cry of freedom has always been personal liberty. He considers himself free if he can keep out of jail. The Saxon's fight for freedom, on the other hand, has ever been lined up behind the dollar. The right to hold property has been the Saxon battle-cry. Property represents individual independence. The possession of property is what differentiates the citizen from the mob. The sacredness of property means the encouragement of individual initiative and individual independence. Self-reliance, the right of every man to be the architect and the artisan of his own fortune and the bed he is to lie in, is the corner-stone of Saxon freedom. From the Latin you might take away everything and he would consider himself free as long as his limbs were unhampered. The Saxon claims as his birthright to be assured that he may reap what he has sown and keep what is his own.

There can be no real right of property where any power except that of the people themselves can impose taxes. If a king can tax without the consent of the people, then it is only a question of his grace and not of their right whether he leaves them anything for themselves or not.

And so it was that when the old

An Address Delivered before the Connecticut Society of the Sons of the American Revolution at their Annual Banquet in New Haven, February 22nd, 1902.

barons assembled at Runnymede, the principal guarantees in the charter that they wrested from the unwilling hand of King John, were guarantees of the right of the citizen to hold property and to be free from taxation without the consent of representatives of his own choice. So it was that in the long struggle in the English Legislature between the Parliament and the King, they had the ever-living issue: Shall taxation emanate from the people or from the king? So it was that Charles the First was sent to the block by indignant representatives of an outraged people on whom he had attempted to levy taxes without their consent.

Marston Moor and Naseby should be counted as American victories as much as Saratoga and Yorktown. It was our Saxon cousins that we had left behind that on the fields of old England won these initial victories in the struggle that we brought to full consummation through the splendid triumph of Washington on this side the ocean.

I am proud, Mr. President, to have been born and educated in Connecticut, almost within the shadow of that rock where the so-called regicides were hidden by a sympathetic people from the blood-seekers of the English crown. There are no names honored in Connecticut—not even those of Nathan Hale and Israel Putnam—more than the names of Goffe and Whaley, whose lives were protected in the cave on yonder rock and whose graves are in the shadow of yonder church. I took the afternoon of my first day at Yale to climb that rock and when I saw engraved in imperishable letters upon the granite boulder that caps it the words, "Opposition to tyrants is allegiance to God," I thought I was in the presence of a spirit that made men worthy of immortality. If I have done anything as a member of this patriotic society, if I am at all worthy of the high honors you have showered on me so lavishly, I attribute it to the resolve I made that afternoon at the mouth of Judge's Cave, on the summit of West Rock, to live a life that should be worthy of the heroes that carved that inscription so that all the generations of Connecticut men that came after them could read it. What Goffe and Whaley stood for, and some of their fellow-judges died for, was the principle that no king could lay a tax without the consent of the people that had to pay it. It was the same thing that Israel Putnam fought for and Nathan Hale died for. The heroes and the martyrs of our race ever since our ancestors were the rough and rugged denizens of the German forest, have fought and lived and died for the right of property and the freedom to tax themselves. It is behind the dollar that the fortifications of the men who speak our language have been built. The dollar has been the instrument by which they have sought to find their way to a higher and better civilization and by means of which they have outstripped all other races in the struggle for existence and have come to dominate the earth.

We fought our fight against the despotism of kings to secure the right to have and retain all that the dollar stands for.

The despotism of the king is a thing of the past. We have won our fight against it and won it well. No longer in any place on our planet where the English language is spoken is there any power which can impose taxes except the power that emanates from the people. In no land where our race holds sway can that which any man has be taken from him except in accordance with a law enacted by the representa-

tives of the people. The struggle with George III and with all that George III stood for so far as our race is concerned is ended.

But a new despotism has arisen. Our struggle for the dignity of the dollar seems to have culminated in the abuse of the dollar. The Dollar has come to be Deified. The despotism of the day is the despotism of the dollar.

The ideal home of our ancestors in the center of the acres of which the master of the house was the owner, surrounded by the property that he had acquired and made more comfortable by the accumulations which he had invested, has given place to the apartment in a city flat, the master of which works for a salary and the corporation that pays the salary has the dollars.

The old struggle was by the people against the king, to avoid the payment of arbitrary taxes imposed without the people's consent. The new struggle is that of boundless wealth, corporate or otherwise, against the representatives of the people, to avoid the payment of the taxes which the people have a right to impose for the public weal. The hundred-millionaires of today fight as determinedly to avoid payment of the taxes that the people lawfully impose, as did John Hampden against the unlawful ship-money of Charles the First.

WALTER SETH LOGAN

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The old struggle was by men who demanded the right to retain what was their own and to enjoy the fruits of their own frugality. The new struggle is by men or corporations who by some special or extraordinary privilege, license, immunity or advantage have accumulated their boundless millions and are using these accumulations to maintain the monopolies that oppress and outrage the people. The throne of our modern George III is no longer at Westminster but in Wall Street. The Lord Norths of our day form steel trusts and sugar trusts and all other kinds of trusts, and then claim—not the divine right of kingship, but—the divine right of dollarship to rule the earth. If the interests of the people demand an Isthmian canal, that work is delayed year after year and Congress after Congress because it will interfere with the monopoly of a great railroad company. If the interests of the people demand and the conscience of the people insists upon a fair treatment of an adjacent island which we claim the right to take under our protection and whose product we use to sweeten our morning coffee, that must not be, because great trusts think they will have to lessen their dividends if the people of Connecticut do not pay full duty on Cuban sugar to the impoverishment of Connecticut and Cuba alike. If the interests of the people demand that the iron and steel that is needed in every industry in the land, in the construction of every home in the land, in the making of every tool or implement of trade in the land, in the transportation of passengers and freight throughout the land, shall enter our harbors free and unhampered, that must not be if it will in any wise interfere with the ten per cent. dividends of a billion-dollar corporation. If public improvements are planned in the interest of the people, if better roads or a better utilization of the highways of the people are in contemplation, if trolleys to bring neighborhoods together are asked for, all this must not be unless the consent can be obtained of hundred-million dollar railroad corporations that pay more in dividends every year than was the total cost of running the entire United States Government a hundred years ago. If anything is to be done that the people demand, if any want is to be supplied that the people need, it must not be unless the great monopolies of the nation will graciously give their permission.

The modern dollar has become despotic. The dollars have left the masses and found their way into the pockets of the classes. The great men of our land today are not those whose eloquence can move the people; not those whose books are read from one end of the world to the other; not those whose pictures they have painted are visited by thousands; not the geniuses whose light illumines the earth, but—the men who have command of the dollars. You may sit in the Waldorf Hotel and wait and watch and see the stream go by. A man whose mental gifts are the wonder of the world passes on unquestioned and unnoticed. A poet whose songs are sung wherever music is known slides into an obscure corner. A divine whose ringing words for church and civilization stir men's souls attracts no attention. A Patrick Henry or a Samuel Adams would be neglected, but—let some hundred-million dollar man enter the room and every eye is turned upon him. We recognize our king.

The American who has recently received all the honors which royalty, nobility and society could lavish upon him in the capitals as well as in the

gambling resorts of Europe, was not a college president, or a man noted for his learning, his ability or his achievements in art, literature or science. He was simply the president of the largest private monopoly the world has ever seen. He stood for—if he did not own —more money than has ever before been gathered together under one management and it was for this, and not for his unquestioned abilities as a manager, that the honors were heaped upon him.

The mighty men of the earth today are not its princes or its potentates, its preachers or its orators, the men of the pen or the men of the sword. The men who wield the world's destinies are its moneyed men. By putting their money into the channels of trade they produce prosperity. By withdrawing it they cause disaster, panic and ruin. If they wish to sell, they loosen their hold upon the money market and the price of securities soars towards the sky. If they would buy, they tighten their grip, withdraw the money from circulation, and panic prices prevail and misery runs riot in the community. Their will is potent in the councils of state and they decide the policies of cabinets. Nations go to peace or war at their command and the welfare of continents depends on their will. They reign as supreme in the drawing-room as in the marts of trade and they control society with relentless hand. The Church molds its creed to their belief and men's souls as well as their bodies are the slaves of the money power. Colleges receive their endowments from them, and the youth of the present generation, the fathers of the next, are trained in the social and political and economic ideas which the contributors to the college endowment approve, and have their ideas formed after the rich man's model.

No place seems free from their interference, no power sufficient to withstand their will.

Half a dozen men within easy telephone call of each other can meet on Wall Street any afternoon and the American nation will sit still and wait till they adjourn.

Our fathers rose in their majesty and their might and fought a successful fight against the despotism of the king. The sons are made of no meaner clay than the fathers. Courage is not a thing of the past. The valiant man is not out of date and the people are really as powerful as ever—when they come to know it.

The struggle of our age and generation is not against the despotism of the king but against the despotism of the dollar, and in any struggle for the amelioration of present conditions and the betterment of the lives and fortunes of the people, the sons of the men who stood behind the trenches at Bunker Hill, who went down to defeat and disaster but not disgrace at Long Island and Fort Washington, who followed the great commander in his campaign through the Jerseys and spent that long and weary and waiting, but all-important winter at Valley Forge, who stormed Bemis Heights and rode with Washington at Monmouth, who were with Greene and Morgan at Cowpens and King's Mountain and Eutaw Springs, and who witnessed the splendid triumph of our cause on the plains of Yorktown, will ever be ready, when the time comes, to fight for financial and social freedom as they fought for political freedom a hundred and twenty-five years ago.

Do not misunderstand me. I am the surgeon diagnosing the wounds, not the mangled victim hovering between life and death. It is the general con-

ditions, not the personal effect upon myself of which I complain. I have continued to steer my little boat with more or less success among the rocks that line the channel. I have even sometimes succeeded, they tell me, in harnessing my hundred-millionaire, crowned though he be, and making him pull like a tow-horse. Neither am I a prophet of evil. I do not believe that there is to be or that there is any need that there should be a military uprising among us. I do not think that the evils of which I have complained are evils that require blood-letting. They can be settled by men of peace and by peaceful methods. We have only to meet the enemy resolutely and they are ours, but just the same it requires a courage of no mean order to attack existing conditions. It requires leadership no less commanding than that of Washington, and followers no less devoted than those who followed him, to work out the salvation of the nation from the evils that now confront it.

Where if not from among the ranks of the Sons of the American Revolution shall such leadership be found or such followers gathered?

The chosen leader of the American nation who was the victim of the foul assassin a few months ago was a member of the Ohio branch of our society. Our present President of the United States is a member of the New York Society. The distinguished Senator from this State whose clear judgment, unflinching patriotism and unimpeachable integrity have guided the legislative counsels of the nation so well on the Cuban question and who we all feel sure will continue to guide them to an honorable issue, is a member of the Connecticut Society. Throughout the land you will find that the men the people trust most and love best are the members of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. It is for us not only to be proud of our heritage, but worthy of our opportunity. It is for us to hand down the institutions of our fathers to our children, not simply unimpaired but improved, perfected and brought to their full fruition.

I have talked to you today of the despotism of the dollar because it seems to me that it is the greatest of the evils that confront us today, but I am far from believing that it is an irremediable evil or an evil that we cannot cure with the medicine we have at hand. The glory of our fathers was that they builded not simply for their time but for ours. The greatness of the American Constitution adopted by the Convention over which the great Washington presided, is that it contains within itself the remedies for all the evils that may grow up under it. Our institutions are the greatest and best on earth because they fit all times and climes and conditions.

SHAW AND FABIANISM

E. BELFORT BAX

NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB,
London, Eng.

MY DEAR WILSHIRE:

I don't know whether our beloved brother Shaw is regarded on the other side of the Atlantic as he is here, to wit: as a refined human joke. Whether or not, I feel impelled by his article in the May number of the Magazine, to take up the pen in order briefly to warn our transatlantic comrades and friends against any temptation they may feel to take anything our Irish Heine says too seriously. I have, I may premise, already demolished the fallacies contained in the Shawesque perversion of the Socialist point of view, some year and a half ago in the columns of the Saturday Review. But our only Shaw, bowled over on one occasion, comes up again smiling the next with the same old weapons.

Shaw is, of course, welcome to think "professed Socialism in a bad way," if he chooses; but, when he alleges that the Social Democratic Federation at least has abandoned any of its principles, be they "catastrophic revolution" or what he terms "pious platitudes" (read the fundamental demands of Socialism), anent the "Socialization of the means of production and of exchange," one feels it is necessary to protest, if only for the sake of those American readers who know not Shaw and his humor.

As regards the first point the S.D.F. has never, neither does it now, deny the possibility of crises in which physical force may be a factor in the social revolution ahead of us. On the contrary, we regard it as next to certain that there will be such crises in England as elsewhere. While as to the second point, when the S. D. F. "abandons" the "Socialization of the means of production, etc.," it will decree its own dissolution.

Shaw appears to suffer chronically from a disease that I may term Radicophobia—a plank in the Radical platform is to G.B.S. like the proverbial red rag to the bull. Socialism must, for him, be something clean cut off from the past. G.B.S. persistently refuses to recognize that Radicalism has had its own work to do, and that in so far as Radicalism has failed to complete its historical task, the uncompleted portions of that task devolve upon the Socialism that is its successor. Shaw rails at Socialist bodies for including in their programmes items accepted also by Radicals. The "Enfranchisement of Woman" (I suppose he means female suffrage), which is one of those mentioned, may be a piece of idiocy, as I think it is, but if so it belongs by no means exclusively to the

feeble, foolish Radicals and Socialists, but would, if I mistake not, be subscribed to by the majority of the all-wise Fabian Society. There are, moreover, probably in proportion at least, as many Socialists, and even Radicals, who object to it as Fabians.

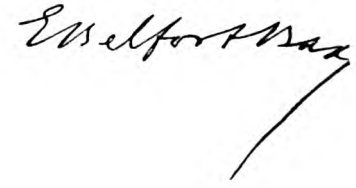
And now what is the heaven-sent kind of Socialism Shaw advocates in place of the historical? What is Fabianism? For those who know the history of the Fabian Society, its literature and its ways, the answer is clear as daylight. Fabianism is nothing more than a movement for the aggrandisement and ascendency of the civil servant, in other words of the Bureaucrat. Your civil servant, your bureaucrat, must have his Fabian movement just as your army man has his militarist movement, or your parson his clerical movement. Fabianism is no less a class movement than the others, only owing to the circumstances of the case the bureaucratic movement, termed Fabianism, can more easily masquerade as Socialism by means of an *equivoque*, to wit by the modern class-state being confounded, by a verbal quibble, with the Social-democratic Society of the future.

In fact, the whole of the Shaw case rests upon sleight-of-hand tricks with words. Take Shaw's gibe at Social-Democrats for their "pro-Krugerism," as he calls it. As everybody else knows our Internationalism compels us to be pro-Boers. Shaw appears to suggest that Internationalism consists in a great capitalist power aggrandizing itself at the expense of smaller and weaker peoples. Here again two contradictory principles are confounded by a juggle. Of this *new* interpretation of Internationalism, as meaning Imperialism let us hope "not a breath" does "stir" among us. Why does not Shaw carry his argument a step farther? A harmless and industrious workman on his way home is set upon by Hooligans and robbed of his tools. The Social-Democrat is naturally indignant at the aggression, at which Shaw observes that Social-Democrats today appear to have "not a breath" of the old collectivism stirring among them. They used to believe in the Communization of the means of production; now they talk as though individual property in the means of production were an institution of sacramental sanctity! Here we have an exact parallel to Shaw's attempt to identify Imperialist robbery with the free federation of nationalities demanded by Socialist Internationalism. The forcible subjugation of weaker nations by stronger is no more Internationalism than the annexation of the workman's tools by the common thief is collectivism in the means of production.

No, my dear Wilshire, we of the S.D.F. are not likely to be caught by the Fabian bait. "Efficiency" may be all right, but you can pay too high a price even for it. Mr. Seddon and New Zealand, are they not there to warn us of the rottenness of bogus Socialism (save the mark!)

With best wishes for the success of Wilshire, man and magazine,

I remain, ever yours,



SOME FACTS ABOUT RAILROADS

W. C. GREEN

I THINK if the people of this country knew the real truth about our railroads they would not be long in making them public property.

Railroads are *public* highways, and as corporations they exist *only* by the authority and sufferance of the people.

All public highways belong exclusively to the people and cannot be alienated from them by any power whatever.

The control and operation of the public highways is exclusively a function of the sovereign state, and as such, cannot legitimately be delegated to any private person or corporation.

The Supreme Court of the United States says: "The right of eminent domain nowhere justifies the taking of property for private use," and as railroads can only be built by exercising this right, it follows that they cannot rightfully be built by private corporations for private use.

All attempts of the state to delegate any public function to private persons or corporations are gross abuses and perversions of the public powers and an abdication of its authority, which if carried to its logical conclusion, would abolish the state altogether. Where it is done in the case of railway corporations, Henry D. Lloyd (author of Wealth vs. Commonwealth) calls it "the embezzlement of public highways and public franchises into private property." And again: "If the private use of private ownership of highways is to go, the private ownership must go. There must be no private use of public powers or public property." And again: "All the grants of franchises that have been given into private hands for private property are void in morals, and void in that higher law which sets the copy for the laggard pens of legislators and judges."

Every attempt to turn over public powers to the use of private individuals has always resulted, and must of necessity result, in multiplied evils, wrongs and mischiefs, for it is an attempt to make an impossible and unnatural partnership between the state and favored individuals with the sole purpose of giving such favored individuals the right of taxation, which is inherent only in the sovereign power, and of using it as a means of plundering the rest of the people. Of course this has always been done under the false pretense of benefiting the people; but it has always, and in all times and in all places, resulted in planting an irrepressible conflict between the people and the persons securing the illegitimate benefits derived therefrom. Their interests and those of the people are necessarily antagonistic in all things and inevitably result in perpetual conflict between them.

The exercising by private persons of public functions is essentially immoral and indefensible in every respect, and so far from becoming a "vested right," as claimed by railway corporations and others, is, on the contrary, simply an intolerable and dangerous nuisance which should be abated without unnecessary delay. It is a survival of the long since exploded theory of the divine right of kings and of privileged classes, when the people had no rights that these thieves and plunderers were bound to respect. They have no place in a free country. We have outgrown them, and it is high time they were cast aside into the lumber room of other past barbarisms and tyrannies.

According to the books on the subject, the management of our American railways would "shame hell in its palmiest days."

It is shown not only to be grossly incompetent, but criminal and vicious almost beyond belief. The whole system seems to be a festering mass, reeking with corruption, chaotic mismanagement and reckless abuse of its enormous powers. While under proper management it would become the means of almost inconceivable progress and prosperity to the nation with corresponding profits to its owners; it is, instead, by its overmastering greed and corruption the greatest stumbling block to both progress and profit.

Their maxim of charging "all the traffic will bear," is not only the worst of robber maxims, meaning simply to squeeze the last possible drop of blood from their victims, but it utterly defeats its purpose. Whatever of prosperity the country and the railways enjoy is secured wholly in spite of their iniquitous methods.

Here are a few of the charges made against them:

1. Gross and criminal mismanagement. It is shown that although the railroad business is among the very best money-making businesses in the world under honest and competent management, yet about "four-fifths of the stock and one-fifth of the bonds of American railroads go fruitless every year," and as much as twenty-five per cent. of the railways are sometimes in the hands of receivers at one time; that their stocks fluctuate from thirty to three hundred per cent. and their bonds from five to one hundred per cent. during every year; that their fares and freights are so exorbitant as to kill all business but such as must be transacted at any price; that their management is simply murderous in its recklessness; that they kill outright over 7,000 and maim over 45,000 persons every year; that this slaughter is worse than war itself and that the number killed by them of their employes alone is two and a-half times as many, and the number injured is seven and a-half times as many as upon English railways, while the number of passengers killed is seven times and the number injured is ten times the number on German railways. The Interstate Commission says: "Right under our eyes is waging daily a battle more deadly, more bloody, more cruel and atrocious than any of modern times," and that "our railway management is in a state of anarchy and is morally reckless."

2. It is charged that the railways are criminal and rotten to the core. It is shown that they have the power to destroy the business of every man and control the value of his property, and that they continually misuse and abuse this power. Henry D. Lloyd says that no American farmer today has more than a nominal title to his farm, for

the railroads can and do make and unmake its value at their own whim or will. It is shown that the railways make it their universal practice to conspire with favored customers to break down and ruin rivals in business; that two trunk lines deliberately sunk over $10,000,000 of their stockholders' money in assisting the Standard Oil Company to ruin a rival pipe line company; that they and other railroads contracted with said oil company to transport its oil at ten cents per barrel and to charge its rivals thirty-five cents per barrel, and, in addition, to give this extra twenty-five cents over-charges to the Standard Oil Company. In this way the Standard Oil Company has received from the railways tens of millions of dollars every year for many years. Franklin B. Gowen, an expert, examined the books of one of these railways in behalf of its stockholders and found that it had given away to favorites of the management over $100,000,000 in twenty years. He says the railways of this country give away to favored shippers in rebates from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 every year. This practice of conspiring secretly to ruin rivals of favored customers has become a most intolerable nuisance, and has made the railroads of the country dangerous public enemies that should be suppressed. The Interstate Commission says that railways habitually break any law that does not suit them and insolently say that they do it "because they do not like them," and that railway managers "are guilty of acts which, if the laws of the land were enforced, would subject them to fine and imprisonment." United States Senate Document No. 53 charges that the railroads give free transportation to everyone who may be of service to them "from constable to cabinet," and that these favors are intended as bribes. It is a notorious fact that the railroads maintain at Washington and at every state capital, a paid lobby of expert bribers for the express purpose of controlling congress and the state legislatures in their interests. The late Governor Pingree said that there were better men in the Michigan penitentiary than these lobbyists.

It is shown that the railroads are beating the government out of more than $20,000,000 annually by their exorbitant charges for carrying the mails, that they charge twenty times as much for this service as they do the express companies for like service; that they charge the government over one hundred per cent. of the entire value of the mail cars annually for their use; that they habitually pad the mails at the time of weighing them with a vast lot of bogus matter in order to cheat the government into paying for more than is carried.

It is shown that the railways have entered permanently into the practice of controlling primaries, elections, candidates and public men until it has become dangerous to democratic institutions. No other circumstance exists today casting so much doubt upon the permanency and stigma on the purity of our republican form of government.

It is shown that the railway managers perjure themselves with the utmost fluency and sang froid whenever the occasion requires, that they make a practice of debauching our judges, the pulpit, the public press and everybody in sight for whom they have the least use.

Out of twelve billions of dollars of railway capitalization in this county over eight billions is water. Every dollar of this watered stock is based upon franchises and other valuable

things secured from the people under false pretenses and without any compensation whatever. On this fraudulently capitalized stock the whole people are required to pay an annual tribute to these corporations of over three hundred millions of dollars.

The amount of land alone that the railroads have managed to cheat the people out of without any compensation would give every homeless family in the land a farm of thirty acres, and the $8,000,000,000 of fraudulently capitalized franchises out of which they have bilked the people would give every such family a $1,000 home. The annual tribute the people are compelled to pay on this fraudulent stock would parallel every trunk line railroad in the country in ten years. Speaking of this sort of thing, Henry D. Lloyd says: "Property to the extent of uncounted millions has been changed from the possession of the many who owned it to the few who hold it—

1. Without the knowledge of the real owners.
2. Without their consent.
3. With no compensation for the value taken.
4. By falsehood, often under oath.
5. In violation of the law."

Railway charges are practically prohibitory and a serious block to the country's progress.

There can be no doubt that the extortionately high charges of America railways are blocking the progress of this country more than any other cause. While the economies in railway transportation have been enormous and their efficiency vastly increased within the past few years, yet the fares are even higher now than they were years ago, and the freight rates have not been reduced anywhere near to what they ought to be under the improvements and savings effected. Both are simply extortionate, as I shall show hereafter.

The losses of New Jersey farmers alone are estimated to be over $10,000,000 a year, owing to high railway charges.

The American people do not and cannot travel. "At least ninety per cent. of them have never seen the national capitol, or taken a pleasure trip of one hundred miles from home." Only such business is done over the railroads as must be done at any price. "They have driven off the ox teams and the stage coaches, and now keep them off by charging only slightly less fares and freight rates than those conveyances." In fact, it is shown that they are charging the government fifty per cent. more for carrying the mails than the old stage coaches used to charge for the same service. And yet, owing to the prohibitory fares, few of the passenger trains pay expenses; and the palace cars pay less than their expenses. It is said that there is only one railway west of Chicago whose passenger trains pay expenses, and that twenty per cent. of the passenger traffic on western roads is upon free passes.

That this is solely owing to high fares the following facts will prove:

The average number of passengers per train is only forty, while with our modern locomotives they might haul at least ten cars carrying six hundred and forty passengers.

The average dead weight hauled per passenger is 7,500 pounds, or, say, fifty times as much non-paying weight as paying weight.

The average earnings of passenger trains per trip are only about $20.

In poverty-stricken India, with their low fares, the average train carries two hundred and fifty passengers.

The Manhattan Elevated Railway, with its one hundred miles of track, uniform 5 cent fares, and serving a population of only about 2,000,000 people, carried in 1893 over forty per cent. as many passengers as did all the railways of the United States, with their 170,000 miles of track and serving a population of over 60,000,000. After paying $2,000,000 in rentals and interest on its bonds, it earned nearly ten per cent. upon its $30,000,000 of capital stock (largely water).

That the freight trains do not begin to earn as much as they might with lower freight rates is shown by the following facts:

The average freight train consists of only twenty-one cars, of which forty per cent. run empty, while the modern freight locomotive is capable of hauling sixty full loaded cars.

The average car only carries about three tons of freight, when it has a capacity of thirty tons; and so the average freight train only carries about forty tons, when it might with slight additional expense, carry 1,800 tons of paying freight.

The average freight car only does about twelve full days' work in a year and only earns $6.40 per haul, while with low freight rates it could do at least ten times as much work and earn just as much per haul.

The possibilities of railway transportation are almost inconceivably great. They will be vastly greater when electricity comes into general use. Even now "it costs no more to carry a ton of freight 1,000 miles than it used to cost to carry a letter half that distance." Hon. J. L. Cowles, in his book, "A General Freight and Passenger Post," shows this most strikingly.

He boldly proposes that the government own and operate the railways of the country and run them on uniform fares and freight rates, and he shows that they could be profitably run on the following low charges, viz: Passenger fares on "local" trains at a uniform rate of FIVE cents, without reference to distance traveled. On through trains fares to be 25 cents and $1, according to the train taken, "Express" or "Fast."

This is so entirely out of any former experience that it will cause wonderment to many, and no doubt some will declare it to be impossible. It is not only possible, but there can be no reasonable doubt about it, for it is no mere theory of his, but he proves it to be practicable by existing facts and examples, and even shows that it would prove much more profitable than the existing charges are.

The principal facts are these: Even under existing incompetent, wasteful and extravagant management, the average passenger fare on our railroads is only a trifle over 50 cents per trip. So it is clear that if tickets were issued at a uniform price of 50 cents, good for any distance, even now, that the passenger revenues of the railroads would be fully as great as they now are, and one might ride across the continent on such a ticket. Some might say that everyone would then ride across the continent and so it could not be done. This is not true. They would ride just where they wanted to go and no further, same as they send their letters.

It should be borne in mind that every through line is made up of a series of *short* hauls. Even so great a through line as the New York Central railway carries 114 local passengers to one through passenger. It is asserted that if letters could be sent around the world for nothing it would not alter the aver-

age distance they are now sent. People do not send letters to get the most out of the government, but to suit their convenience only, and they send them to the person they want to reach whether he is ten miles or 3,000 miles away. People use the street cars on the same principle and would use the railways in exactly the same way. They would go where they had business or to where the person lived they wanted to see, and no further. This is according to the law of averages, and under it the distance people will travel on an average can be calculated to a nicety. This is the principle upon which the "Penny Post" was established and has worked with extreme satisfaction. It is also the principle upon which the insurance business, the banks and other like businesses are conducted.

Now, owing to the exorbitant fares charged by the railways, their trains only carry an average of about forty passengers at an average 50-cent fare, when they could easily carry 640 at only an insignificant additional cost at a 5-cent, a 25-cent or a $1 fare, which would bring in a revenue of $32, $160 and $640 respectively, instead of the present average of $20 per trip. It is found that the distance trains run or the loads they carry cut little or no figure in the expenses of a railroad. In other words, the expenses of a great railroad system are about the same without reference to the volume of its business. Even the grades on a railway cost more than the distance traveled by its trains.

At present they haul 7,500 pounds of dead weight to every passenger, while if their trains ran full there would be no additional non-paying weight to haul, but every additional pound would be paying tonnage. Mr. Wm. M. Ackworth, who is said to be the greatest authority in England on railways, says that were a train starting from London for Glasgow, four hundred and ten miles, and a passenger who would not otherwise have gone on the train could be induced to go, all above ONE-HALF A CENT of his fare would be clear profit to the company. He figures the expense of carrying him this four hundred and ten miles would be three-eighths of a cent for coal and that the other eighth of a cent would be more than sufficient to pay for oil and other expenses. Thus it will be seen that the cost of transportation after the machinery is once set in motion is insignificant, and that the distance one is carried does not count in the cost appreciably. Mr. Cowles gives a number of facts and many cases of actual experience of the railways proving his contentions. I shall only instance a single example.

The Northern Pacific, which runs through Blue Island, a suburb of Chicago, did not realize enough from its local trains between those two points, a distance of twenty miles, to pay expenses on the usual fares. It put down the fares to a flat five cents without reference to distance, and its business at once doubled and increased until it became the best paying part on the road. The manager, Mr. Ainslee, said: "There is more money in a uniform five-cent fare than in three cents a mile."

The same principle applies to freight charges. It is found that di tance of the haul does not cut any figure in the cost, and that the principle of charging a low uniform rate, without regard to distance of haul, is the most profitable. Milk has been carried to New York City from within a radius of three hundred miles at a uniform charge for all points within that distance for over

forty years, and has been found to work with great satisfaction to both railways and the consumers. In fact many points in the United States have been grouped with a uniform rate between all points within those groups. The business from the Pacific coast to the east has been grouped. For instance: The charges from Los Angeles on oranges to all points east of the Mississippi river have been made uniform and are the same to Chicago, 2,265 miles, and to New York, 3,180.

The Great Eastern Railway of England carries packages to and from any two points on its 1,000 miles of road at a uniform rate without regard to distance.

Mr. Cowles proposes a tariff of $6.00 per car load for any distance in the United States. When the foregoing facts are taken into consideration, and also what I have heretofore stated, that the average freight train runs with forty per cent. of its cars empty under the present high rates, that the average car only carries about three ton loads when it might carry thirty tons just as well, that our big locomotives can haul from 1,200 to 1,800 tons just as well as they now haul the present load of forty tons, that each car might just as well be made to do two hundred days' work in place of the paltry twelve days per year it now does, and that it now only earns an average of $6.40 per haul, when it might just as well make ten or twenty hauls at $6.00 per haul, as proposed by Mr. Cowles, it becomes certain that the rate tariff he proposes is entirely practicable and that the railways would earn far greater revenues under these low rates than they now do under the present extortionate charges. Mr. Cowles estimates that their earnings would be at least double what they now are.

The railways are the nerves and arteries of our whole social and industrial system, and when they clog these arteries, as they are doing by their extortionate charges, they become public enemies and ruinous to the whole business and social system. Henry D. Lloyd says that "our highways are used to prevent travel." Also, that "ownership of the highways ends in the ownership of everything and everybody that has to use them." He further says that no farmer who depends on the use of the railways has more than a nominal title to his farm, for the railways can, by their absolute power over transportation, raise or lower, or make worthless, the value of his farm. A. B. Stickney, a railroad manager, says that farmers are systematically discriminated against every year by the railroads; that they make high rates to the farmer on his grain and so lower its value, and when the dealers have bought it make secret low rates to them on the grain until it is all moved to market. He says the railroads of this country exercise powers that would cause a violent revolution if undertaken by the government.

Now I have given a plain statement of the alarming and dangerous facts about our railway system, and what tremendous advantages we might reap if they were owned and operated by the nation. It must be clear to the dullest understanding that they have got us by the throat and will destroy what few liberties we have left unless we take action in the matter soon. I, for one, do not think we have any choice left, and that the only thing we can do to save ourselves is to assert our right and our power and condemn them as dangerous and intolerable nuisances and take them out of irresponsible pri-

vate hands, where they never ought to have been, and run them as they were intended to be run, in the interest of the whole people. We delude ourselves with the idea that we are a free people, when, in fact, we are living under the most vicious and crushing industrial tyranny in the world today. We boast of being the most progressive people on earth, when, in fact, we are behind every other civilized nation in this vital matter. Every nation in Europe, except England, owns its railways in whole or in part, and England is said to be arranging to take hers over.

That their publicly owned railways are better managed, even when managed by monarchies and absolute governments, are cheaper and run more in the interests of the people than our privately owned roads is beyond question. Our railways kill seven times, and maim ten times as many passengers as the German roads; our average fares are over two cents per mile. In Great Britain, France, Germany and Austria fares are only three-fourths of a cent per mile. In Russia one can travel 2,000 miles for $6.00. Belgium workingmen ride at a little over one-tenth of a cent per mile (nine miles for a cent). Belgium sells a ticket for $5.50 good to ride fifteen days. Denmark does the same. Switzerland issues a like ticket for $6.00. She also issues a ticket good to ride for a year for $57.90. And yet, all these roads are run at a profit, and the German empire is said to get half its revenues from the profits of its railroads.

No discriminations are made on these roads, and the "deadly secret rebate" practiced on American railroads is unknown. The poorest peasant can ship his small products at as low a rate as the largest and most powerful shipper.

"Since mankind were first welded into nations, the highways have always been the symbol of government, and the owner of the highways has been the government." In this country the railways not only own the highways and the government, but they own and control the people as well as their private property, and they practice the most irresponsible, arbitrary and despotic tyranny of any institution on earth today. Now what are we going to do about it? It is up to the American people to settle this question and do it soon.—Wayland's Monthly.

"Not Yet is Freedom."

Not yet is freedom: only now a name
In which a wanton age would hide its shame—
An age without a soul, without a faith;
An age that hears but what the liar saith,
That makes a glory of its perfidy
Toward every trust and truth of liberty;
An age abandoned to the ruthless strong,
Who know in creed or practice but one wrong—
Resistance to the hunger of their might,
Or question of its predatory right;
An age whose greatness is the drunk of wine,
And labor is the press and grape and vine.

—From George D. Herron's poem, "Not Yet is Freedom."

FRANK PIXLEY ON THE COMMUNE

THE Commune is held up as the personification of misrule and destruction. Communists are represented as that worst element of city life that delights in blood and conflagration, and Paris of 1871 is described as a scene of frightful disorder, submitting to anarchy, pillage and murder.

I was present in the city of Paris during the entire period that the Commune held sway. I was there from the day of the entry of the Germans till the army of Versailles destroyed the Commune, and the experiment of communal government was wiped out of existence by the death 40,000 citizens who fell in battle in the streets of the capital of France.

I saw that great city of Central Europe held for five weeks by the men of Vilette, Montmartre, and the Faubourg St. Antoine, by the artisans and laborers, who for the first time in seventeen years had the opportunity to bear arms. There was the bank of France with its hoarded wealth of coin, the House of Rothschilds, the Bank of the Hopes of Amsterdam; there were the great magazines and storehouses filled with costly fabrics; shops with jewels of untold value; palaces with costliest gems of art; pictures and marbles of inestimable price. There was a vast population which for months had endured privation, hunger and distress. The gendarmerie had been driven out, and there was no other government than that of the Commune.

And yet during five weeks—weeks of menace from without and suffering within—I saw and heard of no single act of pillage or murder.

For five weeks the great forts of the enciente sent their destructive missiles to the heart of the city. From the Trocodero of a Sunday afternoon to the Pere la Chaise, the Commune soldiers contended against the Versailles troops. From barricade to barricade, from one open space to another, fighting inch by inch, in desperation the soldiers of the Commune with their wives fighting by their sides, sullenly disputing every stone, block and curbstone, retreated to the cemetery, and there amid the graves of the dead, the last of the Communists laid down their lives in hopeless, desperate valor.

They may have been wrong and misguided, but that they were thieves, murderers and incendiaries, I most indignantly deny.

During five weeks I saw no act of vandalism; I saw no plunder, I saw organization and order.

During the week of government victory I saw scenes of unparalleled brutality. I saw a hundred inexcusable bloody acts. I saw a well-dressed matron stabbed to death in the back

and flung like a dead beast into an open *porte cochere* in the boulevard Haussman, because she lagged behind in the train of prisoners. I saw five little girls lying dead in a heap near the Palace d'Industrie, with their little petticoats thrown over their faces, shot as petroleuses by Versailles soldiers. I saw every sub-lieutenant of the army of France armed with the power to arrest, try, and execute citizens, and this after the fight was over. I have read the death decrees and the decrees of exile that for five years followed this communal uprising.

I do not believe that the Communists either burned or attempted to burn Paris. I believe that the whole petroleum story comes from an absurd scare.

The war of the Commune was to the Great Revolution what the mad raid of John Brown was to our civil war. It was the first electric burst from the overcharged clouds. It will illuminate in the adoption of all the great principles for which the Commune contended.

The Commune was composed of the scholars and thinkers of France. It was a band of patriots. If it had in it the mad element of fanaticism, it may be excused. If oppressed labor classes looked to it for relief it was but natural. If fanaticism and disorder enrolled themselves to fight under its banners it was because it was the first and only flag where they might enlist. If poverty, distress and desperation looked to it for a change it was but rational.

The history of the Commune is written by its enemies. Like all lost causes it will be misrepresented. What there was of good in it will be suppressed. What there was of bad in it will be exaggerated.

The effort of an eye witness, at this late time and in these columns, is but a feeble effort at stemming the tide and current of opprobrium running against the Communists of Paris. Nearly all the press of America and England, nearly every pulpit in Christendom, has denounced the Commune. The press has thundered its anathemas against it, and the throne of God has been bombarded from every Catholic and Protestant priest and preacher's desk with unstinted censure.

Why the Roman church should do so I may guess. Why the Protestant should I do not understand.

This little fragmentary scrap of observation may be gathered up for history, and may help to swell the protest that in the interest of TRUTH may sometime be made.

To the facts of which I speak I bear the testimony of a living witness. Of the Commune I was a part. I helped to build the barricade at the Place de l'Opera. It was begun by a woman in a purple frock, and a lad of perhaps fourteen years of age. The rule was that every passer-by should add a stone from the Belgian pavement with which the boulevard was made. I made occasion to pass often. From my window in the Hotel de Hollande, Rue de la Paix, I saw the bloody fight of the Place de l'Opera. At this barricade I saw this woman bring water, load guns, and bear away the empty ones, and when the soldiers of the Commune were beaten off, I saw this purple-gowned amazon, with disheveled hair and bloody arms, alone defend the ramparts that she had aided to raise, till she was stabbed to death with bloody bayonets.

I rode to two midnight sorties with Dombrowski, and I breakfasted with Ockelowitz in the Place Vendome, for the Americans had the universal pass with the officers and soldiers of the

Commune. I treated a regiment of Vilette to half a cask of red wine. It was cheap, and I was paid in hearing them cheer the toast I gave them in very bad French—"The Two Republics—the Republic of France, and the Grand Republic of America." I shall live to see its realization.

I rode in an open *voiture* at midnight to the heights of the Butte de Montmartre to witness the artillery duel between it and Valerian. I met with polite attention; I was not robbed.

Let London, or New York, or San Francisco fall under the control of the worst citizens, and we should see scenes of pillage, rapine, violence, drunkenness, theft and murder. Yet in this great rich city of Paris, given over to the Commune for five weeks, with all its wealth and wine, I saw order, sobriety and respect to persons and property.

Hence I feel it my duty to say that Communism does not mean a forcible and unlawful distribution of property, nor is the word Communist a synonym for every crime.—San Francisco Argonaut.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

ALL wealth is produced by labor, and goods exchange in proportion to the quantity of human labor which is embodied in them. Between the workers of all civilized countries there is no real difference: they create the wealth and produce the food, and, under proper conditions, all would live in moderation, all would have enough. But landowners, capitalists, merchants, money-lenders, have possessed themselves of the land, of the machinery, of the currency, of the credit. They therefore compel the workers to labor long and live hardly for their benefit; they take of the time, and the life, and the labor of their fellows for nothing. Those who own the soil, and those who manufacture—those who live on interest, and those who trade on differences of value, live alike in luxury and in idleness out of the sweat and the misery of others. They, therefore, are the enemies of the great mass of the people, to be overcome by voluntary combination and peaceful endeavor. You, then, who produce the wealth in every country, consider where you stand; you, men who have seen your homes broken up, your health destroyed, have beheld your wives and children fade away under the tyranny of capitalism, stop and think. Let all who are made poor and miserable for the advantage of others, take heed to themselves. And having thus considered, thus thought, and thus looked at home, stretch out your hands, now powerless, to the workers of the world as your friends, and begin a new and better social epoch for humanity. Working men and working women of Great Britain and Ireland, who now toil and suffer that others may be lazy and rich—Unite! Working men and working women of Europe and America, who now rejoice in the gleam of a transient prosperity, only to be cast into deeper despair on the next stagnation—Unite! Unite! In union alone is safety and

happiness for the future, as in difference and selfishness have been danger and misery in the past. Therefore, once more, working men and working women, ye who live hardly today, to pass on sadness and poverty to your children tomorrow, Unite! Unite! Unite!

Thus in every direction the policy of the democracy is clear and well-defined. Freedom, social reorganization, thorough unity at home, justice, self-government, and a consideration for our colonies and dependencies, and a warm friendship and ready assistance for the oppressed peoples abroad—such is the work we are called upon to begin and carry out. Democracy, which the so-called "governing classes" jeer at as anarchy, incapacity, and self-seeking, means a close federation, first, of our own people, and next, of the workers of the civilized world. This is a policy not of today or of tomorrow, now to be taken up and again to be laid aside; it is an undertaking in which each can continuously bear his share, and hand on the certainty of success to his fellow.

The current of events will help on the cause of the people. Within the past generation greater changes have been wrought than in centuries of human existence before. For the first time in the history of mankind the whole earth is at our feet. Railways, telegraphs, steam communications, have but just begun to exercise an influence. Education and intercourse are breaking down the barriers of ages. The men who do the work of the world are learning from one another how it is that the poor and the miserable, the unfortunate and the weak, suffer and fall by the wayside. In our own country, which has led the way to the new stage of social development, all can see that the lot of the many is sad, whilst the few are rich and luxurious far beyond what is beneficial even to them. Our action in redress of these inequalities and better ordering of our affairs will guide and encourage the world. We, perhaps, alone among the peoples can carry out with peace, order and contentment those changes which continental revolutionists have sought through anarchy and bloodshed. Religion, which should have helped in this striving for a happier period, has suffered the rich and powerful to twist its teachings to their own account. Now, therefore, is the time, in the face of difficulties and dangers which threaten from many quarters, for Englishmen of all classes, creeds and conditions to push aside the petty bickerings of faction or the degrading influence of mere selfish interests, to the end that by sympathy and fellow-feeling for their own and for others they may hold up a nobler ideal to mankind. Such an ideal is not unreal or impracticable. Not as yet of course can we hope to realize more than a portion of that for which we strive. But if only we are true to one another, and stand together in the fight, the brightness of the future is ours—the day before us and the night behind. So, when those who come after look back to these islands as we now look back to Athens or Palestine, they shall say—"This was glory—this true domination; these men builded on eternal foundations their might, majesty, dominion and power."—From "England for All," by H. M. Hyndman; published in 1881.

TRUTH AT ANY COST

CORNELIUS MALONEY

THE testimony of dead civilizations, for centuries forgotten, and the testimony of known history will teach a solemn lesson if one will stop and think.

There is one function which bestows on man's estate a noble stature. However failing humanity may at times appear, in spite of all it marches ever forward. Falling, it will rise again. Man is essentially a conqueror.

But in considering the problems that confront us, let us not tire out our powers in seeking and condemning what is false and wrong, more than to use it for a contrast to set forward what is true and right. More than this belongs to higher power. To marshal all the falseness to be found, in politics, courts, and in finance, would be a never ending task. The time must be more profitably taken, that we may grasp the truth, despising the absurd.

Between the true and false, can be no compromise. To compromise with evil is the ruin of a man. A nation that would preserve the welfare of its own, must meet it sword in hand.

The social contract of our commonwealth is based on so-called principles of law and public policy. Our legislative bodies voice them and our courts interpret and enforce them. Some of these so-called principles are fallacies, and some do voice the truth, which is the truth forever, and these are principles indeed. But fallacies must be uprooted and overthrown, lest they in their perniciousness will surely work the overthrow of that which they were formulated to sustain.

One fundamental theory of our law has been and is enforced by all our courts, swaying a large proportion of their judgments, sanctioned by application through all the record of our economic system, derived from wisest judgment in the mother country, and recognized, indeed, by all Christendom: "A man has title to the fruits of his own labor." From this springs every settled principle of relative rights; personally assumed dominion of a person over things. And where not this, then must the rule that "might is right" give rise to relative law. Might has no right in any form, that's clear, and hence can have no weight in legislation or adjudication. But since by sweat of brow man eats his bread, earth otherwise refusing to yield up a livelihood at his command, the ancient mandate sends him forth today. The principle still stands and ever will. The rule is true. The laborer is worthy of the product of his toil.

Wherever this great truth is misconceived, and ruled by unsound laws, will there be found a nation made of sloths and slaves. Truth misconstrued or

disregarded straight condemns, eventually to destroy. Galling injustice surely reigns, with satisfaction far removed, with possibility of misery and death, where might be joy and tenfold energy of life. History is testimony.

Now misconception is the bane of man, and want of understanding is, perhaps, his greatest sin. For, give him powerful understanding of the will of God, the awesome import of that absolute command, pervading earth and stars, it would claim weighty thought before he'd swerve, and then he would, no doubt, repent before too late.

Now this one fact relating to the labor of mankind, while stated truly, has been misconstrued. The policy of bearing safe the private right against the despot's heel through all our history, and deadly fear of irresponsible public power, bids fair to overreach the very end that gave it birth—the end for which the country's fathers strove.

Of private rights, life, liberty, and security from bodily harm, there cannot be a doubt. For, since from the Omnipotent, man draws the very fact of his existence, with the Omnipotent must rest the sole disposal of the same. He who assumes dominion over these except for the benefit of all, with their consensus of consent, upholding public right in order to prevent much private wrong, in such presumption slaps the Maker in the face. A law affirming the above, consciously or not admits a God, a source from which all pre-existent and superior right must flow. But when the rule appears, of man's inherent right to product of his toil, at once is born a question of dominion over things. From this alone can come any plausible rule of relative rights.

Now law, while built on principles, is made for actual conditions. Abstract in nature, but concrete in application. The application bears the fruits, which lie potential in the law. Wherefore, by these same fruits the law is known, although, indeed, misapplication slanders law, while operating in its name.

The law relating to man's labor goes abroad and finds, not one man in the world, nor two nor three, each plying natural forces to maintain his life, regardless of the presence of others of his kind, but rather nations, the efforts of whose personal units are far-reaching, redounding to the benefit of all, where not expressly turned against the same. And so, the fruits produced by all belong to all, and any rules or principles, or laws, whatever called, denying this, or fearing boldly to deny, insidiously prevent, are lies.

And any government, whose only use is for the welfare of its own, must look to this, if it would live. For instinct tells the most unlearned of men, what intellect will not, that savagery, where man at least is free, is better than the galling bands of festering social contract. Decline sets in and sighing winds blow over desolate tracts, dead civilizations of the historic world.

Lies and absurdities gather force with use, and as their hold on recognition gathers strength, more powerful and more absolute become results.

All laws which give to him who holds God's gift to man, the land, by force of artificial rule, the increase in the value of that land which can be and is only made by toil of numbers, these laws are lies.

All laws which in the name of profits, give the right to take the fruits that are, and can be only made by toil of numbers, these laws are lies.

These fabrications are either growing stronger in their hold on men, or they

are weakening, since naught is stationary in such matters. And just as stands the menacing alternative, just so the banners of our national life are heaving forward in advance, or just so are they swaying backward toward decline.

As to the mode of turning from the wrong to right the very question "How?" may seal the destiny. For method is of less importance than a will, and presupposes it; and always, if no method, then be sure exists no will. Advancing people never question, how; they rise in courage and rough-hew a way. And where not this, there is a sure decline.

"Wrong shall not live," a rising race proclaims.

"How can it be prevented," is the death chant that a dying empire sings.

Cleveland, O.

THE SCIENCE OF MODERN SOCIALISM

DR. KNOPFNAGEL

THE science of modern Socialism is the science of the historic march of human society, not a voluntary or premeditated one, but a march made up of steps taken because of the uncontrollable influence the economic or property relations between one class and the other in society exercise on society; the environments created by these property relations force society to take this or that step blindly and unconsciously. It is only after the step forced on us has been taken, and resulted in some changes, that society becomes aware of it, but not before. Each step marks a new epoch in the mode of production. Each new mode of production is the angel both of life and death. On the one hand, it improves, gives growth and new life to everything upon which the life and growth of human society depends—modifying, changing and revolutionizing all institutions—social, economic and political; on the other, it deals the death blow to existing institutions, making them unfit for social, economic and political progress.

These changes, however, are not sudden. Indeed, so gradual are they that most of us do not even suspect that our manners and customs, our beliefs and religious creeds, are being continually modified and changed, as the mode of production modifies and changes the property relations between man and man. Still less do most of us suspect that sooner or later human society will be compelled to take a new step which will bring with it new changes and new relations, etc. So gradual and unnoticeable are these changes that when they culminate in an event which throws itself upon our attention, we ascribe them to the genius of this or that man who happened to play the most important role in the production of this or the other event.

As much as the wage system conceals from the victim, the working man, woman, and child, that he is being plundered, robbed and murdered; that he is the most abject slave; that he belongs to no one capitalist in particular, but is owned body and soul

by the entire capitalist class, so much more mystic indeed is the mode of production concealing from us its real nature that it alone is not only the creator of all that which is ascribed to the genius of man, but the creator of genius as well.

It is because of this mystic nature of the mode of production that our professors here in America, as in the European universities, speak of men who made history, philosophy, etc., upon whose genius the life and progress of the world depends. It was not the great men who made history. It was not the great men who made philosophy, or science or industry. But, on the contrary, men have been made great by history, philosophy, science and modern industry; and history, philosophy, science and industry, and the great men, all are the products of the environments, as influenced by the mode of production.

History tells us of many a brilliant brain, yet it is the nineteenth century that alone could give us a Darwin, a Pasteur, a Lasalle, an Engels, a Marx. And they are the creatures of the environments of the nineteenth century as influenced by the mode of production of that century as well as by the concentrated thoughts of the generations passed. A hundred years ago neither a Darwin nor a Marx were possible, nor were they dreamed of. Only the mode of production of a nineteenth century could be instrumental in giving the world such men.

Our primitive man who climbed the trees never dreamt of any such mode as the present mode of producing means of subsistence. Even a genius like Aristotle never thought there would come a time when inanimate matter will take the place of the living man in the production of wealth, will make of man a mere appendage to a soulless and lifeless machine!

The craft guilds did not think that the expropriation of the people from the land which threw them in vast numbers upon the towns without means of subsistence was the beginning of their end. Our capitalist in embryo did not suspect that sooner or latter he will have to change the mode of production and assign to each one a certain part of the commodity manufactured by him, thus doing away with the skill of man as a craftsman and developing in him the motor powers only. And when machinery was invented and introduced, neither our brother capitalist, nor laborer dreamt of the genius which lay dormant in the laborer and waited for the introduction of machinery to call this genius out, give it life and make of its possessor "the actual administrative captain of industry." Schwab is not the creator but the creature of industry. "The foremen, the capable men," are not what they are because of their genius, but because of the environments which forced them to give full play to their faculties. The trust is not the creation of Schwab or Pierpont Morgan, but is the direct result of the environments created by the mode of production in our modern industrial system.

It is but natural that one who looks upon genius as the sole creator of historic events and institutions should also think that changes in systems can only take place when great and capable men take part in this transformation, that without them no change can ever take place; for, if on the one hand the mystic nature of the mode of production as the sole creator of all that which is ascribed to the genius of man is concealed from our eyes, it on the other hand to still a greater degree

conceals from us its potent power as a creator of conditions which must most necessarily lead to a transformation of one system of human society into another, independent of the good will of any man, even of the great and capable men.

Our English friend, Mr. Hobson, shows very clearly that he believes everything great is due to the genius of man when he tells Wilshire: [See his letter in February number.]

"The more I study the economic side of the Socialist movement the more vividly am I impressed with the need for capable men in the ranks of Socialism—not merely men able to make great speeches on platforms or to write brilliant articles in WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, but men capable of mastering every little detail of industry, so that they may be ready to face any and every industrial eventuality."—(Page 50, second column.)

"Therefore I say to the American Socialists, aim to impress the real bearing of the Trust question upon capable men. Capture the foremen of the various trades and make them good Socialists. This can not be done by street corner gas works, but can only be managed by the advocates of Socialism showing themselves masters of the actual facts of industrial growth."—(Page 51, second column.)

This were a good advice, if Socialism were an abstract entity to be brought to perfection by the industrial captains, the capable foremen of today, irrespective of economic conditions and social surroundings, if the social revolution such as must take place before Socialism is established depended upon these capable foremen and men in general. This, however, is not an historic fact. Historic evolution, upon the continuity of which Socialism stands, is the result of two conditions depending one upon the other, and so closely woven together that it is hardly possible to differentiate one from the other. (1) No one system of society can change into a new system if historic evolution has not produced a new economic basis for a reconstruction of society for the benefit and emancipation of the lower class; and (2) no change has ever taken place, unless the government became so corrupt and degenerated that it has shaken the faith of the oppressed in it and made it unpopular. These two conditions create at first a desire for a better government. But as the government is not the cause of oppression, but a means used by the ruling class, the oppressed directing their fight against the government deal a death blow to the entire social system.

This is the reason why, though the history of human society is the history of private ownership of the social means of production and distribution, the history of economic inequalities, all the energies have been directed towards the acquisition of political power, because it was the laws enacted by the government to help the ruling class maintain their position in society as a ruling class, that not only opened the eyes of the oppressed, making them class-conscious, but also pointed at the means to be employed to attain their emancipation.

Hence, the emancipation of a class depends very little upon genius, or capable men, foremen or men capable of mastering every little detail of industry, but it depends solely and entirely upon the antagonism or the mutual relations between the producer and appropriator, which become clear, distinct and acute as human society is economically developed.

Capitalism has nearly prepared the

economic basis for its reconstruction into a new social system. The means it employs (the government) to maintain its position as the ruling power, is already corrupt and degenerated, has shaken the faith in it of the people, and has made itself unpopular. The proletariat more and more becomes class-conscious; it wants only a few more steps in the historic march, and the proletariat will as a class become aware of his class interests, aware of the means necessary to employ to gain his economic freedom.

As this means is the political power, Socialism, the science of the proletarian's cause, points to the acquisition of political power as the first step. With political power in the hands of the producer, and the producer is nobody but the proletariat, be he unskilled or skilled laborer, it is very easy indeed to take the next and last step and establish a system of social ownership of the social means of production. As in the past, every epoch has given birth to men equal to emergencies, so will it be in the future. This is a law of nature; and laws of nature can not be changed. If capitalism could produce a Schwab, and men capable of mastering every little detail of industry, the future will surely produce "men able to face any and every industrial eventuality," more so, indeed. While a Schwab may be a very necessary factor today, his genius will be of no use to a system which has abolished all that which has created such genii-class genii. This is what the capable men and foremen are today.

Mr. Hobson reminds me very much of the old fallacy, that the test of the value of the truth of a doctrine is to be found not in itself, but in its advocate, when he tells Wilshire — "An incapable workman with a glib tongue can make more enemies for Socialism than any other agency I know. His shopmates all say of him that he finds talking easier than working, and tell tales of his failures."—(Pp. 51-52.)

In other words, because a workman does not work so hard, does not give so much of his life to his exploiter, because his mates—who are blind to their class interests, whose intellect has been warped, stunted and perverted by the capitalist mode of teaching and thinking, who allow the priests, ministers and rabbis and the prostitute editors of our press do the thinking for them—"tell tales of his failures," therefore the workman has no right to talk Socialism, therefore Socialism is no good. It reminds me of a little incident in my own experience. A patient of mine who owed me eighteen dollars, answered me once when I asked him to pay me: "You are a Socialist and you should not ask pay for your work." And because I asked him he would never become a Socialist.

Socialism does not depend upon the likes or dislikes of mates telling tales of failures of a Socialist workman. As a science it defies all criticism. It can stand the most crucial criticism. As a movement it is the only one which follows the historic march of human society as influenced by the mode of production, and does not depend on what "mates" or others tell. Its strongest ally is the environments created by the property relations—the economic antagonism in society. Whether we want it or not, it will become a reality. It is no Utopian scheme or theory of moralists of what a model society might be, but it points to what the outcome of our present capitalist civilization itself must be sooner or later, unless social evolution is to be

arrested by dissolution, then the capable men can do nothing to prevent this dissolution, for they are impotent: the historic march, the march of evolution, consults no one. It has a will of its own, and obeys its own will only. Mr. Hobson makes a fatal mistake believing that all social change must proceed from the capable individual. As little as the action of our "Ludites" in destroying machinery stopped the further invention and introduction of machinery, so little can and will the "tell tales" of the mates of the workman with the glib tongue stop the onward march of Socialism. Socialism is the inevitable phase of human society into which the historic march leads us. Could the tell tales of the mates annihilate the force of the Socialist movement, this would only for a brief period stave off the abolition of the capitalist system, for the ultimate issue will and must be Socialism. Economic evolution must and will have its course, and implies nothing but the abolition of the present system, its civilization, and industrial captains. As impotent as the ruling classes were in annihilating the growth of trades unionism, so much more impotent are the mates to stop the realization of Socialism.

From what I have said it follows that we do need "men who can make good speeches on platforms and write brilliant articles in WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE" more so than we need "men capable of mastering every little detail of industry if it only be for the purpose of impressing the real bearing of the Trust question upon capable men, and capture the foremen of the various trades," for we "can not reach them by street corner gas workers," but by scientific exposition "of the actual facts of industrial growth." This is what the Socialist speaker and writer does.

"Wilshire, *mon ami*, I am sick to death of 'talky-talky.' What we want is the preaching of Socialism by deed and not by word. Let it be said of every Socialist that he is a good man at his trade, can handle his tools with care and skill, and then we shall be in a position to snap our fingers at private capitalism, no matter what shape it may assume," says our English friend.—(Page 52, first column.)

If any one is "sick of talky-talky," if any one wants "the preaching of Socialism by deed and not by word" it is the Socialist, more so than even our distinguished English friend. But we differ as to meaning of the word "deed," for we know that it is an impossibility that a Socialist should be spoken of as a good man. The employer can not speak of him as a good man, the foreman neither. As a rule the Socialist is the only one who has the moral courage of resisting insults. He knows he is a wage slave, but he does not want to prostitute his moralhood. He does not want to be a moral slave. He it is who is "the workman with the glib tongue of whose failures the mates tell tales. He preaches Socialism by deed indeed. For, he cares very little what his mates, his foreman, his employer think of him, yes, what the employer does with him, he tries to make his mates class conscious, for the triumph of Socialism is hastened as the proletariat conceives of his class interests. Can anyone, will anyone call the preaching of Socialism of the workman, who is ready to sacrifice his daily bread, who is ready to starve and be ridiculed, preaching by word? If this is preaching by word—then we Socialists fail to understand what means "preaching by deed."

To us preaching by deed means not

"talky-talky" in the parlors, or salons, but an open declaration of oneself for the cause of Socialism, which consists in the affiliation of oneself with the Socialist party, in voting for that party, and placing oneself as a candidate upon the ticket when needed, no matter what may come of it.

This the workmen with the glib tongues and no tongue at all do. They sacrifice their time, their money, and very often their daily bread, because they put themselves on record before the public—mates, foremen and employers—as Socialists. This is preaching of Socialism by deeds and not by words. Yes, we too, are sick of talky-talky, Mr. Hobson!

Peoria, Ill.

TWELVE O'CLOCK AT ELEVEN

H. M. HYNDMAN

HE idea which seems to have grown up of late among some genuine Socialists in this country that all palliatives are useless and that trade unions ought not only to be shown to the world as incompetent and feeble instruments of class warfare, but should be bitterly opposed on all occasions, will not bear examination even from the point of view of pure theory. Nobody will accuse me of having ever argued that the palliatives of the S. D. F. can transform society. Nobody can deny that I have always held that trade unions are to a great extent reactionary and injurious to the interests of the workers as a whole. But, as Wendell Phillips said in one of his greatest orations, we are not living in a college but in the midst of the world. We have to do not with students or anchorites but with men, weak or violent, ignorant or capable. To omit to consider this is like neglecting friction in a problem of mechanics. And those Socialists who adopt the view that we can proceed without paying attention to the conditions by which we are surrounded do not adhere themselves to their own doctrines. All who withstand them are, according to such impossiblists, afflicted by a materialist original sin. The English language fails to convey the full measure of hatred and disgust which the impossiblists of the extreme school feel for those who do not share their opinions and desire to take some little account of plain facts. Why this impossiblism in thought should so commonly find expression in blackguardism of diction and wholesale unscrupulousness in misrepresentation, at any rate on the other side of the Atlantic, I am unable to understand. But certain it is that "the exquisite rancor of the theological mind," spoken of by our greatest historian, is curiously reproduced in those whom we may call the Tertullians of Socialism. Like that fiery Father of the Church, they believe because what they accept is impossible; and all who do not conform to this singular creed

topple over into the bottomless pit wherein wallow "fakirs," "traitors," "sycophants," and "scoundrels" who do not share the opinions which this minority of whole-souled fulminators believes to be necessary to Social-Democratic salvation.

Not the least funny part of all this is that Karl Marx is called in to justify the ferocity of these infuriate men of the day after tomorrow. How foolish is this. Marx was a revolutionist undoubtedly. But no man less than he desired to make twelve o'clock at eleven. He was always preaching patience, impatient as he might feel himself. Both he and Engels, also, attached far too much importance to the trade unions of England, being quite opposed in this respect to what have proved to be the sounder forecasts of Bronterre O'Brien and Ernest Jones. More than this, Marx favored the advocacy of palliatives and advised the Socialists of his day to keep as far as possible with the mass of the working-class movement. Even the original Communist Manifesto of 1847, so often referred to as the very gospel of irreconcilability, contains a number of suggested palliatives. The Factory Acts and every reduction in the regular hours of toil represented to him distinct gains for the workers, steps upwards towards emancipation, gains small in themselves, but valuable as vantage posts for greater efforts. Further still, Marx enforced and amplified the teachings of others before him as to the dangers of a poverty-stricken proletariat—a "*lumpen-proletariat*"—which might be used to serve the purposes of reaction. But how are these hopeless masses of indigent humanity to be stopped from increasing save by palliatives? We of the S. D. F. have had long experience of the utter useлessness of the very, very poor and unemployed in the organized class struggle. It was Bakounine and the Anarchists who were against all political action and backed our non-political trade unions on that ground; it was Bakounine and the Anarchists, I say, not Marx and his followers (whatever mistakes he and they may have made) who were all for constructing a new Heaven and a new Earth without reference to historical development or social surroundings. Impossiblists are only Anarchists in Socialist clothing.

For can any sane man deny that the palliatives of the S. D. F. would help on our cause if carried by political or any other means? Surely well-fed children could show as men and women a bolder front to the common enemy than starvelings brought up in physical decrepitude. Surely a well-housed people has a better chance than a mass of slum-dwellers. Surely thorough education makes better Socialists than the scurvy School Board superficiality of today. And so on. The value of such improvements can scarcely be lessened because some who are not Socialists will help us to get them. The class war is raging all the time. Granted. But we wish to keep as many of our side out of hospital as we can.

And politics. But this I need scarcely go into at length. The most thorough revolutionist among us cannot but admit we are in no case to fight an armed fight against the capitalists yet. Why, the workers would most of them fight for their employers in this island today, so brutally ignorant is the free-born Eglishman of the fact that he is at the mercy of his master who is his worst enemy. Sufferance is the badge of most of their tribe. But if this be so, then much as we have done since

we started the Socialist movement in England in 1881, we are not yet ready to take the dominant class by the throat, imbecile, blackguardly, swindling and brutal as it has shown itself to be in this South African war as well as in home affairs. I wish we were.

Consequently, revolutionists as we Social-Democrats are and must be, we have no alternative policy. We cannot avoid going into politics, we cannot help working for palliatives. But we need not be any the less vigorous and determined on that account. On the other hand mere impatient refusal to recognize how matters stand may easily weaken the movement.—Justice, London.

TAKE THE MINES

JUDSON GRENELL

POSSIBLY a few may expect the miners of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania to win out in their strike against what is generally admitted to be unjust conditions; the majority look upon the conflict as having but one ending. But the unexpected sometimes happens, and often victory is plucked from the jaws of defeat. Individually I am pessimistic as to the outcome of most strikes, and I am often agreeably disappointed when a labor organization which is altogether right wins out, and the members are enabled to thereafter enjoy a little larger degree of prosperity, even though fundamental industrial wrongs are not changed. It is better to be disappointed in this way than to expect the right to come uppermost only to see it go down to disaster.

With several thousand armed "special police" facing the striking miners, with possibly the hope on the part of some of the operators that this will incite the strikers to acts of violence, and on the other hand with great numbers of men out of work and willing to accept all the hard conditions surrounding the mining of coal that the organized workers are endeavoring to change, it will only be a matter of a few weeks, unless the unexpected happens, when one set of workers will be replaced by another set, a great labor organization disrupted, and complete victory crown the efforts of the employers to prevent a larger percentage of the wealth of the workers being absorbed by the workers themselves.

There has been some dispute as to just what are the demands of the miners. At the mines men are employed both on the "piece" and on the "day" system. They wanted twenty per cent. increase in wages, and a twenty per cent. reduction in hours. The increase in pay is for the mine workers who labor on contract; the reduction in hours is for the workers, such as engineers, firemen, etc., who have continuous employment. In some fields, too, the miners have a grievance in the size of the cars. These, say the miners, are evidently made of live oak, since they have been constantly growing for the past thirty years, so that in one mine the weight of the ton has actually increased, so far as the miners are concerned, to over 3,000 pounds. As proof of this it is a fact that in one district where the men have been paid seventy-four cents a ton, present measurement, they are striking for sixty cents a ton, actual measurement.

With the average wages of all mine workers only $325 a year, including the thousands of boys who work as slate-pickers, a wage that is lower than in any similar industry in the United States, with possibly the exception of the southern cotton mills, and, on the other hand, with the owners of the mines and the means of transportation joining the multi-millionaire and billionaire class, here is a condition that is confronting not only the miners, but the whole country as well. What is the best thing to do, under the circumstances, so that equity in the production and distribution of wealth shall triumph?

Supposing the government of the United States, under the right of eminent domain, should take control of the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania, and the transportation lines,

and become an employer of peaceful labor. It is already an employer of destructive labor in the shape of soldiers and warships. Supposing it should do this just as, in war, it takes control of a railroad and excludes all others from its control until the emergency is passed. In this case, the emergency would continue as long as there was coal to mine, and therefore the possession would be practically continuous.

Then suppose congress should appoint a commission of experts to carefully examine the mines and railroads, and report the actual cash value of all the improvements. In this case no regard would be paid to the potential value of the coal itself, as this not being the product of human labor, cannot or should not be admitted to be the property of any one person, but equally the property of all. The railroad magnates and mining operator having been thus dispossessed, the only thing left to do would be to mine and sell coal at the cost of mining and transportation.

Of course, this would be "revolutionary," and would subject the "sacred rights of property" to a twist that the courts, as now constituted, would not uphold. But, after all, judges are merely the creatures of public opinion, and supreme courts, both national and state, have been known to change their wise opinions under sufficient pressure. Would not such a course of procedure be the very best thing to do, under the circumstances? It may be said that the state of Pennsylvania, or even the counties immediately affected, should take these steps; but it must be remembered that the legislature of that state as well as the government of the counties, are the creatures of the very corporations that are today oppressing their employes. At any moment the governor of that state may be asked by the railroad corporations, under the plea of the protection of the liberty to work, to call out the militia, and if the United States has as complacent a president as was Cleveland during the labor troubles in Chicago, Roosevelt himself may be induced to send the regular troops to the scene to prevent right, in the shape of underpaid miners, triumphing.

The government control of the anthracite mines would be socialism. But would not this be better than the continuance of present injustice in that region?

There is, in my opinion, no other remedy for this particular case of industrial oppression than governmental ownership of the means of transportation, at least, united with either governmental ownership of the mines also, or such an increase in the tax on the mines as would compel the operators and owners to throw them open to the public; for it must be remembered that many of the mines are now kept idle, and that those which are operated are busy, on an average, only four days a week. There is no scarcity of coal, or of willing workers to mine it; but the owners limit the production so as to keep up the price, and individual operators are suppressed by the simple expedient of charging them a greater price for transportation than is paid by their competitors.

The chartered corporations of Pennsylvania, by refusing to arbitrate wages in what is at least a quasi-public function, is doing a great work in the turning of public attention to the seeming necessity of the co-operative commonwealth. It is at such times that Socialism makes giant strides towards its goal, "the coming slavery." And if there is a conflict between the private militia of the corporations and the miners, as there may be before this appears, either the general government or the state will be compelled to begin proceedings that must eventually take the control of the mines and the transportation lines out of the hands of their present possessors. If such reforms cannot be instituted under the forms of law, then eventually they will be accomplished by a revolution in which innocent and guilty will alike suffer.

A DOUBLE-BARRELLED SHOT FROM WAYLAND

Wilshire is running for parliament in Canada. He offers to pay all his opponents' campaign expenses if he will meet him before the people, and offers to give $100 to a public library every time one-third of the audience votes that his opponent proves himself a more fitting man for the place. Say, that man Wilshire is a corker. Socialism in Canada got a great boost when he moved there.—Appeal to Reason.

Wilshire's Magazine improves with each number. Wilshire, you know, was refused admission through the mails in this country and went to Canada where he sends his magazine to his subscribers in this country for one-half the postage he could if it were published here. It is my ideal of a magazine for the spread of the Socialist thought.—Appeal to Reason.

Within Three Days of Starvation.

The farther a man is from the laboring class the more optimistic his views are apt to be regarding the conditions of labor. The most serene and rosy views are those of Mr. Carnegie with his untold millions. The hardship resulting from a rise in the price of beef, showing on what a narrow margin many live, ought to be instructive to those whose knowledge of poverty is gathered from magazines. Yet how many, even of the sufferers, realize the full significance of the fact that an increase of a few cents a pound should make meat an extravagance for the multitude? It means that despite our quieting theories in regard to the working class, vast numbers work for a bare living and are easily pushed over the edge of the precipice by a few days' sickness or idleness.

The manager of a mortgage-loan company told me that two-thirds of the people of the city lived within three days of starvation. He would not qualify his statement, stoutly insisting that years of careful observation had confirmed this opinion.

How ragged the edge is on which the people live who do the brunt of the world's work may be imperfectly imagined by the aid of the fact that the wage earners of the United States number some fifteen million men, women, boys and girls over ten years of age, whose average individual earnings are $400.00 a year.

Prof. Robert E. Ely, commenting on this fact drawn from the federal census, shows that since on the average there are two persons dependent upon every wage earner, three persons must live on an average monthly wage of $33.33. This makes $11.11 per month for each person.

Professor Ely asserts that investigation has shown that one-half of the workingman's wage is spent for food and fuel. This would leave $5.55 per month for the food and fuel of each person. Suppose they get their fuel of the associated charities, and have the entire sum for food? Counting ninety meals in a month, this leaves six and one-sixth cents a meal.

The man who has an income of five thousand dollars a year may scarcely notice a rise of a few cents a pound in the cost of meats. But if you have only six cents to spend for a meal, it makes a difference whether five cents of it will buy half a pound of round steak as it would do four months ago, or only one-third of a pound, as it will do now.

It is not infrequently that you hear people resenting the notion that the people who work are in any sense slaves. Yet who cannot see that the condition of the chattel slave, who was furnished his rags and rations in return for his labor, was little worse than the condition of the man today, who must take his chances of finding work at a slave's wage; namely, barely enough to keep working? The only essential difference is in the recognized right which the freedmen have to improve their condition by concerted, peaceable, political action. But it is clear that this right cannot endure forever. Either political freedom must make sure its position by securing economic betterment, or economic dependence will be the ruin of political rights.—Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, in The Pilgrim.

Men Are Born Socialists.

The greatest thing Science has discovered about man, let us say it plain, even at the risk of an Irish bull, is this: that man was BORN A SOCIALIST BEFORE he was born a MAN, and that he has never been born anything else. The fact that he was born a man or she a woman, also a linguist, religionist, member of a tribe, gifted with feeling, thoughts and activity, social yet apparently egoistic—all of this, and everything else that man or woman is, or does, loves or hopes, is an inevitable part of that socialist birth in old LEMURIA; the result of preceding ages of socialistic co-operation, which began with the METAZOA, as Haeckel describes in his social, colonial sea nettles; and which has been continued down to the present time in every species of animals since, in and by social origin both in their co-existent SOLIDARTY and their consequent CONTINUITY.

But of all animals the human was and is and will be, the most social, and will be gifted with immeasurable acquisitions, possible just by reason of that fact. His body and race history is nothing but the incarnation of CO-OPERATIVE SOCIALISM! As William Smith (the "Rejected Addresses" poet, now sadly forgotten), said it:

> "Man is not man, but in society;
> Man means society."

The all-important fact for us to learn, at this late day, is that man never did "mean" anything else, and never could, and never can. The first fundamental and all-inclusive fact and condition of man is that Socialism begot him, and, in so doing, became further incarnated in its progress from the away-back lines of ever simpler forms of animal ancestry.

Yes, Socialism with its sociability has been our creator, sustainer, and will be our onward

motor and guide. It was the selecting sculptor that modelled our bodies by physical, sexual and social choice, work and joy. It gave us variety of races, forms, colors, hair, defence, help, cries, language, customs, tribal worship, government, and all—ALL, it makes no difference how minutely or how extensively you go, HUMANITY is the breath you breathe, the sense you feel, the thought you think, the action you exert, the hope that inspires.—Torch of Reason.

The Mission of the Positive Man.

No man achieves anything worthy until he learns the power of conviction—until he feels that he can accomplish something if he will it strong enough and long enough.

The world stands aside for the man who has a program, a mission, a calling to do that which he feels a throbbing compulsion within him to do.

Stoutly arm your ability to do what you undertake. Every affirmation strengthens your position.

One of the best strengtheners of character and developers of stamina, generally, is to assume the part you wish to play; to stoutly assert the possession of whatever you lack. If you are deficient in courage, staying power, pluck, or determination, learn to assert vigorously these qualities as your own by a divine right. Be thoroughly convinced that they belong to you—that you should possess them, and that you do. Then you will strengthen your success-position wonderfully.

Grant had this positive quality—a firm conviction that he could accomplish whatever he undertook. There was nothing negative in him. He did not stop, in the midst of a great crisis, to consider if failure were possible; he did not doubt, but constantly affirmed, and was always on the positive side.

It is the positive Lincolns, Washingtons, and Grants who achieve results. The positive man is wanted everywhere—the man with the plus qualities of leadership. He is fearless—courageous; his conviction is born of the consciousness of strength.

Never allow yourself to admit that you are inferior to the emergency confronting you, for this is to invite defeat. Stoutly affirm that you can do the thing. The moment you harbor a doubt of your ability, that moment you capitulate to the enemy.

Every time you acknowledge weakness, deficiency, or lack of ability, or harbor doubts, you weaken your self-confidence, and that is to weaken the very foundation, the very possibility of your success.—Ex.

New Post Check Scheme.

The National Advertiser quotes the following from the Salt Lake Tribune, the paper published by former First Assistant Postmaster-General Perry S. Heath, concerning the new post check system with which it is proposed to replace the one, two and five dollar bills now in use, and also to issue in fractional amounts.

"The general appearance of the post check is that of the present one or two dollar bill. On one side are blank lines upon which the holder may write the name and address of any one to whom he desires to make payment by mail. The payee upon receipt of the money attaches his signature and collects the money at the office named. To forge the signature of the payee is a penitentiary offense, same as counterfeiting. As rapidly as the signed bills come into possession of the postmasters they are sent to Washington for redemption. So that by this process, one can carry about his person paper money in various denominations under five dollars, and it passes as good as gold. Should he desire to make remittance by mail he takes out a bill or piece of fractional currency, writes the name of his creditor, affixes and cancels a stamp, and it only requires the signature of the latter to again make the money as good as gold at the office named.

Since the adoption of rural free delivery, and our farmers are making so many mail orders, our rural friends will be greatly interested in this proposition, and they would do well to so express themselves to their senators and representatives in congress. The design has been dedicated to the government, so that no individual can selfishly profit by the adoption of the 'post check.'"

The post check system will probably meet with the active opposition of the national banks, who are endeavoring to have all government currency of whatever kind retired in favor of their own bills, and are said to control congress in both branches. All mail order men should therefore do their utmost to get the members from their districts interested, as otherwise it will probably be smothered in committee.—Advertisers' Guide.

The Cause of Socialism.

H. Gaylord Wilshire, who is touring Michigan in the interest of the Socialist party, and who speaks in Ann Arbor on Thursday, his subject being "Trusts and Reciprocity," is a man of international fame. A native of Ohio, a graduate of Harvard and a California millionaire, he some fifteen years ago embraced the cause of Socialism and has been prominent in the movement ever since.

He it was who last year offered Mr. Bryan $10,000 to debate on trusts, Wilshire agreeing to pay Mr. Bryan that sum if the Nebraska man won the debate. Mr. Bryan, though, did not want any of the Socialist's game and failed to take up the gauge of battle. Since then Mr. Wilshire has challenged Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, Mark Hanna and Prof. Laughlin, but without success. Dr. Heiter, of Buffalo, recently issued a sweeping challenge to Socialists, which was promptly taken up by Wilshire, but the doctor flunked at the last moment.

Wilshire, a year ago, commenced the publication of a Socialist paper called the CHALLENGE in Los Angeles, Cal. It was printed on excellent paper, was breezy in style and brimful of the aggressiveness of its editor and owner. In a short while the circulation reached 50,000 copies a month and it became necessary to move the monthly to a larger city. Consequently in the fall of last year CHALLENGE was moved to New York, but lo, and behold, when Mr. Wilshire went to register his paper at the postoffice as second-class mail matter, he was told that it was barred from second-class mail privileges by the order of Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden, the ground being that Wilshire was simply advertising "ideas." Mr. Wilshire laid his case before the President, but without any result. Then he moved the publication to Toronto, Canada, where, it seems, there is more freedom in publishing "ideas" than in Uncle Sam's domain.

Wilshire has taken his cause into the federal courts and has the backing of the Publishers' Association in his fight against the unjust discrimination leveled by the postoffice authorities against him.

Since he was driven to the realms of Edward VII. his publication appears monthly under the title of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE; it stands unique in its class and the attempt at suppression by the postoffice authorities has advertised it so well that the subscription list is increasing by leaps and bounds.

Mr. Wilshire is a fluent, logical speaker and a man of fine culture. Some years ago he made a phenomenal run for congress in Southern California, running two thousand ahead of the ticket and lacking only one hundred votes of being elected. Recently the Socialists of St. Thomas, Canada, nominated him as their candidate for the Ontario legislature.—Daily Argus, Ann Arbor, Mich.

What is Madden's Object?

A committee representing the unions of employing and employed printers of New York City and the whole United States has submitted to the President a memorial which is an arsenal of unanswerable facts concerning the present postoffice interferences. It shows plainly, among other things, that the Postmaster-General has no right to exercise a censorship; that tables show that every year the second-class matter has largely increased the amount of first-class matter and the department's profits have increased proportionately, the 38 per cent. increase of second-class through the "abuses" of the last five years having caused an increase of 35 per cent. in the revenues and a reduction of 70 per cent. in the deficit; and the railroads are paid far too much for hauling.

But what is by far the most significant fact developed is that the rates paid the railroads are fixed by thirty-five-day weighing periods for a term of four years, and that in one section from which 45½ per cent. of the second-class matter emanates, the weighing-in has already taken place, while in the second largest section, from which 44 per cent. of the nation's second-class matter emanates, the weighing-in does not take place till late in 1903. So that on 90 per cent. of its second-class matter the government pays right along the same rates as when the alleged "abuses" were in full operation, and the only parties gaining by the present interferences are the railroads, who have less to carry at the same high price. The government's gain is not one cent. Contrariwise, it loses one cent a pound on the issues barred, and the vast amount of first-class matter stimulated by their advertisements.

The weighing-in tables reveal that 51 per cent. of the tonnage for which the railroads are paid, consists of equipment (pouches, sacks, etc.) A very slight reduction in this direction would quickly wipe out the deficit, if Madden's real object were, as alleged, to save money for

the government. It also appears that the amount of government free matter during the weighing-in period was about 6 per cent., and more than the weight of all the first-class matter. Six per cent. is much more than the normal amount of congressional free matter in the mails, and it is a notorious fact that the railroads have the mails packed during the thirty-five days by their Washington servants. It also is stated that at the rates paid the railroads, a man of two hundred pounds with his baggage would cost $55.39 freight charges from New York to Buffalo, whereas the first-class passenger fare on the finest and fastest coaches is only $8.00.

It thus being apparent that the effect and purpose of the present postal turmoil is to reduce and not to augment the government's revenue the question remaining is: Is the department's object to benefit the railroads, or to increase the busines of "lawyers" reputed to have a special pull (all steel and brass riveted, as described in the April Guide), or for both reasons?—Advertisers' Guide.

Where We All Came From,

BY JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL. D.

There are many grounds for believing that the water area now occupied with the Arabian sea and northern parts of the Indian ocean, including Madagascar and extending eastward almost to Australia and the Malay peninsula, was formerly a continent upon which the ocean gradually encroached until its submergence was effected. If this suggestion were made with a view merely to furnish a possible common-home for primitive mankind, it might at once be rejected as a part and example of that visionary reasoning in which dogmatic scholarship has so much delighted for several centuries; but the existence of a great submerged continent in the region referred to is rendered probable, if not positively established, by several kinds of inquiry having no reference to ethnological results.

In the first place, the shoal character of the waters of the greater part of the Indian ocean is a well-known fact of marine geography. That part of the ocean between the thirtieth degree of south latitude and the equator bounded east and west by Madagascar and the eightieth meridian from Greenwich is very shoal. Should we take our stand on the island of Mauritius or Rodriguez, we should see around us a vast area of shallow sea. Even beyond the borders of this the waters are not deep like those of the profound Pacific. A comparative slight recession of the ocean such as we may well suppose to occur in one of those secular movements to which the fluid surface of the earth has been many times subjected in the past, and which we know to be actively in operation—though slowly—at the present time, would be sufficient to lay bare a continent much larger than Australia in the region between the Malay archipelago and the eastern coast of Africa.

The former existence of such a continent is attested by many proofs. Among these may be mentioned with confidence the distribution of animals and plants on the two sides of the Indian ocean. The birds of Madagascar and those of the Malay peninsula are of a common type. Certain species of palm trees, which are disseminated with great difficulty by seed or transplanting, are common in Singapore, the Moluccas, New Guinea, Australia, and the western islands of Polynesia. Botanists of great reputation have insisted that this distribution could not have been made WITHOUT A CONTINUOUS LAND-BRIDGE among the countries where this species of palms is found.

In like manner the conclusions of geology are at least consistent with the former existence of a continent in what is now the bed of the Indian ocean. Geology recognizes clearly two secular processes by which a continent existing in this region could have ceased to exist by emergence under the sea. One of these is the settling, or sinking, of the low-lying tropical lands in question, below the level of the ocean. The other is the encroachment of the sea by one of those vast fluctuations of the presence of which in geological time there are many indications.

Still another condition worthy to be weighed in the argument, is the fact that the human race must have had SOME geographical starting point on the earth. The area from which mankind began to be distributed may have been larger or smaller; but the very necessity of the case requires us to select some locality as the probable home of the first men. Thus much granted, the locality must answer to the hypothesis. It were vain to select some place from which the various races could not have been derived. This kind of reasoning is strictly scientific. The search must be for some situation which will answer to the conditions and the facts as they now appear. If we may

find any region on the land, or even the water surface, of the earth toward which the indications of ethnography, philography, anthropology, history, and tra lition all alike point as to a locality from which all the varieties of men might have been diffused, this fact of itself becomes a powerful argument in favor of that locality. Indeed, it is this particular reasoning which has brought us at length to the conclusion that the most probable locality in which to establish the first seat of the human race WAS IN A CONTINENT NOW SUBMERGED BENEATH THE INDIAN OCEAN.

If we accept such a hypothesis, the whole question begins to clear. The existence being granted of such a continent, to which we may say, once for all, that the name of LEMURIA has been assigned, we are able to look out, as it were, along the lines of the primitive dispersion of mankind. To the west we may note the departure of the Nigritian stem, the presence of which is historically discovered first of all on the mid-eastern coast of Africa. To the east we may remark in like manner the divergence of another line of black men whose presence we find within the historical period on the northwestern coast of Australia, in New Zealand, and in the extreme south of Hindustan. Without changing our position we may perceive with fair probability the departure of the pre-Mongolians in the direction of Beluchistan or Western India, for in these countries the first traces of Mongoloid life are discoverable. Lastly, we may imagine a Dravidian line of ethnic descent carried almost in the same direction with the pre-Mongolian, upon which in Beluchistan or Eastern Persia, we may place the primal development of the Ruddy, or White, race of mankind. All of these suppositions are cited in this connection, not because they include established facts, not because they represent scientific knowledge of the first distribution of men, but because they do furnish a consistent basis for such an inquiry and harmonize, as is believed, in every part with the present results of investigation, and accord with what may be called the necessities of the case.—From History of the World—Mankind.

Fight Forced Combine.

Chicago, Ill., June 27.—The Government fight on the Beef combine is responsible for the negotiations for a consolidation of the "Big Six" and several minor companies into a combine approaching the Steel combine in financial proportions. Swift & Co. have already bought the Anglo-American plant in Chicago and the George Fowler & Son plant in Kansas City. The price paid is said to be about $6,000,000.

While it is certain that a combination to maintain prices, divide territory and keep a blacklist is now operated, there was no combination of finances. If the Government should win its fight a billion-dollar Meat combine will quickly follow.

Here are the big packing house concerns, their capital, and their business as estimated for 1901:

Swift & Co. - -	$25,000,000	$5,000,000	$190,000,000
Armour & Co. -	20,000,000	———	250,000,000
Morris & Co. -	Partnership	———	100,000,000
Hammond - - -	3,600,000	1,550,000	50,000,000
S. & S. Co. - -	4,500,000	———	50,000,000
Libby - - - - -	1,000,000	———	20.000,000
Cudahy Co. -	Partnership	———	40,000,000

Passed the 200,000 Mark.

Chicago, June 29.—The Railway Age says the railway mileage of the United States has passed the 200,000-mile mark. The figures at the close of 1901 were approximately 199,525 miles, and the construction for the first six months of 1902 brings the total up to 201,839 miles, the track laid during the first half of this year on 155 lines aggregating 2,314 miles.

This is nearly 500 miles in excess of the new mileage for the first six months of 1901, when 1,817 miles were built. The total for the twelve months last year was 5,222 miles, and if the same ratio is maintained this year it will readily be seen that the construction for the year 1902 will easily exceed 6,000 miles.

Industrious French Women.

Madame Schirmacher, a doctor, writing on woman's work, in a French magazine, says that over 6,300,000 French women work for their living, well on for 3,000,000 of whom are married. Most of these outside workers (over 2,700,000) are employed in forestry or agriculture, including women landowners. Industrial occupations claim nearly 2,000,000 more, the cloister 120,000, the theater about 12,000, and the liberal professions 138,460.

Calendars for Advertisers.

Such of our readers as are directly interested in the subject of advertising will appreciate the new midyear calendar just issued by Lord & Thomas, Trude Bldg., Chicago, and American Tract Society Bldg., New York. Mailed free on request made to either of the above addresses.

THE ART OF SWIMMING

G. H CORSAN, Champion Swimmer of Canada

THE utiilty of the art of swimming is terribly apparent to the individual who is drowning. It is also evident to the friends and relatives of the person drowned. I consider that the persons drowned have, in most instances, committed a criminal offence —they have shocked and injured their friends and relatives by their sudden needless death—they have robbed their friends and relatives of their presence and thus caused much needless sorrow.

Very many who cannot swim, upon reading of a death by drowning, immediately have increased horror of the water. This is wrong, you should cultivate its acquaintance and thus overcome that horror. This fear of water is a symptom of disease and should be cured.

The other chief cause of neglecting to learn to swim is the word "to-morrow." This is the young man's cry—old men never cry this word at me. When I offer to teach an old man, a girl or a woman, they take me up at once, but very many young men are "not quite ready," "tomorrow I may be." I have seen scores of young men cross the bay in a boat having from two to five girls in and none of them could swim a stroke!

Many tell me that more swimmers get drowned than non-swimmers. Strange experience is it not? I have been around the water all my life time and only know of one circumstance where a swimmer was drowned. Yet not a summer comes and goes that I am not pained beyond words of expression at hearing and reading of deaths of non-swimmers.

I have never yet discovered anyone who has learned the art of swimming by illustrations, and therefore, I say it is a waste of time to write a whole book on the art, but there are many points that can be mentioned in a magazine article. Now, magazine articles are often full of inaccuracies, and the public has begun to lose faith in them and become skeptical, and the article is only read for its sensual qualities, and if it possesses no power to thrill the nerves it is cast aside. I therefore ask my readers to read over the following points and make an everlasting note of them, for many can swim but very few can teach the art:

(1) Never enter the water if it is too cold to be pleasant, for cold water is a strain upon the heart and lowers vitality.

(2) Enter the water with an empty stomach, for the blood that is in the stomach is needed by the muscles and skin, besides a full stomach is in the way of the diaphragm, and this muscle needs room as you will soon find out that swimming is mostly hard breathing.

(3) The art of swimming is nothing more or less than hitting the water down and away from you and very little effort will sustain the human body on top; therefore, the art of RIGHT swimming requires much less expenditure of strength than the wrong method.

(4) The breast stroke is the proper method to learn the art.

(5) In this stroke the fingers are straightened out in line with the bones of the forearm and with the thumb are held tight together.

(6) The wrist is held rigid at all times in this stroke.

(7) Remember the fingers must never be loose or bent up but from the elbow to the tips of the fingers one straight line as a steel rod.

(8) Did you ever know that the strongest man on earth cannot sink an oar in the water if he keeps it moving back and forth with the forward moving edge always slightly elevated? This is what swimming is, especially the arm and hand motion.

(9) Always make a steady, slow, strong full-arm motion.

(10) Never make any quick little jerky motions with either the arms or legs.

(11) Hold the back rigid at all times and never wiggle it, for it has nothing to do with swimming, as swimming is purely a leg, arm and bellows affair.

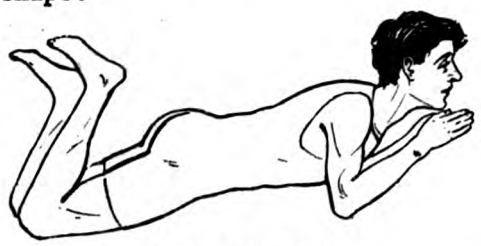
(12) The rule with regard to the wrist does not hold good with the ankle, but, on the contrary, it must be pliable.

(13) Swimming, like many gymnastic movements, is a one, two, three movement. Many can swim, but few can teach. This is because swimmers fail to analyze their movements when in the water. They get into the water and swim but they cannot tell you how it is done. All can learn the art but paralyzed persons. I have taught old women and weak men in four lessons, and there is no reason why the Educational Department of this country should not make it compulsory for every school child before the age of eleven years to know how to swim and act in the water in all emergencies. It is best to learn the movements on land and get your legs and arms working on time. It will surprise you to tell you that if you faithfully learn the drill on land before getting into the water that you can swim at once! I have seen this done with pupils of mine.

G. H. CORSAN

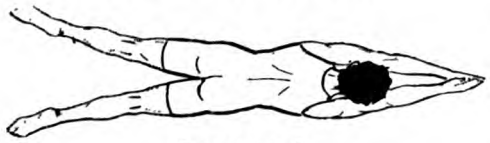
(14) Position.—Double up like a

jacknife, *i. e.*, do not draw your knees up under your stomach, but straighten the thighs; clasp the knees together; throw your heels as far back as you can; place your hands immediately under the chin with the elbows close to the chest. Now you will be in this shape:



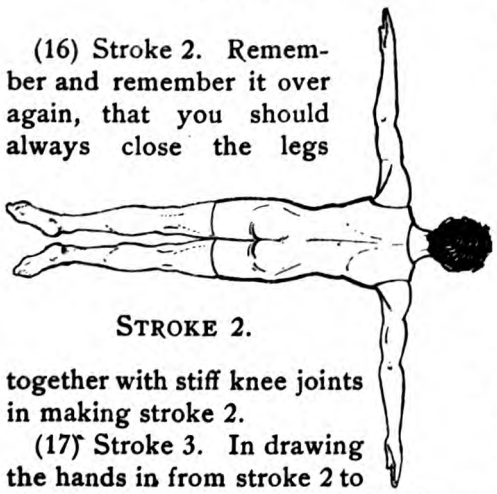
FIRST POSITION.

(15) Stroke 1 consists of forcing the arms out full length ahead, at the same time kicking the legs downward and outward as shown in Stroke 1.



STROKE 1.

(16) Stroke 2. Remember and remember it over again, that you should always close the legs

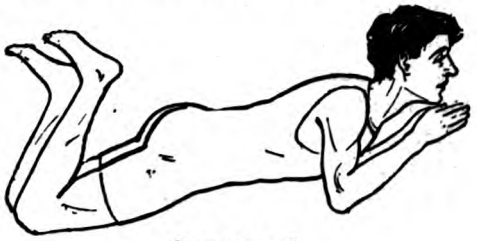


STROKE 2.

together with stiff knee joints in making stroke 2.

(17) Stroke 3. In drawing the hands in from stroke 2 to 3 always turn the thumbs slightly up, otherwise you will not be making the chief supporting motion and then your nose would go under. Remember what I said about not doubling up the fingers.

As will be seen from the illustration, stroke 3 brings you again into the original position and you are now ready to repeat the one, two, three strokes.



STROKE 3.

(18) Breathe on time with your stroke.

(10) Breathe, by grabbing a mouthful of air, then close your lips tight and press the air out through your nose.

(20) When swimming in rough or choppy water draw the air into the lungs when the face is in the hollow of a wave and then press the air out against the water.

In learning to swim on the open beach, wade out to your middle, then turn facing the shore and try to swim towards the shore. Very often when the water is rough the person finds it easier as there is an undercurrent rendering the water more buoyant. In learning in tanks, have a belt around your chest, high up; now fasten a rope to the back of it and tie the other end of the rope to a pole; now have an assistant hold you up and walk along as you stroke.

Instead of helping a learner by holding your hand under his chin, step to the side and support the body by placing your hand under the breast bone. In this way you do not interfere with the stroke unless you are very short-armed. Never frighten or fool with a beginner, but always be present to ensure confidence.

Weeds do not drag you under, nor tangle you up, unless they are the tough, wiry river weeds. In swimming

through these it is best to use the alternate-over-arm stroke and drag the legs, holding them straightened out.

Holes do not "suck" you under; they are simply deeper spots on the floor of the lake, river or bay and you find that out by suddenly walking over your head.

Some say that opening the eyes under the water will make you blind. I have found several such cases and I am sure that it was the whiskey drinking that did it in each case.

Many young and middle-aged men ask me every day how it is that they are so strong in every way except swimming? They all say that they know very well how to swim but they are all done up after a few yards. Smoking tobacco, my boy. Tobacco stunts and paralyzes the nervous force that directs the breathing muscles. There never was and never will be a tobacco fiend who is worth a five-cent piece at fast swimming, running fast, playing basket ball, lacrosse or any muscular action that requires great "wind."

In fast swimming for either long or short distance I consider that there is no stroke like the "double over-arm" or "Hawaiian stroke." This stroke differs from the "Trudgeon" in name only, for I never could see that Trudgeon made any cast iron law about rolling the body and thus getting a side kick in the place of the breast kick. But the "single over-arm" differs very much from the "alternate overarm" and relies much more on leg work than arm work.

I know of seven methods of swimming on the back. To see a 50-yards race on back is one of the finest sights in the contest world.

Anyone who can swim 100 yards in 100 seconds is considered a fast swimmer, but there are quite a few young men in this city who can do it under 80 seconds, on a straight away course, in fresh water.

I consider swimming, water polo and a water carnival as the kings of summer sporting events.

With dieting, I consider swimming a splendid method of curing consumption, as the increased lung action will empty the air cells of foreign matter and retained poisons.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE WRONGED

We have seen the reaper toiling in the heat of the summer sun,
We have seen his children needy when harvesting was done,
We have seen a mighty army dying hopeless, one by one
While their flag went marching on.

Oh, the army of the wretched, how they swarm the city street!
We have seen them in the night where Goths and vandals meet,
We have shuddered in the darkness at the noises of their feet—
But their cause goes marching on.

Our slaver's marts are empty, human flesh no more is sold,
Where the dealer's fateful hammer wakes the clink of leaping gold,
But the slavers of the present more relentless powers hold,
Though the world goes marching on.

But no longer shall the children bend above the whizzing wheel;
We will free the weary women from their bondage under steel;
In the mines and in the forests worn and helpless man shall feel
His cause is marching on!

Then lift your eyes, ye toilers in the desert hot and drear,
Catch the cool wind from the mountains; hark, the river's voice is near—
Soon we'll rest beside the fountains and the dream land will be here!
As we go marching on!

—Hamlin Garland.

BOOKS

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE: Thos. E. Watson. 704 pp. 8vo. Cloth, $1.50. The Macmillan Co., New York and London.

In the Hon. Thos. E. Watson's "Napoleon Bonaparte" we have an impartial and yet sympathetic study of this complex and much debated character from a new standpoint. The work shows much careful research and gives many new facts and incidents. The ideas are clear and forceful, and the language refreshingly vigorous.

Mr. Watson treats his subject scientifically, going into the elements which moulded the enigmatical character of Napoleon, and the mighty events which decided his career. Beginning with the country which produced him, with a few broad and rapid strokes he sketches Corsica's age-long struggle for freedom against overwhelming odds, and the long line of heroes and warriors to which this struggle inevitably gave birth. Next he describes Napoleon's mother, the "woman with a man's head on her shoulders," who, before the child's eyes had opened to the light, had thrilled with all the passions of her fiery, war-worn people, and followed the march and heard the roar of battle.

The characteristic feature of the work, however, is the breadth of view—the author's faculty of looking at things in the large. To him Napoleon is not merely "a colossal selfishness," a man slaying millions of his fellowmen in order to place himself and his brothers on the thrones of Europe. The Titanic struggle in which he played so commanding a part is not merely a contest between so many soldiers or even nations, but a struggle between Democracy and Monarchy—between outgrown Feudalism and the incoming and higher industrial system, which has now, however, in its turn been outgrown and must shortly go the way of Feudalism. Mr. Watson sees in Napoleon the representative of the People as opposed to the Kings —the embodiment of the principles which the idealists of the French Revolution sought to establish. When Napoleon came to the front the idealists of The Convention had lost control; The Directory had proved a failure. Self-seekers and "boodlers" were in the ascendancy. In France everything was in confusion. Abroad the Kings of Europe were in league against the New Republic. In such a crisis, only a character imperious, indomitable, tireless, world-wide in its intellectual grasp, and of transcendant military genius, could hold anything of the ground which had been gained for the people at such fearful cost. Mr. Watson's Napoleon is neither a god nor a monster, but a very human individual who was used as an instrument of the evolutionary forces which make for the eternal progress of humanity.

Let Mr. Watson give his conception in his own words:

"The steps of those who travel, like the thoughts of those who are students of affairs, turn from the four quarters of the earth to the tomb of this mightiest of men.

"By force of genius and of character, by superior fitness to do great things, he was the chief usurper of his time. He is the usurper yet, and for the same reasons. He did the work kings ought to have done, doing it in spite of the kings. He does it yet, in spite of the kings.

"His hand, as organizer of the Revolution, which was greater than he, is at the loom where the life-garments of nations are woven. Listen to this voice coming out of Italy: 'Within the space of ten years we had made (under Napoleon) more progress than our ancestors had done in three centuries. We had acquired the French civil, criminal and commercial codes; we had abolished the fuedal system, and justice was administered with improved methods.' So wrote General Pepe; and what he said of Italy was equally true of every other portion of Continental Europe which had come under the imperial sway. It was this work Napoleon was doing from the very first day he grasped the reins of power; it was this work the allied kings dreaded; it was this work they meant to stop.

"In that he strove for himself and his dynasty, Napoleon failed miserably, for to that extent he betrayed his trust, was false to his mission, wandered from the road. But so far as his toil was for others, for correct principles, for better laws, better conditions, productive of happier homes and better men and women, he did not fail. No Leipsic or Waterloo could destroy what was best in his career; no William Pitt could pile up sufficient gold to bribe into the field kings strong enough to chain peoples as they had once been chained."

To Our New Subscribers.

Owing to the great increase in our subscription list, we ran short of July copies for new subscribers, therefore we must apologize to many new subscribers for beginning their subscriptions with this August nnmber instead of a month earlier. 65,000 copies of the July number were printed, but as this proved totally inadequate, we have had 75,000 of this issue printed, and there will be no further disappointment to new subscribers.

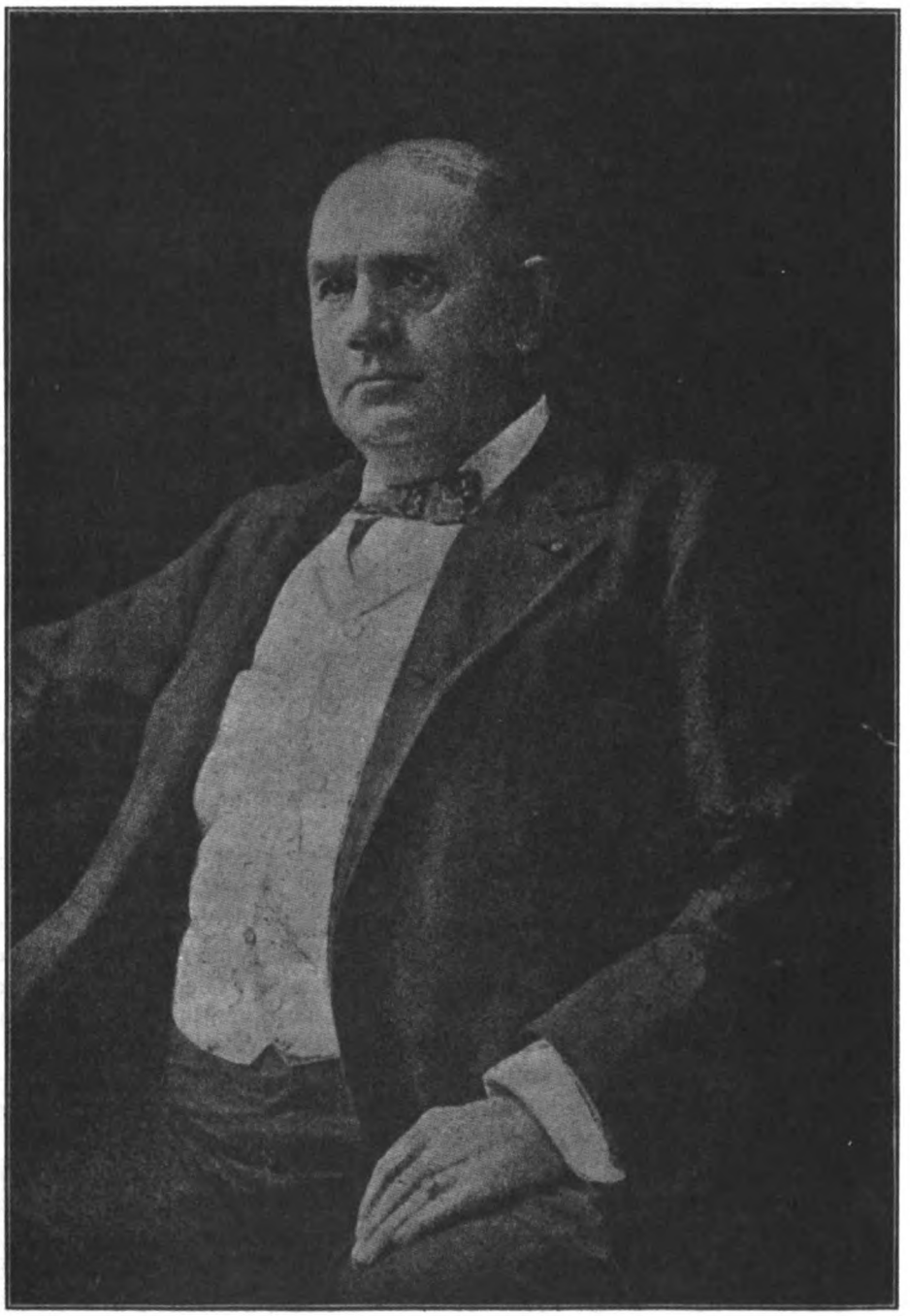
CURRENT CARICATURE

THE Democratic press, under the lead of the New York Journal, has been viewing Mr. Hanna's advocacy of the Panama canal as an indication that he was really not in favor of any canal at all, because he did not wish to alienate the transcontinental railroads from the Republican Party. He therefore proposed the Panama route in order to cause a deadlock between the House, declaring for the Nicaragua route and the Senate, declaring for Panama.

Mr. Hanna expressed great indignation that any such motive should be attributed to him and insisted that his stand for the Panama route is taken purely because he considers it the best location for the canal. The events have certainly been with Mr. Hanna. This magazine has hitherto adhered so strictly to certain economic lines that I hardly regard it as appropriate to enter now into any discussion of the relative merits of the different routes. However, I may give as my own individual opinion, which must go for what it is worth and without argument, that the Panama route, all things considered, has many advantages over the Nicaragua route, although to me the Darien route, notwithstanding the difficulties of tunneling, seems better than either of them.

It may be taken for granted that there is more or less of a job in all the routes, but the nigger in the wood pile seems to stand more fully out in the sun on the Nicaragua way than on any of the others. Probably the people of California are more interested in an inter-oceanic canal than those of any other state, and I know well enough personally that Nicaragua has always been their cry, but this has not been because they were convinced that Nicaragua was the better way, but simply because they thought it the only way. What Californians want first is a canal, then if they have an opportunity to express their choice they would choose Nicaragua, or at least they would have done so a year ago at the time when I was living amongst them. Mr. Madden has kept me too busy dodging his post-office rulings to have been able to keep very accurate tab upon Californian canal sentiment since that time.

Mr. Hanna occupies such a position at present in the political and industrial world that I regard it important he should be more rightly estimated than it seems to me is usually the case. This country is liable at any time to be plunged into a violent industrial cataclysm should the machinery of production be clogged for any period of time from any cause whatsoever. It is beside the mark to argue that times were never so prosperous as they are today and that the orders booked ahead by the manufacturers are sufficient to keep them going for the next two years. I am not discussing what will occur under normal conditions. It is the abnormal and unexpected that we must look out for. For instance, suppose the bituminous miners had joined with the anthracite miners, would not the stoppage of the coal supply of the nation have been the forerunner of an industrial cataclysm? Certainly it would. The factories and the railroads would have been compelled to cease



From the World's Work.
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MARCUS A. HANNA

operations. Notes that were expected to have been met by the money received from the manufacture and delivery of goods would go to protest because the expected money is not forthcoming. Laborers throughout the country would lose their employment and having no wages, their purchases would fall to the minimum. Such a condition of industrial chaos does not depend for its occurrence upon any economic factors that can be weighed or computed for the cause, but would be either the unexpected stubborness of capitalists refusing better terms to labor or the laborers showing unexpected power of resistance.

NICARAGUAN CANAL IN DANGER.
—Minneapolis Journal.

It must be granted that it was possible that the bituminous miners had joined the anthracite miners. It is certainly possible that had they done so and had the operators refused to compromise, a very terrible state of affairs would have ensued, the outcome whereof no man could have predicted.

Now then, if all this had occurred, Mr. Hanna, as things now are, would have admittedly occupied a very important position in the solution of affairs. Taking him in this light it seems to me it is a good thing that we form an estimate somewhat nearer his true character than that which most of us have already done. Mr. Hanna has been held up as the incarnation of all that is bad in the capitalist system. This has been especially the attitude of the Populist press, of most of the Socialist, and of the Hearst papers.

I take absolutely no stock in such an estimate. Mr. Hanna certainly vindicated his advocacy of the superior advantages of the Panama route over that of Nicaragua by his speeches in the U. S. Senate. Instead of Mr. Hearst taking up his arguments he saw fit to cast aspersions on his motives by predicting that Congress would deadlock and the result would be no canal legislation at all. As a matter of fact there was no deadlock, the House immediately agreed to the Senate's Panama Bill and the President has already signed it. From a journalistic standpoint Mr. Hearst has made considerable of an ass of himself. It is a good rule for an editor never to charge a man with being a knave when the man has it in his power to prove his alibi. The same remark applies to the Populist papers who followed yelping in the Journal's trail.

As for the Socialists, they took little notice of Hanna's position upon the canal question as that question possesses no particular interest for them. I am only alluding now to Mr. Hanna's triumphant vindication of himself in the

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD —Life

"And much it grieved my heart to think what man has made of man."—Wordsworth.

canal matter in order to substantiate to a certain extent the general estimate I have made of his attitude upon other questions.

In the first place, let me say at once that I am not foolish enough to argue that it will make any great amount of difference whether the public think a man honest or dishonest in a period of great political and industrial agitation, because it will be the irresistible forces of evolution forcing the public to move in a certain well defined channel and no man can change the course. However, until things finally settle in this channel there will be more or less freedom of action, and during this period Mr. Hanna may be destined to play quite a role. It is then when the question as to his honesty of purpose may become of more or less importance. If we think him honest in his endeavors, and this is my own personal belief, then we who disagree radically with him in the hope of any industrial peace under the present competitive system can at least argue with him.

—Minneapolis Journal.

EVERYBODY SATISFIED.
Mark—You're welcome to your hobby, Teddy. I find this a more interesting game.

Mr. Hanna is practically the only man in the country who has a position in the political and financial world that has done anything, even ostensibly, to bring labor and capital nearer an understanding of each other's position. Taking him as he is, confessedly a believer in and champion of the existing capitalistic system, I do not see that any more could be expected of him, as an honest man, than what he has already done. I ask what other man in his position has done anything at all? I ask again what has he to gain by all his work?

Certainly nobody who knows anything of affairs will say that he gets any monetary remuneration from the capitalists for his services upon his Civic Federation. That is too absurd for even Mr. Hearst to indicate. If he has any selfish motive it is the expectation of his efforts making him popular with "labor" and hence getting a pull for the next presidential nomination.

Mr. Hanna labors under the misfortune of living in bad company. "Life" is not far wrong in depicting the U. S. Senate as being in the popular opinion of the country simply a pen wherein the monopolists feed their hogs. It has been always proverbially a hard task to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare. Mr. Hanna is attempting an even harder one. He would handle the swill from without and then jump in the pen and mingle with the hogs at the trough he himself had just filled. No wonder two different onlookers visiting the pen at different hours might have very diverse opinions as to whether Mr. Hanna was the farmer or the hog. As a matter of fact he

is neither. He is simply a successful business man who has been unconsciously drawn from his proper sphere in the business world, first into the political game and then later on into the economic field as a kind of an umpire between capital and labor. It is a new office and he has no precedents to guide him. Considering the many different kinds of mistakes the strenuous Teddy can make in an office hedged with precedent, running the full gamut from being too polite to Booker Washington to being a boorish school boy with General Miles, I think Mr. Hanna in his conduct of the Civic Federation has every reason to congratulate himself.

As far as pure sport goes there is admittedly always more fun and excitement in doing a difficult feat the first time than subsequently. Hence simply as a matter of sport there can be no question that Mr. Hanna, in spite of his years, his avoirdupois and his rheumatism is showing infinitely more spirit and nerve than is the strenuous Teddy mounted upon that broken down and well trained hobby horse Second Term. For a President to get a second term it is simply necessary to refrain from being a fool. It is a passive accomplishment to be a good second termer. The only feat that Teddy can ever accomplish is to show the world how a man can be strenuous and yet secure a renomination.

A Change of Sentiment.

IT IS very significant to note the change in the attitude of the general public toward strikers today from what it was ten years ago. Then the strikers were always wrong; today every strike has the sympathy of the public, no matter how much they may be inconvenienced by the action of the strikers. This was especially evident in the late teamsters' strike against the Beef Trust in Chicago. The whole populace seemed to rise and shy bricks at the non-union drivers. A few years ago they would have been denouncing the Unions for preventing free-born American citizens from selling their labor at any price they pleased.

Toronto had been pluming herself upon her orderly citizens. Her newspapers, in discussing the course of events that would flow from an expected strike of her street car men, predicted that the Toronto people would in no case be so naughty as to forget themselves and act as the rough and disorderly Yankees did when they had strikes in their cities. Canadians were children of law and order, the Toronto press said, and a strike might continue forever in Toronto and nobody would ever know the difference as far as disorder was concerned. And this was said in sober earnest and with knowledge that the people of Toronto were in full sympathy with the demands of the street car men.

Well, the strike came, and as everybody knows it was not settled until all the available troops of the Dominion were called scurrying to Toronto to protect street car property, and even then it was not the troops that settled the strike but the surrender of the street car company to the demands of the men.

Again in Toronto, as in Chicago, it was not the strikers who created the disorder and did the rioting but the general populace who rose to the aid of their fellow-citizens when they thought they were being unfairly treated.

Now this change in popular opinion is the result of a cause, and the cause

is simply that the concentration of wealth in the hands of such a comparatively few monopolists has made the property owners of the great interests of the country, like mines and transportation, etc., such an insignificant part of the population that they can carry no popular weight. Not only that, but the people are getting informed upon the workings of the present competitive wage system. There was a time when people had an idea that a man was paid according to what he did, and now they are seeing plainly enough that wages are not based upon product but upon "how cheap can another laborer be found to do the same work."

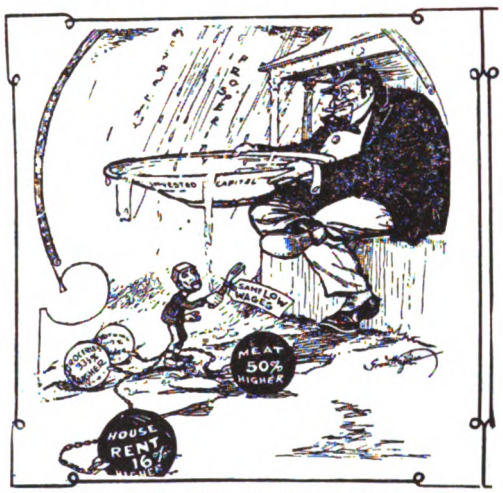
There may be prosperity in the land but the wage-earners get precious little of it. Wages have advanced little, if any, in the last few years. On the other hand, the necessities of life are up from 30 to 40 per cent. It does not require any very great degree of intelligence to see that if production is increasing and prices are rising while wages remain the same that there must be a great surplus going to the capitalists. Is it any wonder, then, that so many business men are saying they never had such profits as they are making this year? Is it a wonder that never before were so many tourists thronging the summer resorts and that the man who can pay out $72 to catch three small fish is strictly in evidence on all the trout streams? But while certain capitalists are making a good deal of money there

—New York Journal.

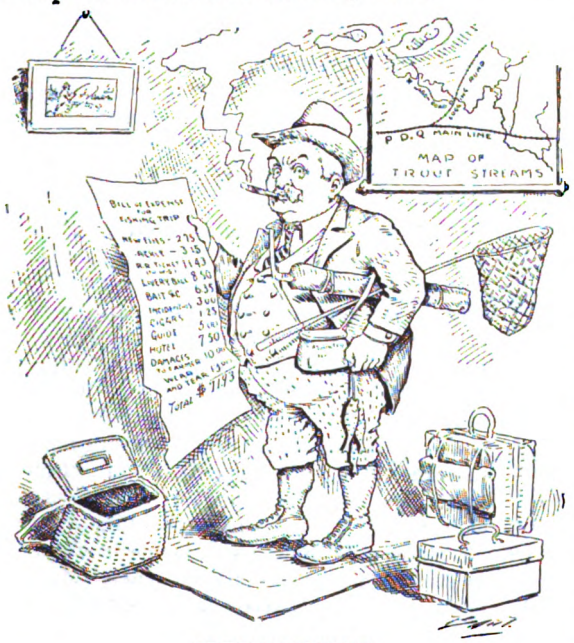
are a number of the small fry who find that high prices do not mean any particular prosperity for them. There are very few people outside of the Beef Trust who make anything out of the high prices of beef and there are few who make any profit out of the increased price of coal. These people, who are not on the right side of the prosperity deal, are really much more numerous than is generally thought.

And even the men who are making money today are not in any mind to share any more than they can help with the Trusts by paying monopoly prices.

There is a great under-current of public sentiment running against the Trusts which sooner or later is sure to come to the surface in a very unexpected manner. What shape the ebullition will manifest itself in nobody can definitely foretell, but one thing can be said and that is that the futile Roosevelt ian game of Asking Knox to Chase the Trusts will cease to be brought forth as the Final Word on the Trust Problem. We are getting to understand the Trust Problem better and better every year. Mr. Hearst can now say without fear that the remedy for Trusts is to be found in Government Ownership, while if he had made such a declaration a very few years ago he would have lost half his circulation. Even Teddy says that the Trusts are compelling us to revise some of our old ideas upon the Rights of Property.



Workingman—"It's raining soup all right, and I've got the same old fork to eat it with." —San Francisco Bulletin.



PUZZLE PICTURE.

Find the man who went on a Sunday fishing trip to reduce his meat bill. —Minneapolis Journal.

The time for us to bring this new-found knowledge into play will certainly be very likely to coincide with the appearance of our next financial crisis. I have no doubt that Government Ownership of Trusts and Railways will become the "Burning Issue" of the day. It will be very amusing to see our politicians and editors adapting their sayings to an issue with which they are quite unfamiliar.

Logs by Mail, But Not Ideas.

Washington, July 13.—Postmaster-General Payne has issued an order to the effect that logs and bags of dirt and such things cannot be sent through the mails, particularly when they weigh in a single case as much as 200 pounds. This is the result of a complaint by the Agricultural Department that some postmasters refuse such packages while others accept them.

It appears, according to the complaint of the Agricultural Department, that some of its agents have been in the habit of sending through the mail "packages containing sections of logs weighing from 100 to 200 pounds."

This seemed to have astonished Postmaster-General Payne, and on investigation he found not only were logs shipped as mail, under the Department frank, but also that bags filled with dirt or "soil" were sent in the same way.

He has just issued an order to postmasters stating that he will hold them responsible if they permit the law to be violated in that way.

Some years ago it was discovered that rolltop desks and things of that kind were being sent through the mails under franks, and that was particularly true at a time when the mails were being weighed to determine what was to be paid to certain railroads for carrying the mails.

Hungry for Notoriety.

New York, July 7.—Congressman Allan L. McDermott, one of the most distinguished of New Jersey attorneys, returned to his home in Jersey City today from Washington. He was asked how he sized up President Roosevelt and said:

"The one fact that has become all-impressive upon a resident of Washington is that this land of the free and home of the brave has a President who is absorbed by a desire for notoriety. He has been photographed while walking, running, on horse-back, in civil and military costume, in tall, short and slouch hats, with his hands up, down and folded, with his mouth stern, relaxed, open, half open and shut—in short, in all attitudes and moods.

"The advent of Roosevelt was a great thing for Washington photographers. His like was never seen in the White House, where he yells, bawls and impresses the average visitor with the idea that the charge up San Juan Hill is yet fiercely progressing. It is safe to say that if Mr. Roosevelt had won the Civil War he positively would have been unendurable. The truth is that our President is a gentleman of very limited mental capacity, fond of skyrockets and attuned to the symphony of a brass band. Considering the condition then and now to be found in the metropolis history will truthfully record that when he was called to Washington New York lost an officer peculiarly fitted to act as one of its Police Board."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wilshire Before Economic Club.

H. Gaylord Wilshire, publisher of Wilshire's Magazine, addressed a large audience at the Vine Street Congregational Church last night on "Morganization of the World." Mr. Wilshire is a believer in the doctrines of Socialism, and made a telling argument along this line. Briefly, he held that a great economic crisis is approaching, because of the vast overproduction of all staples in this country. To check this overproduction trusts have been formed. These throw hundreds of thousands of men out of work. An industrial danger is thus produced, which must be met sooner or later. His argument is that it can only be met by a co-operative system, which will give to every laboring man a chance to work. Co-operation on such a grand scale would only be possible through Government ownership, which is the Socialistic scheme.

Mr. Wilshire is of Cincinnati birth, his father having been President of the Third National Bank at one time. In spite of this fact, however, he has been a candidate for Parliament in both England and Canada under the operation of the old English law, which holds that any man whose grandfather was an English citizen is by reason of that fact also a citizen of England. Therefore, while Mr. Wilshire has been until recently a bona fide citizen of the United States, he found it possible to be a candidate for Parliament under the English flag. He is now publishing his magazine in Toronto, as Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden held it to be an advertising publication. Wilshire protested that he had nothing to sell except ideas, but that had no influence on Madden, who insisted on his ruling. By removal to Canada, however, Mr. Wilshire gained about $2,500 per month in his charges for postage, while his publication is admitted to the United States mails under the international postal agreement.—Cincinnati Enquirer, July 7.

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE IN THIS NUMBER

$1.00 per year 10 cents

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

Features for September, 1902

EDITORIAL

Two World Conquerors—Lady Dixie's Elixir of Youth —The True Joy of Life.

SCHOPENHAUER ON DEATH - - - - ADOLPH HEPNER

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OUR INDUSTRIAL POSITION - - - HENRY GANNETT

AMERICA UNDERMINING EUROPE - - - H. M. HYNDMAN

THE WHITE CHILD SLAVES - - - - LUCINDA B. CHANDLER

Correspondence ❧ Miscellany ❧ Poetry

Wilshire's Magazine

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"Let the Nation Own the Trusts"

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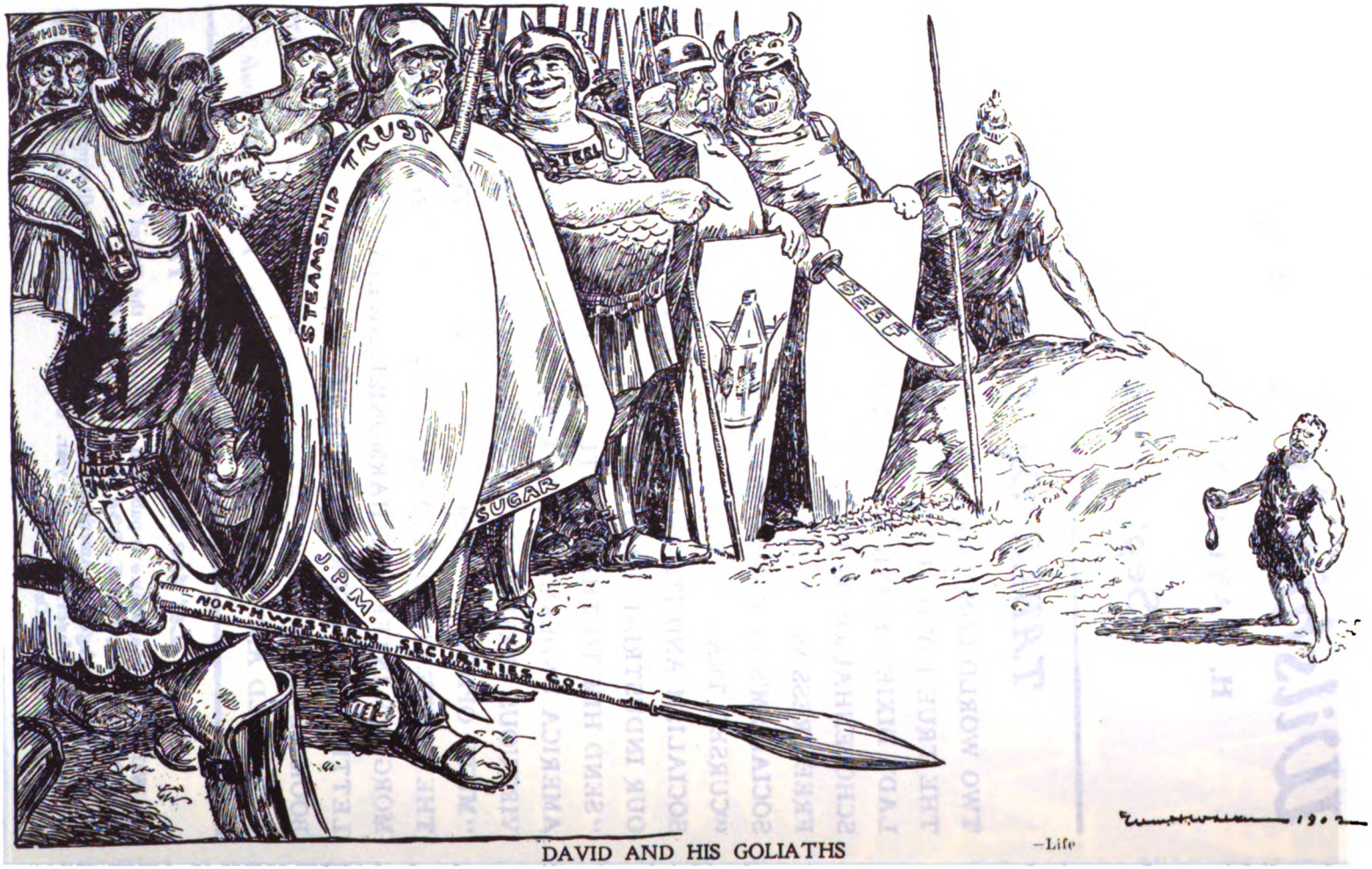

DAVID AND HIS GOLIATHS —Life

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS"

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Published Monthly at 74 Wellesley St., Toronto, Canada, by the United States Publication Co. New York Office : 125 East 23rd St., N. Y. Subscription, One Dollar per year. Outside of the United States and Canada, $1.50. Remit by Postal Order. Postage to Canada same as to the United States.

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TWO WORLD CONQUERORS

ALEXANDER sighed when he had no more worlds to conquer.

When Morgan conquers the world, it will be the world that will do the sighing. The world will sigh because it will be unemployed.

That is the difference between the two world conquerors; or, rather the difference between their two methods of conquest, and it is a mighty big difference, too, let me remark.

If Alexander had not gorged himself at that famous dinner and died of indigestion from too much food, he might easily have served out his allotted time of life reigning over this old world. The dinner was an accident. There were no necessities of the case demanding that Alexander should gorge himself to death. He might have lived as abstemiously as John D. Rockefeller if he had only had a modern liver to have compelled abstemiousness. But men did not have modern livers in those heroic days, and so Alexander must die ignominiously. We have learned something in the last few thousand years—thanks to Bernarr Macfadden. We now eat only when we are hungry, that is, if we have the sense and the cents—for we must have both.

Alexander had but to fulfil one condition to hold his throne. He had to keep his health. In fact, this was about the only condition imposed upon a king in feudal days. With good health and reasonable luck and intelligence, most kings could be pretty sure of keeping their jobs.

With our new emperor of the world, Mr. Morgan, it is not a question of his health—it is a question of his wealth; of his ability to continue making money out of his job. I don't mean that Morgan himself would abdicate his throne if he found there was nothing "in it." I mean that Morgan

today holds his sceptre by reason of his ability to give men and capital employment; or, to be more correct, by reason of the industrial conditions being such that men can be profitably employed. Morgan does not and cannot create such conditions. He simply takes advantage of the conditions as they may happen to exist in the industrial world, and it so happens today that labor and capital can be reasonably well employed, and Morgan reigns in peace. He came to his throne because of a great over-production of the industrial machinery of the United States. This condition necessitated the formation of vast combinations of railways and industrial enterprises. Morgan, as a great banker, was called in by the capitalists to conduct the formation of these combinations. The war with Spain coming on, followed up by the Boer war, caused a great demand for commodities, which was followed up by a great increase in price. The new Morgan combinations not only profited by all this, but owing to their combination they could effect vast economies, yet, at the same time, keep up selling prices by means of their monopoly. Profits never amounted to such a prodigious sum as today in the United States. Morgan's Steel Trust is making money at the rate of nearly $140,000,000 per year. The result of all this money making is naturally being followed up by vast expenditures of money to still further perfect the machinery of production in order to still further increase profits. One railway company alone, the Pennsylvania, is about to expend $100,000,000 in betterments in the next few years.

However, this cannot continue forever. There is fast approaching the day when the greater part of this work of perfecting the machinery of production will be finished. The Pennsylvania tunnel under the Hudson river will cost $60,000,000, but certainly no one can think that when it is finished there will soon be need of another tunnel nor of widening the one just built. And the wildest imagination can hardly dream of even a third tunnel being built in the near future. It is the same way with the immense amount of money now being spent upon improving our railway systems. Heavier bridges and heavier rails are the order of the day. But when the new rails are laid and the bridges strengthened it will be years before they will wear out.

That the business men of this country do not look for the perpetual continuation of good times is seen from the market price of the preferred stock of the U. S. Steel Co. Here is Schwab making an affidavit valuing the assets at over thirteen hundred million dollars and claiming that the earnings for the year will be over one hundred and forty million dollars whereas the fixed charges are only something over fifteen million dollars. Notwithstanding all this, the 7 per cent. preferred stock of the company sells for less than 90 cents while our U. S. bonds paying 2 per cent. sell for 108.

The only possible reason why a 7 per cent. investment sells for less than a 2 per cent. one is because of the uncertainty of the 7 per cent. being permanent. Yet, according to Mr. Schwab the only way the Steel Co. could fail to pay its 7 per cent. would be owing to an almost inconceivable demoralization in the iron industry of the country. And the low price of steel stock to my mind indicates exactly such a feeling of uncertainty and foreboding now existing in the minds of the investing public. Even the "gift" of $4,000,000 per year, as evidenced by Mr. Schwab's

increase in the wages paid by the Trust, has not to any measurable extent reassured the public mind. One thing it does show, anyway, and that is, that Schwab is a man of discernment. He saw that he would sooner or later be forced to give higher wages, owing to the increased cost of living, and he simply took time by the forelock and forestalled the men's demands, and gets credit for great philanthropy. If he had waited for a strike and then given in, he would have been a poor captain.

The iron industry of this country pays the railway companies between sixty and seventy million dollars per year for transportation.

Now, then, if we are going to have such a falling off of demand for iron that there is going to be a failure to pay the 7 per cent. upon the preferred stock of the Steel Trust, it certainly means that a great part of the millions the Steel Co. is now paying the railway companies is going to be lost to them.

The collapse of the steel and iron industry means the collapse of the railway industry, and in fact the collapse of the steel industry means the collapse of practically all the industries in the country. I am predicting this by my words but our capitalists are predicting it much more effectively by deeds when they refuse to buy Steel Trust stock at par.

This is the pyramid of human money bags upon which Mr. Morgan is perched and from which he views the world as his own—the ability of the Steel Trust to pay dividends.

As long as capitalists want steel rail, just so long will the Steel Trust employ men digging iron ore, transporting it in vessels and trains to the mills and transporting the finished article on the railways to their destination.

But the question of capitalists "wanting" steel is not a question of volition. They only "want" when there is a demand, and this demand can only exist when there are economic conditions which create such a demand. It is beyond the power of the capitalists to create "conditions." It is true they may by foresight and combination modify conditions very much, but the general current of industry is quite beyond their control under our existing competitive system. It is true that if Mr. Morgan was the Director General of the whole of the capital of the world he could manage better to keep things going until all the world was perfectly equipped with the latest industrial machinery. When this was finally accomplished he, having nothing more to do with his income, would at last be compelled from the very necessity of things to introduce the co-operative wage system to get rid of his money. But Morgan is not in complete control of the world's capital although he seems rapidly approaching it. He must consider other competing capitalists. He must both husband and waste his capital as the exigencies of the competitive strife demand.

He is not a free agent although freer than any capitalist yet that the world has ever seen. Take his position in the industrial world to-day, particularly in connection with the great iron industry. He is the whole thing from beginning to end. He controls the iron ore, the vessels carrying the ore, the furnaces making the ore into pig iron, the conversion of the iron into steel, the rolling of the steel into beams and steel rail. He not only controls the railways which buy the steel rail, but he controls the great construction companies which use the steel which goes into the manufacture of steel

buildings and steel steamships. In fact, Morgan performs every act in the whole scale of industry from the very beginning up to the very last act of consumption. But, Morgan, as a capitalist, is limited in his powers of consumption exactly as Morgan, as an individual, is limited in powers of eating.

He, as a capitalist, can have an indigestion of too much capital, just as a man can have an indigestion of too much food. His body is an organism, more or less perfect, that will only consume so much food. The body politic likewise, whether Morganized or simply organized, can consume only so much capital. The best Morgan can do for his own body is to keep it well organized and exercised and not to feed it either too much or too little. If he could perform the same service for society he would be safe in holding his throne as emperor of the world—but he can't. That is, he can't unless he supplants the existing competitive wage system by the co-operative system, and this change can never be made for society. It must make it of its own accord and motion and for itself. A man may cultivate the soil and plant a rose bush, but he cannot make it blossom. The bush must do that for itself. All he can do is to hasten or retard the event. Now, society is simply a human rose bush, with somewhat more sense than the common, or garden variety. Morgan is only a part of society and can only contribute his part of the social consciousness which will cause us to know we are to blossom into Socialism some day, and which social consciousness will enable us to prepare for that momentous event, and enable us to somewhat hasten the glad day.

Our physical body is simply an organization of living cells. Each cell looks out for itself, but it can only do so by helping to keep the whole body in a condition of health so that it can derive its proper sustenance from it in turn for the sustenance it gives the body. If anything goes wrong with a cell, for instance, if the cells in the legs become tired with too much walking, they first give a civil warning that they must have a rest, and finally if they don't get what they want, they go on a strike and won't work at all. Then the body must come to their relief—it has no choice. Just as the coal miners in society today first make a demand and then finally go on a strike to get what they want. If they had the sense of the cells in the body they would get what they wanted or society would go cold.

The latest theory of cancer is that it is simply an ordinary cell that has gone crazy and determined to set up a little *imperium in imperio* of its own. It wants to be the whole thing itself. It levies on all the tissues of the body just as if it had the right to claim a separate organization as well as the body. The body cannot stand this rebellion. It finally weakens under the stress of civil war, and unless it exercises the cancer it dies and with it dies the cancer.

The Trust is simply a cancer on the body politic. It is an organization gone wild which thinks that the sustenance intended for the whole of society should be diverted to it.

At one time it was the feudal kings who took to themselves the wealth intended for all, but today it is the money king who usurps the rights of society, and right royally he does it, too!

As Mr. Wayland says in the Appeal to Reason:

In view of the hesitation in the world of stocks, bonds and gambling occasioned by the

"THE LAND OF THE FREE!"

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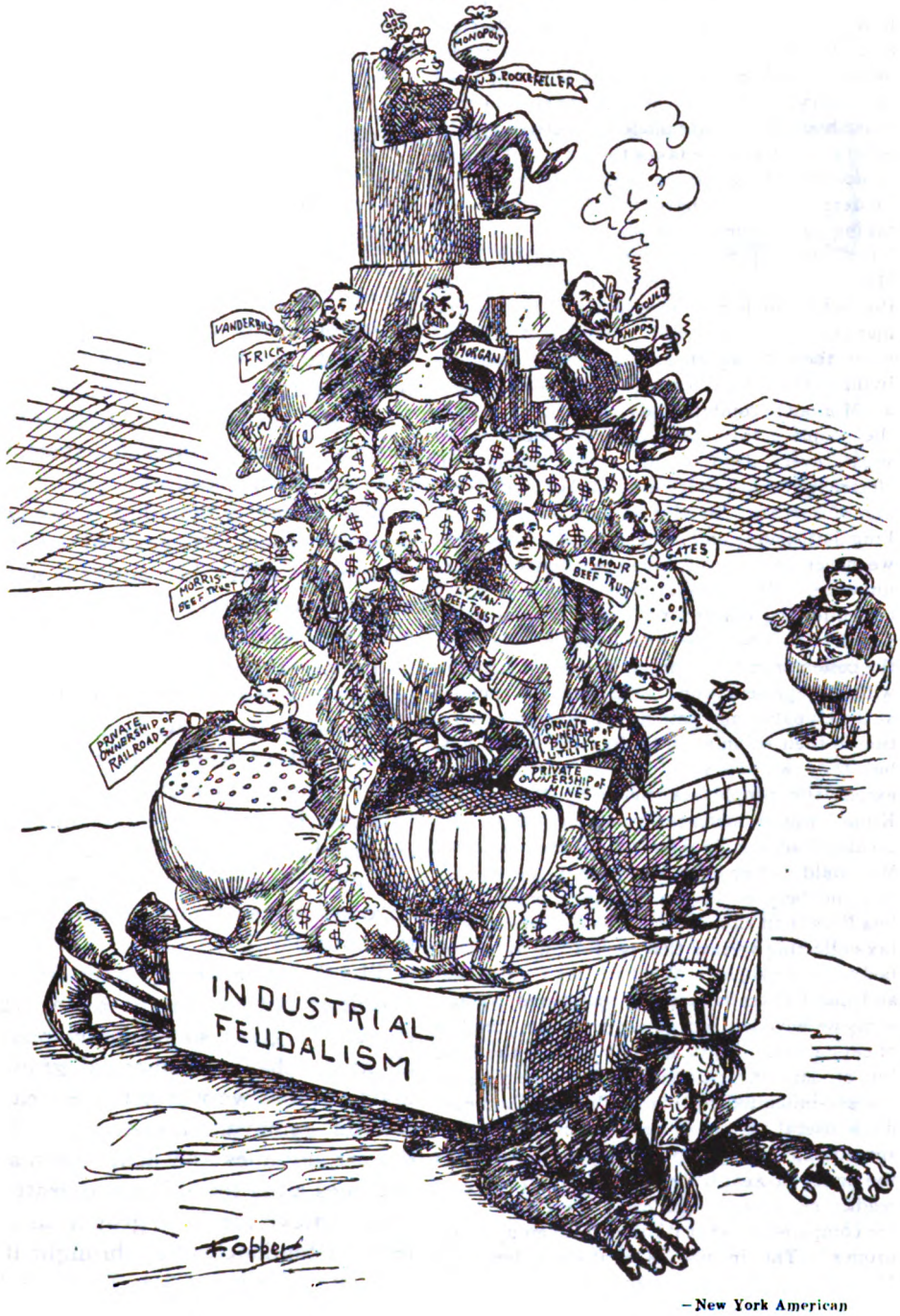

—New York American

illness of the English king, a financial report says that while the king was more ornamental than vital, "he was a discreet and mute partner in many important enterprises." In the olden times the king raised an army of free-booters and overrun and pillaged his neighbors where he could, and on the booty thus obtained lived in luxury. That was at least open and in a sense honorable. He made no pretenses to be otherwise. Today he takes the ways of business to accomplish the same ends. He invests in "enterprises" that have for their object the taking away from the people the results of their labor, and appropriates them to his own use. He and his fellows secretly conspire against the rest of the human race to cheat them in the matter of price and cost, and extract millions from them to squander on idle ostentatious living. The king is a mere child in this to such as Morgan: combinations of men steal from the people a tiny speck on every mouthful of sugar, every drop of oil, every glimmer of electricity or gas, every mouthful of food, every rag of clothes. In this age we have not one king but many, and many whose names even we never hear, or of whose existence we are unaware. Stores today have become so many tax-collecting offices for the men who own the Trusts; the erstwhile merchant is today but the collector in the cunning system of taxation without representation. We read and wonder at the stupidity and patience of the past generation in their submission to the tribute of kings, but they were never bled to one-tenth the extent the people are today by Commercial Kings, whose incomes from the people are greater than any England's kings ever dreamed. We could better support five-fold the royalty and snobbery of England in their present useless lives than support the tens of thousands of tax-collecting vermin that swarm the industrial body of the people. What we pay for national and local taxes is nothing compared to the sums we have laid on us each year by the lice of capitalism. Go to any city and see the long line of mansions, palaces and exclusive pleasure places—inhabited by human beings who never do a useful stroke of labor, whose lives are spent in cunningly extracting from the workers the honey of wealth they produce, and you can readily see how insignificant the public taxes are compared to what it takes to keep up these drones. The income of a Rockefeller or a Morgan is greater than the royal income of ALL the royal families of ALL Europe.

No, it is true that no feudal king ever had the twentieth part of Rockefeller's income, and it is just owing to this enormous drain upon the people that capitalism will never have the long life enjoyed by feudalism.

It's on the same principle that a man can endure a wart on his body much longer than he can a cancer. The kings and dukes were mere little warts on society. The Rockefellers and Morgans are virulent cancers. The wart remains in nearly a static condition. It grows very slowly and it takes but little nourishment from the system to feed it; it causes little pain or discomfort. Not so with the cancer. It grows every day and the older it gets the more it drains the system and the more pain it causes.

Now, when a man has a cancer, he doesn't expect to get rid of it by reasoning with the cancer and persuading it to leave his body. Not at all. He summons up his resolution and cuts it out. He never thinks of having any resentment against that cell which has gone wild and made a cancer out of itself, and threatens his life. If he is a scientist he knows that that cell is totally irresponsible. It is simply diseased, and if properly treated and put in a proper environment it will once again resume its rightful status in the body.

The Trust cancer upon the American people is not yet in the open virulent stage. It gives some annoyance; we all know that an abnormal growth is upon us; but we will not take measures for its removal, however, until the disease assumes the acute form and it becomes a matter of life and death with us to remove the false growth and correct the tendencies that brought it on.

Now we simply let Teddy tell us that he will have Dr. Knox cure us, and let it go at that.

THE TRUE JOY OF LIFE

THERE is but one true Elixir of Life, and that is to live. A great many people think they are living when in reality they are simply letting their bodies and souls undergo a process of decay. Some who are sure they are living are simply burning themselves up. To really live and be respectable under modern conditions is possible but for a favored few, favored either by heredity or environment, or both, and of those few there are but a fraction who take advantage of their possibilities. What with the difficulties of steering a career between being eminently respectable and disgracefully dissipated, few escape wrecking their souls. The very first requisite of respectability is to conform your thoughts and actions to those of the community among whom it happens to be your lot in life to be thrown. A buried corpse conforms to its surrounding soil. It finally becomes undistinguishable from the soil itself. It is the soil. An acorn buried in the soil is a thing of life because it refuses conformity. It becomes the glorious oak. The dead man is always respectable; the live man never, if he really lives. On the other hand it is just as much against life to dissipate and burn up your energies in living a life which the respectable call disreputable as it is to deaden yourself by leading the life the disreputable sneer at as "respectable."

To live is simply to express yourself —to express yourself physically, mentally and spiritually.

You cannot live if you do not express yourself, and you are not expressing yourself when you think, speak and act in a certain manner—not because that is *your* way—but because it is the way of someone else—because it is respectable.

We live for the sake of experiencing sensations. Every natural movement of the mind or body gives us a pleasurable sensation. If we are unable to exercise our functions properly and normally, the desire for the sensations which would have been the result of such exercise, leads us to offer ourselves a sensation more or less similar to one derived from exercise, but induced by the use of a narcotic or a stimulant.

A man working all day in a dismal coal mine, denied all sight of the beauties of nature, develops unconsciously, perhaps, an intense longing for the sight of trees and grass and flowers and sunshine. He cannot satisfy that longing. To support life he must stay down in the mine. Is it then a wonder that he takes whiskey which will at least give a certain stimulus to his sensations which his nature so imperatively demands?

Grantedth at the exhilaration caused by the whiskey is altogether of a baser kind than the exhilaration caused by the sight of a green sward, still it at least does take the man away from himself and his environment, and this is an effect that seems a psychological necessity to men living unnatural lives.

It's well enough for the man, whose life itself is a dream in the eyes of the miner, to berate the miner for his drunkenness. But he should bear in mind that the only time the miner ever feels he is living, is when he can get away from his real life by deadening his nerves with whiskey to such an extent that his environment becomes subordinate to an imaginary one.

We universally excuse a man for drugging himself when he is about to undergo a surgical operation. If whiskey could be used instead of ether for the anaesthetic, who would blame a man for drinking it when his leg had to be sawed off? After the operation, for weeks the man may be in pain. We do not frown upon his taking opium. But let him recover from the physical pain, and then take opium or whiskey to rid himself of a spiritual pain and we at once view him with scorn, notwithstanding that we all say the pain of the nind is greater than that of the body. It is natural for man to escape pain, and if he cannot escape the pain itself, he will do the next best thing—deaden himself to the sensation.

A healthy man in a natural, healthy environment will never think of narcotizing himself. He will not wish to lose any of his sensations—any of his life.

A man goes to the opera, but certainly does not take a sleeping potion beforehand. Not at all; he wishes all his senses with him. He wants to be fully alive in order to enjoy every moment.

You could not think of a man wishing to get drunk in heaven. It is an absurdity. Yet, if a man happened to have gone to hell, what man would blame the poor devil for getting as drunk as he could and staying that way as long as his satanic host would furnish the high-balls?

The true course of the temperance reformer is to make this world so little like hell and so near like heaven that no man will dare to get drunk for fear of missing part of the show.

And it must always be remembered that a heaven on this earth implies something for us to do, some task to perform that we feel and know is useful to ourselves and mankind in general. We cannot get a full life by ploughing the sands. Digging post holes and filling them up again may exercise our muscles but it is deadly to the soul. Conjugating Greek verbs and never getting any further in the language may be good intellectual discipline, but it would never make an intellectual man. To enjoy digging the post holes we must know that they are to be filled by fence posts and that the fence is something that performs a useful function. We can only take pleasure in the study of Greek verbs when we know it will lead us to wander intelligently in Greek literature.

It is the uselessness of the sports of the rich that poisons them. Young Vanderbilt feels this when he runs a stage coach for hire. To drive a coach and four every day up and down the pike without "paying passengers" becomes monotonous, but let him know that every man has paid for his seat and immediately there is added a sense of usefulness to the coach driving that gives it the zest and flavor of life.

When we have reorganized society it is quite true that the demand for useful

labor to produce the necessities of life will be extremely small. At the outside two hours per day will give every man all the food, shelter and clothing he will ever wish.

Men will not wish champagne and cigars, because they will not wish to deaden their senses in a world of love and beauty. They will not wish to have individual ownership of expensive things, because such ownership today is only desired for the sake of ostentation, a motive that will entirely disappear with the effacement of a system which enables one man to take the wealth produced by another.

But while the demands for necessities will be immeasurable, architecture, the greatest of the arts, will consume men's labor and time to an unparalleled and unimaginable extent. The buildings of the World's Fair will be reproduced on a far grander scale and in permanent marble in every State in the Union. Built not only for the joy of men seeing them after completion but built for the actual joy and pleasure of building them.

We know how the cathedrals of the middle ages were built by singing workmen. If they sung and loved their work in those days how much more will labor in the future enjoy its work when all will be filled with that cosmic consciousness of universal joy which can only come when all men are brothers and join in the great work of making life beautiful.

It is only when mankind has developed into a complete and world-wide organism that man as an individual will really and at last live. For not till then will his heart throb in unison with the heart-beats of all humanity.

LADY DIXIE'S ELIXIR OF YOUTH

My dear ladies, if you would be always young and beautiful let your mission in life be Socialism. Here is Lady Dixie, forty-five by her voluntary confession, yet who would look at her photograph taken less than three years ago and say she is over seventeen?

Of course, Lady Florence started out with a position in society; the daughter of the seventh Marquis of Queensbury had no struggle for wealth or social recognition.

Some women are prematurely aged by being forced to struggle for the mere necessities of life, but there are many women of wealth who age themselves struggling for an empty social position and there are again many with both wealth and social position who age themselves because they can find no interest in life.

If Lady Florence had only been lucky enough to have been born the right gender and under the stars and stripes, I have no doubt that if "strenuousness" gives any certificate of fitness for the presidential chair she would have now been a dangerous contestant for our own Strenuous Teddy to consider. She would have had a great advantage over him, for with him strenuosity is an end in itself while with her it is but a means to an

end. It is only the strenuous that can really appreciate relaxation, and that Lady Florence is no exception to the rule may be gathered from what Mr. Sidney Lee writes to Modern Society under the caption of, "The Home of a Humanitarian":

"'May I walk through Glen Stuart grounds?' I asked an old gardener at the entrance gate.

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE.
Daughter of the seventh Marquis of Queensbury.

'Will Lady Florence Dixie object?' 'Well, sir, her ladyship likes the place kept private. They comes staring so, folks do, from all parts, and her ladyship's not fond of being gawped at,' he replied. 'I will not gawp, my man,' I said; 'I only want to see Glen Stuart. I have read Lady Florence's poem on it in her book, and want to see it and carry the memory of it with me. I am going to Ceylon.' 'Well, sir, it's 'gainst rules, but her ladyship's out, and perhaps won't mind, so I'll walk round with you,' he answered.

"I thanked him, and we strolled down the avenue together. On all sides, amid a wealth of green undergrowth, rose up huge and noble trees in full foliage. A singing burn runs parallel with the avenue, and enormous rhododendrons in glorious bloom grow everywhere. Banks covered with primroses, violets, wild hyacinths, wood anemones, ferns, and bracken rose up on all sides. Everywhere I heard the creamy note of the wild pigeon. Squirrels played in the trees; the whole woods around seemed flooded with the song of birds. I saw herons fishing on the burn banks, and busy little water-hens with their broods picking about alongside its edges. Rabbits of all colors fed in grassy glades, and pheasants meandered at will and in happy security!

"The extraordinary tameness of the animals amazed me. They did not attempt to run away; many even ran up to us as we walked along. 'How very tame they are,' I remarked to the old gardener. 'Her ladyship makes a deal of them,' he replied. 'They've all got their names. They're like children with her, she's that kind to them.'

"I walked all through the glens, glades, and woods of this Garden of Eden. The blaze of rhododendrons was magnificent, besides yellow azaleas, scarlet and white May trees, lilacs, and laburnums, and every kind of bloom. Never, anywhere, have I heard such a wealth of continuous bird song. The woods seemed flooded therewith. I heard the cuckoo therein, and saw several owls. A rookery caws continually in one side of the grounds. Animal life reigns here in true earnest, lord of all it surveys. As I passed along the upper avenue and looked down on the house below I saw white rabbits feeding on the lawn facing the drawing-room window. Several dogs were reposing in their midst! They all seemed to be good comrades. While I was enjoying the sight of this scene of peace the sound of a pony's hoofs made itself heard. Down the lower carriage drive came a

galloping pony. It was drawing a light, bicycle-wheeled Transvaal car, something like a jinrikisha. Seated in it was a slight, boyish-looking figure. 'That's her ladyship, God bless her!' said the old man; 'she's driving her Asiatic pony, Ijain. It's her favorite, and will do anything she tells it. Ijain is a piebald, you see, sir. Look at the dogs and rabbits running to meet her.'

"True enough, every animal was round her—dogs, rabbits, pheasants, waterfowl, pigeons. A servant brought her some grain and Indian corn, which she scattered among them and left them to enjoy themselves, passing into the house through the open window. It was a scene of peace and happiness which I shall carry away with me and not easily forget."

While Lady Florence is possibly better known for her work in the Royal Humane Society than for her interest in Socialism, still the following excerpts from one of her poems shows that the human animal sometimes needs as much protection from cruelty as his humbler relations.

A Glimpse of Freedom.

And ye would hear my vision? Listen then
To what it tells you of a fairer state,
Where woman lives in harmony with man,
Protected from base wrong by juster laws
Than here prevail. It was the midnight hour,
When not so long ago, I passed along
Some of those haunts of prowling selfishness,
Where woman offers up each weary night
The sacrifice of her own being. Where,
The luckless victims of black poverty,
Bear on their shoulders the o'erpow'ring load,
Which those who scorn them will not share with them,
But bid them notwithstanding bear it all.
And so to shield their scorners these poor things
Bear all the piteous, bitter sacrifice!
And hopeless, helpless, wander in despair
Amidst the desolation that surrounds
Their ruined lives, from which all hope has fled,
And joy become a faded, vanished dream.

* * * * * * *

On all sides where I turned an active scene
Teeming with life showed laughing face. I saw
Women, and men, and children, all at work
Cutting, and binding, loading up the store
Gathered by willing hands. Electric cars
Received these harvest spoils and bore them to
Such central points as fitted with the lines
On which the merry harvest waggons rolled,
Where larger waggons stood. These stocked the whole
And gliding forward, passed away from sight
Lost in the mists of distance's wide plain.

* * * * * * *

And far and wide snow-like through the rose-gleam
Of that bright sun, my eyes beheld the homes
Of a contented people, happy in
Their undisputed, ripe equality.

* * * * * * *

Wherein the chief distinctive mark was joy.
I saw no filthy slums, no ghastly sights,
No outraged women and no fallen men.
I saw no signs of hateful cruelty
By man to man, nor to the dumb Creation
Who on this cold and selfish earth of ours
It is our custom to so much abuse.
I saw instead pictures of happiness,
In which the men and women shared alike,
For everywhere equality prevailed
And sex was not a mark, as it is now,
For favouritism or for base neglect.

* * * * * * *

"Child of the Earth!" he said, "Behold! a world
Made perfect by the reign of perfect laws.
The sorrows and the horrors of the land
From whence you come, arise from worshipping
False idols, which men in their ignorance
Have raised and fenced about with iron spikes,
And bidden others bow down and adore.
And thus it is that daily greater grows
The press of misery. Self sacrifice
By millions is endured, in order that
Some paltry thousands may rejoice and laugh.
You elevate and raise to pow'r and wealth
Some human being. This production, you
Dub Ruler, and a ready worship yield
Unto this semi-god of human shape.
In it is typified the misnamed right
To which you have laid claim, unjustly mind,
To disinherit mankind. You have dared
To steal from countless millions yet unborn
That freedom which the fact of being gives;
And thus you have created a dark hell
Into whose yawning mouth you daily cast
The vast mass of the disinherited.
These cry for mercy. What avails their cries,
Drowned in the roar of your tempestuous glee?
Wealth feeds on poverty, this last extends
In an unbroken circle round your world,
Breeding and giving life unchecked to more

Unhappy victims of its misery;"
Then turning from me he soliloquised—
"Oh! man, clothed in your garb of selfishness
How fair your earth and yet alas! how seared
By your own hand. What fearful scars deface
Her noble features. All is upside down,
A seething chaos of unnatural laws.

All this shows that Lady Dixie has certain correct ideas as to "Rambles on Earth," and here is one of her skits entitled

"Rambles in Hell."

A spell amidst the dullness of Civilization's Life and the Sham of Society's unnatural Pastimes had brought the wandering Fit upon me once more, so I steered my Ship towards the golden, sunlit Shores of the far West, where Men once dreamed of the hidden Treasures of El Dorado. I made my way up the Waters of the mighty Amazon and drank in its Beauties Day by Day, until, amidst primæval Forests, I pitched my Camp for a Time on the Banks of this incomparable River, believing that at Last I had strayed into celestial Realms. The tropical Sun streamed down upon the dense Forests, the Air was drowsy with the Hum of Insects, Birds of wonderful Plumage revelled in the Wealth of Life, Monkeys made merry amidst a Foliage whose Richness I will not dim by Description, while Humming-birds hung sparkling in the Air: tremulous, living Jewels of Light.

Suddenly a Darkness obscured the Sun. I looked up quickly. Lucifer stood before me. I bade him be gone. "No more of your HELL'S Scenes for me," said I, "leave me in HEAVEN." Lucifer laughed as he exclaimed: "I have much to show you yet. Come." So I went with him. We left the golden West for South Africa. Lucifer knew Cronje, so we joined him south of Kimberley. The Boer General was making ready to receive Lord Methuen's advance.

"HELL'S Fires are burning brightly everywhere," remarked Lucifer with a Chuckle. "There will be warm Work by the Morrow. Bullets will not hurt me, but they kill Mortals. Are you not afraid?" "Bah!" I answered; "I fear but one Thing on Earth, and that "is Cruelty."

The Boers held a strong Position. In a deep long Trench, a long Line of Men lay hidden. We joined them. Not a Word was spoken. Ammunition was freely supplied to each. It was very dark, very cold, very drear. At Length the pale Streaks of early Dawn crept along the Sky. Far off I heard a muffled, trampling Sound. "What is that?" I whispered to Lucifer. "Hush—sh—sh—sh," was the only Answer. It came hissing from the lips of a Boer Commandant. On came the dull, trampling Sound. Even the withered Grass of the brown Veldt could not deaden it. Then suddenly dark Forms loomed through the grey Light and the heavy Breathing of marching Men could be heard. Nearer and nearer they came. Long lines of Men marching in serried Ranks, marching to their Doom. "Were they mad?" I asked myself. In the Boer Trenches reigned the Silence of the Tomb. Not a Sound could be heard therein, until of a Sudden a low whisper seemed to run through the crouching Ranks, like the dying Moan of a spent Blast. As it shivered along, every Boer moved, raised his Rifle into Position and waited. "Whish—sh—sh—sh," went the whispered moaning Sound again as the marching Phalanx of Men swung along in full View of the Boer Trench. Then I perceived that these marching men were Highland Regiments. Could nothing save them? I sprang to my Feet and shouted: "Back my lads, back!"

Too late. With an Oath the Boer Commandant pushed me down and then a Sheet of Flame burst along the Boer Line, and a Roll of Rifle-music with its Duet of crack, crack, ping, ping, whizz, whizz, whizz-z-z-z rent the still Air. It was an awful Sound. With a Reel, Swerve and Stagger the marching Mass came to a Halt and wide Gaps opened in it. I saw Men fall forward; others threw up their Arms, clutched the Air and went backward; some went to the Ground, staggered to their Feet again, then sank to rise no more. Loud Cries resounded. A Mixture of Military Commands and Shouts of dazed, bewildered Men. Confusion reigned, and all the While the Flame belched along the Boer Trench as the Rifle's musical Duet rang out remorsefully: Crack, crack, ping, ping, whizz, whizz, whizz-z-z-z.

Men fell in little Heaps. Dead Men lay silent atop of writhing, struggling, wounded Men. Grey Dawn was breaking into Day-light. I could see their Faces. Oh! those Faces, they will haunt me through all Time. Officers and non-commissioned Officers yelled to their Men, who strove to obey; some re-formed and sent an Hail of Bullets at the Boer Trench, but they had little Effect and the Enemy's Rifles replied, sweeping them to Earth.

The Sun came out and streamed down upon the hideous Scene. From afar the Shriek and Roar of Guns resounded. Bloud and Carnage, Suffering and Misery were everywhere. The hot Earth drank in Bloud on all Sides. For Hours Shot, Shell and Bullet shrieked and ploughed the Air. The Death-cry, the Sobbing, Gasping, Moaning of the wounded Horse could be heard, and the Call for Help of Men in sore Need, mingled with the delirious Ravings of Men who were dying after the Sun had beat upon them for long Hours. Thirst too was everywhere. I heard the piteous Appeal for Water over and over again, but there was none to be had, only a burning hot Sun, a brown, dry Veldt, Shade nowhere, Heat everywhere, Help for the Wounded and the Dying impossible.

Shells had come tumbling into the Boer Trenches. The dead lay grinning up at a blue black Sky. Faces which had laughed that Morning lay stiff and cold as Evening fell. The Battle waned, then ceased. Neither Side had effected much, unless indeed Expenditure of Ammunition and Life counts for Aught! Men and Animals lay dead and dying and in Pain, but the cold, dark Night of South Africa came and hid them from Sight.

I wandered through the Boer Camp and saw gruesome Sights. I saw Men eating beside their dead Comrades. I saw wounded Horses and Cattle silently enduring their Pain. I saw mutilated Men in the Hands of the Chirurgeons. I heard Cries and Groans and Sobs. "Lucifer," I said, "I am going on the Battle-field. There "is many a poor, wounded Lad still lying there. "Perhaps I can do something, if only to give a "soothing Word. At least I will try. Oh! "how cold, how terribly cold it is. How they "must suffer, and the poor Horses too." Lucifer smiled and then gave a sarcastic Laugh. "Your Christian Papers will be full of the "News to-morrow. The Crowds in the Street "will cheer; the gay Folk at Home will be "War-mad, they will buy metal Soldiers for "their Children and give them miniature Can- "non and teach them mimick War. And the "Divines will hold memorial Services, and the "Churches will be full."

I left Lucifer sneering. Truth is not always palatable and I could not contradict him. I went on to the dark, cold Veldt. I came upon living Men quietly dying. I stumbled over little Groups lying dead. I heard an Highland Laddie calling to the sweet Heart he would never see again. I kicked against a doubled Figure. It was an Officer mortally wounded, waiting for Death. Where were the Stretcher-bearers, the Ambulances? Everywhere, doing Herculean Work, striving heroickally, yet unable to reach Numbers who needed their Aid. I put to Rest with my Pistol several moaning, sobbing Horses and Mules, Animals that would have lain there unsuccoured for Hours or Days ere Death came to free them.

Read and digest the Truth, the cold, pitiless, naked Truth, you arming Nations, who prattle of nothing but Ironclads and Improved Engines of War. Look on the HELL, which War creates. And you, Christian Divines, who bow the Knee to the CHRIST who said "Thou shalt not kill," go rambling in the HELL where War reigns. Do not gild it with the Cloak of Humbug, but realize what it really is. It is HELL.

Lady Dixie has also raised her voice in behalf of suffering childhood, and has addressed the following letter to the President of the United States, upon the subject of

Child Labour in America.

GLEN STUART, Scotland, July 16, 1902.

DEAR MR. ROOSEVELT:—You are a man, and I am a woman. You are president of the vast Republic, which calls itself "The land of the free!" and I am but a free lance, wandering over my country, the Earth, and seeing everywhere and on all sides barbarities tolerated and sanctioned by laws the creation of your sex.

May I draw your attention to one of these barbarities? It is the shocking and inhuman toleration of Child Labour in America, in which children, little more than infants, toil for long, long hours daily and nightly in order to line the pockets of those bloated monstrosities called millionaires, who have become such on the daily drudgery of the poor, in which thousands of children of tender age are included. Think of it! While you are resting in a comfortable bed, while those you love are enjoying the luxury of rest, while the millionaires are strutting and puffing about in fine linen and in an insufferable atmosphere of snobbish pomposity, thousands of mere mites are toiling hard all day, and some all night, in the mills and commercial shambles of the poor wherein the millionaires hatch their golden hoards. Do you realize it? Do the seething population of America realize the horrible slavery they are permitting to exist in the land of the free?

Land of the free indeed! Land of greed and grab I would rather call a country which in the

twentieth century permits such a system of barbaric slavery to exist. In this country, in old lag-behind Britain, such things existed one hundred years ago, but even we have banished that crime, while America still nurses it in its bosom. Will you not end it? Will you put forth your great power and influence to strike down this hideous and disgusting and selfish practice? What else is it but a most horrible form of slavery?

Dear Mr. Roosevelt, its victims are dumb. They are as helpless as those poor tortured vivisected animals are, whom your noble physiologists annually sacrifice upon the altar of vivisectional research. They are as bound and helpless as are the poor dumb animals I refer to, whose mute sufferings are unheeded by a hurrying, scurrying, gold-grabbing world, intent on coining the metal which its members cannot take away with them when they step forward into The Great Unknown. The dumb slaves I appeal for are little children—children who never asked to be born, and to whom at any rate we owe the right of freedom. Call to your aid the American Federation of Labour and ask it for a few statistics, and if your blood does not turn cold you are less than human.

Speak out, then, from the great position you occupy. Of what use to be a sovereign, be it spelt Monarch or President, if not to use the influence you possess for good? Is the cult of gold the only object of life? Is love and kindness never to know existence, or to help in governing mankind? On all sides mighty Man tries to govern without woman's help. His failure is vast! It would be ludicrous if not so sad. Let him give her a chance of tidying up the houses he has made such a mess of. Though he has dragged her very low, there are some who are yet capable of helping him, if he will allow them. As a Woman, I appeal to you to raise your voice against, and use your influence to put down, this horrible slavery, which is a disgrace and a crime unspeakable.

Long ago the North fought the South to end the negro slavery; yet a slavery more repulsive is allowed to reign on in your Southern States to attract your Northern dollars! Almighty dollar! And the country that tolerates this professes to be Christian, and pretends to be shocked when the freethinker laughs at the Christian and his deeds. What imperial humbug!

Once more as a woman, as a human being, I appeal to you to speak out, and try and end this ghastly slavery. Horrible as is ceaseless toil of the adult poor, it bears no measure of comparison with America's Giant Crime—"The ceaseless daily and nightly slavery of little children."

Sincerely yours,
FLORENCE DIXIE.

Glen Stuart,
Annan, N. B., July 2.

Dear Mr. Wilshire:

Your magazine is a most interesting one, and I am much obliged to you for sending it to me. I read it with great pleasure.

Believe me, very truly yours,
FLORENCE DIXIE.

SCHOPENHAUER ON DEATH

ADOLF HEPNER

[In my estimation of the Philosopher of Frankfurt, I differ materially with those Critics who have judged him solely by his whimsical, perverted views, mental monstrosities and absurdities, or by the unpleasant phases of his character, disposition and mentality, without, at the same time, giving this peculiar man due credit for his wise, refreshing and immortal mental productions.

I particularly disagree with their idea that Schopenhauer's "Philosophy of Life" exposes only the weaknesses of the commonplace. On the contrary, it appears to me that every liberal-minded man must find something to stimulate him in the diversified lines of thought of this odd Pessimist.

There is even no disposition on my part to deny that I, an old time Editor, have been much impressed by Schopenhauer's judgment of the pompous importance of the newspaper writer, and that I have been constrained to self-examination thereby.

For every passage in Schopenhauer which provoked me by its paradoxes, I found two which gave me extreme pleasure.

But his doctrine of the nothingness of life, and his theory of death tinted with Buddhism, which he bases thereon, have appeared to me as a positive social evil, being anti-social in their nature.

I believe that this fact alone will demonstrate the worthlessness of Schopenhauer's "Philosophy" and the untenability of its claims to the dignity of a "System." Since all sciences and arts, without exception, concede their highest purpose to be the refinement of mankind and the beautifying of existence, there can be no room for a theory, which in such direct opposition to this purpose engenders moodishness and a disgust for life.

For this reason I have undertaken the little labor of gauging Schopenhauer's ideas on death by the life philosophy of Socialism. It is a task worth while, especially in America, because here the lives of the poor are, if possible, held cheaper by the ruling class than in Europe.—ADOLPH HEPNER.]

THE opinions of philosophers and non-philosophers regarding death, depend entirely upon their view of life: its essence, its value and its aim.

He prizes life highly because of the aesthetic pleasures he may derive from it, who has become imbued with ideals, and knows how to take the world philosophically; he will not be attracted by the thought of early death, while he feels mentally and physically sound, so long as the elements of material want do not break injury over his head. On the contrary, he will try to ward off death to the last possible moment, not only from himself and those dear to him, but from all others as well.

In addition to this class of men, we distinguish another which loves life, though not from pre-eminently aesthetic or ideal motives, but rather for the satisfaction to be derived from the gratification of the desire for pleasure mainly of a material kind.

The difference between these two classes may be thus defined: The first, whose lives are inseparably intertwined with aesthetic, ideal and philosophical aims, value the lives of others as they do their own, while those, who can wrest only sensual pleasure from life, become cold, egotistic and indifferent to their fellow-men,

though most inordinately fond of their own little "I."

While the class first specified is animated by the desire of averting irrational and untimely death from all humanity without exception, the class next indicated prosecute but one end, that of advancing their individual interests even at the price of the life or the health of their fellow-men.

In conjunction with this second class, we come to consider those elements whose crude conception of the struggle for life degrades the latter to beastly battle for food, in which the one who manages to get on top, if he wishes to maintain his supremacy, may not scruple to crush the very life out of others—indirectly of course—be it by excessive demands on their strength in his service, or by niggardly saving in the direction of precaution to avert accidents.

The man who has ensured his life, so far as material want is concerned, at the cost of others' welfare, will consider the premature death of his victims and of those sacrificed by others of his kind, as a lesser evil than having his own career cut short.

We have now come to the third class of men—those with contempt for life. These may be subdivided in quite a number of orders. There is one characteristic common to all—the stereotyped assertion that "it is all the same, whether I die today or tomorrow." Of course, not all who say this, mean what they say. Experience teaches us, that many of those who pretend to square accounts with heaven daily, are only too delighted to wander for a good long while through this earthly vale.

Naturally we except those hopelessly lost, the comfortless, the helpless, the very infirm aged, lonely deserted invalids, the martyrs to suffering, the incurably decrepit; also those ostracized or threatened with the ostracism of society—for some fault of their own.

It need not surprise us to hear these latter declare non-existence preferable to existence. Their avowal of opinion may be accepted as honest and we may contemplate the possibility of any one of these severing the thread of his own life.

However, we do not wish to deal with this category, but with those who despise life for some trivial reason or for no sensible cause at all; who consider the destruction of human beings —most generally the death of others, but sometimes their own — a mere bagatelle.

First rank is accorded to those who are *blase* with their sensibilities blunted, who declare as a matter of principle that their sojourn on this earth is a burden, a nuisance, a horror, and who laud Friend Hain as a philanthropist and a redeemer.

Then we have the absolute believer in the Bible, accepting the strenuous struggle and the battle for the earthly comforts to which he considers himself entitled as a punishment meted out to mankind for Adam's fall from grace; therefore, to him the hour of death is a mercy granted by heaven.

Thirdly, we have the Pessimist, whose experience, or his understanding of them, have been so evil as to render his faith in his kind weak and wavering. To him life in its entity appears vain and for naught. To such a one, an early, sudden death is a matter of indifference.

Fourthly, the social-politically passive amongst proletarians, who consider the present laws of society, governing rich and poor, as immutable and unchangeable, are no more lost to

acknowledge premature death as a milder dispensation of so-called kindly nature, than the hard fate of a life-long struggle for subsistence, and the crushing slavery of labor. Thus far, we see four types having a contempt for life and but one that prizes it highly.

We see the *blase*, the strong believers in the Bible, the Pessimists, and the passive social-political proletarian, all given to bragging, more or less, of their state of preparation for their journey into "that unknown bourn."

These four categories by no means exhaust the ranks of those braggarts, for the two worst remain to be mentioned: soldiers and ultra revolutionists, who always have one leg in the grave. For, the servants of war and revolutionists on general principles know that some day they may be forced to face death; the former by virtue of orders issued by their superiors, admitting no debate; the latter as a result of the spirits they have conjured up and which they cannot exorcise.

A great temptation to swagger, to boast of bravery and unselfish forgetfulness of their own individual interests is caused by this possibility of having to meet death. At any rate, it results in an undervaluation of life and in the notion that early death is a trifle.

This barbarous contempt of life is frequently introduced into literature and poetry by men of otherwise illustrious names. It has been, up to the present, much more boldly manifested by Americans than by Germans.

Modern Socialism was the first to call a halt on this barbarism, this contempt of life, by disclosing to the weary laden the gates of joy and happiness, and by its threat to force them despite those who kept them barred.

The watch-word of Socialism is not "to die" but "to live." To live gladly, to live rationally, to live comfortably, to live industriously in order to live usefully, that is to say, promoting the general welfare. Socialism demands that we live, so long as we may in honor and decency, and that we die in resignation and dignity when death is inevitable, when nature or sacred duty imperatively exact it from us.

Socialism prohibits throwing our lives away aimlessly or carelessly, or courting death frivolously; but it demands preparation to meet it calmly, whenever it may appear.

Moreover, one of the important exactions of Socialism is that the stumbling blocks and limitations of present social conditions be removed. It exacts that we clear away the cruel obstructions which burden, embitter or shorten the lives of the majority, and that these conditions be replaced by more rational ones.

Socialism therefore essentially declares itself an element for the preservation and prolongation of life, and opposes the absurd theory, that love of life and clinging to it are synonymous with cowardice, and fear of death. We are required to live, so long as we may render the world better service by living than by dying.

Socialism obligates us to live and aid in the work of reconstruction, and later, in the preservation of the structure. As a reward it permits us to enjoy all pleasures which we may honorably attain.

According to this interpretation, our inclination or our determination to live the longest, most useful and most influential life possible, becomes the rightful heritage of our humanity, and in this we permit no philosopher, no pessimist, no dynamiter, to dispute us.

After the disquisition on the fundamental principles of the Socialistic philosophy of life, we will examine Arthur Schopenhauer's doctrine of death.

In advance, I would caution those not acquainted with Arthur Schopenhauer, against allowing themselves to be led to form an unfavorable opinion of his entire mental labor, based upon the following criticism, which is unfavorable to him, for he is interesting and instructive, although his theory of the "World as Will and Thought," scarcely finds more followers at the present day, than Hartmann's so-called "Philosophy of Unconsciousness."

In spite of much that is difficult to comprehend, incomprehensible and without comprehension in Schopenhauer's works, they will continue to live by virtue of the immense amount of genuine, deep philosophy of life and the enlightening truths embodied in them, not only in his main production, "The World as Will and Thought," but especially in his two last volumes entitled "Parerga and Paralipomena."

It is as the pessimist "par excellence," as evinced by his discourse on life and death, that we may venture to say he has been a detriment to society.

Schopenhauer bases his disquisition on death on the following commonplace wisdom:

"Birth and death are equally essential to life and balance each other as reciprocal conditions, as the extremes of all manifestations of life."

Very true, but in order that the balance between birth and death be not destroyed, those born must live out fully the life allotted to them. The balance is lost when the flower of youth and strength is sacrificed at the bloody altar of the battle of arms or succumbs to consumption in the battle for existence.

The balance is lost when those destined to be the mothers of the race prematurely lose the advantage of youth in the yoke of wage earners.

Here at the very beginning of Schopenhauer's discussion, we find the vital error which undermines his entire philosophy of death: Ignoring the circumstance, that the present social system excludes the vast majority of men from prolonging life to its natural limit, but that conditions might be induced and established, whereby death would reap a less premature harvest.

When we stand at the bier of a dear friend, whose career has been terminated by old age and its attendant ills, who has had enough of life to relinquish a continuation uncomplainingly, and who has, moreover, either provided for his children or knows that they are strong enough to stand alone, we see no cause for poignant grief outside of his close family circle.

There we may say with Schopenhauer "Birth and death are equally essential to life."

Life in nature presents an uninterrupted process of rejuvenation; it is even so in the life of the human race: one comes, one goes, one dies and one is born. The recognition of this fact, which is part of the earliest experience of dawning youthful consciousness, makes the thought of one day having to depart appear so self-evident that it is only on the rarest occasions that we feel impelled to give it any attention. Principally we think of it when our own or some one else's last hour seems about to strike ere the hand has journeyed quite around the dial.

Therefore I insist that a discussion of death must be based on certain

classifications. The legitimate claims of a man in the zenith of life merit a different consideration from the oft-times questionable demands of those about to hear the "All aboard" call of the grim conductor.

Schopenhauer entirely fails to make such distinctions. He offers to all the same suggestion that death be regarded the same as sleep. For instance, he says (Chap. 54, Vol. 1 of "Will and Thought"): "So far as individual bodily consciousness is concerned, it is interrupted daily by sleep. Deep sleep does not differ from death, to which there is often a transition, as in the case of freezing to death, except in its futurity, in the period of awakening."

Schopenhauer could not overlook the fact that the difference between sleep and death is in the awakening, but he tries to nullify the latter, make it a side issue, a matter of slight importance, and gets himself philosophized into the following syllogisms:

1. Awakening is a matter of the future, not of the present.

2. Life or reality properly is in the present, not in the past or the future.

3. I have no being in the past or the future, but in the present. I exist now at this time and this time is the present.

4. Awakening from sleep lies in the future; since life is in the present only, the question of an awakening has no existence at all for me; therefore falling asleep or dying are the same to me.

I think anyone can easily unravel the false deduction.

We need only take into consideration the fact that just prior to falling asleep we have a lively anticipation of a probable awakening.

We die unconscious or, we Freethinkers, fully convinced that there is no awakening from death.

It strikes me that a serious philosopher like Schopenhauer might have dispensed with this childish comparison between sleep and death, not only because of the vital difference in the human consciousness before falling asleep and before death, but also on account of the totally different treatment to which a falling asleep man and a dying man is subjected. The former is left in peace and the latter kept alive by every known means.

This trick of Schopenhauer of attempting to juggle away the fact of awakening, because life is only in the present and awakening is futurity,—this manoeuvre I shall certainly characterize as being unphilosophical. For philosophically considered, the present in itself can not be considered an entity, independent of the past or the future. On the contrary, the present is the link between the past and the future; the end of the past and the beginning of the future.

In my opinion it would be an abuse of the conception to place life and death on the same plane as does Schopenhauer, because the awakening is in the future, while life is in the present.

To be sure, life is presence. I concede that to Schopenhauer; but the present is always stepping forward with one foot planted in the future, and the future is so firmly bound to the present, that we can not conceive of its being separable from the latter, but as a continuation.

The whole structure of Schopenhauer's doctrine, according to my idea, suffers from his conception of present, which is philosophically and mathematically false, and which Schopenhauer has delegated a most important function in his works.

At this juncture attention must be called to the sophistry which Schopenhauer has evolved by means of his

juggling with the present, with the view of making plausible his doctrine, that death is a very unimportant secondary matter.

He thus deduces:

1. Time is infinite.

2. The time in which I live is the present.

3. Time without a present is inconceivable.

4. It follows: Since there will always be a present in infinite time and my life is the present, death, though it may rob me of consciousness, cannot deprive me of the present. Even when I shall have died, I shall not have ceased to exist in the universe, though it be but as a grain of dust.

To such irresponsible, mental legerdemain does a philosopher, whose works are otherwise replete with immortal wisdom, resort, in order to delude us regarding death, and to foist upon us his view that an existence as a grain of dust may be philosophically placed on a par with conscious existence.

Schopenhauer was quite serious in his view, for in the second volume of his main work he reverts to this subject in the following terms (No. 41):

"How, you ask, the indestructibility of mere dust, crude matter, is to be accepted as a continuation of ourselves?" "Oh! Do you know this dust? Can you tell what it is, and what its potency? Learn to know it ere despising it. This matter, now dust and ashes, dissolved in water, will reappear in the form of crystals, shine as a metal and emitting electric sparks will by means of its galvanic tension produce force, which shall disintegrate the closest combinations and reduce earths to metals; yes, out of itself it will be converted into plants and animals, and out of its mysterious source will develop that life you are so fearful of losing. Is it nothing at all to live on as such matter?"

Well, that is all true and has long since become the common property of the educated classes, who are aware that no form of matter or force is destroyed in the universe.

It is the doctrine of the great pioneer Mayer of Heilbronn.

Conceding that the individual counts for no more in the universe than do his ashes later in the realm of the inorganic, conceding that our existence as a grain of dust need not put us to the blush in the presence of our human consciousness, I must again assume that all of us to whom that magnificent affinity pose in the universe is assigned, would prefer to exhaust our time on earth, before taking up our mission of flying around as dust through endless cycles of time, or mixing with millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions of tiny molecules.

Before starting out on this gigantic undertaking we ought surely not be denied the privilege of living out vigorously our term on this earth in a merry, happy, healthy long life.

On the one hand Schopenhauer lauds the contempt of death peculiar to the Hindoos, and on the other the previously described faith in the indestructibility of our essence as a result of Nature's law of the preservation of force.

So far as the Hindoo contempt for life is concerned, we had a gruesome instance of it during the last year, in the Indian starvation districts, as well as in the region of the Bubonic plague.

If Schopenhauer were alive today, the recollection of the praise bestowed on the Hindoo contempt of death would cause a feeling of secret horror to creep over him. For it is due to this

contempt of death that the Hindoo population has not rebelled against starvation, nor supported the sanitary measures absolutely necessary to prevent the spreading of the plague.

So far as a believer in the indestructibility of our being is concerned, that is the preservation of force, that, as has been said, has long been the common property of the educated community, without having become, as Schopenhauer expected, "A solace for the certainty of death," if we can keep at bay so long as we find pleasure in life; however, if death snatches a man in the flower of his life, in the midst of labor for the commonwealth, and the enjoyment to which he is entitled, the promising eternal dust career cannot be regarded as a consolation or a compensation, but we die with dignity because violent resistence to Nature's forces is useless and ridiculous.

It is amusing now, to read what Schopenhauer added on writing that passage in 1844:

"The doctrine of the indestructibility of our essence is probably inaccessible to many, because they have grown up under false teaching, and cannot assimilate the new doctrine."

He continues: "As the result of such development we now (1844) see the Socialists amongst the spoiled workingmen of England, the Young-Hegelians amongst spoilt students degraded to a purely, physical view, leading to the result: Edite, bibite, post mortem nulla voluptas (eat, drink, after death there is no pleasure) which may be characterized as bestiality."

To my notion, this passage is especially amusing, because the decades which have meanwhile passed have proved exactly the contrary; that the Socialistic party is a society composed mainly of idealists, though Schopenhauer, on the first appearance of social reformers in the workingmen's movement of England and France, saw in them, through want of comprehension only the representatives of the coarsest materialism, and branded them as ignorami, as advocates of "bestiality" who preached "eating, drinking and amusing oneself, because there was nothing after death."

By the way, the fact is, that the great law of the preservation of force was welcomed by none more eagerly than by Socialists, for the reason that it supports the argument of Socialism against the presumption of capitalistic individualism, and against the impudent claims of fortune's favorites, of having been evolved out of themselves. For the law of the preservation of Nature's force teaches us, if it has not otherwise dawned on us, that our individual power is the result of the stored, preserved energy of countless generations of the earth's population.

To be sure, Socialism prescribes the material enjoyment of life as conditional to the attainment of ideal goals; to be sure Socialism says: edite, bibite, eat and drink. But long before Socialism was at all popular in Germany, the catch word" First an honest beefsteak, then aesthetic tea," was in circulation amongst educated people.

Schopenhauer requires contempt of death from us, although in contradiction to his requirements he arrives at the following result:

1. The will to live is the inmost essence of man and

2. That this will to live is, in itself, blind and unconscious.

This deduction once more causes Schopenhauer to contradict himself, as immediately thereafter he says:

"If it is the idea of non-existence that makes death appear so terrible to

us, then we would have to regard the time ere we came into existence with great horror. For it is incontrovertibly true that non-existence after death cannot differ from non-existence prior to birth; therefore it is no more deplorable. An eternity passed before our advent, but that does not cause us the least horror. In contrast to this we contemplate a second eternity of non-existence, following the short intermezzo of our ephemereal existence as unbearably hard. Has this thirst for existence been caused by our having tested it and found it inexpressibly beautiful?"

On the next page we find:

"To mourn because of the time when we shall not be is quite as absurd as to lament for the time when we were not; for it is a matter of indifference whether the time which does not fill our life stands in the relation of the past or the present."

The philosopher makes two assertions here:

1. The past is of the same importance, as regards our existence, as the future, and as we have no cause to complain of not having lived prior to our birth, we need feel no longing in future.

2. The evil experiences which life has brought us should engender a longing for the paradise of nothingness in our hearts.

I have several responses to make to these irresponsible statements:

The past and the future are under no circumstances of the same importance to those living during the present century.

None of us regret not having been born two hundred years ago, when a journey of a hundred miles was a wearisome undertaking, when so many of the great discoveries in the sciences and arts, which today fill us with joy, had not been made, and when the plain man, to which class of the population we belong, was devoid of the sturdy self-possession which characterizes our present life.

Let us transpose ourselves into the past, when reading and writing was the privilege of a select few, when the base-born passed their lives in ignorance, humility and fear of a higher power. Then which of us feels disposed to complain because he has been spared having to live through such a past?

The future is a different matter:

You have children whom you want to see grow up, and stand squarely on their own feet. Is this desire so unreasonable that the justification, your wish not to die as yet, may be impeached by the query: "Do you then regret not having lived in the past century?"

He who has no bodily offspring, may have children of his brain. These are intellectual aims or efforts for the common weal in which he is interested and which he desires to advance.

We Socialists, all of us, are but at the beginning of our labors, and are laboring to see society in its finished state arrive at the co-operative stage. We need not be backward in confessing openly and freely, that we would like to live; and that as long as possible, in order to live to see the advancement of Socialistic understanding, reach a new stage.

Every architect wants to see his building completed. Our hopes, however, are not so sanguine. We know that the evolution will take place quite slowly; but we would like to remain until we have the assurance that our striving has not been all in vain.

Of course, we are convinced that the

drop will finally hollow the stone; but it is not immodest or irrational for a man not to want the happiness of a real demonstration of the effectiveness of his labor to elude him, if he has any power to prevent it doing so.

If any one is such a pessimist as to believe that the world cannot change, but must always remain as it is, with its sharply defined differences between the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlettered, the sane and the criminal—he who believes thus will truly find no charm in witnessing the evolution of the future. But we, who believe in progress, because we can see it and are helping to bring it about, we, the architects, are not guilty of any unnatural desire when we wish to see all the scaffolding in order.

When Schopenhauer wrote his main work, sixty years ago, he could hardly have predicted to what importance "hygiene" would have attained everywhere two generations later, both in practice and in theory, a science whose application to the life of a nation is nothing less than an official proclamation of the idiocy, of the stupid audacity which assures us, that a man, who lets an opportunity of dying pass unnoticed, because he prizes life, is a coward.

According to Schopenhauer, we ought to rejoice if we can get rid of life without an effort on our part.

In his sixth volume (the second of his "Parerga and Paralipomena"), he expresses himself as follows:

"Mature consideration of the subject leads to the result that complete non-existence is preferable to an existence like ours; therefore, rationally, the thought of the cessation of our existence or the thought of a time in which we may not be, cannot be any more painful to us than the idea that we might never have been."

The nonsense of this theory may also be demonstrated without difficulty.

The idea that I might not have been can not sadden me, because I can dissipate it as being untrue and inconceivable, for I know that I am, though called into being without volition on my part. But I recognize the thought, that there will be a time in which I shall not be, as a fundamental truth, and I know furthermore that the lives of many might be prolonged under certain social conditions not existing at present.

It is plain to us that humanity of the present day, by referring to Schopenhauer's idea of possible non-existence, can not lessen the burden of the guilt, which it assumes by permitting the greater part of its contemporaneous humanity to be doomed to premature death through overwork, confinement in unhealthy surroundings, lack of food and physical care, and by murdering their self-respect.

In the foregoing quotation from Schopenhauer that non-existence is preferable to an existence like ours, I see the height of Pessimism which has been climbed by many philosophers and non-philosophers before him, amongst others by the unknown author of the Biblical book, "Preacher Koheleth," which begins with the sentence "Vain and void; all is void and vain."

Schopenhauer has worked out a complete system of the nothingness of existence, and in the addition thereto (Chap. 2, Vol. 2 of "Parerga and Paralipomena") he specifies as follows:

This nothingness is expressed in every form of existence, in the infinity of time and space in contradistinction to the finiteness of the individual as regards both; in the ephemeral present (as the sole manner of presence of the reality); in the interdependence and

relativeness of all things; the constant Genesis without being; the constant desire without gratification; the constant obstruction to attainment of which life consists until it is once overcome."

Well, all that Schopenhauer here states, we have to accept as part of Nature's processess, but it does not prove the nullity of life.

Even the terrible St. Louis tornado of May 27th, 1896, which clearly impresses us with the helplessness of men against the elements of nature, even that is no argument in favor of the nothingness of life.

For on the other side of the Rocky mountains, the tornado is an unknown quantity, and future science will find some means of protecting our regions from such devastations.

If the human race at the present time was subjected to unfavorable demonstrations from above and below on the part of nature only, it would be but too glad to pay this bill without any complaint; but what embitters life incomparably more is the injustice to which the weak and helpless are subjected by dominant powers of the earth; the slavery of labor, by unfair advantage, the dependency of the propertyless class on property-owner class.

Speaking of the nothingness of life, this might, to a certain extent, be true of those who have nothing and are nothing. Those, who are somebody and—be it materially or ideally—own something, if blessed by health, should thank their fate for being permitted to appear at all on the scene, instead of vituperating the "nullity of existence." It would be far more seemly to attest the reality of existence by an attempt to storm its heights.

I said before, he who is somebody or possesses something should refrain from reiterating the "nullity of existence;" possibly those who are nothing and have nothing might complain of the "nullity of existence."

But even this is wrong and nonsensical.

Even for him, who is nothing and has nothing, there is a way to make life worth living, and to create for himself a happiness which no one can wrest from him, which many who are somebody and possess something have been denied or which they fail to recognize.

This happiness is comprised of three Ls: Literature, Learning, Love.

By means of my formula of the three Ls— Literature, Learning, Love— everyone, though he is nothing and poor, can render his life not only tolerable, but so beautiful that the idea of premature death would fill him with regret.

And by virtue of my formula of the three Ls, I hereby re-christen the poor old proposition of the nothingness of life to the far better doctrine of the "Fullness of Life."

He who accepts my formula of the three Ls must undoubtedly throw Schopenhauer's "Doctrine of Death" overboard.

Free Press vs. United States.

The following is a copy of the claim filed by the editor in his suit against the United States government for the right of entry for this magazine as second-class matter. Also for the refunding of money paid for postage on the magazine as third-class matter while Mr. Madden was making up his mind that original ideas in a magazine made it an advertising sheet and therefore ineligible to second-class entry.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA }
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA } SS.

IN THE COURT OF CLAIMS OF THE UNITED STATES.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Claimant,
vs.
THE UNITED STATES.
No. Filed June 20, 1902.

To the Honorable Justices of the Court of Claims of the United States:

Your petitioner, H. Gaylord Wilshire, respectfully represents unto your Honors:

1. That your petitioner is a citizen of the United States and a resident of the City of Toronto, Province of Ontario, Canada; that he has always yielded true allegiance to the government of the United States of America; that he has never in any way voluntarily aided, abetted or given encouragement to rebellion against said government; that he is the owner of the claim hereinafter set forth, never having sold or assigned the same or any part thereof.

2. That in October, 1901, your petitioner was, and from that time until the present time has been and still is the editor and publisher of a periodical publication called WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE; that said WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE was in October, 1901, has been to the present time and still is and each issue thereof has been, exclusively in print, regularly issued monthly at stated periods, issued and published from a known office of publication, without addition by writing, mark or sign, bearing respective dates of issue, numbered consecutively, formed of printed paper sheets without board, cloth, leather or other substantial binding such as distinguish printed books for preservation from periodical publications, originated and published for the dissemination of information of a public character, devoted to literature, having a legitimate list of subscribers and not designated primarily for advertising purposes or for free circulation or for circulation at nominal rates, and conforming in all respects to the requirements of the postal laws, rules and regulations for admission to the United States mail as second-class mail matter.

3. That in October, 1901, said WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE being then published as aforesaid, your petitioner made application to the Postmaster at New York City to have said magazine entered as second-class mail matter in the United States mail, making such application and the accompanying affidavit in the usual form prescribed by the Postoffice Department and also submitted the November issue of said magazine containing all the characteristics above mentioned and your petitioner in all other respects conformed to all of the requirements of the postal laws, rules and regulations necessary to secure admission for said magazine to the United States mail as second-class.

4. That your petitioner at the time of making such application was about to send out the November issue of said magazine and was required by said Postmaster in New York City to deposit money sufficient for third-class postage upon such copies of said November issue thus mailed, pending a decision of the Postoffice Department at Washington on the admissibility of said magazine as second-class mail matter; that your petitioner sent out in said October, 1901, said copies of the November issue of said WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE by mail through said New York Postoffice depositing with said Postmaster of New York a sum of money equal to the amount of third-class postage thereon as aforesaid amounting to $1,314.40.

5. That said application for entry as second-class mail for said WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE was duly forwarded by said Postmaster at New York City to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General at Washington, whose duty it is to pass upon such applications; that said Third Assistant Postmaster-General, Edwin C. Madden, thereupon refused to admit said WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE to the United States mail as second-class mail matter.

6. That the sole reason why said WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE was refused admission to the United States mail as second-class mail matter under second-class postage and the only regard wherein the Postoffice Department of the government considered said publication not to conform to all of the requirements of the postal laws, rules and regulations for admission as

second-class mail matter, was that said publication was designed primarily for advertising purposes.

7. That said WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE did not, in October, 1901, contain and has not since that time contained, neither the issue of November, 1901, presented to the Postoffice Department for inspection as aforesaid, nor any number before or after that issue, any matter advertising any other line of business in which the editor and publisher or anyone else connected with said publication was or is engaged or interested or any merchandise or article which the editor and publisher or anyone connected with said publication had or has to sell or in which he or she dealt or deals.

8. That said November issue submitted to said Edwin C. Madden and the Postoffice Department for inspection as aforesaid and upon which the finding of said Edwin C. Madden was based, was in the usual form consisting of sixty-eight pages including cover thereof; that of these pages eleven only were devoted to advertising not including the first outside page of the cover which contains the pictures of the petitioner and President Roosevelt and not including eight and one half pages devoted to Edwin C. Madden, the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, which matter devoted to Edwin C. Madden was unsolicited by said Edwin C. Madden and was of no value to him as advertising and for which he paid nothing; that the literary portion of said November issue consisted of fifty-six pages not including eight and one-half pages devoted to Edwin C. Madden as aforesaid; that said literary portion was of superior literary excellence, was contributed by able writers consisting in part of articles and matter as follows: An Open Letter, from your petitioner to President Roosevelt consisting of three pages, urging that Edwin C. Madden, the Third Assistant Postmaster-General be given some other job where he could do less damage, an article of two and one-half pages by Reverend T. McGrady, an article of ten pages by your petitioner on The Significance of the Trust, an article of three pages by George D. Herron, an article of two pages on The City of the Future, by John Brisben Walker, three pages consisting of twenty letters from as many different subscribers, entitled, "Our Readers on Madden's Outrageous Rulings," various shorter articles devoted to Socialism and current topics; that said WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE has at no time consisted of indifferent or unimportant literary matter; that said WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE was not considered by said Edwin C. Madden, Third Assistant Postmaster-General, or the Postoffice authorities who passed upon its admissibility to the mail as second-class, to be designed primarily for advertising purposes because it contained any advertising matter advertising any commodity, article, business or merchandise in which your petitioner or anyone else connected with or having an interest in said magazine was or is interested or because of the amount or character of the advertising found in the advertising columns of said magazine.

9. That said Edwin C. Madden, Third Assistant Postmaster-General, and the Postoffice authorities declared said WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE to be designed primarily for advertising purposes solely because, in the opinion of said Edwin C. Madden, the literary character of said magazine was and is such that your petitioner receives great publicity and much personal advertising and that therefore said magazine is deprived of second-class mail privileges for this reason and no other.

10. That there is nothing in the postal laws, rules or regulations that will deprive a publication from second-class mail privileges because the author or publisher so conducts his publication that he thereby acquires publicity or becomes favorably known as a writer, publisher or literary personage and secures personal advertising thereby.

11. That said WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE of November, 1901, conformed to all of the requirements of the postal laws, rules and regulations governing second-class mail at second-class postage; that said Edwin C. Madden and said Postoffice authorities should have declared the November issue of WILSHIRE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE entitled to admission as second-class mail and should have ordered the amount of money deposited by your petitioner on said November issue in excess of the amount required at the rate of second-class postage returned to your petitioner.

W. H. TUTTLE, Attorney for Claimant.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Claimant.

SOCIALISM'S ECONOMIC INEVITABILITY

W. H. STUART

A FAVORITE doctrine of the so-called "scientific" Socialists is the economic inevitability of Socialism. The principal champion of this belief in this country is H. Gaylord Wilshire, publisher of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, formerly the CHALLENGE, first published at Los Angeles, Cal., then removed to New York City, where, by the way, it was denied the privileges of second-class mail for the reason, so Mr. Wilshire informs us, that the Postal Department at Washington decided that his magazine was merely an advertising medium for his personal opinions, and that advertising personal opinions was as much against the rules governing admission to second-class rates as advertising soap or saleratus. The result was that Wilshire now publishes his magazine at Toronto, Canada.

Mr. Wilshire is the possessor of ample means and a college education.

Fifteen years ago he became a convert to Socialism. Since that time he has been an active worker for Socialism, both in this country and England. He is the author of several pamphlets on Socialism, some of them having a very large circulation. He has gained great notoriety during the past year by his challenges to Tom L. Johnson, Prof. Harper, of Chicago University, and particularly to W. J. Bryan, to whom he offered $10,000 to debate with him the subject of Socialism. He does not ride his hobby like our old friend Don Quixote De La Mancha, charging imaginary opponents, but picking out his man, offers to bet him $500 to $5,000 that he can defeat him in debate. Mr. Wilshire is a wonderful combination of bookmaker and "scientific" Socialist. He informs us with refreshing candor that he wears the cap and bells as a means of attracting attention to Socialism. He prints private letters from lords, dukes, and distinguished literary men for the reason, so he says, that the knowledge of his intimacy with such distinguished people will give weight to his particular theory of Socialism among people who would otherwise be indifferent to his views.

Mr. Wilshire's particular hobby is the economic necessity of Socialism. It was to more fully exploit this theory that he started the CHALLENGE, now WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE. Indeed he often refers to it as "my theory."

Wilshire's fundamental postulate is that under capitalistic production wages of labor are always less than the value of the total product; that in consequence the laborer is unable to buy back what he produces; that the difference constitutes a surplus which remains in the hands of the capitalists; that this surplus accumulates and at

more or less regular intervals causes industrial crises, when production stops until the surplus is disposed of in foreign markets, hence the absolute necessity of wars of aggression to furnish new markets for our goods, and new fields for capitalist exploitation; that this production of a national surplus is an inherent and exclusive characteristic of the wage system. Most of this I deny. In a general way it may be properly claimed that all surplus wealth represents unpaid labor.

But I assert that there is no necessary connection between this alleged surplus and the wage system. We could produce a surplus under Socialism, and could eliminate it under trustified capitalism. Indeed we see that the principal object of a trust is to prevent over-production by abolishing the inevitable surplus due to the competition among capitalists for the largest individual share of the business. This alleged national surplus, by the way, is somewhat of a myth. There are certain goods and commodities which we do not produce. To get possession of them we produce an excess of other goods and commodities which we exchange for them. That is to say, we exchange our surplus for the surplus of other countries. It is an even exchange. Just as much so as the surplus wine, honey, oranges and wheat which California exchanges for the products and commodities of other states.

Mr. Wilshire asserts that Socialism is an absolute economic necessity; that it is not a question of whether we like it or not; that it is not dependent on the awakened intelligence of the working class; that, in fact, it is the only alternative to almost universal starvation; that within a period not exceeding eight or ten years an unemployed problem will arise that will compel a revolutionary change to Socialism. Twelve years ago he assured the writer that it was only two years off. Since then he has been postponing the "revolution" to five years ahead, and is now confidently predicting it within a few years from date.

He figures it out this way: Hitherto, under the capitalistic system, to quote his words, "Men have found employment in two channels. First, in operation of machinery to produce consumables—coal, flour, cloth, for instance. Second, in the operation of machinery to produce more machinery—locomotives, railways, oil refineries, etc." He contends that the production of machinery is about ended; that no further machinery is needed, and granting that, he asks, "how are the hundreds of thousands who have hitherto been making such machinery going to find employment when there is no demand for their labor?" In the first place, it is an egregious error to assume that those displaced by machinery find new employment in making the new machines. If he will read his Marx carefully he will see that fallacy exposed; that no machine is ever used for any other purpose than to displace labor. It is asserted by competent statisticians that the productive power of labor through the introduction of machinery has increased fifteen fold during the last fifty years. If Wilshire's contention were correct, then two-thirds, at least, of the present population should be idle!

In the second place, it is absurd to assert that no more machinery is necessary for production — "locomotives, railways, oil refineries, etc." Where are the statistics that prove that railroad building is at an end; that

there is and will be no further demand for locomotives, oil refineries, steel and iron works, etc., etc., or that the present ones will last forever?

Mr. Wilshire divides the incomes of the capitalists into what they "spend," and what they "save." What they use for necessities or luxuries is what they "spend," what they "save" is that part of their income expended in the production of new machinery. He appears to assume that what is spent is a fixed sum that cannot be exceeded, that, for instance, a man cannot eat more than one dinner at a time, or would have use for more than one yacht, etc., and that the amount "saved" cannot be used for the further employment of labor. The division is a purely fanciful one. Assuming, let us say, that a certain capitalist had a total income of two millions per year. He "spent" half and "saved" the other. Assuming that no further machinery is necessary, Mr. Wilshire's contention is that it will be impossible for him to "spend" the total amount, and that in consequence half of his income must remain idle, and the labor it formerly employed remain idle also. I would suggest to Mr. Wilshire to drop a note to Mr. Carnegie and ask him how he expects to be able to "spend" his millions before he dies? Will Wilshire contend that if Carnegie's and Rockefeller's machinery should last forever that the amount thus "saved" could not be employed in other ways of employing labor, building and equipping libraries, founding and endowing universities, etc.? Aside from philanthropy, suppose it were "up to" the millionaires to find employment for the displaced workers not needed in making new machinery, by employing them in building roads, laying out parks, building sanitariums, founding libraries and universities, etc., or to be dispossessed of their capital and denied the power and pleasure in acquiring and using it, would they hesitate for a moment? Capitalists are "spending" hundreds of millions voluntarily now; why would they not do it if the alternative were universal starvation or their own expropriation?

Like most other so-called "scientific" Socialists, Wilshire has followed Karl Marx too blindly in his theory of the economic development of capitalism. Marx took it for granted that the introduction of machinery must permanently displace labor in ever-increasing numbers. The smaller capitalists were to be displaced by the larger. "One capitalist," to quote his words, "always kills many." The middle class were to disappear. To quote him again: "Along with the constantly diminishing number of the magnates of capital, who usurp and monopolize all advantages of this process of transformation, grows the mass of misery, oppression, slavery, degradation, exploitation." This process, according to Marx, was to continue until this great mass of "misery, poverty and degradation" confronts the small capitalist class, unable to furnish their slaves employment, when "the knell of private property sounds. The expropriators are expropriated." In other words the ultimate break-down of the capitalist system comes through the deadlock due to its own logical development. Marx's theory has not "made good." The facts are all against him. But this does not in the least feaze the "scientific" Socialist. If the facts conflict with the Marxian theory, so much the worse for the facts.

I can easily understand why Karl Marx writing "Das Kapital" forty years ago was misled in what his

severely logical mind deemed must be the inevitable results of the economic development of capitalism. He did not take into due consideration modifying influences of enormous value. As a matter of fact, instead of progressive degeneration of the working class, statistics prove abundantly that, on the contrary, there has been a progressive improvement in the economic and social condition of that class. Instead of the extinction of the middle class, and the total disappearance of the small industry, statistics prove that the middle class is increasing, and the small industry has not yet disappeared. The "scientific" Socialists confidently predicted that the census of 1890 would show a marked decrease of the middle class. The census showed an increase. Then they said the census of 1900 would show the decrease beyond a doubt. The census of 1900 is appearing, but it furnishes no evidence whatever that the decrease has even commenced. So our "scientific" friends will postpone the "total extinction" to 1910.

Indeed, Mr. H. D. Lloyd informs us in his book, "Newest England," that in New Zealand, under the effect of reforms recently effected by legislation, that the tendency there is toward the absorption by the middle class of both the capitalists and the proletariat.

Instead of the catastrophic and spectacular breakdown—political or violent—of the present system, predicted and expected by the revolutionary, so-called scientific Socialists, there is every promise that the transition from capitalism to co-operation will come by progressive measures making for that ideal.

Every evolutionary Socialist is a strenuous believer in the inevitability of Socialism. Not as an inevitable economic necessity, but due to the growing intelligence of the great mass of the people, including all classes. We believe the present system, with its incongruities, its insanely wasteful methods of production, and utterly unjust distribution, is no longer adapted to modern conditions.

Admitting that the capitalist *entrepreneur* performed a useful function in the early years of the system, he is now no longer needed. If any evidence of that fact is wanted let the splendid co-operative societies of England answer, with their 1,800,000 members, and an annual business of nearly $400,000,000, and the still more developed co-operative business of Denmark, not to mention Belgium. In this country they are springing up by hundreds, showing conclusively that the capitalist go-between and labor exploiter is no longer necessary as a factor in production. Municipal ownership, where tried, proves that we are no longer dependent on the capitalist for the capital and the brains to carry on successfully public service utilities. They are already *de trop*. Like an unnecessary organ, using the language of biology, they will gradually slough from off the body politic.

The strongest objection, therefore, that can be made against revolutionary so-called scientific Socialism is that it is *un*scientific; that like Anarchism, it rejects the principle of evolution. Its advocates are forced to assert that economic and social conditions are steadily growing worse; that the middle class are rapidly disappearing. They seem to think that if they admit any possible improvement in present economic conditions that the argument for Socialism is destroyed, or at least greatly weakened. Those assertions can only be maintained by disregarding

the statistics of every commercial country in the world, thus inviting the contempt of all well informed people.

This belief in the imminence of the social revolution works injury in another way. It raises false expectations in the minds of enthusiastic converts, who, disappointed at the failure to realize their expectations within a few years, become discouraged and drop out of the movement. Every old worker in the cause of Socialism will call to mind scores and hundreds of such cases. This objection does not apply to Mr. Wilshire, for he, fortunately, is not suffering from the pressure of economic conditions. The exploitation of his particular hobby is to him a sort of mild dissipation, from which he derives as much intellectual enjoyment as others do from golf or ping-pong. Another objection to the revolutionary theory is, that converts to that theory, who believe that Socialism is coming at a bound, and only a few years distant, will lose all interest in partial applications of the theory, such as voluntary co-operative associations, or municipal ownership of public utilities; indeed they will become bitter opponents of such measures, believing that it retards a movement that requires only "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together" to realize almost at once. Even Wilshire, who has too much intelligence to antagonize progressive advances towards Socialism, thinks it a waste of time to advocate them, for before, say government ownership of railroads could be effected, the "crash" will be here.

It has also another bad effect. Those who believe in the imminence of the social revolution, and also in the dogma of the "class struggle," and the implied necessity for separate political action, will naturally regard with hatred, and do regard with hatred, all those who avow themselves as Socialists but decline to join the Socialist political organizations. They may admit that workers should all unite for immediate political action, but they know equally well that the workers will not. Economic superstitions are as hard to eradicate as theological ones. The revolutionary Socialist, therefore, while hoping for a universal political movement towards Socialism, will hold himself free, in the meantime, to aid every progressive advance made by any political party that makes for the Socialist ideal.

Revolutionary Socialists lay great stress on the necessity of a clear-cut non-compromising program of political action. But future economic development will prove that progress will not be made along any clear-cut-and-dried lines. Revolutions seldom evolve logically. The present political Socialist parties, or the members or leaders thereof, will have very little to say in regard to the form or method of progress. Thus we see that the movement towards municipal Socialism is led by people outside the ranks of so-called scientific Socialism. It will not be clear-cut, non-compromising, class-conscious, revolutionary-scientific Socialists that will give us public ownership of railroads and telegraph lines; on the contrary, the "class-conscious" fellows will be its bitterest opponents. They and the stockholders of those national monopolies will work together to defeat Socialism, that is to say, to defeat the partial and progressive application of Socialism. We will, probably, accomplish three-fourths of Socialism before a majority of the people will have reached that ideal "class-conscious" state upon which

our "scientific" friends set such store.

There will probably never be a national election upon which will hinge the question of "all of Socialism or none." Rather will it be a continuous question of "How Much Socialism Can We Get?"

"Under which king, Bezonian?"

[Mr. Stuart is one of my old Californian friends, and the foregoing article from his pen is taken from the Railroad Trainmen's Journal.

Yes, he is right. I did tell him some twelve years ago that I looked for a financial crisis within five years. That was in 1890, and the crisis came in 1893, so I was not a bad prophet.

It did not usher in Socialism, however, for a variety of reasons. We were not economically ripe for it. There will be no "necessity" for Socialism until the capitalists cannot find places to invest their surplus income in profitable undertakings. When that occurs, I say, the unemployed problem resulting can only be solved by the substitution of the co-operative wage system for the competitive wage system. I contend that the existing competitive wage system, by restricting the share of labor to what will simply give it a living, and giving over to the capitalists the whole of the surplus product above these necessary wages, can only continue as long as the capitalists can find a use for this enormous income which is constantly increasing with accelerated speed. I contend that they are now using it in two ways:

1. By hiring labor to produce luxuries for them, *i. e.*, by "spending" money.

2. By hiring labor to make new machinery for them, new railroads, new sugar refineries, etc., *i. e.*, by "saving" money.

I have contended that the capitalists already "spend" as much as they know how to spend, and that the appearance of the "Trust" is significant that the day is shortly at hand when they will be no longer able to "save" their money by building new machinery, because the Trust is the outward and visible sign that such machinery has reached a point of approximate completion—in fact, of redundancy.

This is the crux of my position, and I do not see that Mr. Stuart has successfully assailed it.

I did not say, nor mean to intimate, that there would be absolutely no more railways or machinery built, or that there would not be a demand for labor in repairing the existing machinery. My point is that when Mr. Morgan "merges" the railways of the North West, it is evident that there are not going to be many more trunk lines built in that country to compete with the allied capital and brains of the world. Morgan says there are too many roads, and that the "merger" was necessary to prevent more roads being built and undue competition between the existing roads. Morgan says the same thing about the necessities that lead up to his international Steamship Merger. Now, of course, after Morgan forms his different mergers we know that certain labor will be required for repairs, and even labor required in building more railways and ships to finish up odds and ends, but we know that from the very origin of the "mergers" there will not be the wholesale building that there was in the days of first construction. I and other Socialists for years had the theory that these "mergers" would be an

economic necessity, but until the inexorable logic of events forced the capitalists to "merge," no theories of ours ever moved them an iota. Now Mr. Stuart would have us believe that the capitalists and Mr. Morgan do not know their business.

However, without admitting my contention, Mr. Stuart says that if the capitalists find they cannot employ labor in building useful machinery, they may give employment to labor in building universities, etc., for the simple purpose of giving employment. In the first place, I cannot conceive of any concerted action of all the capitalists agreeing to waste their money simply to preserve the existing competitive system. It needs be concerted, for if part build art galleries and the other part do not, then the second part will keep their capital intact and the first part will soon stop trying to save society for the benefit of the second part, who do nothing. Then the absurdity of thinking that the mere building of libraries and art galleries and universities would for very long afford employment for labor. It would not be a drop in the bucket, and the world would soon be filled to repletion with art galleries without pictures, and libraries without readers. I think you have another guess coming, Mr. Stuart.

Mr. Stuart says that the labor displaced by machinery in this country did not find re-employment in building more machinery. I would like to know how ever we could have had our magnificent industrial equipment, seen all over the land, if labor did not build it; and I would like to know how labor could have been spared to build it if machines were not doing their work while they labored. Does Mr. Stuart think we could have built our railways without machinery?

Mr. Stuart says that there could be a surplus under Socialism. I deny this. We have a surplus today only because the competitive wage system prevents the laborers getting sufficient wages to buy back what they produce. Let us have the co-operative wage system, whereby men will be able to get what they produce, and I guarantee there will be no surplus produced.

Mr. Stuart brings Marx into the controversy, and says I follow him blindly. I wish to say that I formed all my theories about Socialism without ever having read a Socialist book and, I confess to my shame, without an inkling of Marx's theory. I became a Socialist without knowing it, and no man was more surprised than myself to find it out when I read my first Socialist pamphlet. However, Mr. Stuart quotes Marx as having said that "the knell of private property will sound when the capitalist class are unable to furnish employment." Then he says Marx, like Wilshire, has not "made good." Now, certainly we will "make good" if the capitalists cannot furnish employment, and inasmuch as they have so far been able to furnish employment, there has been no test of the theory yet.

The only way we can't "make good" is for the economic trend to become evidently against us, by the prospect of the capitalists ever being unable to furnish employment becoming so remote as not to be considered a possibility. I have already shown why, in my estimation, the Trust presages no such a prospect of affairs.

As to the condition of the workers deteriorating or improving, that is of no economic importance. If they are producing far more than they get paid in wages, and the capitalists find they cannot use the surplus so handed over

to them, then we will have an insoluble unemployed problem, and the question of whether the laborers are better off or worse off than they were does not enter into the discussion at all. The question up to the worker is not whether he is fed as well as he was in the past, but how is he to feed himself in the future when he cannot find a job.

Socialists are not in the least afraid to admit that the condition of labor has improved in many ways enormously in the last fifty years. But does Mr. Stuart think that when we have our coming crisis and men are unemployed that it will fill their stomachs to tell them that in 1900 they were better of than in 1850?

Granting all that may be claimed about the progress the workingman has made in the conditions of existence I say that no mere reminding him of this is going to make him any less hungry when he is next out of a job.

Mr. Stuart's fatal mistake is in confounding Public Ownership with Socialism. Public Ownership is simply the basis for the Co-operative Wage System. The worker can have no great amelioration in his condition until he lives and is paid under the Co-operative System. Public Ownership is a step toward that goal, but stepping toward a dinner does not feed a man. He is not fed until the food goes down his gullet. It is the last act that feeds him, and until this is performed, he still remains hungry, notwithstanding all the steps he may be taking towards his dinner. So with the worker. He wants Co-operation, and nothing but this will satisfy him. Public Ownership is a step in the direction of giving him the Co-operative System, but you might as well argue that a man has partially assuaged his thirst because he has directed his steps to the river as to claim that Public Ownership in itself is necessarily of any benefit to labor.

Public Ownership is a means to an end, and on that account is justified, but it is a mistake to argue that the means can give us a taste of the end before we get there.—H. G. W.]

CURSED TRADE!

O, TRADE! O, Trade! would thou wert dead!
The time needs heart—'tis tired of head!
Yea, what avail the endless tale
Of gain by cunning and plus by sale?
Look up the land, look down the land,
The poor, the poor, the poor, they stand
Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand
Against an inward opening door
That pressure tightens evermore;
They sigh a monstrous, foul-air sigh
For the outside leagues of liberty,
Where Art, sweet lark, translates the sky
Into a heavenly melody.

—SIDNEY LANIER.

SOCIALISM AND ITS PROGRAM

JOHN S. PYLE, LL. B., M. D.*

OCIALISM, as it is understood today, is a scientific philosophy based upon the discovery of certain sociologic laws. It, like all other great revolutionary discoveries, has passed through a period of romanticism and airy metaphysical speculation, which proves rather that man's intuitive grasp is keener than his slow-going reasoning faculties.

The Socialism of the pre-scientific period has been designated Utopian to distinguish it from the scientific Socialism of modern times. Criticism continues to be directed against Utopian Socialism, neglecting entirely the work of scientific investigators who affirm the possession of knowledge, positive in character, for re-organizing society upon a new basis, in harmony with the evolutionary forces that have been slowly but surely working out the future destiny of mankind.

Today, it appears plain to everybody, that our present social organization is out of joint with the aspirations and needs of a growing civilization. Socialists do not claim Socialism as their own creation, but hold it as a discovery, like any other scientific fact, the philosophy of which explains the movements of the sociologic forces that are to continue moulding the plastic material of society, until the whole organism is in harmony with nature.

It will be perceived that this interpretation of Socialism is evolutionary and, therefore, scientific; that it stands for a forward and absolutely necessary movement, the natural sequel to the present order of society.

While Socialism is linked with a political movement, it is in itself, a system of philosophy, embodying discoveries of facts in the sociologic and economic world as far reaching and revolutionary as the discoveries of Darwin and Wallace in the biologic world.

It is a singular coincidence, that the two great revolutionary movements in thought, destined far more than any other to influence the human race, were initiated independent of each other and at about the same time, the data and reasoning in each case being identical. A little less singular, perhaps, is the fact that connected with each of the discoveries are two great intellectual luminaries whose penetration and grasp of scientific truths have probably never before been equaled. The names of Darwin and Wallace will always be associated in biological

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science; and the names of Karl Marx and Rodbertus should always be coupled together in sociologic and economic science. Darwin and Wallace engaged themselves with the enigmas of biological science while Karl Marx and Rodbertus undertook the solution of sociologic and economic problems. The work of the biologists became popular and soon spread all over the known world; but the work of Karl Marx and Rodbertus touched upon a theme that was dear to selfish interests and, therefore, with the seal of unpopularity it has been pigeon-holed, repressed, snubbed and by the sheer work of inexorable laws it is finding its way to the open daylight of reason.

The philosophy of Socialism deals with a social organism made up of brothers, each working for himself, and, by so doing, working for each other, but purely from egoistic motives. It is not a society of altruists, but a society of egoists, each struggling for himself, but in an organism that makes for the betterment of the individual and the uplifting of humanity. It recognizes the importance of a struggle for existence to secure a survival of those best fitted to maintain the social relations; but under the present order, those who survive are the most anarchistically inclined and recognize no principle but that of might. Socialism abhors anarchy and would so mould society that it would be unnecessary to resort to this principle in order to maintain oneself against the forces of destruction. Socialism lays claim to no peculiar system of morality, dealing as it does with laws, immutable and fixed in the very nature of the universe of living matter. These laws are not man-made and it matters little whether we like them or not. The Socialist proclaims nothing new. He is simply a product of the time to illuminate the way and make the path an easy one to travel, an enemy of no one, but the friend of everybody.

Socialism, it is true, comes to many with a sweet song and whispers hope and words of good cheer, but because of this, it must not be confounded with the fairy dreams of childhood; or, with the work of a diseased brain. In Socialism there is room for sentimental declamation and airy rhetoric, yet, there is a solid foundation for all such romanticism.

Socialism proclaims a closer union of the human race. It recognizes that with the growth of the social organism we are made more dependent upon each other; that individuals are Socialized whether they wish it or not; that Socialization is written on every step upward in the biologic scale, and is the voice of nature speaking to her children, telling them that in union and social labor there is self-protection and peace. Socialism means unity. It voices the philosophy of a new society, social in character, emerging from the toppling ruins of the present unsocial anarchistic order.

Society, as it is now composed, is strongly individualistic. The element of anarchy makes itself felt in almost every social doing. This is an unnatural condition for people of this advanced age. It is primitive and belongs to a period before man had evolved beyond the savage animals of the forest.

Nature, however, under her iron laws, is gradually forcing us into the Socialistic state. Since men began to unite to aid each other in time of battle, human society has been evolving toward a more perfect social order. Socialism is the full fruit. It is the

new child to be yet born from the womb of capitalism. As capitalism was the child of feudalism, just so will Socialism be the natural offspring of capitalism. Mother Nature, in the beginning, ordained that this child should be born. She indicated long ago, when our forest brother invited others to join with him for mutual protection, that the Socialistic goal was man's haven. In this direction he has been moving ever since, slowly but with measured step, and, in all probability, unconscious most of the time that the forces and laws of nature were moulding him, like clay in the potter's hands, for a better and a higher order of society.

The struggle leading up to Socialism has been long and painful, but Nature has ways all her own and it is not for us to complain so much about the past as it is our duty to look cheerfully forward and play our part in the initiation of the new regime. As Socialists, believing in one common humanity, it is our duty to push along the work of educating the people to an understanding of the revolution that Nature in her goodness has prepared for us. In doing so we will have to tell of a history of heart aches and of travail: to tell of classes and how they warred against each other; to tell the painful story of slaves doing the world's work, the fruits of which they were not permitted to enjoy; to tell how these slaves fought and killed each other because their masters disagreed; to tell of governments, where slave-masters meet and quarrel with each other as to whom should be the most favored; to tell of purchasable morality; to recite a history, in fact, of human beings which resolves itself into an account of economic disputes between slave-masters; to explain how the laborer creates surplus values and the process by which he loses that which his energy and toil produces; to tell how, under the competitive wage system and the socialization of production, the laborer is reduced to a mere mechanic with barely a subsistence and enough to propagate his kind, that the work of production may continue.

Socialists must make plain that the wage-system is based upon individualistic usurpation and is incompatible with the harmonious development of social solidarity, the one thing essential in the perpetuation of any society, or any form of governmental institution. It must be shown that socialization is a natural evolutionary process and applies to human society with the same force that it applies to biology.

Darwinism takes the individualized biologic units and under the fierce struggle for existence socializes them; and, according to the degree of socialization, increases their resistence, until the multiple organism is able to protect and perpetuate itself against the agents of destruction. Socialism, on the other hand, takes man, individualized, as he first appeared in a state of nature and shows how, for egoistic ends, the struggle for existence associated him with others; the bond of union being simply one of mutual protection against enemies. The common observation that such an association served its purpose well, made further and larger association desirable, leading secondly, to division of labor and interdependence, as in the complex biologic forms, each working to preserve himself, but by so doing contributing to the better preservation of all.

In a perfect society, as in a healthy body, the moving forces will be frictionless. The imperfection of capitalistic society is best shown by pointing

to the warring elements and class developments which the Socialists recognize and aver that the class-struggle is the directing medium or irritant that will act and react upon each other until the social organism is perfected.

Socialists do not disguise class-antagonisms, but expose them for the purpose of making intelligent use of them, believing that when the source of the friction is understood and that resistence is futile, that all fair and high-minded persons will aid instead of obstructing the transforming process. Intelligent class struggle works for good. It is only when it is misunderstood that it is dangerous to the perpetuation of society. Hence the Socialist assumes a high position when he appears to array class against class. The Socialist understands that not to know your class interest, makes for slavery and retrogression, instead of progress. Nothing can be more useful to the maintenance of progress than class agitation. It should be urged until justice between man and man is established.

Socialists point to the irreconcilability of labor with the private ownership of capital and hold that the interest of the laborer and the capitalist can never be harmonized until the laborer owns the capital. When the laborers own the capital the surplus wealth will return to each laborer according to the amount of productive effort which the laborer puts forth. There will be no division with those who do not work. Under such a system there can be no idle class. The capitalist class is an evolutionary product of the present order. In a perfect society this class would be absorbed into the working class and the class lines would disappear.

Capital, of which the Socialists advocate the collective holding, must not be confounded with wealth in general, but with that wealth used in the production of new wealth. The distinction is a very important one, as the Socialist is often accused of advocating the collective holding of all wealth, which is a misinterpretation, objectionable, because it is out of harmony with evolutionary logic and consequently, with the Socialist teaching. To realize the Socialistic state it is only necessary to hold collectively the wealth, or the so-called capital, used in production. All other wealth will be held privately and for man's own individual enjoyment.

Under a Socialistic organization the labor of every man would be socially useful. Instead of warring on each other's possessions, as is seen under the capitalistic order, that energy which is at present so harmful to the perpetuation of society will be turned into useful channels for the building up of the social organism and the better preservation of its individual members.

To realize this desirable state Socialists would capture the machinery of government by legal processes, and with the support of the people, take over all the industries and means of distribution that have, through evolutionary forces, become socialized and prepared for governmental management. Those industries which are still unsocial in character might be allowed to survive and continue in the new order until such a time as they would be naturally absorbed.

The revolution in business would affect those industries only, where Socialism in production and distribution was already established, the object being to relieve the productive work of profit gatherers, and return the surplus creation back to those who were directly

engaged in the creative enterprise, thereby relieving the workmen of a large graft of parasites that now subsist luxuriously off the surplus production of which the worker under the profit system is at present deprived. In other words, Socialism would effectually destroy human parasitism of every form. There would be no more living off another man's sweat and blood.

The programme is a workingman's programme and must be supported by the workers and those whose interests would be best subserved under the new order. Believing that human society is dominated by material interests, the Socialists appeal to the egoism of the workers to relieve themselves, through the ballot, of their present economic slavery. In doing this, Socialists can not hope for the general support of those whose material interests are best subserved by the present form of society, yet, we can get over the embarrassment by meeting our class-conscious capitalist with an appeal to his higher interest, and awaken in him a sense of justice and right which will bring to our standard all those whose higher interest dominates their selfish interest and who wish to do everything they can to advance humanity. We show our capitalistic well-wisher that the material interest of the working class is in line with human progress and that any benefit the workmen receive will only be a contribution to mankind generally. Progress is impossible without the workingmen and women receiving the benefit. The benefit will have to be material and any material benefit which the workingmen receive will have to be at the expense of the capitalistic class, and here, as the Socialists maintain, it resolves itself into one of class antagonisms which are unavoidable and necessary because of the existence of a class-conscious feeling, which, disguise it as we may, is the cause of all our social unrest and conflicts.

The human parasitism, which causes the slave-end of society to groan with the weight of its burden, is of historic development. It began with the dawn of civilization in some mutual service unequally divided, giving to one an advantage which, egoistically nursed operated under evolutionary guidance to produce the full-fledged parasite. The fact that parasitism is of ancient origin, or, as our opponents like to state it, "that it has always been so," should not increase our respect for it. We search history to find that all the evils, or, what we commonly judge as immoral now, have been a part of the sacred practices of the peoples of past ages. Cannibalism, murder and civil slavery are a few of the practices that according to man's beliefs have been enthusiastically supported by his deity. Even now our priests wax warm in extolling our tutelary god of wholesale murder in battle. To those who like to rely upon the antiquity of the practice to justify it, history furnishes a positive rebuke.

A parasite in the social world may be defind as a person who subsists at the expense of human hosts who work for him and for which he returns no mutual service. Mutual service, which is unequal, leads to partial parasitism; and partial parasitism, in time, evolves into complete parasitism. Human parasitism resembles in its development the parasitism of lower life forms, with this exception, that it is hard to find among the lower forms a full-fledged parasite living at the expense of its own species. Among plants and animals the parasite is found to adapt itself to the conditions of existence of

its host. This is true of human parasitism; it takes on different phases according to the form of the society by which it is nurtured. Massart classifies them as political, predatory, proprietary, exploitary and mimetic. Under political parasitism are those who affect some useful political function, but who are mere sinecures holding an office which has been created for no other purpose than to pay off political debts, and affording to the politician that influence necessary to push his own political ambitions. Such persons subsist directly off the public hosts. The predatory parasites are those who rob society by force or fraud, such as professional criminals, stock-jobbers, usurers and money-changers existing by preying upon the defenceless and unprotected members of society, in many instances the government aiding and protecting them in their nefarious practices. The proprietary class of parasites are those who subsist by appropriating to themselves the lands, houses, mines, timbers, and machinery of production and levying a toll or tax in the form of profits, rents, interest, etc. Exploitary parasitism assumes varied forms, the most common of which belong to industrial pursuits, transportation functions, trading, prostitution, proxenetism, etc. In this form labor is exploited and constitutes the larger part of the business life of nations as they exist today. Mimetic parasitism concludes our classification, and is that form where one simulates disease or sickness for the purpose of imposing himself upon the community.

The functions of industrial life have passed entirely into private hands and are now used to exploit and enslave the great body of the human family. Every agent, public and private, is brought to bear upon the perpetuation of existing unjust and unnatural conditions. So much so is this true, that, to many people, government comes to signify the organized machinery of force and theft. This is certainly true as long as the exploiting class make and enforce the laws. The object is to keep enslaved labor so dependent that it will not undertake to free itself.

It will be seen by examining the web of parasitism that the machinery of graft and grab is about as complicated as the mind of man could imagine; and it is not probable that the mind of the over-worked laborer will comprehend all the intricacies of parasitism, but there is one thing that is certain, he can feel; and feeling, he can act guided by his sense of self preservation, which, being a natural law, always leads to a sure and proper landing. Acting in accordance with this law is what is understood by being class-conscious. When you understand the interest of your class and act in accord with it you bring to your class freedom and equality of opportunity which will guarantee to every one the enjoyment of conditions of existence fit for men.

The scientific principle of Socialism, as enunciated today, is the torch that will lead men to a civilization, that will, through its economy, establish an order of society, giving to every man that will labor, freedom from poverty and want; and conditions of existence in harmony with the growing needs of man's higher nature.

Socialism will exterminate the wage and profit system and replace it with a system of exchange based upon the common labor day time. A man under such a system would work to live and enjoy himself, instead of working to fill the pockets of his exploiter. Socialists must show that

all wealth is the product of labor and that capital is nothing but stored up labor separated from the laborer at the time of the labor operation by the wage system. Under the wage system the laborer is under compulsion to sell his labor power at the lowest possible market price, which through completion is reduced to the mere level of subsistence. The greater the completion the lower will be the standard of living, and the greater will be the death rate of those whose presence is superfluous to the conduct of the affairs of society.

Socialists see that a society that is built upon the wage and profit system is self-limited and destroys itself as soon as the industrial activities of each country have been developed. The great body of consumers will be wage-earners and their ability to consume will be limited by their power to purchase, and this, in turn, is determined by the amount received in wages. Each country will be producing a surplus that can not, under the profit system, be sold, because the consumers are unable to buy. The result will be that production will be arrested; the profit system destroys itself; and the machinery of production will have to be taken over by the people to be operated for use. The revolution is complete; "the expropriators have been expropriated" and the new order is launched.

OUR INDUSTRIAL POSITION

HENRY GANNETT, in The Forum.

HE United States has 7 per cent of the land area of the earth, and 5 per cent only of the world's population. One in twenty of the people of the world owe allegiance to Uncle Sam. In numbers, we are exceeded by China, which has more than one-fourth of the earth's inhabitants; the British Empire, with nearly one-fourth; and Russia, with about one-twelfth. All the people of China and 85 per cent of those of the British Empire represent an early civilization; the Russians promise a high civilization in the future; while the United States stands for the highest type of the civilization of to-day. After us in numbers are Germany, with 3.7 per cent of the earth's population; Austria-Hungary and Japan, with 3 per cent each; and France, with 2.5 per cent.

With only one-twentieth of the earth's population, we have subdued and devoted to the use of man not less than one-fourth of the cultivated land of the earth, that is, more than India or China, with their enormous populations; and our 400,000,000 acres of land under cultivation produce in such profusion as to give us pre-eminence in most of the products of agriculture. Of the wheat of the earth we contribute 21 per cent, which is more than any other nation. Russia produces but 15 per cent, and France but 12 per cent. We export from one-fourth to one-third of our crop to supply the deficiencies of Europe. Indian corn, one of the gifts of the New World to the Old, still

finds its home in American soil; for four-fifths of the world's crop is grown in North America, and not less than 76 per cent. in the United States.

Oats are more cosmopolitan. We produce a little more than a fourth, and are slightly exceeded by Russia, while Germany produces about three-fifths as much as the United States.

Rye and barley are a different story. Of these two cereals the United States produces scarcely any, while Russia raises more than half the world's crop of the former and a fourth of the latter, leading the world in these two cereals. Of rice we produce but a trifling amount, in comparison with the enormous crops of China and India.

As with corn, so with cotton. Of this textile fabre the United States furnishes three-fourths of the world's supply, while India contributes but one-eighth, and Egypt one-tenth. Two-thirds of our crop goes to Europe, to supply the factories of England and the Continent. Two-thirds of the cotton manufactured in Europe is raised by negro labor in our Southern States.

In the production of other fibres, the showing is not by any means so favorable to the United States. In the matter of wool, we are exceeded by Australia, Argentina, and Russia, which produce, respectively, 19, 15, and 14 per cent. of the world's product, while the United States contributes only 11 per cent., and spends $20,000,000 annually in supplying her deficiency. Of raw silk we produce none; of hemp 4 per cent. only, while Russia raises nearly half the world's supply; and of flax fibre very little. Here again Russia comes to the front, with nearly four-fifths of the world's supply.

Potatoes we gave to Europe, and Europe almost monopolizes their cultivation; producing over nine-tenths of the world's crop, while the United States raises less than one-tenth of it.

Our production of sugar from all sources—from the cane of Louisiana, Porto Rico, and Hawaii, and from beets—is but 8 per cent. of that of the world. Of cane sugar we raise about one-sixth, and of beet sugar little more than 1 per cent. We spend $100,000,000 per year on imported sugar.

Of coffee and tea we raise comparatively trifling amounts, importing practically all we use; but in the production of tobacco we lead with 37 per cent. of the world's product. In the production of hops we are exceeded by Great Britain and Germany; our country producing but 18 per cent. of the world's crop.

In the making of alcoholic liquors this country does not take high rank. Of the wine of the world, we contribute 1 per cent. only; of spirits 10 per cent.; and of beer 19 per cent. Germany and Great Britain excel us in the brewing of beer, and France, Germany, Russia, and Austria in the manufacture of spirits.

In live stock our standing is good. We have one-fourth of the horses, or more than any other country except Russia; and nearly one-fourth of the cattle, far more than any other country. We have only 7 per cent. of the sheep, and here we are exceeded by Australia, Argentina, and Russia; but we have more than two-fifths of the hogs on earth. Our meat production is nearly one-third that of the earth; our catch of fish is proportionately but little less; and both are far greater than those of any other country. Our dairy products are nearly one-fourth those of the earth, and nearly double those of any other country.

Summing up, it appears that of the entire agricultural product of the world

the United States produces 23 per cent. —a little less than one-fourth; while Russia produces 15 per cent., and Germany and France 12 per cent. each. This proportion of the agricultural product of the earth which is contributed by the United States, enormous when contrasted with her population and area, is further emphasized by the fact that for every man here engaged in agriculture a product valued at $900 is contributed, while the average Frenchman produces but $580, and the average German but $510, in agricultural products. In other words, the average American farmer produces over 50 per cent. more than the citizen of any other nationality. This is due primarily to the fact that the farms of the United States have larger areas. The average farmer of this country cultivates forty-four acres, while the Frenchman cultivates but thirteen, and the German but eight. On the other hand, farming is more intensive in Europe than in America, the product per acre being probably nearly twice as great; but with the abundance and cheapness of land and the high cost of labor in America, it is plainly a good business policy for the American to get his crops by the use of much land, with a minimum of labor. He is enabled by the use of better tools and more machinery to work an area three or four times as great as the European cultivates. The American uses machinery in farming as far as possible; the European scarcely at all.

The position of the United States in the field of manufacture is, in many respects, quite as strong as in agriculture. Of the cotton cloth of the world we make more than one-fifth, being excelled by Great Britain only. Of the woollen cloth we make nearly one-fourth, excelling in that respect the mother country. Of linen we make 27 per cent. of the world's product—more than twice as much as Germany, our nearest competitor. Of the paper of the world we manufacture no less than 46 per cent.—not much less than one-half that of the world, three times as much as Great Britain, and nearly four times as much as France. Of glass we make nearly a third of the world's product, while France, our nearest competitor, makes less than one-fourth.

It is, perhaps, in the manufacture of iron and steel that our pre-eminence over other nations is more decided than in any other commodity. The time was, and not so long ago as to be beyond the remembrance of most of the present generation, when, as iron-makers, we were in an infantile condition. It is only a few years since we became the leading nation of the earth in respect to this, the most important, branch of manufactures. Now 34 per cent of the iron ore of the world comes from our mines; 34 per cent of the pig iron comes from our furnaces; and 37 per cent of the steel is produced in our crucibles and converters. There is no country on earth which approaches this production. Germany's share in the world's product of iron ore is less than one-fourth, and of pig iron only a little more than one-fifth. Her steel product is only about two-thirds as large as ours. Great Britain produces half as much iron ore and two-thirds as much pig iron as this country does, and her steel product is just one-half as large as ours.

Of all the manufactured goods produced on earth, the United States contributes more than one-third, or 34 per cent. Her production of manufactured goods is nearly seven times as great as her proportion of population. Great

Britain contributes 15 per cent of the manufactured goods of the earth, Germany 12 per cent, and France 11 per cent.

These figures suggest an extraordinary efficiency for the American artisan, which is borne out by examination of the figures of production and of occupations. The average gross manufactured product, per hand, in the United States has a value of $1,900 per annum. The French artisan, under the same definition, produces $650; the English artisan, $485; and the German, $450. In other words, the product, per hand, of the United States artisan is nearly three times as great as that of his nearest competitor. Of course, it is understood that these figures, although comparable with one another, are not correct as representing the value of the manufacturing processes. The value of the raw material should have been subtracted from that of the gross product before dividing it by the number of hands. This would, naturally, reduce the figures, but it would reduce them practically in the same proportion.

This enormous difference in efficiency between the artisans of the United States, on the one hand, and those of Europe on the other, which is due mainly to the universal use in this country of the most modern machinery and methods, enables us not only to hold our own markets, but to invade successfully the home markets of other countries, to send coal to Newcastle, steel to Sheffield, and cotton to Lancashire.

In mining the showing is still more favorable to us. Of course, in this branch of industry we enjoy the possession of an abundance of ores easily mined and worked, which fact is our chief advantage. Of the coal of the earth we produce 29 per cent—more even than Great Britain, which is now producing 27 per cent. Of petroleum we produce 43 per cent, being exceeded in this product by Russia, which produces more than half the world's total. Of gold we produce 31 per cent, and of silver 33 per cent, being the leading producer of both metals. Of copper we produce 56 per cent; our nearest competitor being Spain, with less than one-eighth of the world's production. Of lead we produce a fourth; again Spain follows, with a little more than one-fifth. Of quicksilver we produce 29 per cent. Here again we are exceeded by Spain, whose great mine at Almaden produces nearly 40 per cent of the world's supply. Of zinc we produce one-fourth, and here we are exceeded by the zinc region of western Europe—the Rhine Provinces, Belgium, and the Netherlands, from which come nearly two-fifths of the world's supply. Tin is the only metal of importance in the arts which we do not produce in quantity. Of the total of all the mining products of the earth the United States produces not less than 30 per cent, which is a far greater proportion than that of any other country.

The business of transporting passengers and goods from place to place is one of vast magnitude. It is estimated that $6,000,000,000 are annually spent by the world in such transportation. Of the agencies in use the railroad has come to be the chief. For the last two generations the United States has been busily engaged in building up a railroad system and developing its management, so that it now possesses a most effective and thorough means of internal communication. With an area of 3,000,000 square miles we have nearly 200,000 miles of railroads. Our railroads comprise not less than 40 per cent of the

mileage of the earth, and exceed in mileage those of all Europe.

Our shipping stands in nominal tonnage next to that of Great Britain. The latter country possesses 38 per cent of the tonnage of the world; the United States has 20 per cent. After the United States comes the double kingdom of Norway and Sweden, which, with Denmark, has 10 per cent of the shipping of the world, one-half the amount which sails under the United States flag. The next is Germany, which possesses 6 per cent only. It will be seen from this that although our merchant fleet is little more than half that of great Britain, it is very large compared with that of other nations.

Summing up the earnings of the various agencies of transportation, it appears that, of the total amount of such earnings in the world, the share of the United States is very nearly one-third, or 32 per cent. This is considerably more than double that of Great Britain, with 14 per cent; more than two and a half times that of Germany, with 12 per cent; and nearly three times that of France, whose share is 11 per cent.

The foreign commerce of this country does not bear as high a proportion to its population as do its industries, for the reason that there are few commodities, either food materials, raw materials for manufactures, or manufactured goods, which are not produced in this country; so that there is little occasion for purchasing goods derived from foreign sources. Hence, our imports are small, being only 8 per cent of the total imports of all countries.

As to exports, we have first to supply our own people, and it is the surplus only which is sold to others. That surplus is, however, relatively large. It is nearly double the imports, the balance of trade being largely and continuously in our favor. Our exports are commonly 15 per cent of the total exports of all countries. Though only a small fraction of our products are sold abroad, perhaps not more than ten per cent, still our exports are larger than those of any other country, slightly exceeding even those of Great Britain.

SEND HIM TO THE SENATE

We don't know what on earth it is that's ailin' Uncle Jim;
It seems like summer weather has a fierce effect on him.
He expresses his opinions in a way that rudely shocks,
An' dares us all to fight with guns or tomahawks or rocks.

We thought the matter over an' concluded mighty quick
That Uncle Jim's too strenuous for Pohick on the Crick,
An' so we're canvassin' for votes; we're takin' all in sight.
We'll send him to the Senate, 'cause he's spoilin' for a fight.

There ain't no use o' keeping him secluded here to home;
He has a soarin' nature an' his fancy's boun' to roam.
An' every leadin' citizen is happy to be dunned
For a little contribution to the 'lectioneerin' fund.

'Cause we're gettin' apprehensive that unless he leaves the town
He will be a-smashin' windows and a-tearin' buildin's down,
So we reckon we will put him where his chances ain't so slight.
We'll send him to the Senate, 'cause he's spoilin' for a fight.

—Washington Star.

AMERICA UNDERMINING EUROPE

H. M. HYNDMAN

LONDON, W. C., July 15, 1902.

MY DEAR WILSHIRE:

You ask me to write and give you my views as to the effect which the external development of the American Trust system, now being pushed so far by Mr. Pierpont Morgan and his associates, will have upon the politics of the world. That is a tolerably wide question, I must say! And yet the world is getting so much smaller year by year, we are all bound up together so much more closely than we were two or three generations ago, that it is absolutely necessary, in order to understand what is going on around us, to take a survey of the whole planet. I sometimes say that, when I was a boy, and I am now "sixty years young" as Lowell used to put it, the earth was relatively about the size of an orange, twenty years ago it had decreased to the circumference of a gooseberry, now it scarcely exceeds the bulk of a good-sized pea. Such changes have improved communications of every sort brought about. You can see selling in the streets of London today at the same time pineapples from the West Indies, apples and pears from Tasmania, bananas from the Canaries and Venezuela, and even peaches from California—all fresh and good. And ideas move as fast as the fruits and the food. Just a fortnight since I received a request from Japan to permit the translation into Japanese of my "Commercial Crisis of the Nineteenth Century." Strange, I thought, that a book which has had comparatively few readers in Europe and America should find its audience in Eastern Asia and in a country which little more than thirty years ago was almost unknown. After this, I shall not be surprised to learn that WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE is carefully studied by the monks in Lhassa, or that Shaw's amusing stage puppet-shows are being rehearsed in the more civilized atmosphere of Khatmandoo.

All the which means that this globe is shrinking so fast that events which but yesterday might have been disregarded are now, no matter how distant, not unfrequently of greater immediate importance to a people than those which are occurring close at hand. This is obviously the case with the last stage of the great capitalist industrialism that threatens to dominate the whole of civilization, beginning with the United States.

The growth of trusts and the power of the great "trustifiers" has only been recognized recently, as you know, on this side of the Atlantic. The idea that competition must inevitably engender monopoly, though enunciated by Foruier eighty years since and proved as a social law by Marx in the middle

of the last century, found little acceptance here among either the practical capitalists or their attendant theorists and toadies—the terms are almost synonymous. The individual was to rise inferior to his surroundings. The vigor evolved by competitive exertion brought forth the highest faculties in man. Only by relying upon himself could the striver after self-elevation hope to succeed. How well I remember the fervor with which my lecturer in political economy at Cambridge, the late Henry Fawcett, used to enlarge upon all this. True enough it was, of course, up to a certain point. Mankind could no more have grown to its full maturity without the stage of industrial competition and capitalist wage-slavery than it could have dispensed with the chattel slavery, serfdom and small free proprietary of antiquity and the Middle Ages, which led upwards and onwards to our own time. All that has been commonplace to you and me for many a long year. But the great majority even of fairly correct thinkers do not like to regard the progress of our race as that of little more sentient automata, gradually evolving a consciousness of the limit of their own automation. That, you see, puts a stop to the delicious glow of human self-conceit which leads us to imagine that we are of great consequence in the universe and that vast unseen powers are taking care of us and leading us up to eternal life all the time. "When his Highness the Dey of Algiers sends a cargo from Tunis to Morocco, do you think he troubles himself about the 'rats on board?'" This is a view of life which, however amusing to the cynic, does not commend itself to the mass of ordinary minds. People, as a rule, do not like to believe that they are the mere playthings of great economic forces which they can not control in any way, until at any rate, they fully comprehend them. I daresay, now, that Morgan or Rockefeller, or some other trustifier, takes himself very seriously, indeed, feels quite confident that it is *his* intelligence, *his* genius, *his* marvellous organizing faculty which is thus bringing about these vast industrial combinations—and they are most of them very religious men, I hear—they say in turn as the French marquis said a century ago, "God will think twice ere he damns a man of my quality."

And yet, what is taking place could not have been otherwise. The few capable observers who have watched the progress of the consolidation of industries in the United States during the past quarter of a century, have long foreseen and foretold that the Trusts would, within a calculable period, dominate the great republic. That in itself was serious enough for the Americans even in the earlier stages of the development, and before the Trust had reached what I have called the ophiophagus or Trust-eating-Trust point of its growth. But now it is clear that this issue of "What is to be done with the Trusts" is, as your magazine and you yourself have long urged, the only question of really crucial import in the whole field of American politics. Plutocracy on the one side; proletariat on the other; never in history was this antagonism to be noted; never could it have arisen, on such a scale as is now apparent in the United States. The whole working population is rapidly becoming merely a collection of underpaid hirelings of "jumped-up" billionaires, who are doing their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them. I do like that phrase in the Church Catechism, translated by

the light of these latter-day occurrences.

But, and here comes the most interesting part of the whole evolution, America no longer suffices for herself. The phenomenon of the lapping over of the results of "abstinence," the sheer incapacity of the billionaires to deal with their surplus revenues, and of the Trusts to get rid of their surplus products, which you have so often insisted upon and we have so often discussed, is producing a tremendous effect on other countries. It has only just begun; yet it is not too much to say that the mere shadow of coming events has already produced a greater "scare" than anything which has happened in our time.

That Trusts are by no means unknown in Europe you are as well aware as I am. In England, in Germany, in France and in Austria they have made considerable headway. But their operations have been more or less disguised. If, for instance, you had told an Englishman that the railways of Great Britain were a huge monopoly Trust he would, until lately, have laughed at you. If, further, you suggested that banks had quite passed the competitive stage and had become virtually friendly fleecers of the public under a strict "cartel" of agreed discounts and rates for deposit, he would have laughed still more. Even such combinations as the Salt Union, the Coates' Cotton Thread amalgamation, the Cory Coal consolidation, the Calico "combine," the great iron arrangements did not convince either our statesmen or our economists that we had entered on a new period. As some Trusts failed, it was agreed all Trusts must fail. That "Trustification" was a step in advance, controlling and organizing the wild anarchy of competition by economies and improved methods in every direction, few indeed would admit. And so, as usual, notwithstanding the constant warnings of Socialists as to what the future would bring forth, we English have drifted nicely on. "Tomorrow shall be as today and much more abundant." Thus in the words of holy writ did the cultured imbeciles and corrupt cynics of the Tory party, as well as the incompetent—all too incompetent to lead and all too conceited to follow—"statesmen" of the Liberal party make ready to meet the strain and stress of the coming time.

But the purchase of our shipping lines woke them up for the moment. Even the most short-sighted could see that this meant not only the crippling of our freights, with which we have paid a good portion of the £100,000,000 ($500,000,000) that now constitutes the excess of imports over exports between England and America, but that the very existence of our sea power was threatened by this peaceful capitalist absorption of our mercantile marine. There was, as I have said, a shock throughout our whole country far greater than any felt at the worst crisis of the war in South Africa. There was a manifestation, if I may use the expression, of downright economic fear. The government dared not so much as discuss the matter in the House of Commons. Yet the signs and tokens of dismay were manifold and far-reaching. The *Times* which, whatever its defects, is undoubtedly the ablest capitalist journal in the world, published a leading article on the relentless economic movement, predicted by men who had been set down as "cranks and Socialists," which I might have written myself. My old acquaintance, Sir Robert Giffen, above all else a dexterous timeserver and figure manipulator

for the capitalists, gave evidence in favor of a policy of protection which ran counter to his professions of a lifetime. Talk ran high everywhere of the re-enactment of the Navigation Laws, of national subsidies to steamship lines, of a strict Customs Union with our colonies and dependencies, of the crying need for help to our decayed and decaying agriculture, of the monstrous charges of our railway companies and the possibility of their acquisition by the state. But as yet nothing has been done.

Many of the most influential merchants and business men are, indeed, less alive to the danger from the national and competitive point of view than are similar personages on the continent of Europe. I find this among my own friends and acquaintances. One gentleman who was the head of a house formerly ranking second or third among the mercantile establishments of London I constantly travel up to town with from the place I am living at in Kent. He rejoices over the purchase of our ships at a very high price by the Morganeers. "We can build more and better steamers with the money. The Yankees have made a big mistake this time." Another, a man I have known for five-and-thirty years, who is now the chief of one of our great colonial lines of steamers, takes the same view. "If that is what American competition means, the more we hear of it the better." In vain do I point out that the capital behind the Morganeers is so enormous that in order to establish a monopoly they could afford to run the ships for nothing, or even to pay people to ship with them; in vain do I argue that controlling the railways on their side they will assuredly deliver the railway freights only in their own bottoms; in vain, in fact, do I bring forward the evidence, so trite to you and me, of the success which has attended all such attempts at combination when properly organized and sufficiently supported; in vain do I strive to show that all this means a natural and inevitable economic advance; these two friends and many many others cannot be brought to admit that their favorite old methods —though "fools," by the way, were not unknown even to them—are at an end and that we have entered upon a new commercial period. So all are not alive, even yet, to what is coming upon us, by any means.

On the continent of Europe, however, as said, both governments and men of business have rather a clearer conception of the situation, though for the moment their national interests are not so directly and immediately threatened as ours. The policy of protection, of national bonuses and subsidies, which we have abandoned, they have never given up. Consequently, they understand, so far, better than we do what this Internationalizing of the American Trust system, with the United States as its fulcrum, must mean, if allowed to proceed unchecked. That is why the German and French lines have not yet "come in" on the same terms as the English; that is why the talk in these and other countries is so strong on the necessity of national action to stem this trans-Atlantic inroad. That they will be successful in the long run in preventing the growth of industrial and commercial combination under American leadership I do not myself for a moment believe. Trusts can eventually sap and mine successfully beneath the strongest fortifications which national exchequers and protection tariffs can build up.

But, in the meantime, I cannot doubt that we shall witness a great temporary recrudescence of purely national feeling. This is not to be wondered at. Though the great trustifiers are doing the work for the present and future generations far better than we Social-Democrats could do it ourselves at this juncture, it must be admitted they are not doing it in a very pleasant way, neither are they in the least degree admirable as human beings in themselves. They are the necessary agents of an economic and social development but they assuredly do not call for our praise or rouse our regard. We may, therefore, look to see great efforts made in the near future to oppose and head back the victorious career of these unconscious and unwilling pioneers of organized and educated Socialism. The jingoism of England, the chauvinism of Germany, the nationalism of France will all be forced into fresh and dangerous activity by competition of a kind which it is instinctively felt must sooner or later break down the barriers of nations. This, I say, will in my opinion, be the temporary effect, though as the development proceeds it is quite possible that an attempt will be made to form a European zollverein against America with some understanding with the British possessions in order to free the competition which, already formidable enough, must by the sheer process of accumulation of capital and the greatly improved economy of method become more and more formidable as the time goes on. And even that would be an advance later on. The utter collapse, however, of Free Trade as a convenient fetish and of the Manchester school as a force of any sort in politics is already manifest. In fact, a set of completely fresh issues is raised in every civilized country and the old hand-to-mouth statesmanship is played out forever. As my friend, the late Dr. Rudolph Meyer, wrote to me many years ago, "The day when a pure political economist will be a statesman will never come: the day when a statesman can afford not to be a political economist has passed already." Passed indeed, now! But how many of the leading men of Europe recognize this even today? How dearly some of them will have to pay for their ignorance and indifference!

It is all this, my dear Wilshire, which makes me so angry that the International Socialist Bureau, instead of fulfilling its high destiny, should have apparently fallen into the hands of a local and quite incompetent clique at Brussels. Never in the history of the great movement which you and I so gladly work in was it more essential than at this moment that an International Council of trusted Socialists should bring before the world the main facts of the economic and social situation in a striking and instructive form. Never was it more essential that the chauvinist and jingo spirit growing up should be denounced and the true international policy be held up for the guidance and encouragement of our great and growing party. Yet, our July meeting of the International will, I fear, be postponed, and we shall not meet again, if the clique referred to gets its way, until December. I am the more troubled about this seeing that I proposed myself that the centre of the "New International" should be in Belgium. Let us hope our Belgium friends, who have not been too successful of late in their national management, will arouse themselves to the importance of the position accorded to them before it is

too late. Certain it is, as all Socialists know, that international capitalism can only be successfully met and overcome by international Socialism; that the growth of the bitter national spirit in civilized countries may constitute a serious danger to the world; and that it is the duty of the Socialist party in every country and as an organized whole, duly represented on the International Bureau, to take their overt and conscious share in dealing with the vast industrial problem which the United States is forcing upon the consideration of humanity. It is true that nothing can for long stay the inevitable development in our direction. It is true that the Trusts are doing, and must continue to do, our work. But it is also true that we international Socialists are the only people who hold the key to the situation in the near future, and that if we fail to take advantage of our opportunities now we shall be to blame for much of the trouble that will assuredly arise from an uneducated and ineffective endeavor to handle the difficult questions that now lie before mankind.

VIRTUOUS PRESIDENT: WICKED PARTY

THE political adaptation of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," now being presented by the Republican party, will keep the stage for the next two years and more, if the kind public does not violently object and call for something which shall make a less insulting demand upon its credulity.

Meantime Mr. Roosevelt is evidently in high spirits over the applause he receives for his artistic work in the role of the virtuous Dr. Jekyll. He is the popular hero of this stirring moral drama which so strongly pictures the eternal war between the powers of good and evil.

Many of the lines that the hero declaims as he stands in the glare of the footlights are very noble indeed.

"Words are good if they are backed up by deeds, and only so," made a hit at Pittsburg on the Fourth of July.

And while the house thundered its applause and the grand figure of their high-minded utterer stood bathed in the radiance flooding the front of the stage, the ugly and cowering figure of the evil Hyde could be seen slinking in the background with teeth bared in a sardonic grin.

The Republican party does Mr. Roosevelt the favor to appear in the repulsive part of Mr. Hyde, enduring the hisses and groans of the audience, while Dr. Jekyll gets all the applause.

By arrangement with the business management, the box-office receipts are to be equally divided, of course, between Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in November, 1904.

Experienced theatrical critics express the fear that too long devotion to this single role may have a disastrous effect upon Mr. Roosevelt's powers as an actor. They deem it quite likely that by daily denying that he has any moral relationship with Mr. Hyde he will find himself transformed into a national Mr.

Jerome, a one-time star, who, after exhausting the possibilities of the art of promising without performing, disappeared from the profession.

Does Mr. Roosevelt really think that he can go about the country and by talking of "civic righteousness"—with the modest implication, of course, that he represents it to perfection—persuade the American people to put up with words from him as a substitute for deeds from his party?

Mr. Roosevelt says the national honor demands reciprocity with Cuba, and the nation agrees with him.

But Mr. Roosevelt's party has declared *by its deeds* that rather than touch the protected interests it will let Cuba starve.

"I regret," says Mr. Roosevelt, "that a measure of reciprocity with Cuba is not embodied in statute or in treaty, but it will be, just as sure as fate."

How and when?

Will a Republican Senate that refused a majority vote for a reciprocity bill consent to give a two-thirds vote for a reciprocity treaty?

The truth is that Mr. Roosevelt is as tightly bound by the protected interests as the Republicans of the Senate are.

Had he been willing to throw over the Sugar Trust as well as the sugar beet for Cuba's sake he could have had reciprocity with the aid of Democratic votes.

Mr. Roosevelt makes speeches against the Trusts in general—speeches of a kind calculated to inspire hope in the people on one hand and not to alarm the Trusts on the other.

The Republican Congress, understanding the Republican President very well, has refused to attack the Trusts in any way.

The Food Trust is still in the enjoyment of the tariff duties which protect it from competition and preserve to it its monopoly. The Coal Trust, existing in open defiance of the law and seeking to destroy union among its 150,000 workmen, has not been interfered with by the President and his Attorney-General.

Does Mr. Roosevelt think that he can obscure the significance of these *facts* by making gentle verbal attacks on the Trusts in stump speeches?

"Words are good if they are backed up by deeds, and only so."

"I have uttered the good words," Mr. Roosevelt means by that, "but my party has failed to give them value by doing the good deeds that I, as an exemplar of civic righteousness and strenuous patriotism, wanted done."

The political effect hoped for from this play of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is a dilemma that will bewilder the Republican voter.

It is hoped that the Republican voter's mind will be made to work in this fashion:

"I am against the Trusts, and I want reciprocity with Cuba in accordance with the demand of national honor. But my party is owned by the Trusts and obeys them like a lackey. It has shown that it cares more for sugar than it does for the national honor. Therefore I ought to vote against my party.

"But President Roosevelt says he is as angry with the party as I am. He wants to uphold our honor and down the Trusts. Therefore I want to vote for the President.

"If I vote against my bad party, however, I must vote against the good President. I can't bear to vote against so virtuous a statesman as he is. Yet in order to vote for him I must vote for the party. There's no other way.

"But while I vote for my party I

want it distinctly understood that I do not approve of it. So, *Hurrah for Roosevelt, no Trusts and reciprocity!—and four years more of the party of the Trusts and no reciprocity!*"

The Republican party is quite willing to continue to play Mr. Hyde to Mr. Roosevelt's Dr. Jekyll, provided the results promise to be satisfactory. The party can afford to do without approval so long as it gets the votes.

When the curtain goes down on each day's performance, it is not difficult to imagine the smile exchanged between Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, nor the flutter of the eyelid that goes with the smile.

Mr. Roosevelt is a clever man. Even his goodness, conspicuous as that is—and kept bright and shining by the industry of his own righteous hands—is inferior to his cleverness as a politician.

And Mr. Roosevelt's party, which no longer can use a pretence of goodness in its business without exciting national ridicule, is as clever as he in politics, if not a good deal more so.

But there is a limit to the resources of cleverness in politics. This Republican play of Jekyll and Hyde passes that limit.

One, about whose goodness there can be no question, and who was as wise as good, laid down this political proposition as axiomatic:

"*You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time.*"

—New York American.

MUTE OPINION

I traversed a dominion
  Whose spokesmen spoke out strong
Their purpose and opinion
  Through pulpit, press, and song;
I scarce had means to note there
  A large-eyed few, and dumb,
Who thought not as those thought there
  That stirred the heat and hum.

When, grown a shade, beholding
  That land in lifetime trode,
To learn if its unfolding
  Fulfilled its clamored code,
I saw, in web unbroken,
  Its history outwrought,
Not as the loud had spoken,
  But as the dumb had thought.

—THOMAS HARDY.

THE WHITE CHILD-SLAVES

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER

"I know the sweat shops of Hester Street, New York; I am familiar with the vice, depravity and degradation of the Whitechapel district; I have visited the Ghetto of Venice; I know the lot of the coal miner in Pennsylvania, and I know somewhat of Siberian atrocities; but for misery, woe and hopeless suffering, I have never seen anything to equal the cotton mill slavery of South Carolina!"

THIS summing up of the shameful outcome of the ruling spirit of commercial feudalism, that debauches conscience, overrides every impulse of human kindness, ignores all considerations of the present and future welfare, not only of the child sacrificed, but of our civilization, is presented by the editor of the "Philistine" after a visit to the cotton mills of South Carolina.

The annals of negro slavery in that section before the war for its abolition are a bright and commendable record compared to this holocaust of child life. The black child was left to the enjoyment and development of physical being. Though no benefit of learning was its portion, the freedom of childhood from tasks that hindered healthful growth and physical enjoyment was theirs.

In the cotton mill slavery, the child slavery of today, the rapacity of capitalism sets aside every instinct and impulse that distinguishes humanity from the ravenous beast. The lives of innocent children are as ruthlessly sacrificed to the insatiable appetite of greed as they would be in the claws of the hungry tiger to his stomach!

Surely our people cannot be so paralyzed by this monster of wealth-worship that the wreckage of child life will fail to arouse human sympathy, and quicken to effective action the sense of justice that will seek the abolition of this fearful crime against helplessness, this horrible outrage of every instinct and impulse that distinguishes the human from the brute.

The following are extracts from the report of the investigations by Mr. Hubbard:

"The cotton mills of South Carolina are mostly owned and operated by New England capital. In many instances the machinery of the cotton mills has been moved entire from Massachusetts to South Carolina. The move was made for the ostensible purpose of being near the raw product, but the actual reason is that in South Carolina there is no regulation of child labor. Heartless cupidity has joined hands with brutal ignorance, and the result is child labor of so terrible a type that African slavery was a paradise compared with it.

"The infant factory slaves of South Carolina can never develop into men

and women. There are no mortality statistics; the mill owners baffle all attempts of the outside public to get at the facts, but my opinion is that in many mills death sets the prisoner free inside of four years. And this opinion is derived from careful observation, and interviews with several skilled and experienced physicians who practice in the vicinity of the mills."

One may feel and say it's a blessing they die, but what shall we feel and say of national honor and civic righteousness? What can we claim as a people pretending to have a religion based on the teachings of the Christ who left to His followers the new commandment? Are we satisfied that capital shall increase its profits by piling misery upon helpless childhood and sweeping them into graves recklessly?

"Boys and girls from the age of *six years* and upwards are employed. They usually work from six o'clock in the morning until seven at night. At noon I saw them squat on the floor and devour their food, which consisted mostly of corn bread and bacon. These weazened pigmies munched in silence and then toppled over in sleep on the floor in all the abandon of babyhood. When it came time to go to work the foreman marched through the groups shaking the sleepers, shouting in their ears, lifting them to their feet, and, in a few instances, kicking the delinquents into wakefulness.

"From a quarter to one until seven o'clock they worked without respite or rest. These toddlers, I saw for the most part did but one thing—they watched the flying spindles on a frame twenty feet long and tied the broken threads. They could not sit at their tasks; back and forth they paced, watching with inanimate, dull look the flying spindles.

"The noise of the machinery and the constant looking at the flying wheels reduce nervous sensation in a few months to the minimum. Memory is as dead as hope. He does his work like an automaton; he is part of the roaring machinery; memory is seared, physical vitality is at such a low ebb that he ceases to suffer.

"At a certain night school where several good women were putting forth efforts to mitigate the condition of these baby slaves, one of the teachers told me that they did not try to teach the children to read—they simply tried to arouse the spirit through pictures and telling stories."

The negro slave of ante-bellum days might have been driven to twelve hours of daily toil, but, first, he had enjoyed the physical childhood of animal nature, and was consequently fitted physically for hard tasks. Nor was he usually exhausted by those required of him, and could join in the social festivities agreeable to him after the day's task was finished. During a two years' stay in Southern Alabama, just preceding the war of the rebellion, the writer never came in contact with a slave, either on a plantation or in a hotel, who was incapable of mirth and a jolly social time.

The amount of effort put forth by house servants usually was far below that of the domestic helper and the average housewife of the north. There was no tread mill toil comparable to that of the cotton mill baby slaves today. And these Massachusetts capitalists who seek to increase their profits by exploiting the lives of children and interfering with the legal protection of infants, were not born and bred as were the Southern slave

owners in the atmosphere of an institution for which they were not responsible.

They are the product and representatives of an economic system that cheats humanity of its rightful inheritance in the bounties of nature, and robs the worker of the product of his toil, that dwarfs manhood and womanhood, destroys liberty, equality and fraternity, and drags all noble ideals and aspirations into the mire of a sordid ambition merely to accumulate wealth.

"South Carolina cannot abolish child labor because the mill owners who live in New England oppose it. They have invested their millions in South Carolina with the tacit understanding with Legislature and Governor, that there shall be no State inspection of mills, nor interference in any way with the management of employees. Each succeeding election the candidates for the Legislature secretly make promises that they will not pass a law forbidding child labor. They cannot hope for election otherwise—the capitalists combine with the 'crackers' and any man who favors the restriction of child labor is marked."

What a picture the opening twentieth century displays on the canvas of the land of Washington and Lincoln! Citizens of the native State of William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and many of the reviled abolitionists of the past century, and whose efforts to bring freedom to the chattel slave and to make our country really a "land of the free" finally brought the legal emancipation of the negro, these Massachusetts citizens less than half a century later, conspiring to fasten the chains of slavery on helpless childhood!

Could anything set forth in more striking contrast the principles of justice, liberty and the equal rights of all human beings for which Garrison and his co-workers struggled and suffered, and the inhuman debasing spirit that today in capitalism buries all these ennobling principles in the grave of heartless, selfish, all-devouring greed?

Would that every man and woman in our broad land could look upon the 20,000 child slaves in Southern cotton mills and realize what a colossal crime is being enacted.

Mr. Hubbard says: "I thought to lift one of the little toddlers to ascertain his weight. Straightway through his thirty-five pounds of skin and bones ran a tremor of fear, and he struggled forward to a broken thread. I attracted his attention by a touch and offered him a silver dime. He looked at me dumbly from a face that might have belonged to a man of sixty, so furrowed, tightly drawn and full of pain was it. He did not reach for the money—he did not know what it was. I tried to stroke his head and caress his cheek. My smile of friendship meant nothing to him—he shrank from my touch, as though he expected punishment."

Has any kind and degree of slavery in the record of human oppression and iniquity begun to compare with this wiping out of all that is the necessity, enjoyment, and blessedness of child life? And what is the benefit to capitalism of this invasion and devastation of human life?

"I learned from a reliable source that a cotton mill having a pay roll of six thousand dollars a week in New England, can run in the South for four thousand dollars a week. This means a saving of just one hundred thousand dollars a year; and the mills having a

capital of one million dollars thus get a clear gain of ten per cent. per annum."

It is not enough that capital has by filching nature's resources made of man's labor a commodity off which a profit is taken by the investor, but the bodies of helpless children and their possible development into men and women are swept by this remorseless tyrant into untold miseries and untimely graves.

"If the child workers of South Carolina could be marshalled by bugle call, headed by fife and drum, and marched through Commonwealth Avenue, out past the statue of William Lloyd Garrison, erected by sons of the men who dragged him through the streets at a rope's end, the sight would appal the heart and drive conviction home. Imagine an army of twenty thousand pigmy bondsmen, half naked, half starved, yellow, weazened, deformed in body, with drawn faces that show spirits too dead to weep, too hopeless to laugh, too pained to feel! Would not aristocratic Boston lock her doors, bar the shutters and turn in shame from such a sight?"

But the most glaring evidence of debauched conscience and moral strabismus is the fact that the exploiter of human life and devastator of manhood and womanhood puts a mask of piety over the system.

"Instead of abolishing child labor, capital gives a lot, near the mill property, to any preacher who will build a church, and another lot for a parsonage, and then agrees to double the amount any denomination will raise for a church edifice. Within a quarter of a mile from one cotton mill in Columbia, S. C., I counted seven churches, completed and in process of completion."

And in these so-called churches of God it is pretended the teachings of Jesus, who said all were children of "our Father," and emphasized loving the neighbor as oneself, are presented to these slaves of man's greed. And one of the preachers in excusing the horrible crime said to Mr. Hubbard, "Oh, of course, it's pretty bad—but then, dear brother, you know the children are better off in the mill than running on the streets!"

The child-destroying slavery in South Carolina stands out in bold relief the apex of the monumental crimes of all stages and forms of slavery of the past centuries from those of barbarism on through what is termed civilization, and even Christian (?) civilization!

The savagery of demons could not transcend the enormous cruelty and atrocious crime against humanity of the heartless seekers of wealth, and robbers of the inalienable right of every child born to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

"Bands of brave men and excellent women are waging war to stop the slaughter of the innocents" in Georgia and Alabama where "child labor exists to an extent nearly as grievous as in South Carolina."

May the hour soon arrive when the enlightened, love-quickened conscience of our nation shall seek the restoration of childhood's inalienable rights by the adoption of an economic and industrial system that shall establish justice, and make human life and development, progress and happiness of more importance and value, and more sacred than property and the accumulation of dollars.

Morgan's Interests Harmonize Nicely

The deal whereby J. P. Morgan & Co. turn the Bethlehem Steel Co. over to the new combine known as the United States Shipbuilding Co. is but another example of the United States Steel Corporation's policy of securing a permanent financial interest in the industries and companies who consume the products of the Steel combine in large quantities. Precisely what arrangement has been made by J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. with the Shipbuilding combine in behalf of the United States Steel Corporation is as yet unknown. But this much is certain, that the United States Steel Corporation exclusively will supply the United States Shipbuilding Co. with all of the steel products that the latter shall have occasion to need over and above the capacity of its own plants. These "over and above needs" are likely to be very large.

Although the Bethlehem Steel Co. manufactures plates it cannot nearly supply the Shipbuilding combine with all of the product it will need. On the other side the United States Steel Corporation undertakes to supply the Shipbuilding combine with this material at prices which will enable it to compete with foreign shipbuilders, and a still more interesting matter is that the United States Shipbuilding Co. will build all the vessels required by the Morgan trans-Atlantic shipping combine. The various ramifications of this "back-tickling" arrangement are expected to unfold in due time.

Meanwhile, there is no doubt that the bargain carries mutual advantages. The Bethlehem Steel Co. is quite the most important concern in the United States Shipbuilding system, and it is only reasonable to suppose that the United States Steel Corporation will have considerable to say as to how it shall be operated. The price to J. P. Morgan & Co. for control of the Bethlehem Steel Co. is for the present withheld, but it is understood that it was more than $24 per share, which is the price originally paid for control first by Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, and again by J. P. Morgan & Co. when the latter took the speculation off the hands of Mr. Schwab.

The advantages accruing to the United States Steel Corporation from this deal are manifest. If the United States Shipbuilding Co. develops along the lines projected, it will need large quantities of steel plates and other products of the United States Steel Corporation, and the latter has the former as its exclusive customer. One of the direct results of this deal is expected to be a removal of the efforts to form a combination of the several independent steel plate companies. A movement to this end failed several months ago, but negotiations are said to have been revived. The United States Steel Corporation produces about 50 per cent of the country's total output of steel plates.

Interests identified with the Steel combine are expected actively to participate in further efforts to organize independent manufacturers, and it is certain to have a considerable interest in any consolidation that may be effected. It was said today that as soon as it became known that the Bethlehem Steel Co. had gone into the United States Shipbuilding Co., a large shipbuilding concern that hitherto had refused to entertain any sort of a merger proposition has expressed a desire to become a constituent of the new combine. The company indicated is one of the largest in the business and once before its name was involved in a scheme to bring about a consolidation of British and American shipbuilding interests.

The list of companies in which the United States Steel Corporation is largely interested in a financial way now includes besides the United States Shipbuilding Co., the Steel Foundries Co., the Allis-Chalmers Co., the Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co. and the Nickel Corporation. How closely these widely scattered interests are to harmonize now begins to appear. The International Nickel Corporation, for example, furnishes material for tempering armor plate, the Steel Foundries Co. manufactures big castings for steamship engines, the United States Shipbuilding Co. will build vessels and the United States Steel Corporation produces the material that all the others need.

The first sale of the United States Shipbuilding subscriptions was made today upon the curb at 105.—New York Commercial.

A Millionaire Socialist.

About 600 people listened to an address last night in front of the postoffice by H. Gaylord Wilshire, known throughout the United States and Canada as "the millionaire Socialist." The speaker was scheduled to arrive from Detroit at 7 o'clock, but it was 8:30 before he reached the city. In the meantime the crowd waited patiently until nearly 9 o'clock, when Mr. Wilshire appeared.

He lost no time in getting down to business, and after briefly greeting the committee in charge of the meeting, he climbed up on a soap

box and opened his remarks with the statement that he wanted it understood at the start he was a Socialist and was lecturing in the interests of the Socialist party.

He did not agree, he said, with people who claimed that under the present prosperous conditions Socialism should not be discussed and that it was no time to attempt to show the workingman he is being fleeced.

"Notwithstanding all this prosperity, what have the working classes to show for it—merely a bucketful of cold victuals." The speaker claimed that the United States is the wealthiest nation on the earth, but the share of the workingman who creates all the wealth, is carried in a dinner pail. The speaker didn't know of any reason why the working classes should be contented with their lot.

"We refer to this country as 'ours' and are proud of it while in fact the country is owned by such men as Morgan, Rockefeller and the Vanderbilts—while the majority of the people are only boarders here.

"The introduction of improved machinery does not lighten the toil of man under the competitive system. Men work as hard as ever for a mere living, just as their grandfathers had done when work was done by hand. Neither do the working classes receive any of the benefits. A few wealthy men who have gained control of the machines reap all the profits."

The speaker said that that condition can be attained by the government owning and controlling the machinery used in production and also the means by which the finished product is distributed to consumers—the railroads and transportation lines.

The speaker spent some time discussing the surplus products which are being shipped abroad and said the Socialist party instead of hunting foreign markets was in favor of giving the worker the full product of his toil—and after that there would be no surplus.

Mr. Wilshire is the editor of a magazine which some time ago was denied admission to the mails by the postoffice department on the grounds that it was an advertising scheme and not a legitimate publication as the term is construed by the postal laws. The result was the publication was removed to Canada and is now being distributed through the Canadian mails and that government receives the postage.

Mr. Wilshire is a small unassuming man, wearing a full closely-trimmed beard, and has the appearance of a plain man of business rather than of a man of unlimited wealth. He was born in Cincinnati, where his father was a leading banker and manufacturer. After Mr. Wilshire's education was completed he became interested in the subject of Socialism and since then has devoted all of his time expounding its doctrines. He owns extensive ranch property in the west and also has banking and manufacturing interests in California.—Pt. Huron Times.

MUST BUY THE SANTA FE.

That the Pennsylvania Railway will ultimately acquire the Santa Fe Railway, making a single system from ocean to ocean is an absolute certainty. I have been predicting this for ten years. This from the New York Commercial would seem to indicate that "somethin' is doin'."

Philadelphia, July 24.—Heavy trading in Santa Fe stock is construed here as evidence of Pennsylvania buying for control by lease or purchase.

The Santa Fe system embraces more than 8,000 miles of track, stretching from Chicago and Kansas City to Galveston in the South and westward to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

When the deal finally occurs it must and it will be followed by a general amalgamation of all the railways in the U. S. under a single head.

It taps Denver and a hundred important smaller towns in the Southwest--the home of the Gould roads. Joined with the Pennsylvania it would constitute the most gigantic railroad system of the whole world.

It would complete a direct transcontinental trunk line, with 25,000 miles of track. It would have terminals in the great cities of the East—New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg. It would be impregnable in Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and Denver, and would be the only rival to the Southern Pacific lines into San Francisco.

This stupendous aggregation would dominate the coal fields of the East, feed upon the grain fields of the middle West and carry the cattle of the Southwest.

We have in stock Nos. 2 and 3 of the GAUNTLET Library, No. 2 containing "Why a Workingman Should be a Socialist," 50 cts. per 100, and No. 3, "The Significance of the Trust," 28 pages, $1.00 per hundred postpaid.

CORRESPONDENCE

BEULAH, New Mexico, June 20, 1902.

I was surprised in reading the May number of your Magazine to find that a man of the evident erudition of Rev. W. Thurston Brown should fail so completely to grasp the point of his subject as he does in his paper entitled "Socialism and the Church."

I do not wish to review Mr. Brown's paper further than to point out the fact that an argument against any doctrine or creed, made in the name of Socialism, must inevitably and unnecessarily do harm to the cause of Socialism.

Suppose a man with religious views opposed to Mr. Brown's, had vaguely heard of Socialism as some new theory that he would like to investigate. If he should read Mr. Brown's article I do not doubt his verdict would be, "If that is Socialism, I do not want any of it."

In my case, while I scarcely consent to a line of Mr. Brown's argument on religion, my knowledge of Socialism protects me from becoming prejudiced by his exposition.

Having said so much, I would like to develop my own idea of the natural relation of Socialism to the church.

We should bear in mind that Socialism is the state. Socialism would no more affect theories in regard to spiritual things than any other organization of social government that aims at just and equitable laws—if we take into consideration one fact only.

It is a matter of history that churches and creeds the world over have, from time to time, been betrayed by their priests or those who were in a position to make gain, or as Peter puts it, "merchandise of the doctrines." I think there is incontrovertible evidence that the active motive for this treachery has always been avarice.

In a pure social state that gives to every man an equal right in all the wealth of the state, there will be no place for avarice. Perhaps it is still necessary to explain that by a pure social state is understood one that owns the entire wealth of the country; and each citizen by rendering a proportionate service is entitled to an equal interest in that wealth.

We understand that a company of individuals might combine and subscribe from their individual credits a sum equal to the credit of another and thus secure his services for their private purposes. It might be possible for a sufficient number of individuals to subscribe a sum greater than one individual credit with the state; so that the person paid by private subscription could be wealthier than the subscribers, or ordinary members of society. But it is scarcely conceivable that any company of individuals would make up such a subscription under such circumstances, and I can imagine that a person who would receive such a subscription, for the purpose of giving his time to the service of humanity would not stand very high in his community. If it were possible at all, the practice would be most limited, so we are safe in expecting that our social state would wipe out every incentive to avarice.

Men will continue to theorize. Probably many then, as now, from false hypotheses; but so long as they believe in their theories, they will continue to expound them to others. They will either use their own leisure time for this purpose, or if there is a sufficiently strong following of those who wish the apostles of their creed to devote their whole time to its service, they will secure their time so that they can use it in that way. But no one will be tempted to promulgate a doctrine for the sake of making gain of it, and whatever false doctrines there may be now supported from such motives will naturally drop off like withered leaves. For instance, if there is anything that really appeals to a goodly part of the human race in the doctrine of purgatory, masses, free masses, will continue to be said for the dead. But if it is a doctrine that is kept alive solely for the sake of the fee for the mass, it will soon die away. Restricting ourselves to the United States, I think we can say that there is not a single church organization that wholly escapes the effect of our present social institutions on its spiritual life. If its doctrines are not distorted through greed it is still affected by arbitrary class sentiments or other unworthy ideas due entirely to social conditions.

Whatever evil is due to near-sightedness or narrowness of spirit under false conditions will naturally rectify itself when these elements are removed and the things that make for truth and justice take their place.

Nothing that is true has anything to fear from justice. So that we may confidently expect the true church, whichever it may be, to stand out in a purer and truer light under Socialism than under present conditions.

Personally, I am a protestant of the Calvinistic school. Should I be so happy as to see the Socialistic state inaugurated, I should expect still to be a Presbyterian. I have friends and acquaintances connected with almost every creed that is promulgated, and many who do not accept any. I would not expect to see any of these changed directly by the new order, but I would be very much interested in watching the spiritual development of the people for the first fifty years. At the end of that time I feel satisfied that Moody, Spurgeon and Talmage would be more highly honored in memory than Abbott, Brown or Briggs. But if anyone, looking into the subject of Socialism, should see their papers and disagree with me on the doctrine of atonement or with Mr. Brown for his opposition to that doctrine, I beg of him not to let the fact prejudice his idea of Socialism.

Liberty of conscience will be just as secure under the Socialist state as any other. Even false doctrines may thrive if enough people care to support them on principle. I cannot see that Socialism will affect the mind in regard to beliefs in spiritual things except, as already demonstrated, where doctrines are supported through avarice, or where snobbery or false class lines are rebuked. It will discourage hypocrisy and give every encouragement to the development of truth.

Truly yours,
ALICE BLAKE.

TOPEKA, Kansas, June 2nd, 1902.

I have for some time been an interested reader of your magazine, and an admirer of your progressive campaign in behalf of Socialism, and make bold to write you concerning the matter, which I believe can be made a step in the direction of Socialism, if it has proper attention.

I hope you will at least take time to give the matter herein presented, careful consideration, and write me your views. I am a Socialist, and should you feel interested in the subject matter of this letter, or desire to make enquiry concerning my sincerity, and accuracy of statement, I would ask you to correspond with any, or all of the following well-known Socialists of this State: Frank Doster, Chief Justice of our Supreme Court; Mrs. Anna L. Diggs, for four years, and until lately, State Librarian; John W. Breidenthal, for eight years Bank Commissioner of Kansas; Stephen H. Allen, Associate Justice of our Supreme Court, or W. E. Bush, ex-Secretary of State, all of Topeka.

One of the most gigantic, far-reaching, arrogant, lawless, extortionate monopolies of the United States, and indeed of the world, is the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The first, and only law passed in this country seeking to establish reasonable telegraphic rates, was enacted by our last People's Party legislature in 1899.

By this law it was enacted that telegraph companies operating in the State of Kansas, should transmit messages at the rate of fifteen cents for the first ten words exclusive of address and signature, and one cent for each additional word, and further providing that if any such telegraph company should fail, refuse, or neglect to transmit any such message, after the legal charges thus provided for had been paid or tendered, such company should be liable to a person sending or trying to send such message, in the sum of $100 as damages to be recovered in a civil action.

The Telegraph Company has wholly ignored the law, and totally refused to comply with the same to any extent whatever; it claims that its receipts and disbursements, for its Kansas business, are such that if it should comply with the law, it would be required to transact business within the State at a loss, and that therefore the law is confiscatory and void, under the fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States. Some time ago actions were brought by certain parties to recover these penalties, and thereby the question of the validity of the law has gone into the courts for determination. The story of this litigation is too long to be retold in detail, but the gist of the matter is as follows:

(1) The Telegraph Company presented to the court a sworn statement of its receipts and disbursements. This statement was entirely untruthful; it was one of the most colossal pieces of perjury that was probably ever presented to a court.

(2) The court appointed a referee to hear and determine the questions of fact concerning receipts and disbursements of the company. The referee visited New York, and after hobnobbing with the officers of the company for two weeks, returned to Topeka, and made a

report in violation of every rule of evidence, and the procedure applicable to the case, and in total disregard of the facts as developed before him, recommending that the law be declared to be invalid.

(3) Recently another effort has been made to vindicate the validity of the law in another jurisdiction in the State, but we have been tied up by injunctions issued from both the State and Federal Courts.

(4) This litigation has been carried on, on behalf of the validity of the law by Judge Stephen H. Allen, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and myself. We have not received any compensation whatever, and are willing to continue without any, providing some arrangements can be made to defray actual expenses of the litigation.

If this law is sustained, it means a permanent reduction of fifty per cent. in the telegraphic rates of this State, which is sure to be followed by similar laws in other States, with the probability of such laws being sustained. There is already much agitation in Congress, in favor of public ownership of the telegraph. Indeed the Industrial Commission recommends it. Should it be demonstrated in these legal proceedings that the rates prevailing are extortionate, as they in fact are, this will greatly stimulate the movement for public ownership.

I have made considerable effort to get the users of the telegraph in this State to back this litigation, but I find they are afraid to do so. They are afraid the Telegraph Company will retaliate by furnishing them poor service, thereby ruining their business, and there is much danger of it. Can you not suggest some way of securing the proper backing to carry through this litigation, and vindicate the validity of this most righteous law, which I believe will, indirectly, be a marked step in the direction of the Socialization of the telegraph?

Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience, I remain, yours truly,

L. A. STEBBINS.

[ANSWER.—Teach the people Socialism.—H. G. W.]

VENTURA, Cal., July 3rd, 1902.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."

The above being a principle I try to stand by, I feel in justice compelled to drop you a line. Somewhere near a year ago I wrote you that I was so disgusted with your egotistic ranting in the CHALLENGE that I did not care how soon my paper was discontinued, as the first yearly instalment was becoming an intolerable dose. That I had never before blushed for the name of Socialism, etc., etc. (for to me Socialism had come as a heaven-born light—a vision of the true republic of the future—and I held my grand ideal too sacred to be dealt with in burlesque as a prejudiced public would surely be justified in viewing it as thus set forth by a leading exponent). Then it was issued from Los Angeles and you were "parading in cap and bells"—hounding Bryan and hurling challenges right and left like a bully spoiling for a fight. What a change environment has made! Under the British crown with what dignity you are proving yourself master of the situation! Is it that you required that restraint to hold you to your proper dignity—the shadow of a crown?

I, though born under the British crown, have no affiliation for British rule. However, it seems you have found advantages denied you in the boasted American Republic, and WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, as now published, is a credit both to the cause and its publisher, and I notice it is attracting the attention of those who used to hold the CHALLENGE in contempt.

Long may it live (!) or at least until it has accomplished its mission and Messrs. Morgan, Rockefeller & Co. have conceded to its demand: "Let the Nation own the Trusts."

Being an invalid and in my seventy-second year—growing more feeble each day—doubting if I shall see the next issue of your Magazine, which I now look on as the most powerful weapon (aided by the Appeal to Reason) in the battle for human rights, I feel that I should die better satisfied having testified to its true merit.

If Paul justified himself in being "a fool for Christ's sake" you stand justified in playing the fool for the sake of the grandest cause the world ever battled for—the redemption of humanity from the tyranny of human greed and opening the way for higher development physically, mentally and spiritually.

Fraternally yours,

ADELAIDE COMSTOCK.

P.S.—Mechanically, this has been by the greatest effort. Please excuse.—A. C.

WOMAN'S NATIONAL SOCIALIST UNION,
WENONAH STEVENS ABBOTT, Pres.,
OAK, Shasta Co., Cal., July 9, 1902.

As I have seen no reference to the Woman's Union in your Magazine, I think it must be

that my earlier letter went astray, and I therefore send you another copy of our constitution. Can you not publish our Declaration of Principles, at least? We will greatly appreciate any notice that you may give us, for it is uphill work organizing women without funds to travel about and meet them personally.

I presume that it is unnecessary to tell you that, while the women's movement is not affiliated with the party organization and will in many cases use different tactics, we are most of us members in good standing of the political organization and doing this work with a view to aiding the other. We shall exert special efforts to reaching youth, while its political beliefs are not established, with the hope of counteracting much of the false economic teachings of our schools and doing good now, that these young people may be properly trained voters when they become of age. The party organization cannot, of course, give special attention to those who are merely prospective voters, so we must fill this "want." Then, too, the women will eventually be granted suffrage. If they are not educated as to economics previous to that time, their votes will retard progress. If they are as thoroughly established in this knowledge as in the multiplication table, their votes will go overwhelmingly for Socialism.

As to present methods, we wish to establish classes for the young, giving training in parliamentary practice, lessons in economics, etc. We also propose to have oratorical contests—subject matter being Socialistic—whereby we can kill two birds, etc.; train the lads for public speaking and the audiences in Socialism. We are at this time collecting books for travelling libraries, which we will make special efforts to get into communities where there are no reading-rooms and where all literature is gladly welcomed. These libraries will contain such Socialistic works as we can compass, stories pointing that way, good histories, Darwin's works (if we can afford them), and, in short, all kinds of books that can wake folk up and get them out of the ruts, without sending them into sidetracks that are unavailing. Do you approve? Have you any suggestions to make? This is also your work, you know, for it is for our common good.

As soon as I can compass it (if I ever can), I wish to publish a good general magazine for women. (Not the usual wishy-washy kind, but one that is alive.) Certain departments will be devoted to Socialism, but others will not be avowedly such. As I have had many years' experience in newspaper and magazine work, I am sure that I can make this "go" if I can arrange to get it started; but "there's the rub," for meanwhile I must use my pen to bring in bread and butter for the family and do what I can for the cause.

Sincerely,
WENONAH STEVENS ABBOTT.

PALL MALL CLUB,
12 St. James' Square, S. W.,
May 20th, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—I am obliged to you for sending me the copy of your Magazine. I propose quoting the "Disadvantages of Not Being a Princess" article in the next issue of the Eastern European Review, of which I am Editor. I send you a copy of the paper in question. It will, I trust, entertain you.

GEORGE CECIL.

OREGON CITY, Ore., April 24, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—I think I must owe about $1.00 for subscription to WILSHIRE'S, for which I enclose M. O. for that amount. It is a good Magazine and I enjoy it. I do wonder that more men with time and money to burn do not go to work with reform measures as an interesting and exciting game even if they did not have any other motive.

Yours truly,
W. S. U'REN.

UNIVERSITY STATION, SEATTLE,
June 10, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed find thirty cents, for which please send me copies of your Magazine for January, February and March. I cannot get them here.

I want to thank you for what you are doing for humanity through the publication of this splendid periodical. You get at the heart of things and speak plainly.

Our country was in disgrace enough already, but this recent action of the postoffice department with reference to your publication should cause every citizen to blush for shame.

Continue to speak and write and picture the TRUTH, and may God bless you.

Faithfully yours,
THOMAS C. WISWELL.

You have many friends in Seattle.—T. C. W.

From a Distinguished Rabbi.

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:—Last month, in answer to my letter mailed, I was requested by you to note your article in your July issue, "The Significance of the Trust." I have read that article and, acting on your suggestion, I submit my opinion.

I belong to that class of poor men who do not fear the Trust. This does not mean that I am not one of its helpless victims, or that my position is one of exemption. I am one of the millions who actually suffer from the normal conditions of our industrial era. But in spite of this fact and the circumstances of our age—a twice-told tale to any intelligent reader—in spite of these miserable conditions, I see in the Trust one of the most hopeful evidences of Socialism.

Reading history aright, we have reason to believe that humanity obtains what it wants, and so soon as a people realize what they want, they get it, by one means or another. Political liberty was snatched from selfish aristocracy because the people demanded it—yes, demanded it by shakings of bloody fists, by war, and the running of the red, red blood. Political liberty was achieved among men, and because man has obtained one of freedom's instruments he is on the way to battle for other liberties which will come to him as his birthright in the later days. Humanity demanded political liberty because they knew what they wanted and they were weary of kings and those who owned them, by one sort of right or another, known under the pseudonym of "divine right." But we have political liberty, though it is abused and the fewest understand how powerful it is. We have political liberty—we will soon have economic liberty. The people are demanding it and then humanity rapidly learns the best way to do a thing..

It is easier for us to govern ourselves than to have a king govern us. It is easier for us to conserve energies than to waste them. It is easier for a Trust to sell commodities than a multitude of petty middle-men. It is the most economical way to do the thing—we all know that—and because it is so handy, convenient and altogether desirable, the people will eventually demand it for their own. The nation will some day own the Trusts. The nation itself is a Trust and it will expand its utilities and functions—and that right soon. Let all the people know that it is easier to own their railroads than to entrust them to a few, chosen at haphazard from various walks of life, and the people will demand it—and get it.

We are living in an age of awakening. There was a time when every workman supposed that in his back yard was a hidden gold mine. To ally himself with any movement that tended to better his condition, was a sad disillusionizing, because in his back yard, according to his fantasy, was his gold mine. A laboring man who pleaded for union was an anarchist. The laboring man was a prospective capitalist and since the House of Have had everything it seemed to be the proper thing for him to join the House of Have, either as retainer or scavenger to his nibs, the "boss." There are a few who still idle away their days in preserving this dream somewhat in the same manner the Chicago packers embalmed beef for our illustrious soldiers who upheld the honor of this glorious nation by shooting little boys over and under ten in the jungles of the Philippines. Only a few nurse this putrid dream. Most wage earners realize that they will never get rich and the few square yards of soil in their back yard covers no hidden gold mine. The wage earner has suddenly grown wise—he finds that he is a cog in a machine, or when he ceases to philosophize and grumbles, he calls himself a dog—the under dog, one of a pack, not a hound or a perfumed collie, but a very ordinary dog.

No man accepts abuse as a potion or balm of healing, but your wage earner, realizing that he is the under dog, began to scratch his head and ask himself where he is at. He is an intelligent fellow, so the politicians told him so long as he voted for the party which had the biggest graft, and the wage earner really fancied he was a pretty intelligent fellow—he knew what was the matter. To be sure he knew what ailed him—he voted for the protection of infant industries and it never cost him more to live than the day he voted for the protection of infant industries. He gave valuable franchises away without a murmur, threw them at some one shrewd enough to know that there is no more extravagant being on earth than a wage earner—a laboring man. He gave everything away and then suddenly, when he discovered that he was wearing poorer clothes, eating less substantial food and paying more for them, when it cost him more to live, when his boy and his girl had a poorer prospect than he to make their way in the world; after all that, the wage earner, your honest intelligent laboring man, the pride of the exploiting politician, asked himself a pertinent question. That question, worded in an ordinary language, was,

"What's the use? What's the use of all this? For whom am I working? What's it for? What's the matter?"

These questions are on everyone's lips. They are the most helpful, the most redemptive factors of our day. These are the eternal negatives of humanity. From age to age men have asked the same question, "What's the use? What's the matter?" They asked it when tyrants slaughtered them, when priests coerced them into accepting crass superstitions, when bigots held them enthralled. From age to age, man asks, what for (?) and they are asking it today.

It resolves itself into this simple statement, that if Rockefeller and Morgan, if this Oil Trust and that coal baron can manage all the coal fields and oil wells, all the railroads and the shipyards, then they, as individuals, can do for the whole people what they now do for themselves. It is the best way to do that thing, and since it is the best way, we, the people of the United States, demand that way for ourselves. The nation must own the Trust because it is itself a Trust.

The Trust is then to me, no bugaboo, but as it is operated today, it is for the whole people the best object lesson of what is to be the order and condition of society in the near future. Let it be Socialism or communism, the words are of small moment, society is demanding the simplest way to do something, and since it is agreed that man must live by bread, but not by bread alone, the best minds and hearts of our generation declare that no one must gamble with the life necessities of humanity. The conscience of the people rebel against gambling with essentialities. Food is grown for man. The Creator planted food on earth for man to sustain himself, and the time is at hand when no one dare use the food of earth to enrich himself or deprive his brother of actual things.

This ideal is part of the growing conscience of our day. I see then, in the Trust, the one movement towards a larger ownership of materials—that ownership vested in the entire people. When it is understood that wheat and corn are not to gamble with, but to sustain life, we will rid ourselves of poverty because we will have then banished the pest of private ownership in property. To obtain our actual necessities will demand less time, that is, less labor. To earn man's bread will not be a matter of ten or eight hours. With a more economic system of distribution, it will be possible for one to labor less and obtain with less labor what is now wrought only at a terrific expense of muscular energy.

The Trust thus expanded would create a gigantic unemployed labor army. Earth would swarm with unoccupied hordes, and the consequences of such a condition are so frightful that to contemplate it fills one with dread and horror. But this army will not arise, and in this wise I beg to differ with you in your article. There will be no unemployed army, because the worker will return again to his workshop where, of his own accord, and after the ideas and training he has received, in his industrial school he will make and fashion these articles that fancy and art outline for him. The day of the craftsman is approaching. We are entering that era of industrialism when art without industry is guilt and industry without art is brutality.

Socialism in itself would be baleful. Socialism is only an instrument—another method to obtain for the worker a means of returning to his shop where he can make these articles whose simplicity will be their beauty.

Socialism is economic freedom, and it is freedom that man craves. Let my people go free, was the cry Moses raised in the court of Pharaoh. Let my people go free! Our inventions, our improved methods of commerce, our Trusts, are only better methods to return to the individual the means of retaining his soul. Unless our inventions master the cruder forces of nature, what avail are they? Unless our Trusts aid us in distributing the products of earth, what boots it? If Socialism will not help us regain that economic freedom which is essential to life, what is its message and motive? We must be free to work in our way, to build the city beautiful, to rear our homes, built by our hands, furnished with the articles of our making. Our home, in every sense, equipped with the work of our hands—that is our destiny.

Very truly yours,

JOSEPH LEISER,

Rabbi Mt. Sinai Temple.

Sioux City, Io., July 14, 1902.

BOOKS

THE PASSING OF CAPITALISM. Isador Ladoff. Paper, 154 pp., 25 cents. Standard Publishing Co., Terre Haute, Ind.

Mr. Ladoff has written a book of profound philosophic thought and great erudition.

While possibly written in rather too heavy a style for the average American reader, yet it is a difficult task to elucidate a scientific theory in the language of the summer novelist. I quote a few excerpts from Mr. Ladoff's book which may give a general idea of its contents:

The economic structure of our modern society is clearly drifting towards the socialization of industry, and Socialism is preparing the people for this revolutionary change. The time is near when the tools of production and raw material will be turned over to the people engaged in production, when production will be carried on not for profit, but for consumption, when socialized production will be carried on by society in the interest of society; in short, when society at large will be the master of its own economic destiny. Such a revolution in economic life demands a radical revision and readjustment of our moral conceptions; it demands a clear vision of the drift of our time and a great deal of enthusiasm in the cause of human welfare. This clearness of vision, this enthusiasm and the gospel of a new system of ethics Socialism brings to the people.

ISADOR LADOFF.

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As the knowledge of all the parts of the human body is the condition sine qua non of a good physician, the knowledge of all the laws of the interrelations of human beings is necessary for every Socialist who deserves the name. Socialism is no longer an idle dream; it is not a panacea, or a specific cure against a certain disease, it is not a science by and for itself. It is infinitely more than all that. It is the application of all the results of scientific investigation, of the results of human thought and noblest feelings to the problems of social life. Great is the dignity of a healer of the afflictions of the human body, and the preserver of health, but great are also his responsibilities. To be called a Socialist is the highest compliment that can be paid by one man to another. To be a true Socialist is the highest distinction a man can attain on earth. But how many deserve to be called so, and how many pretend to be Socialists, without any shadow of right to be counted as such? It is not enough to repeat thoughtlessly certain ready-made maxims and sentences in order to be a Socialist. It is necessary to study society in all its aspects and phases, to read, think and investigate much and long, in order to have the right to call one's self a Socialist. One independent thinking man is worth thousands of thoughtless repeaters of other people's ideas. It is a great and noble thing to "make Socialists," but the proper way to do is to make them study, think and judge for themselves, to put them on their own feet. Feeling alone, sincere as it be, is not a secure foundation for a soldier of Socialism. Knowledge, and conviction coming from knowledge, and independent thought, are the most precious qualities of a healer of social wrong and a true social reformer. The so-called socialistic leaders who are opposed to academic study of society, because they "want fighters," are false prophets. Socialism in order to succeed must conduct an educational crusade. German Socialists owe their success to the systematic education of the masses, started by the genial Ferdinand Lassalle and kept up to our day. The Socialists of England try to do the same. The American Socialists must adopt the same policy. An ignorant soldier is a poor fighter. Society is not an organism, but an organization. Indeed, it is the highest stage of organization of matter to be met with in nature.

Sociology is a natural science in the full meaning of the term. Society is governed by the same laws that rule the rest of the organic and inorganic world. The proper method of studying society consists in the analysis of the forces which form and keep societies alive. Before we begin this analysis, however, we must cast a cursory glance at the probable stages of the development of society among primitive men.

The first stage consisted probably of a grouping of men in small numbers for the purpose of a more successful acquirement of food. The

second stage was the association of larger numbers of men in consequence of their more rapid multiplication due to increased sagacity in providing food. The establishment of some rude forms of government formed the third stage of social life. Tribal development can be accepted as the fourth stage of the association of man, eventually resulting in the union of tribes into nations, and the union of nations into higher aggregates of a cosmopolitan character.

Let us now see what are the social forces of which we have spoken. Society is an aggregation of men, and we have therefore to consider the forces of human activity in particular in order to understand their general and complex manifestations in society. The animal world is governed by two primary principles. One is the self-preservation of the individual, and the other the propagation of the race. These principles are manifested in corresponding desires. These desires are natural forces, compelling their agents to perform certain acts leading to certain results. The human animal makes no exception to these primary principles of organic life.

Hunger, thirst and cold are the most powerful stimulants to human activity. It is want of food, clothing and shelter that compels men to work, to create industries, to accumulate wealth, to proclaim rights of property, to fix rules of conduct, to found cities and establish states, to inaugurate wars and arrange peace. The great difference between man and the brute creation consists not in the desire of the individual to live and reproduce his kind, but rather in the method of gratifying these blind but strong desires.

* * * * * * *

Human society is subjected to the same laws of evolution and devolution, development and decay, organization and disorganization, as the rest of the organic world. All institutions of human society are of a transitory character, they develop, grow and succeed each other according to certain laws. Cannibalism was succeeded by slavery, slavery by serfdom, serfdom by free individual production, individual production by socialized manufacture, and at last by machine production, the prevalent mode of production in our own time.

* * * * * * *

Advanced Socialist thinkers do not expect any sudden transformation of the present capitalistic state of society into a co-operative commonwealth by the means of a popular revolt or in conseqence of a general economic collapse. They do not unduly idealize the proletariat as a creative social factor ready to perform miracles of constructive work when given a fair chance after a violent social upheaval. History does not warrant such an idealization. History does not support the faith of the Socialists of the old school that capitalism is bound to work out, mechanically so to speak, its own destruction and then be replaced automatically by Socialism, even in case no conscientious and conscious endeavor to work in that direction exists on the part of the members of society. History abounds rather in examples of civilization of thousands of years' standing that crumbled like dust and were replaced by barbarism under the stress of social-economic incongruities. Socialism may save our modern civilization from such a fate if consciously innoculated and diligently reared in the midst of the Capitalistic society, but not otherwise. The transformation of the capitalistic state into a Socialistic one can be brought about more or less gradually. Socialism must grow, so to speak, into our present society and permeate its entire system until it absorbs and transforms it into the new order.

I must say that in regard to this last excerpt from Mr. Leadoff wherein he says that "advanced Socialist thinkers do not expect any sudden transportation" I must disagree with him.

I should say that with few exceptions practically every well-known Socialist in the United States thinks there is a very strong probability of a "general economic collapse" ushering in Socialism. We all agree, however, that the persistent agitation of Socialist views is gradually educating the people, and that if no prolonged economic collapse of industry occurs, Socialism must come as the deliberate and conscious action of the people.

It seems to me, however, a "collapse in industry" is as sure to happen as any possible event can be predicted. This collapse will come from the inability of the capitalists to dispose of the surplus flowing into their hands as the result of the competitive wage system. Unemployed men means starving men. To employ them it seems to me and many other "advanced Socialists" that Socialism must prove the only remedy.

Even such a staunch defender of capitalism as the London Times sees that economic events do not always and necessarily proceed in a leisurely way. In an article on the Shipping Trust, on May 22, it says:

"The shipping combination illustrates a truth taught by all history, when properly read, though concealed by all history as usually taught. The truth is that the larger destinies of nations are mainly worked out by economic forces, which politicians rarely understand and still more rarely have any capacity to control. The shipping combination indicates a shift in in the economic centre of gravity. It is not a freak of Mr. Morgan's. It is not a whim of American men of business. It is not an expression of any sort or kind of hostility to this country. It is the expression and the consequence of pre-existing conditions and of economic movements that have been going on under our noses. As a nation we do not look at such things. Our politicians are too busy with the trumpery affairs of party squabbles and the infinite verbosity of the House of Commons. The public at large are, in plain English, not

educated enough to consider such things. Anyone who dwells upon them is pooh-poohed as a crank or an alarmist. But movements do not stop because people refuse to see them; all that happens is that the people are tremendously startled when the door which has been steadily and gradually closing finally shuts with a bang."

CAPITAL. By Karl Marx. Chicago: Chas, H. Kerr & Company, 56 Fifth Ave. $2.00 postpaid.

This is THE classic of Socialism, the greatest work of the great thinker who laid the philosophical foundation for the working class movement. The publishers have imported direct from England an edition of this great work which will be absolutely identical with the copies now being advertised at $2.50 a copy. It is a large volume of over 800 octavo pages, printed on fine book paper, and bound in cloth with gold stamping. It is not an abridgement, but the complete work so far as it has yet been translated into English.

BRITAIN FOR THE BRITISH. By Robert Blatchford. A new book by the author of Merrie England. Cloth, 190 pages, 50 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Ave.

This book might equally well have been called America for the Americans, for it is a bold assertion of the right of the people who live in a country to own that country themselves, instead of living by the favor of a small owning class.

Merrie England has been thus far the most popular Socialist book ever written. Its sales have reached nearly 2,000,000 copies. Britain for the British is written in the same bright and chatty style that made Merrie England so popular, but it shows a stronger grasp of the principles of Socialism and is from every point of view a much greater book. No Socialist, and no one inquiring into Socialism, can afford to miss it.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE RUSKIN CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION. By Prof. Isaac Broome. Cloth, 50 cents, postpaid. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company, 56 Fifth Ave.

Owing to exceptional conditions this colony attained a world-wide prominence. It was the last great attempt to realize Socialism through the colony route. As such, a knowledge of its rise and fall is of the greatest interest to all students of Socialism.

Prof. Broome writes still warm from the spirit of controversy that marked the downfall of the colony and with unabated enthusiasm for the ideals it sought to realize. This gives a vividness and interest to the work such as could not possibly be found in the chronicle of any mere outside observer. He admits us behind the scenes, as it were, and we see the whole workings of the forces of dissolution and confusion.

There are numerous full-page half-tone engravings of the buildings, surroundings and residents of the colony, which give added interest and vividness.

AMERICAN COMMUNITIES. By William Alfred Hinds, Ph. D. It is a large book of 433 pages, cloth bound, and is sent postpaid to any address for $1.00. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company, 56 Fifth Ave.

Now that the Utopian stage of American Socialism is past, the time has come to write its history. In Mr. Hinds we have the ideal historian. For many years a resident of one such colony, he has spent much time in visits to and personal investigation of others. This gives him just the sympathetic knowledge which makes his work at once interesting and accurate. Some of the colonies described are:

The Ephrata Community of Pennsylvania, founded in 1732 and still existing;

The Shakers with the 15 Celibate Colonies, 1,000 Members, and $1,500,000 worth of Property;

Robert Owen, the "Father of English Socialism," and His American Communities;

The Oneida Community, its radical Religious and Social principles, its Pecuniary Success and its change to a Joint Stock basis;

The Fourieristic Associations and Phalanxes in different States, particularly the Brook Farm Association of Massachusetts;

The Inspirationists and their Seven Amana Communities in Iowa, with a Present Membership of 1,700 and a Commercial Rating of AAA 1.

The work is elaborately illustrated with full-page photographs of persons, buildings and colony scenes of importance.

The Child and the Farm.

PROF. A. M. SOULE.

Everywhere in this broad land a cry is going up that the boys and girls are leaving the farm. The condition is not surprising when one recalls the fact that nothing has been done to engraft a love of the soil and country life on the mind of the child during the entire time he is in school, though this frequently covers a period of several years.

The great and growing importance of our agricultural interests, the rapid increase of our population, the greater demand for foodstuffs, and the greater difficulty experienced in producing maximum crops owing to the exhaustion of our soils from abusive culture makes it imperative that more attention be given to this subject than has been done in the past. The question therefore arises as to how, when and where this can be done, as to what object, method or plan should be pursued to overcome the present difficulty and bring the children more closely in contact with nature and make them more familiar with the soil and with the aesthetic side of agriculture and the beauties of country life.

The great difficulty in making the teaching of agriculture a success in the country schools is due to the fact that so few teachers are interested in it, so few knowing anything about it, and those who have attempted to teach it have so frequently gone about it in the wrong way. The subject of elementary agriculture is as properly a nature study as any of the many subjects that are now dignified by that title. It is a simple subject, exceedingly so, because it deals with the simple facts and truths of nature. Some have called it a science, maintaining that it is a profound science in that its basic principles include something of so many allied sciences, until the teacher, the child and the farmer himself have become frightened into believing that the subject is so subtle that it cannot be comprehended, even by grown persons, much less by children. This is because a mountain has been made out of a mole hill; it is because the elementary principles of the subject have not been sufficiently unraveled, and therefore the subject has been presented to the children in such a difficult way that they could not comprehend it.

The true way to teach the principles of agriculture is to show the children many and simple experiments that demonstrate its principles, and which even the smallest child can appreciate. For example, it is an easy matter to show the child how important water is to growth by taking two trays of sand, planting seeds in them, and moistening one and leaving the other dry. In ordinary soils the seeds will germinate. To show how a soil, when it is too wet, may destroy germination, take the same two trays, fill with fresh soil, plant seeds in both and puddle the surface of the one and leave the other slightly moistened. Of course the seeds in the puddled tray will fail to grow. Other experiments might be added, exceedingly simple and easy to perform and that are of great interest to children, experiments that will help them to appreciate the study of agriculture and the purposes of plant growth, which will bring them in contact with the soil and give them a fondness and love for nature and a desire to investigate the many curious phases of plant life about them.

One of the greatest adjuncts that can be employed to assist the teacher in his work is a school garden. The smallest school can afford to have one. It requires only a very small area of ground with such tools as the children can bring from their homes. It can be spaded up and properly fertilized with a few loads of barnyard manure gathered from some neighboring farm. Some well drained and suitable section of the school yard should be selected for the garden, where it will not interfere with the play ground and where it can be protected and given proper attention. Then seeds for the planting can be brought by the little ones from their homes, thus giving each one an added interest in the garden. Or, if they cannot be gotten in this way, they can be obtained through the Senators or Representatives, or from seedsmen who will be glad to contribute small packages of seeds for such a purpose. If fertilizers are needed, almost any manufacturer will be glad to send a few small packages of the different brands to apply to the different crops to show their several effects.

For public school purposes the ground selected should be of whatever length the teacher may desire, but not wider than about eight feet. The different seeds of grasses, cereals, legumes, vines, etc., that can be obtained should be planted in single rows, and it would be infinitely better to let each child have his own particular row. He can then note the date of germination, the rate of growth of the plant, the time it is harvested, the yield, the number of grains on the head if it happens to be wheat; if corn, the situation of the ear on the stalk, the number of rows of

grain, the comparative size of the cob with the variety grown by his fellow student. An infinite variety of very useful and interesting lessons could be drawn from the work. The children will be delighted with this out-door work, and if the teacher has that enthusiasm and interest which he should display, he will find the scholars will vie with each other as to which shall have the best row and which shall write the best paper about it. Each child should be made to prepare a little label for his plant and then to keep a complete record in a little note book prepared for that purpose throughout the season. A certain time may be set aside each day or on certain days for taking observations and notes, and then the children may be assembled in the classroom and their notes read aloud and the results obtained discussed.

It is hard to tell how much good this work might accomplish. The simple experiments performed will reach the parents through the children and the school garden will become the talk of the community. The farmer and his family will gather to the school as a common center to examine the children's work, and to learn the useful lessons that are so evident. The school will be greatly strengthened, the teacher encouraged and the good accomplished to the community can not be measured in dollars and cents.

In the high school, where the pupils are older and the work more advanced, the plat system of gardening may be introduced with propriety. The plats should not be more than six or possibly eight feet square. Each child should be given a separate plat and required to prepare the ground and fertilize it and take notes on the crop, harvest the same, and to write a report in full of his work. The child has thus had something kept before it of interest all the season. In the high school, especially where the work outlined could be carried out on a more comprehensive scale, if each child were required to perform a different experiment, and still have them all in harmony, as in the preparation of ten plats each fertilized in a different manner, results of an unusually instructive and helpful nature would be obtained.

In addition to the school garden, interesting side excursions could be made to fields and farms surrounding the school. One excursion might be made to the corn field, where very useful lessons may be drawn which cannot be entered into in detail here. A profitable excursion could be made along the brook, where the formation and structure of the soil could be studied, and so many interesting and useful hours could be passed and the children would be learning and observing many truths with which they have to deal in life, and yet it would all be a pleasant and enjoyable trip, and not a burden and a worry and a grind with a dry old text book.

Why is it that the teachers do not take hold of this subject and make of it that useful factor in the upbuilding and development of the agriculture of the country and the great assistance in the development of child character which it would prove if properly utilized? Surely this is an opportunity for the bright and progressive teacher. Let us hope that for the sake of our country thousands of them will appreciate the opportunity which the school garden places in their reach, and will endeavor to utilize it to the fullest extent in the coming years.—Ex.

Piling Up Big Problems.

We call attention to a few official figures.

When we read that a certain English Duke and his heirs forever take a percentage from every poor woman who sells a head of cabbage in London markets the information seems strange.

When we are told that in Havana during the Spanish rule there existed a government privilege in connection with the slaughtering of animals, and that when the American conquest occurred everybody who killed an ox or a sheep had to pay a certain sum to a certain woman, the statement seems preposterous.

We all agree that it would be right to take away from the Duke his claim on the poor market women. We agree that it is right to deprive this Spanish woman in Havana of her ancestral, preposterous slaughter house blood money.

Look ahead into the American system which we are building up. Read attentively the figures referred to above in connection with the disbursements of profits in the Steel Trust.

Mr. Henry Phipps of Pittsburg, for his share of profits from the first year of the Steel Trust's existence, received $1,139,000.

You know that Mr. Phipps, at present, has personally no more to do with making American steel than the Havana woman had to do with the slaughtering of cattle.

John D. Rockefeller drew from the United States Steel Trust, as his share of profits for one

year, $970,285. You know that Mr. Rockefeller personally had nothing to do with the making of steel, beyond bullying the Trust, which dreads the power of his accumulated hundreds of millions.

Messrs. Marx, Bulteel, Mills & Co., on behalf of their clients living in England, drew from the first year's profits of the American Steel Trust, $2,661,754 for one year.

Many others drew enormous amounts in the same way from this Trust. William Edenborn, for instance, draws $234,482 a year from the American Steel business. H. C. Frick draws $900,000. W. A. Jennings draws annually $255,030. C. H. Jones draws $473,337, and so on.

Ask yourselves the meaning of this state of affairs in the United States.

Remember that conditions in the steel industry are repeated in other great national industries. John D. Rockefeller's tiny little income of $970,285 a year from the Steel Trust amounts to nothing at all. One single industry —the Oil Trust—pays him more than forty millions a year. Other industries of various kinds pay him a total income which can only be guessed at, but which certainly exceeds fifty millions annually.

In the development of the United States we are building up an industrial feudal system, through money, exactly similar to that feudal system which was built up in Europe through military power.

Originally in American industry each rich man was a hard-working, enterprising individual, intimately and personally associated with the industry that gave him his income. He got more from it than anybody else. But he did more than anybody else, with his brains and his executive ability. He fought competition, kept the factory going, kept men employed. That time has gone by. Now the great Trusts control industry, and we have among us an industrial nobility which, without working, draws enormous incomes from the various industries, and will continue to draw these incomes forever, if our present laws endure.

The steel industry, of course, consists of natural resources, coal and iron, and human labor.

This question is to be settled: Will the national industries go on forever paying hundreds and thousands of millions a year to certain privileged families that contribute nothing to the industries, and whose demands must always be satisfied first, thus preventing those who actually do the work, whether hired managers or hired workmen, from getting their fair share of their own product?

Thoughtful readers will not fail to see in America a duplication of the development of the privileged class in Europe.

First, in the middle ages, there came the individual nobleman, who earned his standing with brains, or courage, or both. He levied taxes on his people, as the successful individual business man in America used to levy taxes on his workmen by taking most of the profit. This primitive European nobleman, while he taxed his people, was associated in their interests. He built his castle among them, a fortress to which they could retire in time of danger. He led them to war. He and his sons fought for them and were killed for them, in return for taxes and "corvees."

This early development of the feudal system in Europe, while harsh and brutal, like our primitive competitive system of industry, had its reason and its excuses. Men were savages, fighters, and some one excellent fighter must lead them.

Gradually, among the European nobility, as more recently among the American industrial nobility, conditions changed. The nobles, grown rich, moved to court.

They abandoned their castles, established themselves in France at Versailles around the King. The rough fighting men of the type of Du Guesclin were transformed into soft, effeminate courtiers, clad in silks and satins, feeling only contempt for the people with whom their fathers had fought and lived. But still taxing those people!

We know what happened in France in 1790 as a result of this change in national conditions.

The former fighting man, changed into a court parasite, hired mercenaries to do his fighting, as our Trusts now hire mercenaries to conduct their operations. The privileged nobles got the income and rendered no service. But suddenly the people got tired, and then there was a change. At this point there appears in history a red page called the French Revolution.

Our industrial nobility, of course, has not yet reached the full development of the type of Versailles.

Some of our industrial barons still work among the people. Our financial nobility is in a mixed condition.

But when you read the distribution of profits

from the Steel Trust and from the other great Trusts, you must ask yourself seriously what the result will be.

The entire wealth of the nation consists in its industries—a combination of its natural resources and its labor.

These industries the Trusts are organizing on a basis which will compel each one to support in idleness, and in a luxury undreamed of by kings, an enormous financial nobility.

How long will the nation support and endure this nobility?

How long will the man work contentedly for parasites? How long will the sophistry of so-called political economy blind men to facts?

Remember, when you compare our modern nobility with the ancient regime, this one fact:

The French King was nearly impoverished by the building of Versailles and his palaces.

John D. Rockefeller could build Versailles twice every year and not feel the expense. How many Rockefellers can the nation support? How long will it support them?—Chicago American.

Disinfection versus Vaccination.

In the April (1902) Arena, the editor, Mr. B. O. Flower, offered editorially the following interesting and suggestive account of "How Cleveland Stamped Out Smallpox":

Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, Ohio, is unquestionably the bravest, strongest, most sanely progressive and fearlessly true municipal chief in America today. He has achieved victories for honest economic and social government in the face of the most powerful and determined opposition, and the only reason that his victories have not been more sweeping and state-wide in influence has been due to the almost invincible influence of corrupt interests long intrenched in power and waxing great through injustice and at the expense of the people. The true statesmanlike qualities that mark Mr. Johnson's public work are as conspicuously illustrated in his wisdom in selecting men to assist him in municipal duties as in his magnificent personal fight made in the interests of juster social and economic conditions, and in his efforts to call American citizens back to the democratic ideals that are the hope of free government.

A striking illustration of this keen discernment in the selection of men charged with the most weighty responsibilities is seen in his choice of a head for the health office of Cleveland. Through the happy selection of Dr. Martin Friedrich, Cleveland today enjoys an immunity from smallpox while other cities are filled with the dreaded disease, and armies of physicians and boards of health are vainly trying to cope with it through vaccination. It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of Dr. Friedrich's victory. He has opened the way for the stamping out of this scourge without running the risk of sowing the seeds of the disease or corrupting the blood and endangering the life of the people. His method is strictly scientific and in perfect alignment with twentieth century thought, and, if promptly acted upon by other municipalities, not only will smallpox be controlled, but there will be a marked diminution of the ravages of other "germ diseases." So significant is the victory for science, so important and far-reaching is its promise for cities threatened with smallpox epidemics, that, in conformity with the settled policy of The Arena to keep abreast with the best progressive thought of the period, we requested Dr. Friedrich to furnish us with the full and authentic data as to his method of procedure and the results that have followed its inauguration. In reply he has kindly prepared the following important statement for The Arena:

"It affords me great pleasure to state that the house-to-house disinfection freed Cleveland from smallpox. Since August 23, 1901, to this very hour of writing, not a single case has originated in this city, but seven cases were imported. The disease raged here uninterruptedly since 1898. We relied upon vaccination and quarantine as the most effective weapons to combat it, but in spite of all our efforts it doubled itself every year and was in a fair way of repeating the record of last year, as in 1900 we had 993 cases, and from January 1st to July 21, 1901, the number amounted to 1,223. On this date I was called to take charge of the health office, with seventeen cases on hand. I had been in the city's employ ever since 1899, and it had fallen to my lot to investigate and diagnose most of the cases of smallpox that occurred in Cleveland. During that time I observed that, after disinfection with formaldeheyde of a house in which we had found smallpox, never another case could be traced to this house. On the other hand, vaccination had given us many untoward symptoms. Frequently it did not 'take' at all. One-fourth of all cases developed sepsis instead of vaccinia. Some arms swelled clear down to the wrist joint, with pieces of flesh as big as a silver

dollar and twice as thick dropping right out, leaving an ugly suppurating wound, which to heal took, in many cases, over three months. Finally four cases of tetanus developed after vaccination, so that the people became alarmed, and rightly so.

"I laid these facts before Mayor Johnson and proposed to stop vaccination entirely and instead of it disinfect thoroughly with formaldeheyde every section of the city where smallpox had made its appearance; also to give the city a general cleaning up. The mayor not only consented to my plan, but also gave me all aid needed. I formed two squads of disinfectors, preferring medical students for the work. Each squad consisted of twenty men, with a regular sanitary patrolman at their head, and each man was provided with a formaldeheyde generator. Thus equipped they started out to disinfect every section of the city where the disease had shown its head, and every house in this section, no matter if smallpox had been within or not, and every room, nook and corner of the house, special attention being paid to winter clothes that had been stored away, presumably laden with germs. It took over three months to do the work, but the result was most gratifying. After July 23rd seven more cases developed, and the last one August 23rd.

"In order to give you an adequate idea of what we did here to get rid of smallpox, I have to mention the investigation department, consisting of physicians who were thoroughly familiar with every phase of the disease. They were day and night at the disposal of the health department. They had to investigate every suspicious case in town, and whenever they found a case of smallpox they asked the patient the following questions:

"'Who visited you during the last two weeks?'

"'Whom have you visited during the last two weeks?'

"'Have you been at any public meeting during that time, and who was present, to your knowledge?'

"'Where do you work?'

"'Where do the children attend school?'

"'Where does your family attend divine worship?'

"This information obtained, they started out to all the indicated addresses. They asked the foreman, preacher and teacher for all absentees during the last month from shop, church, or school, and then visited the house of every one of them. They 'phoned their findings to the health office, and disinfectors with formaldeheyde generators were kept ready to follow the steps of the investigators and disinfect where there was the slightest suspicion of an exposure to smallpox. Along with this the regular sanitary police force was given orders to make a house-to-house canvass to tell the public to clean up their yards, barns, and outhouses, and abate all nuisances that could be found. As a result of it Cleveland is now free from smallpox, and from the worst infected city it has become the cleanest."

The results of Dr. Friedrich's campaign of disinfection confirm the recent observations of Dr. H. Valentine Knaggs, M. R. C. S., of London, England, who in a recent number of the Medical Brief, says: "Smallpox is generally conceded to be a filth disease, propagated by a definite microbe, which, like the microbe of tuberculosis, typhoid fever and diphtheria, flourishes and spreads in unsanitary, overcrowded areas. Any treatment to be effectual would have to be preventive as well as curative."

Dr. Knaggs, although he has for many years practiced vaccination, inclines to the belief that the wedding of the profession to vaccination has proved unfortunate in that it has served to prevent the same concentration of thought by experts and scientific physicians, on smallpox, that has been given to diphtheria, typhoid fever, "and other analogous scourges of mankind for which vaccination is not an accepted form of treatment." This physician has great faith in the efficacy of sulphur in time of smallpox contagion. He makes the very significant observation that "it is known to be absolutely impossible to vaccinate a person successfully who is taking sulphur, or even onions—a vegetable that is very rich in sulphur constitutents."

If persons taking sulphur are immune from the effect of vaccine virus, might not this powerful enemy of germ diseases also fortify them against the germs of smallpox? This certainly is a thought worthy of consideration, especially in the light of further evidence that Dr. Knaggs advances from numerous recognized authoritative sources in England, Scotland, Canada and elsewhere, where sulphur, administered externally in ointment and internally, first in glycerin and later as sulphurous lemonade, has proved most effective in drying up the smallpox pustules and causing them to fall away without a particle of pitting, while its administration has also greatly modified the severity of the disease.

The observations of the English scientist and the practical demonstration of the American physician suggest a method of attack that we believe will prove effective in controlling if not in entirely stamping out smallpox during the next few decades. Both aim at attacking the disease by eradicating the microbe with powerful germ destroyers; and, moreover, the procedure is strictly rational, scientific and in harmony with the best progressive thought of the age. Dr. Friedrich has done far more than deliver Cleveland from the scourge of smallpox; he has given the world one of the most important object lessons in the practical value of sanitation to be found in the history of modern science.—The Public.

Rewards of Abstinence.

On the assumption that the estimates of Judge Lynde Harrison are approximately correct, the estate of Henry Bradley Plant, who died two and a half years ago, has grown in value during that period from $17,000,000 to $26,000,000—an increase of $9,000,000, or 53 per cent., in only thirty months. What an illuminating example of the change from depression to buoyancy in that short time!

The Plant property was largely in the shares of the numerous transportation companies that he had built up in the South and elsewhere, although he had, besides, large holdings in bank and other high-class investment securities. Judge Harrison says that he bases his calculation on the present market value of the stocks and other properties, which were appraised at $17,000,000 soon after Mr. Plant's death. That appraisal may have been too low—it probably was a very conservative one. But even on the supposition that it was too low by two or three millions, it seems almost incredible that these securities could have increased the estate's value even 40 or 45 per cent. in two and a half years until some instances of phenomenal advances are called to mind.

Take Atchison common, for instance. It never sold above 24⅞ in the year 1899; it advanced to 91 in 1901; and now it is quoted around 83. Suppose the Plant estate to have held some of that stock, bought at the highest 1899 quotation. It would be worth 232 per cent. more today than when the estate was appraised! If it had been acquired somewhere around 18 or 20—a much more likely supposition—the advance in value would be 315 per cent.! It is therefore easy enough to understand how an estate of $17,000,000 in 1899 would be worth $26,000,000 in 1902.

If the Plant estate had to be held up in the courts for two years, the great transportation developer couldn't have died at a more convenient time—for his heirs.—N.Y. Commercial.

[This simply shows that the best way to lay up money is to get off the earth and go where you can't spend your income.—H. G. W.]

A Cold Stove.

If the accounts published in the daily press prove to be correct, Prof. Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, has made an invention for which the world has long been waiting—namely, a device by which a hot room can be cooled as simply and inexpensively as a cold room is heated by a stove. The apparatus seems to consist of an automatic blower by which outside air is drawn in, cooled, and thrown out into the room, and the degree of cold produced is dependent on the volume of air so treated, which is itself regulated by the difference of temperature between the room and the warm air outside. The exact mechanism and the cooling mixture used have not been publicly described, and it would be rash to give an opinion on the practicability of Professor Moore's invention under the circumstances. His own claims, if we are to credit an interview in the New York Herald, are as follows:

"He has discovered how to regulate the temperature of dwellings in the hot season by the help of a simple machine quite as easily and perfectly as the same thing is done in cold weather through the medium of a satisfactory furnace or steam-heating apparatus. It is merely a matter of turning on the cold air, and the thermometer will presently assure whatever altitude may be desired.

"Professor Moore has one of his machines set up in a large room at the Weather Bureau. The room contains about 4,000 cubic feet of air, and the apparatus stands in one corner. It looks like a very tall stove of galvanized iron, cylindrical in shape, and with a stove-pipe going out through the wall at the top. At the bottom there is another short pipe, with its mouth close to the floor, and at this opening there is a little wheel which spins around at a rapid rate.

"So far it seems a good deal of a mystery, and Professor Moore refuses as yet to disclose

the precise modus operandi. But several things were obvious off-hand to the visitor on being admitted. In the first place, he came from an outdoor temperature of 85° F. into a room in which the air, as shown by a thermometer suspended in the middle of the apartment, was 64°. Naturally, it felt quite chilly, and the visitor was just a bit afraid of catching cold.

"'Put your hand in front of the opening of the pipe below,' suggested Professor Moore.

"The newspaper man did so, and felt a cold blast coming out.

"'That blast of air is at 36°,' explained the inventor. 'It is being thrown out into the room at the rate of 125 cubic feet a minute. As it emerges it spreads over the floor and slowly rises, thus creating a gentle circulation without any draft. You will notice that one of the windows is open at the top. Through that opening the denser cool air steadily forces the warmer air overhead, so that there is a continual change.

"'I call it a gravity machine, because its action depends upon gravity. The pipe at the top brings the warm air in from outside, which is dried, washed, and partly cooled in the upper part of the apparatus. Descending into the lower part it is there thoroughly cooled, and then passes out into the room.

"'But the whole operation is dependent upon the difference in specific gravity between the warm air and the cool air. This regulates the machine in such a manner that the apparatus works faster when the weather is hot and more slowly when the weather is cold. If the thermometer were 100° today the little wheel at the bottom, which measures the outflow of cold air, would be going at a buzz-saw gait.

"'On the other hand, if the thermometer outside fell to 65° the machine would stop working entirely. It does this of its own accord, actuated merely by the difference between indoor and outdoor temperature, and thus it is absolutely automatic.'

"'You mean to say that no machinery is required to work it?' was asked.

"'None whatever,' replied Professor Moore. 'If I were to open the small door in the front of the cylinder, you would see various wheels and things that go to make up the inside works of the apparatus, but the whole affair is actuated automatically and without the use of power. The little wheel at the bottom, as I have told you, is part of an air meter which measures the number of cubic feet of cold air thrown out in a minute. The difference in specific gravity outside and the cool air inside makes the wheel go round. Look here! What do you call this?'

"'Why, it's a fly, frozen to death on the cylinder!'

"'Exactly so. Probably the insect lighted on the machine when it wasn't running; then, when it was turned on, he was frozen to death before he realized what was happening to him.'

"'But this is an incrustation of snow all around the bottom of the cylinder! Being near-sighted I thought it was white paint at first. And these are icicles!'

"'Certainly they are,' assented Professor Moore, laughingly.

The snow and the icicles are moisture condensed from the air of the room. This machine makes real cold, you see. It has to be charged only once a day, and the composition used, the secret of which I am not yet prepared to disclose, contains no ammonia, nor any of the ingredients of ordinary freezing mixtures.

"'You are going to use the machine for cooling houses?'

"'That is what it is meant for chiefly.'" —N. Y. Herald.

All to Work Two Hours Daily.

Before an audience which filled the hall at Union park to overflowing last night H. Gaylord Wilshire, editor of Wilshire's Magazine and known as the "millionaire" Socialist, painted a glowing picture of the condition of the human race under the conditions desired by the modern Socialist, and in answer to questions showed the possibilities of the Socialist plan. The audience was enthusiastic and when James Sheehan, who presided, presented Mr. Wilshire, he was warmly applauded.

Mr. Wilshire discussed the question of overproduction principally, and said the Trust signified the time had come when the country could no longer take care of the surplus labor. He said the United States had now reached a point where it was no longer possible for the capitalists to utilize the surplus labor by employing it to build new machinery and that in a short time the question would have to be settled. It was only a question of whether the people would accept Socialism in a sober, sedate manner or have it kicked into them.

The speaker quoted from President McKinley's last speech to show that the country had been built up and completed and now the problem must be faced of caring for the

surplus population. He disagreed with President Roosevelt's view that the regulation of the Trust was the solution of the problem, and said that would have no effect. In conclusion he declared that under the Socialist system it would not be necessary to work more than two hours a day and that life would be one continuous holiday and day of leisure for everybody, the co-operative commonwealth solving the question of wages and living as it can not be under the present system.

At the conclusion of Mr. Wilshire's remarks there was a dance in which the delegates to the Wisconsin State Federation of Labor took part. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Busy Life.

Jack London, author of "The God of His Fathers," has crowded more into his twenty-five years of life than most men do in twice that time. He was born in San Francisco and lived on California ranches until he was ten. Then he went back to San Franciseo and made enough selling papers to get a grammar school education. At fifteen he left home and cast his lot with the scum marine population of San Francisco Bay. He shipped as an able seaman when seventeen on a vessel bound for Japan, and went seal hunting as far as the Russian side of Bering Sea. Upon his return to this country he became interested in economics and sociology, and in order to study them the better spent some time tramping with tramps through this country and Canada. He then went to work to pay his way through the high school, and afterward spent a year at the University of California. He mined and camped in the Sierras for a while, and then went to the Klondike. It was there he gathered the material for his story, "The God of His Fathers." When his father died two years ago he returned to take care of his family. It was then he started to write.—Literary Life.

The Unfashionable Thing.

"Now," said the society woman's husband, after the stork's visit, "what shall we name the baby?"

"I was thinking," said the society woman, "we might name him 'Fido' or something like that, so that when we are obliged to mention him to strangers they will think he is one of those fashionable pet dogs."—Philadelphia Press.

Wants Madden Retained.

Wilshire the Irrepressible once suggested that our esteemed coadjutor, Edwin C. Madden, be respectfully tendered the proud position of janitor of the White House. I am forced to dissent from this proposition. Mr. Madden has given such marked evidence of his ability to increase the circulation of any paper which receives his official attention, that he deserves to be named advertising manager for the radical and reform press, should the nation be compelled to endure the calamity of losing his services in his present position. The Appeal to Reason and the Seattle Socialist will doubtless be so kind as to second the above motion, since I cannot think they will willingly lay themselves open to a charge of manifesting ingratitude toward their distinguished benefactor. —Discontent.

No Government Is Stable.

The freest government, if it could exist, would not be long acceptable, if the tendency of the laws were to create a rapid accumulation of property in a few hands, and to render the great mass of the population dependent and penniless. In such a case, the popular power, would be likely to break in upon the rights of property or else the influence of property to limit and control the exercise of popular power universal suffrage, for example, could not long exist in a community where there was a great inequality of property. The holders of estates would be obliged, in such case, in some way to restrain the right of suffrage, or else the right of suffrage would, before long, divide their property.—Daniel Webster, 1820.

The Glory of Good Deeds.

Men make instruments of precision to tick off the years of time and then delude themselves with the idea that these years measure life. Life is action. Life is achievement. He who is the equal of his opportunities may, by decisive, wise action at the right moment accomplish more for the good of humanity than a million others can or do in a thousand years. Those who do not know the glory of a good deed know nothing of life in its full possibility. —Ex.

Readers will kindly remember to mention this magazine when answering advertisements.

AGAINST TRUSTS.

Baron de Stael (Russian Ambassador in London) has presented to the British government a note from M. de Witte (Russian Minister of Finance), a copy of which was sent also to all the Powers which signed the Brussels Sugar Convention, proposing that these Powers should consider in common, means to protect international commerce against the artificial depression of prices, not only by government measures, such as export bounties or the control of production, but also by the much more dangerous processes adopted by Trusts, private undertakings or kartels, which tend artificially to influence the international market. Commenting on the note, the Financial Messenger of St. Petersburg says: "Failing an international agreement, there is only one remedy, namely, increased customs duties. In proposing common international action, Russia proves that she would prefer not isolated legislation in her own particular interest, but a joint agreement based upon the general welfare and solidarity of all the States."—Financial Record.

SUSPICIOUS.

Uncle Sam—I believe I could guess whom that dose is really being fixed up for.

—Minneapolis Journal.

De Witte is really the only statesman in Europe today, as I have said before, who seems to have an inkling of the importance of the Trust as a factor in international politics.

Of course, there is nothing to be done about the Trust, except Socialism, but the mere fact that De Witte sees the seriousness of the situation, is a point in his favor.

WRITE TO ADVERTISERS.

If any article advertised in this magazine interests our readers, it will be considered a favor if they will write to the advertisers for further information concerning it. Great care is taken that unreliable business houses and questionable schemes are kept out of these pages, and our readers are protected in every way possible against misrepresentation of any kind. If you see anything advertised that you might need, write about it, and mention WILSHIRE'S. Every letter written by one of our readers helps us with our advertisers.

CAN YOU HELP UNCLE SAM?

It seems that all United States officials do not share Mr. Madden's peculiar idea that this magazine is not worthy of the privilege of entry for transmission as second-class matter through the United States mail.

The following communication is self-explanatory and will, we trust, result in

supplying the Congressional Library with the copies desired to complete its file. Anyone having spare copies of the numbers asked for will confer a favor by sending them to Mr. Putnam.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

All Correspondence should be addressed
"THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON, D. C."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE:

Dear Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge your letter of the 23rd inst., stating that you are unable to furnish all the copies of your publication desired by the Library of Congress to complete its file.

May I, however, venture this suggestion, that a brief notice in the columns of your periodical, calling attention to the Library's needs, might be of great assistance in collecting odd numbers now out of print.

The numbers or volumes needed are noted below.

Whole	No.	1,	Dec. 26, 1900.
Whole	No.	2,	Jan. 2, 1901.
Whole	No.	3-4,	Jan. 16, 1901.
Vol. 1,	No.	1,	Jan. 23, 1901.
Vol. 1,	No.	2,	Jan. 30, 1001.
Vol. 1,	No.	3,	Feb. 6, 1901.
Vol. 1,	No.	11,	Apr. 3, 1901.
Vol. 1,	No.	12,	Apr. 10, 1902.
Vol. 1.	No.	13,	Apr. 17, 1901.
Vol. 1,	No.	23,	May 29, 1901.
Vol. 1,	No.	28,	July 3, 1901.
Vol. 1,	No.	33,	Aug 7, 1901.
Vol. 1,	No.	36,	Aug. 28, 1901.

If you are willing to extend this aid it may secure to the Library the complete file which we are sure it will be your desire, as it is ours, to have deposited in the National Library.

Very respectfully,

HERBERT PUTNAM,
Librarian of Congress.

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

With this number expires a large number of our trial three months subscriptions. WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE is confessedly the only periodical confining itself almost exclusively to the evolution of that most vexing of problems, The Trust, and we feel sure that no one having an interest in current political events will go without it for the sake of a dollar.

If you want an interpretation of The Trust, read this Magazine. Some Editors tell you what The Trust is—I tell you what it means.

Trust Eats Trust.

I have been predicting for ten years that Rockefeller must eventually, from the inability of investing his income otherwise, gobble up all other trusts. This from the N. Y. Commercial would indicate the process begun in relation to the U. S. Steel Co. is being followed up in the Sugar Trust.

New York, July 14.—The recent heavy buying of American Sugar Refining stock has given rise to the theory that Standard Oil interests are making extensive purchases. Some observers rank the Standard Oil party next to Havemeyer as a holder of Sugar, and assert that their recent buying was only a continuation of their policy of last winter, when they are supposed to have bought large quantities on the break to 103. At the time of the last buying it was attributed to the covering of short interests.

It has been generally observed that the commission houses no longer carry large lines of Sugar stock as they formerly did, and it is seldom given as collateral in a loan.

The Great City.

"Where the city stands with the brawniest breed of orators and bards,
Where the city stands that is belov'd by them, and loves them in return and understands them,
Where no monuments exist to heroes but in the common words and deeds, . . .
Where the populace rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected persons,
Where fierce men and women pour forth as the sea, to the whistle of death, pours its sweeping and unript waves,
Where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority, . . .
Where children are taught to be laws to themselves, and to depend on themselves, . . .
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,
Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands—
There the great city stands."

—Whitman

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WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

FEATURES FOR

OCTOBER, 1902

EDITORIAL

A Heart to Heart Talk—War Absurd and Impossible—Current Caricature—John McLean's Solution—Who Will Do the Dirty Work?—A Cartoonist of the People—Etc.

Our Commercial Supremacy - - O. P. Austin
How the Money Will Be Raised Eltweed Pomeroy
The Poetry of a Machine Age Gerald Stanley Lee
The Neglect of Childhood - Lucinda B. Chandler
Railroad, Master; Man, Servant Wharton Barker
Compulsory Arbitration - - Colin Mackay

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

OCTOBER, 1902

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"Let the Nation Own the Trusts"

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NOTICE: Hereafter address all letters to our New York Office, 125 East 23d Street.

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HON. TOM L. JOHNSON

MAYOR OF CLEVELAND, O.

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS"

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

Number 51 TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1902 $1 Per Year

A HEART-TO-HEART TALK

THE CITY OF CLEVELAND
MAYOR'S OFFICE
TOM L. JOHNSON, MAYOR

CLEVELAND, OHIO, August 1, 1902.

MY DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:—

After the thundering challenge of last year I was agreeably surprised to receive your very warm letter of the 29th ult. and am answering it in the same kindly spirit.

I haven't the slightest doubt of your earnestness and sincerity in advocating the Socialist program. I don't agree, however, with the Socialistic doctrine which seeks to destroy competition. We, the followers of Henry George, see in the denial of competition the evils that you charge to one of Nature's laws.

The ownership of public utilities we agree about, but our reasons are different. I understand that the Socialists would have the people own and operate municipal monopolies so that the state should become the sole employer. While we advocate it as a means of destroying monopoly and only desire the state to control and operate those utilities into which competition cannot well enter.

But I did not intend to write you this sort of a letter when I began. I merely wanted, in a friendly way, to point out to you that I did not write articles; my field of usefulness being in a different direction.

While the Socialists and ourselves are antagonistic in our ultimate aims, a part of our program lies along the same road. To this extent, I hope we shall be able to co-operate and I always welcome the aid of men, called by any name, who desire to break down the power of privilege; that is, to take away the advantages conferred on some men by law that all men cannot enjoy.

Very truly yours,

TOM L. JOHNSON.

It is said to be hard to forgive a man whom you have insulted. I exemplify the truth of the rule by being a brilliant exception. I always forgive people whom I insult but I am never sure that they will accept my forgiveness, no matter how freely offered.

Some moons since I insulted Mr. Bryan by offering him $10,000 to debate with me. By rights I should never have spoken to him again, but I did. I sympathized with him in his little trouble with the Post-office where they threatened him with suppression if he did not stop sending out a "few" papers to Congressmen and then refused

to tell him how many constituted a "few." I never have any animosity but I must say that I feel that I must sometimes give to others what I do not have myself, and when I find that men like Mr. Bryan and now Mr. Johnson are broad-minded enough to forget and forgive such grievous insults as they received from me, I feel that the Brotherhood of Man is nearer than I ever hoped—and this is saying a good deal for me.

I have much more hope of converting Mr. Johnson to Socialism than I have Mr. Bryan. Not that he is more of an idealist or that he will trim his political sails to the growing Socialistic breezes more quickly, but because he is a business man while Mr. Bryan is a lawyer. Being a business man, Mr. Johnson is conversant with facts in business life that to Mr. Bryan are simply unproven theories. His business experience has cultivated and prepared Mr. Johnson's mind for the sowing of seed that would be entirely wasted upon Mr. Bryan. This is no reflection upon Mr. Bryan's native ability but simply upon his misfortune in being a lawyer rather than a business man.

This is no joke, let me say, but is said in all seriousness. I have had a great many talks upon the Trust question with lawyers and business men and it has been almost my universal experience to find that the lawyers simply cannot understand that the reason the Trust exists lies in overproduction. They are apt to regard the Trust as simply a conspiracy of capitalists, voluntarily formed to limit production and raise prices.

For instance, last August I had the pleasure of talking on the Trust problem with the Hon. Chas. E. Littlefield, at his home in Rockland, Me. He it is who has been selected by President Roosevelt to formulate new anti-Trust legislation for the next sitting of Congress. With such a commission one might consider Mr. Littlefield as being prepared to say the last word for the Roosevelt administration upon the Trust problem. I can only warn the Trusts to stand from under if they have any fear of Mr. Littlefield having his way with them, for if he does there will be ructions to pay and no mistake. However, he will never have his way, for, although he is a lawyer, and an honest one too, so the Rockland people all say, he will never be able to draft any legislation that will ever have enough force after it goes through the Supreme Court to hurt any Trust or make Mr. Morgan lose any sleep. Mr. Littlefield did not agree at all with me that over-production was at base the cause of the Trust. He thinks Mr. Rockefeller was not compelled to form his Trusts and that a good strong anti-Trust law can be drawn up that will end all such pernicious combinations.

In fact, Mr. Littlefield has apparently not learned a single lesson from the industrial history of the United States in the last ten or fifteen years.

It is one of the delightful ironies of our present political and industrial situation that the man who is called upon to solve the mightiest problem ever set before the world has not the first inkling of the necessity of public ownership. It was rather funny that when I suggested public ownership Mr. Littlefield declared that public ownership of wealth meant practically the annihilation of wealth. Wealth to him was non-existent unless in the hands of private owners.

However, to go back to Mr. Johnson, as I have no doubt that Mr. Little-

field's views will be sufficiently aired in a few months.

Now Mr. Johnson, you are an eminently practical business man. You want facts and not theories. You are quoted as saying that the present system gives capitalists opportunities to exploit the public and that you take advantage of those opportunities and exploit them, although at the same time you are advising the public not to be such fools as to tolerate being robbed by you or anyone else. This is a perfectly consistent attitude. It's my own position, so naturally it is right.

You and I both seek to abolish special privileges. Our difference is that you would nationalize and municipalize certain industries and leave others in private hands and then let competition work its way; and you hope that then labor will get its just rewards.

I, on the other hand, would nationalize and municipalize everything and would institute co-operation instead of competition.

This you regard as Utopian.

Brushing aside the glory of my ideal of the future of society, where all men have plenty and are in a vast brotherhood of love, and yours, where they spend their time—when they have any to spend apart from your competitive struggle—in determining how much to tax each other, let us consider co-operation from the viewpoint of necessity, not as a luxury. If it becomes a necessity, then of course you must become a Socialist.

Now, Mr. Johnson, I never flatter anyone, so you know, when I say that you are worthy of having time spent upon your conversion, I must have a good opinion of you. You are today doing a greater work and probably a more useful work in your sphere of directing attention to the advantages of municipal ownership than anyone in the United States. I may include also the work you are doing for the equalization of taxation. However, when you have finished there is the greater problem to solve for the nation and you are as likely as not to be called upon to have a great hand in the settling of it.

If the Democratic Party had any brains they would nominate you for President, but they haven't, and if they should nominate Hill or Gorham you will have but one refuge, namely the Socialist Party.

I have in my hand the New York Commercial of today's date, August 18th. The Commercial is a good reliable business man's paper, and I would like to call your attention to the tremendous lesson that can be drawn from its pages of a single issue. You want facts and not theories and I will give them to you. If you will not admit that co-operation is soon to become a necessity, you do admit that you have no doubt of my sincerity in advocating Socialism. Of course you have no doubt of it. No more have I of Mr. Littlefield's honesty in advocating anti-trust laws, or Mr. Bryan and his free silver, or you and your single tax. The question of the individual honesty of the advocates of certain remedies is unimportant when compared to the honesty of the remedies themselves.

You no doubt think I am a dreamer of dreams that might be realized if all men were angels. Let us see how the dreams are being realized today when men are just as "good devils" as Mary MacLane could wish for.

My position is that we are now producing so much wealth that we cannot distribute it under our competitive wage system. Let us see what the

Commercial says about the production of wealth. I take this from its editorial:

The productiveness of our agricultural industry was nearly doubled within a decade. This fact is fine evidence of the energy and progressiveness of our farmer population. No such record would have been possible to any but a people imbued with the spirit of modern progress and determined to take advantage of every discovery in science that could add to the fruitfulness of their fields. There is no such thing as rigid conservatism having a place in modern industry.

The American farmer understands this necessity, and it is because he understands it that he has made such a magnificent record in the last decade. He stands at the head of the agricultural world, and he will continue to hold this proud position so long as he stands firmly on the principle that has placed him there. We are almost feeding the whole world today. It is by no means impossible that in the future we may be the absolute source of supply for the foodstuffs of the globe.

This looks as though the United States should be able to provide for its people. However, it appears as if the little fellows in fruit raising were being crowded pretty hard by the big ones. Single tax would not help the small farmer, because the big one, while he would pay more taxes, would be able to pay more owing to decreased cost through larger production.

I quote the Commercial again, showing this tendency to farming on a big scale:

Hartville, Mo., Aug. 17.—A contract has been closed by a Des Moines syndicate for a 5,000-acre tract of land lying north of here on Bear Creek for a mammoth fruit farm. The syndicate has contracted with the Frisco to build a spur, leaving that road three miles west of Sleeper station, in Laclede county, and running through the orchard.

Orders have been received for the manager to employ hands and clear off 1,000 acres of the land, which the syndicate proposes to put in apple trees next Spring. A steam stump puller will be used in clearing off the ground, and a disk gang plow operated by an engine will be used to plow the land.

Two thousand additional acres are to be ready for planting during 1904, and the remaining 2,000 acres a year later.

Now, of course I could have made my facts much stronger had I not determined to limit them to the issue of a single day. We have had statistics showing how much more we are producing, and how we are doing it. I will now show some of the results of this tremendous production. Again I quote the Commercial:

San Francisco, Aug. 17.—In Napa Valley there are a great many prune orchards in which the fruit is falling from the trees and rotting on the ground. The low price makes it hardly worth while to attempt to handle the crop.

So you see, Mr. Johnson, it is one thing to produce and quite another thing to sell. Those poor prune growers might have their land presented to them tax free and yet they would go bankrupt because prices are less than cost, owing to over-production. There is no use of your saying that they might have raised something else, because if they had they would have been just as likely to have been swamped by over-production. There is not a single agricultural product raised in California that is not liable to over-production, and none that have not in the past been, during certain years, absolutely valueless from that cause. One year it is barley, another cabbages. This year it is lemons and prunes, two years ago it was oranges, a little before that it was walnuts.

You may think the farmers ought to have gone into some other business than farming. It's *all* overdone. Even those capitalists who, like yourself, were clever enough to have gone into transportation sometimes lose their heads and ruin themselves with competition. Of course they usually combine; *they* can combine easily enough because they are few in numbers. Farmers cannot. Too many to get

together. However, sometimes even railway men fight and lose money. Once more I go to my ever faithful Commercial:

Houston, Tex., Aug. 17.— Five hundred tickets were sold to Chicago yesterday at startling prices as the result of a war of ticket brokers, the outgrowth of the fight of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, the International & Great Northern, the Cotton Belt and the Santa Fe for Northern passenger business.

The lowest rate before yesterday was $18.00 for the round trip. One broker cut it to $8.00. Another broker at once cut it to $4.00. Yet another announced Houston to Chicago, 30 cents; Houston to St. Louis, 20 cents; Houston to Kansas City, 10 cents.

Another met the cut and offered a $5.00 box of cigars with each ticket.

Bnt it is not the war of the capitalists that I am counting upon to cause over-production. It is the war between workingmen to get a job that will do the trick. The capitalists soon get over their foolish disposition to fight, and form a combine, as you will see once again in our Commercial:

Chicago, Aug. 17.—Following the International Harvester Co.'s public declaration that economy in the manufacture and distribution of agricultural machinery was the motive for effecting the $120,000,000 merger, several of the Chicago companies in the combine have issued letters to their agents throughout the country ordering a reduction of about three-fourths in the number of employes representing them in the field. The other companies in the combine are preparing to follow their example. Ten thousand men in all are expected to lose their jobs.

The men whose services are to be dispensed with are the canvassers and travelling salesmen, whose work has been to solicit orders from small dealers and farmers. The reduction is also expected to lessen materially the volume of correspondence and thus render unnecessary the employment of as large an office force as heretofore.

But you will also notice that at the very same time it gives a notice of a cessation of war between the capitalists it shows how by the discharge of ten thousand employees or more that the war between workingmen redoubles in fury. If this item is not sufficient to show you, Mr. Johnson, that we can have a great production and yet have it neither benefit the farmer who raises prunes nor the workingman who makes farm machinery, possibly this interesting little item may awaken your interest. Again from the Commercial:

Chicago, Aug. 17.—The employes of the First National Bank are said to be in revolt because the bank has a rule which prohibits employes from marrying until they receive a salary of at least $1,000 a year. This obstacle is said to have barred the way to many weddings recently. The bank officials deny the existence of the rule, but employes say that matrimony on less than $1,000 a year is almost certain to result in dismissal. An open protest was made and a strike was threatened yesterday.

Now you know pretty well, Mr. Johnson, that a thousand dollars is very little for a bank clerk to keep a family on. He must for the sake of the good name of the bank dress himself fairly well, and by the time he feeds himself there is very little left for the family. The bank doesn't want a lot of shabby looking half-starved clerks in its palace of marble and brass rails. It's much cheaper to make a rule of firing a clerk that enters a course of starving himself by getting married than it is to raise his salary. There are plenty of men who will be glad to take the 1,000 and stay single. But it is this very competition that keeps the clerks and workingmen generally down to the point where they can't even buy prunes.

It seems to me I have shown pretty well by my facts from one issue of the Commercial the cause of over-production and the necessity of the Trust, and I have at the same time shown how the Trust does not in the least prevent an unemployed problem, although it may

for the time being solve the problem of the capitalist of how to avoid bankruptcy.

But while there is so much food in the land that the bankers are unable to allow their clerks to marry, it would seem from this item that the state can arrange to feed its citizens well enough and make money in the bargain.

Jackson, Miss., Aug. 17.—The report of the warden of the penitentiary for the first six monts of the present year shows that the total cash receipts from the farming system were $190,436.32, against expenses amounting to $89,004.23. leaving a net profit on the labor of the convicts of $101,432.05.

Of course, you may reply that you would rather be a dead free man than a live convict, but I don't think you would, my dear Mr. Johnson, stoop to such an argument to win applause from an unthinking audience. Certainly, if the State can take its most unwilling, ignorant and vicious citizens and by co-operation not only give them employment, but make money, while the farmer in California, working under private ownership and initiative, loses money, there is some argument for public ownership of even that most difficult business, farming.

But it is not only the competition between workmen, limiting demand for products, that is causing over-production. It is also the approaching completion of the machinery of production that is causing trouble by throwing men out of employment. I showed how it was working in the Harvester Combine. The machinery necessary to build new harvesters is more than enough, therefore a combine is a necessity, and out go 10,000 men. Here is another item from the same old mine, the Commercial:

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Aug. 17.—The great water power canal of the Soo, which has just been finished, after four years of construction and an expenditure of $5,000,000, is regarded by engineers as one of the most magnificent works of its kind in the world.

Everybody is now in readiness for the final stroke by which the waters of Lake Superior will be turned into the broad, deep, smooth channel, and soon thereafter the wheels of immense industries will begin to turn under the power of the mighty flow. This will be accomplished in a few days after the work shall have been thoroughly inspected by F. H. Clergue, president of the Michigan Lake Superior Co. Like a river, 220 feet broad, and deep enough to float the biggest vessel that sails the lakes, it divides Sault Ste. Marie into a city of two parts, with the island portion, now for the first time completely surrounded by water.

It is the completion of our great industrial plants the world over that presages the great world problem of the unemployed. It is upon this, Mr. Johnson, that I base my theory of the necessity of public ownership in order that we have a co-operative wage system to distribute the enormous wealth now being produced.

As long as this wealth could find its way into new machinery, new canals, railways, etc., even though the laborer did get but a small wage there was no over-production. I insist that the facts of today show that this method of disposing of our surplus wealth is now about ended and that the laborers' share of the product must be enormously increased to absorb the wealth that formerly went into the building of new machinery.

You say you don't write, Mr. Johnson. Well, you read the papers. I wish you would see if events are not shaping themselves my way. I am counting on you later on when this country gets into a tight box and wants men to show her how to get out of it.

I am sure you will not find that the capitalists will ever take up again with competition and I am equally sure that the laborers are not going to starve in

order to prove the value of a theory that you single taxers uphold, viz., the desirability of competition. The people of America are going to say that they want America for themselves and that they are tired of giving up all they produce to Morgan & Co. simply for the pleasure of starving in their own country because they produce too much to eat.

THE ABOLITION OF THE "OBTAINING" SYSTEM

Here is something that fairly takes one's breath away when it is said that it is an editorial from the Toronto Globe.

Yes, it is quite true that if we could "abolish all the means by which men *obtain* wealth without (their) making it there would be no more talk of the claims of the community against the millionaire."

The "means" of obtaining wealth without working is the institution of private monopoly of the machinery of production. Vanderbilt has these "means" in his *private* ownership of his railways, Rockefeller's "means" are his oil refineries, Morgan's "means" are his steel works.

When we have public ownership of railways, oil refineries and steel works, then Vanderbilt, Rockefeller and Morgan will have lost their means to "obtain" without making.

Is the Globe in favor of public ownership?

If it is not, what, may I ask, is its proposal for the abolition of "means" of obtaining wealth without making it?

The Unsolved Problem.

The New York Post is troubled over an ethical problem, a mental condition so rare as to be worthy of all consideration. It is no less a question than the right of a shoe manufacturer to close his factory and take his wife to Europe to study operatic singing, all the parties except the factory employees being willing. The relevant details are given in full, with an apology for springing the matter in the summer season. The wife of a millionaire shoe manufacturer in South Boston has been advised that she will become greater than any living grand opera star if she will but take an exended course of study under foreign masters. She has listened to this flattering advice, and has decided that she will not rob the world of such a voice. Her husband has agreed. He has closed up his business and dismantled his factory, so that he may accompany his wife abroad. The result is that 1,200 persons are thrown out of employment, and this means that 6,000 souls are left, for the moment at least, without resources. The world may or may not have a second Melba. This is uncertain. The certain thing is that some, at least, of the 6,000 will suffer. The town grew up about the shoe factory. The millionaire manufacturer made his money there, with the aid of his 1,200 employees. Now the grass will grow in the streets, and pinched silence will take the place of the cheerful hum of industry. The Post wants to know if he has a right to do this. After reciting the familiar claims of the rights of property and the freedom of every man to do as he wills with his own, The Post outlines the arguments on the other side. They run to the effect that a man who has made a fortune in a community owes a sacred duty to that community. He has not the moral right to throw out of employment the men who helped him accumulate his wealth. He should keep that factory open as long as business renders that course possible; and he should pay the highest wages consistent with trade conditions. A rich man's first obligation is to the people who helped him make his money. The pleasure which 1,200 Melbas could produce would not compensate for the sorrow which must result from bringing poverty to the home of one workingman. This is a modified form of Mr. Carnegie's theory.

Speculations, however academic, on the rights of property have been tabooed of late, owing to the startling conclusions to which they have been leading. The basis for the right of property is subjective in all minds. Every man feels that he owns himself and all things his efforts produce. The Indian feels that the fish he has caught in the stream, the animal he has snared and the implements he has made, are his; that no one else has a claim on them. This is the basis of ownership, and it carries with it the

right to sell, trade, give or bequeath. Every man feels that he has a right to do as he wills with his own. The man who owns a slave has a right to kill that slave. But no man can own a slave. The slave is as truly the owner of himself as his alleged owner is. Those who contend that no man has a right to kill his slave are illogical, while the claim that no man can hold property in man is one that can be sustained. There is the same lack of logic in the claim that the millionaire owes a sacred duty to the community in which he has made his fortune. This is based on the confused but well-founded belief that the millionaire does not own his millions, that they belong to other people, that he did not make, but obtained them, that the men who did make them have not got them. If the millionaire made his millions, if he gave full value to everyone who contributed to them, if he increased the wealth of the world to the extent of his millions, he owes nothing to the community in which he has made his millions. But few millionaires have done this. The fortunes of those who have not done so belong, not to the community in which they have been made, or, rather, obtained, but to those who have made them. If a man obtains without making, others make without obtaining. Our South Boston shoe manufacturer no doubt obtained his millions by charging too much for boots and paying too little for wages. The protective tariff enabled him to do the former, and a system which produces a constant surplus of labor enabled him to do the latter. If he had been obliged to give value for everything he obtained, the removal of his factory would not be nearly as important a matter to his workmen. Quite as many shoes would be made as theretofore, and the men would be in a far better position to go to the factories that had taken over his business. Carnegie knows that the public have no moral claim on his millions. But he suspects that the millions he is distributing are not his. He feels that he did not make, but only obtained them, and that consequently the men who really did make them have been wronged. No amount of argument will ever convince anyone that a man has not a perfect right to do as he wishes with his own. But how are we to determine what is his own? Economists have contended that under conditions of freedom every man will obtain his own through free competition. But as to what constitutes conditions of freedom, opinions are as divergent as the poles. The establishment of free trade is regarded by many as but a short step toward freedom of contract. If we could abolish all the means by which men obtain wealth without making it there would be no more talk of the claims of the community against the fortunes of the millionaire.

However, I know well enough that The Globe like many another newspaper, will not care to follow up to its logical conclusion the argument in its editorial. The best it can do is to be suggestive.

If it spoke plainly it would lose both subscribers and advertisers, and why should it do this? A newspaper is run not to be logical, but to make money.

WAR ABSURD AND IMPOSSIBLE

It is really absurd having a war nowadays.

Here we go to war with Spain in order to better conditions in Cuba and notwithstanding that we won the war easily enough, we find that Cuba is worse off now "free" than she was when under Spain.

We freed her from her political chains only to weld on her economic chains, which are infinitely worse.

Under Weyler the Cubans could not vote; under Roosevelt they can't eat.

Then take the English going to war with the Boers and spending a thousand million dollars—for what?

In order to make conditions more favorable for English capitalists in Johannesburg.

The war is over, and while John Bull is setting out to enjoy the market it has cost him so much to open up, in steps Uncle Sam and captures it for himself without paying a cent for it.

This is the latest cable report:

London, July 21.—The Trade Commission sent out to inquire into the best methods for promoting British trade in South Africa seems much impressed with the great activity of the Americans.

In its first report sent home the Commission says America will be the greatest menace to British trade, adding that the Americans are making a fine effort to get hold of the market, and are introducing their practice of specialization and concentration with the results so well exemplified in other parts of the world.

As cabled from Johannesburg, July 11, the members of the British Trade Commission were amazed at the amount of business in steel building material which was offering, and commented on the indolence of the British firms.

They said that so far as they were able to discover only one firm, and that an American concern, had a capable representative in South Africa, and he had been securing immense orders in Cape Town and at Johannesburg, at his own prices, for huge buildings up to fourteen stories, by being able to quote prices promptly and promise construction with American speed.

There was a time when the conqueror did get the spoils, but now it seems to be either the onlooker or the vanquished who is the real winner financially.

England pays the Boers fifteen million dollars indemnity. We pay Spain twenty millions for the Philippines, and then find it costs us over a hundred millions a year to hold them.

War is indeed not only an absurdity financially, but modern weapons have made it an impossibility physically. With smokeless powder and magazine rifles one thousand men can successfully resist five to ten, or even fifteen thousand, according to the character of the position defended. The Boer war shows us that. An opposing force of only ten or fifteen against one is absolutely incapable of successful attack.

A war between two armies or two nations of approximately equal strength —say between France and Germany— would never even be begun. They would not dare approach each other. The defence would annihilate the attack.

Voting is simply a counting of noses. By letting the minority find out that they are in a minority, convinces them of the uselessness of having a physical contest, owing to their self-evident physical inferiority, due to their being the weaker numerically.

It was pretty certain at one time that fifty-one people could drub fifty, but the Boer war shows that fifty-one could never drub fifty, nor five, for that matter.

When it is fully recognized that five men can successfully resist twenty-five, then the rights of the minorities are pretty safe. All this means that the days of coercion have really passed.

A brutal majority can no longer impose its arbitrary will on a minority. Justice and reason are sure to be the means used to persuade minorities. Force will be a back number. When we realize that five thousand miners, well armed and provisioned, in the Pennsylvania mountains could withstand the whole United States army, I think even the Strenuous Teddy would hesitate to shoot first and argue afterwards.

In the last analysis the authority of the State rests upon force. Unless the people of a State are practically unanimous, then, as a military proposition, the majority cannot coerce a minority.

The modern weapon has increased the power of attack comparatively little. It has made the defence practically invulnerable.

If we had had the weapons of today in 1861, the civil war could never have been fought. The armies could never have come close enough together for decisive action.

My dear friend, the Baroness Von Suttner, has done noble work for peace between nations, but smokeless powder has made peace an absolute necessity. The immense military armaments now being built by all nations will

never come into action. Bulwer's prediction that war would be too deadly some day to be practised is now a reality.

JOHN McLEAN'S SOLUTION

The St. Louis Republic brings the Republican party up with a round turn in the following paragraph about Trusts:

"Rebuke and punishment await the Republican party in the near future. The settlement with the people will be a settlement exceedingly costly to the political organization which has surrendered the people to the oppression of the Trusts. This truth of treachery is so well known to voters that there is no way by which Republican speakers or machine organs can longer distort its meaning. The majority party in the Congress now just ended has, indeed, the best reasons for alarm. That party has wrought its own undoing in so blindly obeying the evil commands of the Trusts."

Well, what is anybody going to do about the Trusts? The Republican leaders in Congress occasionally boast that the only anti-Trust law on the Federal statute books was put there by a Republican Congress, at the instance of so eminent a Republican as John Sherman. That was a long while ago, though, and no effort has been made to improve it, or to give the country additional anti-Trust legislation. There are occasional pyrotechnic bursts about what Attorney-General Knox is going to do; but in fact he has done nothing, and possibly cannot do anything. The President himself continues to declare a little war on the Trusts occasionally, but he has been at that for so many months, and has been able to make such little impression, that the people are getting rather tired of his repetitions.

Careful students of the Trust conditions are by no means sure that anybody, Republican or Democrat, can do anything to lessen or abolish the evils of the Trusts without going back to primary conditions, and then going through a long work of correction. The tendency of the times is toward great enterprises that can only be carried on by union of heavy capitalists. Legitimate combinations, however largely capitalized, are generally exempt from the attacks of even the most radical anti-Trust men. The illegitimate Trusts—those born of unnatural and extravagant tariff legislation—can only be wiped out by a patient and radical revision of the tariff. The Republican majority in Congress has not undertaken this great work. It has stubbornly shielded its eyes against the awful handwriting on the wall. It is so much bound up in the gaining of wealth by the tariff monopolists that it cannot see the threatening smoke of the volcano which is going to destroy it. Even if Congress had made the poor little concession to Cuba which the President has asked for, it would have done but little to satisfy the public demand. Both Democrats and Republicans will have to learn that getting on a platform and yelling "murder" at the Trusts is not going to accomplish much. They must go behind and get at the Trust tariffs.

The foregoing is from the Cincinnati Enquirer, the great Democratic daily of Ohio.

It goes to show how insoluble our Trust problem is when such a ridiculous proposition is made as to destroy the Trusts by lowering the tariff.

There is but one remedy, "Let the Nation Own the Trusts."

What harm would lowering the tariff do the Standard Oil Trust? let me ask you, Mr. Johnny McLean! None whatever, and you know it. Very well; what are you going to do? Destroy the smaller Trusts—and leave the big ones? That would be a fine Democratic policy!

MONEY AND FARMING

According to the census report issued last July, there were 5,739,657 farms in the United States, valued at $16,674,000,000, or, including farm implements and live stock, at $20,514,000,000. This means that the average farm is worth about $3,500.

The average gross yearly income per farm is about $650, which the report says cheerfully is 18.3 per cent. on the investment.

Casually reading this, one might think the farmers were making 18 per cent. a year on their investment. As a matter of fact, it means that $650 is the *gross* income, and from this must be deducted taxes, the interest on the

inevitable mortgage, and the general expenses of running the farm, new implements, repairing old ones, painting the barn, buying seed, etc. Finally, the important item of feeding and clothing the farmer's family, to say nothing of educating the children—all this must come out of that little old $650.

I think when all these legitimate deductions are made that the interest the farmer gets on his investment will be found nearer one per cent. than eighteen per cent.

The value of all the farm implements on all the farms in the United States is but 760 million dollars, a little more than half the capitalized value of Morgan's United States Steel Trust.

This means that one man, Morgan, has twice as much money in machinery as have all the five million farmers in the United States put together.

Another interesting note showing the tendency toward centralization is the admission by the census officers that since 1880 the acreage is increasing faster than the farms, *i. e.*, that the average size of farms is increasing.

Prosperity does not seem to have reached the farmers in the North Atlantic States, as the value of their farm property has decreased over nineteen million dollars in the past ten years.

Of the 5,739,657 farms in the United States, 4,970,129, or 88.6 per cent., were operated by white farmers, and 769,528, or 11.4 per cent., by colored, the average size of farms being over three times as great for white as for colored farmers.

There were 53,406 farms ranging in size from one to 1,000 acres which reported no income. The value of domestic animals in the United States in 1900 was about $3,200,000,000, of which amount the value of animals on farms and ranges constituted over 96 per cent.

Of the total value of crops in 1899 cereals contributed 49.1 per cent.; hay and forage, 16 per cent.; cotton, 12.3 per cent.; vegetables, including potatoes, sweet potatoes and onions, 7.9 per cent.; fruits, 4.4 per cent.; forest products, 3.6 per cent.; tobacco, 1.9 per cent.; sugar, 1.3 per cent.; and all other products, 3.5 per cent.

SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST PRIZES

Owing to our going to press one month before nominal date of issue, we are unable to give list of the prize winners in the subscription contest terminating the first of last month. Full particulars will be seen in next month's number.

Humiliating the House.

"You must know what privileges you have. Not to speak every one what he listeth, or what cometh into his brain. But your privilege is 'Aye' or 'No.'"

Such was the language of a Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, in the Tudor days, to the great House of Commons. It would be regarded now as an absolute suppression of the liberties of the Commons of England. Yet we have lived to see that lusty child of the Mother of Parliaments, the House of Representatives of the United States, held down to the bare privilege of voting "Aye" or "No," with scarce a murmur heard. Its haughty Keeper of the Great Seal is no Tudor courtier, but its own Committee on Rules. That body reported a "rule" last week that the pending bill for the repeal of war taxes should be voted on without amendment. A perfunctory debate was to be allowed—though this was cut off by Representative Richardson's motion to proceed at once to voting, since, as he asked, "If we are really gagged, why should we try to talk?"—but any amendment, large or small, was to be immediately declared out of order. There could not well be a rougher way of reminding the house to what a vanishing point its old privileges have been whittled.—N. Y. Evening Post.

WILSHIRE, THE WHIRLER.

A SKETCH, BY STONEHENGE.

Reading the preface to an American edition of the Fabian essays was my introduction intellectual to the whirler. Wilshire was the editor. The gift of prophecy or astrology would fail to discover in those sober lines any forecast or outline of the gay Lothario who now disports himself in the forum of a world-wide publicity and mainly through the medium of his mouthpiece, WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE.

American Socialists have been charged by European comrades with taking their beliefs too seriously; but Wilshire has vicariously redeemed our continent from the stigma; the charge was laid down before the whirler came up.

With a name strongly redolent of the wealds of England, H. Gaylord Wilshire is in everything an American; no other community on the earth could have produced such a man. To make a cult of egotism to secure publicity and then use publicity for the propagation of his cherished social doctrine is a kind of double-jointed philosophy that could originate nowhere but in the special conditions that govern social life in the United States; and so millions of people have only as yet produced one Wilshire, who, according as he is regarded, is charged with many crimes or virtues; first as being a millionaire, a lawyer even, a banker, a fakir, with being the supremest of egotists and in unlawful possession of gall enough to furnish the whole human race with that commodity. Wilshire denies nothing, all goes by default. This habit of candor is appalling. Should you, after scanning his levity in dealing with some of his august political opponents, feel it your duty to write him under strict cover and tell him that he is a fool, within the space of not more than one calendar month his sixty or eighty thousand readers and their friends will have the benefit of your private opinion. So to speak, he lives in the street, claiming the right to walk on the sunny side and take in all the entertainment he can, consistent with his main purpose.

But there is Wilshire the publisher and Wilshire the man, and now that he is domiciled in Canada, owing to the Czarism of the United States, we can get a somewhat closer look at the man, and this reveals one still young, wealthy, cultured and trained to the calling of a lawyer.

With everything to gain by standing in with the old orders of politics and society, he boldly throws down the gauntlet to capitalism and all that it entails. So far as platform and social doctrine is concerned he stands shoulder to shoulder with the humblest proletarian of Europe and America, and inscribes on his shield "The produce for the producer." "Let the Nation own the Trusts."

A lengthy residence in Europe in the early nineties brought him into personal contact with English and continental leaders of the Socialist movement, and probably broadened and strengthened his scientific and international perceptions, but this is only conjecture on my part. As an American Socialist Wilshire is a veteran, antedating several prominent men, his seniors by several years.

As might be expected, Wilshire in Canada is not hiding his light under a bushel, nor breaking his heart about his bureaucratic expatriation. He is very much alive, and with the insouciance of a soubrette (knowing no gods among men) he chucks good sober Toronto under the chin and demands to be taken seriously.

About a month ago Wilshire addressed a meeting in Toronto on the subject of Morgan owning Canada; it did not seem to startle society out of its slow wits, judging from the prosy way it was reported in the daily press, but the events of the last two or three weeks afford a singular confirmation of the correctness of the whirler's prescience in estimating the power and direction of capitalistic tendencies. It is now announced Wilshire will contest West Elgin for a seat in the Ontarian legislature.

Wilshire is an optimist. He believes that a social revolution will be consummated within a few years, brought about by the logic of events and tendencies rather than by violence. But, if you would know more of Wilshire, the whirler, —read his book. WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, $1 per annum, now published in Toronto, presents in that form of literature the case for Socialism and more entertainment than most magazines. With no lack of solid pudding, as Carlyle would say, there is a dessert of ping-pong, satire and egotism from a pen at once able and versatile.

In the great international army Wilshire, the whirler, has cut out his own work on his own plan, the gay hussar of the movement, but keeping true time and step with the foremost rank.—Winnipeg Voice.

[Possibly a "whirler," my dear Stonehenge, but a lawyer—now God forefend!—H. G. W.]

OUR COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY

* O. P. Austin

S the commercial supremacy of the United States to continue? Is the growth in our exports likely to be sustained? Does the loss of about a hundred millions in exports or an increase of nearly a hundred millions in imports, which are shown by the record of commerce of the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1902, indicate that the limit has been reached in exports and that imports are likely to overtake exports and to exceed them, as is the case with most European countries?

These are important questions, vital questions, in fact, since we have only lately become the greatest exporting nation in the world, and our excess of exports over imports, or "favorable balance of trade," is greater than that of any other nation. Of the thirty principal nations of the world, only a dozen show an excess of exports over imports; and of this dozen the United States not only stands at the head but the excess is greater than that of all the other eleven countries of that group combined. The twelve countries showing a favorable "balance of trade" are: Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Egypt, India, Mexico, Roumania, Russia, Uruguay, and the United States, and the "favorable balance" of all the other eleven combined is not as great as that of the United States alone. It is worth while, therefore, in view of the year's reduction in exports and increase in imports, to try to determine what the future has in store for our commerce.

The causes of our wonderful development are not difficult to find. In 1869 the great transcontinental railway was completed, and in the years which followed the lateral lines were constructed. In 1869 the number of miles of railway in operation in the United States was but 46,844. By 1900 they had more than quadrupled. The effect of this increase in the power to transport natural products to the markets of the world was enormously to increase the agricultural productions of the country. Corn production had never reached one billion bushels prior to 1869; now it is more than two billions of bushels per year and wheat production has practically doubled. Cotton production had seldom reached four million bales; now it ranges from ten to eleven millions. Wool production averaged about 150 million pounds annually; now it is over 300 million pounds.

In minerals the increase has been still more rapid. Production of pig

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iron has grown from less than two million to more than fifteen million tons, steel from less than one hundred thousand to over thirteen million tons, and coal from thirty-eight million short tons to 292 million tons. Rail transportation rates from Chicago to New York have fallen from thirty-three cents per bushel of wheat to ten cents per bushel and in somewhat similar proportions on other articles. At the same time our mines of precious metals have poured forth their treasures, and the money in circulation in the country has grown from $675,000,000 to $2,260,000,000, and from $17.50 per capita to $28.66 per capita. The effect of these conditions upon manufacturing has been phenomenal. The number of persons engaged in manufacturing has grown from 2,000,000 in 1870 to over 5,500,000; their earnings from $775,000,000 to $2,736,000,000; the capital employed, from a little over $2,000,000,000 to about $10,000,000,000, and the value of manufactures produced from $4,250,000,000 to $13,000,000,000. All this, let it be remembered, has happened in a short period of thirty years while the population was increasing 100 per cent.

Not only has the total of exports increased enormously, but the individual power of production in excess of home requirements has also increased, the per capita of exports having increased from $7.29 in 1869 to $18.81 in 1901. The exportation of agricultural products has increased from $293,000,000 in 1870 to $943,000,000, and that of manufactures from $55,000,000 to $412,000,000.

The effect on our rank as an exporting nation has been to advance the United States from fourth place in the list of exporting nations in 1870 to the head of the list. In 1870 England, Germany and France exceeded us. Since 1870 the increase by the United States has been nearly as much as that of France, Germany and the United Kingdom combined, and our exportation of domestic products now exceeds that of any other nation.

The wonderful growth in exports can better be presented to the eye and mind simultaneously by the accompanying simple table.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES AT SELECTED YEARS, 1869 TO 1902

Year	Imports	Exports	Excess of Imports	Excess of Exports
	Millions of Dollars	Millions of Dollars	Millions of Dollars	Millions of Dollars
1869	417.5	286.1	131.4	——
1870	435.9	392.7	43.2	——
1871	529.2	442.8	77.4	——
1873	642.1	522.4	119.7	——
1877	451.3	602.4	——	151.1
1879	445.7	710.4	——	264.7
1880	667.9	835.6	——	167.7
1881	642.6	902.3	——	259.7
1892	827.4	1,030.2	——	202.8
1898	616.0	1,231.4	——	615.4
1900	849.9	1,394.4	——	544.5
1901	823.1	1,487.7	——	664.6

While the causes of the wonderful increase in our production are thus easily determined, it is of equal importance to inquire as to the causes which have given us a steady and profitable market abroad and try to learn whether that market is to continue. People of other countries do not buy of us as a matter of courtesy or of personal friendship. They only buy what they require and they buy wherever they can obtain what they require most advantageously. The principal requirements of man can be enumerated upon the fingers one hand, viz.: food, clothing, heat, light, and manufactures. Of all these the United States is the world's greatest producer. The principal articles of food are breadstuffs and meats. For breadstuffs we produce more wheat than any other country in the world, and more corn

than all other countries of the world combined. For meat the chief supply is beef and pork, and of each of these we produce more than any other country of the world. For clothing the quantity of cotton required by the world far exceeds that of any other material of dress, and of this the United States produces not only more than any other country, but three-fourths of the world's entire supply. For heating, the chief requirement is coal, and of this we now produce more than any other country and at a cost far below that in any other coal-producing section. For lighting, petroleum is now the world's chief reliance, and we produce more of this article than any other country, and of a much higher grade for lighting purposes. Of manufactures the United States is the world's largest producer. The chief requirements of manufacturing are iron, steel, copper, lead, aluminum, cotton, leather, and wood; and of all these we are the world's largest producer. As a result the United States easily leads the world both in the quantity and value of the manufactures produced, while the fact that we have more of the raw materials at hand, coupled with our cheap coal and ingenious machinery, gives us a great advantage in the cost of production. The value of the manufactures of the United States is now nearly double that of the United Kingdom, and about equal to that of Germany, France and Russia combined. Thus, in the five great requirements of man—food, clothing, heat, light and manufactures, the United States is the largest producer of their component factors; and as the world is to continue demanding these articles indefinitely, we may assume that the market is likely to continue, and that the question whether we shall sell our products in that market depends largely upon ourselves.

But to turn the natural products of the fields and forests and mines into marketable form and to transport them to that market requires certain other qualities which are nearly as important as the five great products already enumerated. These necessary qualities to assure successful handling between the point of production and place of sale may be counted on the fingers of the other hand. They are invention, communication, transportation, finance and energy. Of all these it may be said that the United States has a greater supply than any other nation. While our natural factors of production are very great, it will be conceded that their value has been multiplied by the genius of the American inventor. It is to the invention of the steam plow, the self-binder, the steam thresher, the cotton-gin, and numerous other devices for performing by machinery that which was formerly accomplished by hand labor, that our agriculturists have brought themselves to the foremost place. It was the American inventor who gave us the telegraph and the telephone. The activity of the American inventor is shown by the fact that the number of patents issued in the United States since 1870 is one-half as great as those issued in all the rest of the world during that period. Power of communication is another factor of equal importance, and in this the United States leads. We have more miles of railway than all of Europe put together, six times as many miles as any other country, and two-fifths of the mileage of the world. We have twice as many miles of telegraph as any other country. In the number of telephone messages sent the United States surpasses the total for all Europe

combined. Of post-offices we have twice as many as any other country. The number of pieces of mail handled in the United States is greater than in all of continental Europe; while of newspapers, we have twice as many as any other country and more than one-third of those of the entire world. In transportation we easily lead. In river and lake transportation by steam vessels, our facilities are far greater than those of any other country, and our freight rates have been steadily lowered until they are now about one-third those of 1870 and are lower than in any other country.

In money metals, another extremely important factor in the development and maintenance of production and commerce, the United States also leads. We produce more of these metals than any other country. There have been years in which Australia and South Africa have slightly exceeded the United States in gold production, and other years in which Mexico has slightly surpassed us in the production of silver; but in the combined production of gold and silver no country equals the United States. As a result of this and of our favorable balance of trade, the United States now has more gold and a greater total of money in circulation than any other country. Experts also estimate that somewhat indefinite term "banking power" as being greater in the United States than in any other country, while their estimates of total national wealth also place the United States at the head of the list of nations.

The next feature in our claim to special advantages in production and commerce is that of energy. This is a product not easily measured; but when it is remembered that the population of the United States is formed by a combination of selected energy from the whole world, we may lay claim to a greater average supply of that important factor than any other country. The energy and determination which prompted the early settlers of America to leave their firesides and friends in Europe and to undergo the hardships and dangers of establishing homes for themselves in the New World surely mark them as above the average in the possession of this characteristic, and this is also true of a large share of the twenty millions of people who have come to us from other countries during the past century. Not only have they made valuable citizens and aided in the wonderful development just outlined, but their intermingled blood flows in the veins of a large share of the present population and with it an energy which, when guided and vitalized by the work of our educational system, must tell for the future prosperity of the country.

What is the conclusion then from this review of the conditions at home and abroad? It would seem that there is but one answer. Given—

(1) A country which produces more of all the great requirements of man than any other country;

(2) Unlimited power to transform the natural products into condition for consumption and to transport them to market;

(3) A market whose requirements are constantly increasing;—

and it would appear that the prosperity of our export trade must continue indefinitely unless it be checked by some unwise course at home or unforeseen circumstances abroad.

True, we hear threats of the exclusion of our products by certain countries and rumors of European combinations against the United States;

but neither past experience nor the logic of the situation seems to justify the belief that this will be realized. For years we have heard of legislation by European countries against American meats, yet our exports of provisions have steadily increased and were fifty per cent. greater in 1901 than in 1890; and this year they will be the largest in the history of our foreign commerce; and eighty per cent. of our provisions go to Europe. We hear from time to time that certain countries have made laws or rulings adverse to certain of our products, yet the total of our exports to those very countries continues steadily to increase. We have heard in recent years of the prospective boycott of American manufactures by European countries, yet more than one-half of our exports of manufactures last year were sent to Europe, the greatest manufacturing centre of the world. A few years ago a dozen countries simultaneously protested against a pending tariff measure, yet that measure was enacted without reference to those protests, and today every one of those countries is taking more of our products than they had ever done prior to that protest.

The one remaining question, then, in determining the prospective growth of our exports is whether or not the markets of the world seem likely to remain open to us. There seems no reason to doubt that our supply of surplus products will continue, that the enterprise which has produced that surplus will increase rather than decrease, and that the markets will also continue to exist and to develop in number and requirements. Is there any danger, then, that we shall be excluded from them or that our persistence in refusing to buy as much as we sell is going so to disarrange national balances as to destroy those markets? These are assertions that have been and still are heard.

It is not to be expected, of course, that the millions of actual purchasers are likely to enter into combinations against American products or manufactures. But are their Governments likely to do so? Let us reflect for a moment as to what would be the result of such action. The United States produces one-fifth of the wheat of the world, one-half of the meats which enter into international commerce, three-fourths of its corn, and three-fourths of its cotton. Of all these Europe must import large quantities. What would be the effect of a refusal by Europe to purchase our wheat, or our corn, or meat, or cotton? It would be the exclusion from the world's principal markets of three-fifths of its present importation of wheat, one-half of its importation of meats, three-fourths of its importation of cotton, and nearly all of its present importation of corn. During six years since 1895 we have heard much talk of European exclusion of our manufactures, but our exports of manufactures to Europe alone in 1901 were more than those to the entire world in 1895.

The people of the United States have been solemnly informed from time to time and with great persistence and reiteration that if we persist in refusing to redistribute to the world the money which we receive for our products we shall finally so disturb the world's currency balances as to produce some awful financial cataclysm, and so destroy the markets in which we now sell our products. But up to this time we see no indication that this is happening as a result of twenty-five years. In that time we have sold five billion dollars' worth of our products in

excess of what we have bought. But if the United States really appropriated to itself an undue share of the world's money by selling merchandise valued at five billions in excess of its purchases from 1874 to 1901, how is it that the other nations of the world have generally increased their circulating medium and their wealth meantime, and so increased their power to purchase our surplus products? — The World's Work.

MODERN SOCIAL ANARCHY

LAURENCE GRONLUND, M. A.

"It is not to die, or even to die of hunger, that makes a man wretched. Many men have died; all men must die. But it is to live miserable, we know not why; to work sore and yet gain nothing; to be heartworn, weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girt in with a cold universal laissez-faire."—Carlyle.

"Competition gluts our markets, enables the rich to take advantage of the necessities of the poor, makes each man snatch the bread out of his neighbor's mouth, converts a nation of brethren into a mass of hostile, isolated units, and finally involves capitalists and laborers in one common ruin."—Greg.

"We all can see that there are all over our country energies which can find no employment, or at all events, minds which are cruelly compressed into duties far too narrow, and on the other hand, work which remains undone for want of adequate energies, because no systematic attempt has yet been made to estimate the real needs of the social organism and to distribute its forces in accordance with them. There is no organic adjustment anywhere."—"The Value of Life," anonymous.

THE wage system may be said to be of vital interest only to wage workers. They are a considerable part of the nation. They include not only the operatives in our factories and mines, but the whole army of railroad employes, all agricultural laborers, all clerks engaged in stores and mercantile establishments; all, in fact, who help to create values and receive a stated salary. But though the wage workers are an important fraction of the population of every country, they, nevertheless, are but a fraction. If Socialism had regard to them only, it were nothing but a class movement.

I claim there is a something wrong in society which vitally affects the whole nation and every individual of it. In prosperous years it may not obtrude itself on the attention of thoughtless people; but let "hard times" come on, and it makes everybody feel restless. What is this "something wrong?" Socialists say that it is nothing less than the method, the policy which governs all activities of the principal nations of our time. It is spreading itself in Catholic societies, and throughout the whole world, but it arose in Protestant countries. It is, in fact, simply the exaggerated form of one of the principles of Protestantism; the independence of the individual; which exaggerated individual independence we can properly call individualism. I can also call the policy, the "let-alone" policy; its admirers give it a more euphonious name—private enterprise.

Let alone whom?—what?

In the Middle Ages the feudal barons erected castles, from which they issued forth with their retainers, when they espied merchants and adventurers approaching on the contiguous highways laden with wealth,

stopped them—and levied tolls. All that these barons desired was to be "let alone." In our age it is the successors of these merchants and adventurers who have grown powerful, fattened on "fleecings." They, in their turn, demand to be "let alone;" they demand that society shall be an unrestricted hunting ground for their "enterprise." They are let alone; we shall now note with what results to the different classes of society.

Before our present industrial system got into full swing—that is, before the power of steam was utilized — the master-workman was an adept in his trade, and owned his tools and the raw materials he used. This is all changed now. The workman is now divorced from his implements and raw materials, which have got under the complete control of the capitalist class; he now has nothing left but his naked labor. This it is, again, which enables employers to buy labor in the market for a price much below the productivity of that labor; that is, at a value much below its worth.

The laboring men are dealt with by our managers as mere tools. They are spoken of as tools, as things. This humanitarian age counts steers and sheep by "heads" and the workers by "hands." A pity God did not make them only "hands!"

It is a paltry evasion to say that the workers are free to consent or to refuse the terms of the employer. It is, as Dickens says in "Hard Times," "An evasion worthy of the man who asked permission of the Virgin to rob her of her necklace—and then did it, taking silence for consent." The laborers have to consent. If they refuse the terms, capitalists simply stop business; they can stand it. "Hard times" are really only hard on those whose subsistence depends on having work to do. The wives and daughters of capitalists do not as a rule leave off, during "hard times," attending operas in their silks, satins and diamonds; do not as a rule quit their luxurious brown-stone fronts, nor dismiss their liveried servants.

The irregularity of his employment, the frequency with which he is out of work, is the most alarming feature of the workingman's condition. And that irregularity is often, very often, purposely brought about by the employing capitalist class. For instance, in order to put up the price of anthracite coal, of the working days of a month nine to twelve are frequently made idle days by the coal companies of Pennsylvania. The mining is interrupted to limit supply and the miners are left to do the best they can with work for two days out of every three.

This condition has been rendered yet enormously more precarious by the remarkable industrial inventions of the age. These victories of man, of society, over nature's physical forces ought certainly to have been unqualified blessings to all.

Yet how often have they proven instruments of torture to the working class! How many has the introduction of new machinery thrown out of employment! How many existences have thereby been destroyed!

We are familiar with the commonplace that the outcry of laborers against "new-fangled machinery" is a complaint born of ignorance; that in the end the working classes are as much benefited as other classes. This outcry is by no means an ignorant childish complaint. Machinery would be an unqualified blessing, if the temporary injury which it so often has caused to individuals and whole bodies of men were considered in a spirit of

social justice and brotherliness. That has never been done wherever the working classes are considered, neither in this country nor in any other. In their case our legislators persistently repudiate the duty to take care of the interests of those who are sacrificed for the benefit of their fellow-citizens and of posterity. But whenever other classes have been thus affected there has never been the slightest hesitation to liberally compensate those prejudicially affected. It is the action of society that has made machinery an evil. This is the real meaning of the outcry against "new-fangled machinery."

I deny that working people hitherto have been essentially benefited by machinery and inventions at all. The sewing machine is a pointed illustration. That was thought, at all events, to be a blessing to the over-worked famishing needle-woman. Yet what has followed? That she is now still more over-worked, more poorly paid, and her health still more endangered.

But, to be sure, these inventions were not adopted by capitalists for the benefit of workpeople, or for the general benefit; no, indeed! For, of course, this machinery and these inventions have also gone into the hands of capitalists and are controlled by them for their exclusive benefit, and with admirable results. It has been calculated that two-thirds of all benefit arising from the use of machinery have gone to these "pushing" fellows and the remaining one-third to the consumers. Even our patent laws, with the general advantage for their primary idea, have become a means of enabling these capitalists, in no sense inventors, to levy heavy tribute upon the community for an indefinite length of time.

"Ah! but the workers are also consumers, we should think, and form the majority in fact of all consumers."

Hold on, sir! Has machinery lightened the day's toil of any worker? That is what ought to measure the benefits of machinery to him. In England, two hundred years ago, ten hours —ay? In the fifteenth century, eight hours—were a normal working day for strong blacksmiths and robust agricultural laborers.

"But compare the comforts of our laborers two hundred years ago. What a wonderful betterment in that respect!"

What of it? What comfort is that to our laborers? You might as well compare their condition with that of a savage in Africa who does not need a coat, nor soap. Just so the laborers of a former age did not need a good many things which now are necessaries or decencies of life. We say their condition has not improved, because it takes considerably more toil to procure the needful now than it did then, as testified to, among others, by Hallam: "The laborer is much inferior in ability to support a family than were his ancestors four centuries ago." Why, before the beginning of this "capitalistic" system, *laborers could live in England a whole week upon the earnings of four days;* now in Massachusetts he cannot live a week upon the earnings of a week of much more continuous toil. No, in many cases he is obliged to disrupt his family, and send his wife and children to the factory.

For that is the greatest curse of machinery—or, rather, of "individualistic" monopoly of machinery—that capital can be and is coined out of women, and even out of infancy; that women and children can be and are substituted for men. Thus, not alone are men turned into wares, governed by demand and supply, but men are

made to scramble for a precarious living with their wives, sisters and children. In the cotton and woolen factories of enlightened Massachusetts, women and children now compose two-thirds of the working force. The necessary result is a great reduction in wages. It is notorious that the wages thus earned by a whole family do not on an average exceed those of the head of the family in occupations where it has not yet become habitual to employ women and children.

And do not venture to compare the independence of our working classes with the artisans of England of a former age, who partly worked for themselves, and possessed a cottage and a cow and a strip of land to cultivate. Our ox-eyed, docile wage workers, restrained by arbitrary shop rules prescribed by their lord—rules that forbid them to talk to each other, or even to laugh — will not for a moment bear comparison with the merry families of master and men of the despised middle age.

The first result of the "let-alone" system, thus, is that capitalists monopolize all the instruments of production, all the previous acquisitions of society, all increase in the productivity of labor, and, therefore, exercise an autocratic control of all industries and of the whole working class.

The great weapon at the command of the capitalists is competition.

"Competition," like most economic terms, is a very slippery word. At one time it means something which advances the successful, but leaves the unsuccessful on his former level; that kind of competition rouses the energy of the unsuccessful as well as of the successful, and increases the capacity of both. I shall call that by a much more appropriate term,—emulation.

At another time "competition" means the advancing oneself at the cost of others, the pulling the many down, the elbowing the many aside, in order to advance the one. That "competition" is most cruel to the individual, and in the long run most injurious to society.

It deserves the name of cut-throat competition when the wage-workers are forced into a struggle to see who shall live and who shall starve.

But these are by no means the only sufferers. The small employers, the small merchants, are just as much victims of that cruel kind of competition as the wage-workers. For every one of the fleecers lives in a state of nature with all of his brethren; the hand of the one is against the other, and no foe is more terrible than the one who is running a neck-to-neck race with him every day. The mammoth factory, the mammoth store is a most implacable foe. The fierce competition lessens the profit on each article, and that must be compensated for by a greater number of them being produced and sold; that is, the cheaper the goods, the more capital is required.

Precisely, then, for the same reason that the mechanic with his own shop and working on his own account nearly has disappeared in the struggle between hand-work and machine-work, the small employers with their little machinery, their small capital, and their little stock of goods are being driven from the field.

Look at those queer princes of ours —vulgar men, far from possessing eminent faculties or high attainments; men having no more knowledge or mental capacity than is required in many mechanical pursuits—who by the employment and power of their capital yearly ruin multitudes of hard-working

merchants, and boast that they are selling more goods in a day than the whole "crowd" of other stores in a week! Scores of such small merchants, driven to the wall by the proprietor of a mammoth establishment, have to be glad if the "prince" will make them his servants and graciously allow them to help swell his millions.

In short, the smaller fortunes invested in productive or commercial enterprises are by this cut-throat competition attracted to the great capitals, just as iron filings are to the magnet. The great capitalist triumphs, the small capitalist becomes a clerk, wage-laborer, or parasite of some kind or other; the middle class disappears little by little. Our social order may fitly be compared to a ladder, of which the middle rounds are being torn away one by one.

This, then, is another fruit of private "enterprise"—that the small employers are gradually being rooted out by the great capitalists.

In former periods society was tormented with plagues, caused, as we now know, by ignorance, and consequent violation of the laws of health. Our era is cursed with crises occurring far more frequently than plagues and causing with each occurrence as much misery.

Economists say that these crises are caused by over-production. "Over-production!"—a remarkable word in truth, as long as one unfed and unclad human being willing to work roams the earth. Would not our ancestors of any preceding age have considered any one who would have talked to them of over-production a lunatic? Could they, think you, have conceived such an abnormity as that any nation could ever suffer from too much industry, too much commerce, too many tools, and too much food? But we ought, in order to be fair, to take the word in the sense of these economists. They mean by "over-production" a too large production, compared with the effective demand. But, then, what is the cause of the too large production?

Private enterprise, Socialists say. Private enterprise compels every producer to produce for himself, to sell for himself, to keep all his transactions secret, without any regard whatever for anybody else in the wide world. But the producer and merchant—the small ones, especially—daily find out that their success or failure depends, in the first place, precisely on how much others produce and sell, and in the second place, on a multitude of causes—often on things that may happen thousands of miles away—which determine the power of purchase of their customers. They have got no measure at hand at all by which they can even approximately estimate the actual effective demand of consumers or ascertain the producing capacity of their rivals. In other words, private "enterprise" is a defiance of nature's law which decrees that the interests of society are interdependent; and nature punishes that defiance in her own crude way by playing ball with these individualists, and what is worse, by rendering all production, all commerce, chaotic. Risk is nature's revenge.

"A Cartoonist of the People"

F. OPPER, *of* THE NEW YORK AMERICAN

A CARTOONIST OF THE PEOPLE.

Of all the influences at work to open the eyes of the American people to the rapid destruction or absorption of independent industries by the Trusts, I hold none to be of more value than the current caricatures seen in the daily press. And of those engaged in the production of cartoons I believe my readers will quite agree with me that Mr. F. Opper, of the Hearst syndicate of newspapers, stands at the head.

No other cartoonist conveys in the same clear and comprehensive manner the rapid progress of the Trust and the utter helplessness of the people. He crowds into every cartoon such a powerful plea for public ownership of public utilities that the dullest mind can grasp the idea at once. The man who is too lazy to read an argument in favor of the only sane remedy for the Trust problem is unconsciously taught that argument by simply looking at Opper's cartoons.

"Let me draw the cartoons in the daily press of a nation and I care not who may write its laws," might be a modern version of the old time bard.

Opper today wields more power with his pencil than all the laws ever penned by our United States Congress.

Mr. Hearst certainly shows his journalistic talent when he gives Opper a free hand at his readers' eyes and Brisbane at their ears.

How Mr. Opper ever finds time to realize that such a magazine as this exists I fail to comprehend. Possibly this note from him is simply journalistic flattery, but it's sweet for a' that.

INTERVALE FARM, STAMFORD, CONN.,
August 21, 1902.

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:

I have just received your letter here, where I am beginning a three weeks' vacation. I intended to write to you earlier, to express my regret at not being in when you called at the office, but I am just getting over an ugly siege with poison ivy, with which I got my hands in bad condition, and I have felt unfit for anything.

Of course I feel much gratified at your high opinion of my work. I get your magazine regularly, and value it highly, and like to see my cartoons copied in it. I have only one photograph of myself at hand here, and I send it with pleasure.

I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you when you come to New York, either at the office, or at my place here.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

F. Opper

WHAT "REVOLUTIONARY" MEANS.

MR. Eltweed Pomeroy has an interesting article on the financial side of Socialism, on page 33 of this issue. Mr. Pomeroy is a successful business man — an ink manufacturer —and is particularly well known as an enthusiastic writer and speaker in behalf of the Initiative and Referendum. He is the editor of the Direct Legislation Record (Newark, N. J.). When Mr. Pomeroy refers to "revolutionary" Socialists, he means those Socialists who would provoke a revolution of physical force

ELTWEED POMEROY, A.M.

before the industrial evolution had proceeded far enough to educate the people generally to the desirability of a change. Of course, he is right in this respect. There are no such people at all, as a matter of fact.

However, neither Mr. Pomeroy nor anyone else would deny that, if industrial evolution proceeds as fast as it is going on today, running so far ahead of any corresponding political changes, when the political movement will finally commence to grow, it will have to move at an immense speed to overtake the industrial movement.

Revolutionary, however, does not mean speed, nor force, nor bloodshed. It simply means a change. A revolutionary Socialist is one who recognizes the probability of very rapid social changes, owing to the rapidity of the social movement, and also one who recognizes that the competitive system must be revolutionized to the co-operative system before we can look for any great betterment.

What's Wrong With This?

Rome, Aug. 16.—The city of Reggia Emilia, whose administration has passed into the control of Socialists, has adopted the following commandments for school children to memorize:

"Love thy schoolmates, for they will be thy co-workers for life."

"Love knowledge, the bread of intellect. Cherish the same gratitude toward thy teachers as toward thy father and mother."

"Make every day thou livest the occasion for some good and beneficial deed; always sow the seeds of kindness."

"Honor good men and true women, esteem all men as equals—bend thy knee to no one."

"Do not bear hatred to anybody; don't insult people. The word revenge shall not be in thy vocabulary, but stand up for thy rights and resist oppression."

"Do not be a coward. Stand by the weak and respect and love justice."

"Remember that all goods of this world are the products of labor. Whoever takes the good things of this world without giving their equivalent in labor robs the diligent of their just dues."

[It would not do the children of any country on earth any harm to learn and live up to the foregoing "commandments."—H. G.W.]

Questions From "Life."

Some questions which "Life" suggests as suitable to be asked by President Roosevelt's proposed superintendent of Trusts:

1. Where did you get it and what is the difference between a dividend and a "divvy?"
2. What legislatures do you own?
3. What is the average of the combined salaries of your president and office boy?
4. Why did the grand jury fail to indict you?
5. What time is your president allowed for lunch?
6. How many persons have you run over, ruined, or otherwise killed during the year? Why?
7. Who is your judge?
8. Do you pay him by the job or by the year? Of what church is he a member?
9. State all sums paid during the last year for false witnesses.
10. Are your contributions to both political parties dictated by love for mankind or for business considerations?
11. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"
12. How much of the total consumption do you control, and why can't you tell?
13. Do you believe in Socialism or in Anarchy?
14. How were the books lost?
15. Why don't your directors know something about the business?
16. Where do you expect to go to when you die?

Sworn to by janitor.

N. B.—The typewriter's oath will not be accepted unless she has reached years of discretion.

"The Significance of the Trust" is now published as Tract No. 3 of the Gauntlet Library. Price, $1.00 per hundred, postpaid. Address, WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, Toronto.

Get in Tune.

I have just finished reading an account of Marconi's wireless telegraphy. It seems that when a message is sent from the Marconi transmitter, the vibrations travel in all directions, and not alone in the direction of the person to whom the message is sent. It would seem to the reader, at first, that any instrument, in any direction from the sender, could and would be affected by the vibrations and would take up and record them. But such is not the case, for Marconi finds that he can attune his receiving instrument to a certain pitch, and that the instrument will receive and record only vibrations emanating from a sending instrument attuned to the same pitch. This is true no matter how near the two instruments may be to each other, or in what direction they may be from each other. And, all instruments, irrespective of number, that may be within sending distance, will receive the message providing they are attuned to the same pitch.

Now just notice how much this corresponds to what we know of the working of Thought-force. People whose minds are attuned to a certain pitch will receive the vibrations from the minds of others whose mental keynote is the same. And if one maintains a high positive keynote, he will not be affected by the vibrations emanating from the mind of another who may have a low negative pitch. The nearer to our pitch the mind of another may be, the more we feel the sympathetic vibrations in our own mind; the greater the difference in the pitch, the less we will feel in sympathy with him. This will account for the instinctive likes or dislikes that many of us experience when coming into the presence of other people. And how soon do people of kindred vibrations seek out and find each other in a mixed assembly. Many likes, unexplainable by any theory of personal appearance, etc., arise from this cause.

And as the Marconi instruments may have their pitch changed, so are our mental keynotes changed from time to time as we adjust ourselves to new conditions—as we grow. This will explain why two people, who at one time seemed to be in perfect attunement with each other, will drift apart until at last they seem to have scarcely a thought or feeling in common, and yet both of them may be good people, really anxious to be helpful to the other.

But this is not the only way in which the working of the Marconi system resembles the workings of the mind. I have often called your attention to the fact that the holding of certain mental attitudes resulted in the attraction to oneself of thought vibrations corresponding to the general character of the thought held in the mind of the person. Let a man be filled with the spirit of Jealousy, and everything seems to feed that feeling. He hears of cases of faithlessness on the part of other persons; every circumstance seems to confirm him in his belief. The actions of the loved one seem doubly suspicious—signs of guilt are seen in every expression, every move. He draws to himself the thought-waves of other minds vibrating on the same pitch—like attracts like. Let a man drop into the Fearthought condition, and immediately he feels the rush of Fear to his mind. Let him cast aside Fear, and attune himself to the Fearless pitch, and he feels an influx of Courage, Fearlessness, Confidence, Energy and other positive thoughts.

And according to the character of your thoughts, will you draw to yourself people calculated to co-operate with you and be of assistance to you. Even things seem to shape themselves to fit in with the keynote sounded.

Not only do you attract to yourself people and things corresponding with your mental pitch, but you send out thought-waves affecting others creating impressions upon them. Go into the presence of an "I Can and I Will" man, and, if you are of the same kind, he will instantly perceive it and will be glad to talk to you. On the other hand, approach a man of this kind, with your mind full of "I Can't," and he will be conscious of inharmony and will want to be rid of your presence at once. Be a man with the southern exposure, such as I described to you in April, and you will find that you will extract and draw to yourself all the sunniness in the natures of people with whom you come in contact. Be a human wet blanket, such as I have described in another article this month, and you will find that you will get the meanest qualities inherent in the nature of people with whom you come in contact—in fact you will be able to attract only that kind of people who are as musty and unwholesome as yourself.

Get rid of the old negative notes. Start in and cultivate the positive, joyous, active vibrations, until you reach the steady mental pitch of the "New Thought" man. Then will all the negative vibrations pass you by, finding no encouragement to enter your mentality—then will you receive the bright, cheerful, happy, fearless vibrations coming from others who have reached the same plane of thought.

Get in tune—get in tune.—New Thought.

HOW THE MONEY WILL BE RAISED

ELTWEED POMEROY, A. M.

AT least once every year, the Chancellor of the Exchequer gets up in the British Parliament and says:

"In such and such ways, did we get the funds last year, and in such and such ways, did we spend them, and the following are my recommendations for the coming year for getting income and spending outgo."

This is eminently a wise proceeding. Can it be followed regarding a sane Socialism? Of course it can, remembering the varying conditions. Exact figures cannot be given, and only the broad, general lines can be sketched in. Such a budget for Socialism is needed. People say, "Oh, you Socialists are dreamers. You promise great things. But people cannot live better than they are living. You cannot make something out of nothing. You would drag everyone down to a dead level of mediocrity. There are not enough material things in the world to realize your dream of a decent living for all. And even if you should divide up everything evenly, there would soon be inequality. The poor we will always have with us." It is very wearying but very necessary to state again and again that Socialism does not mean the immediate, equal division of all the wealth in the land, nor does it mean the making of the characters and abilities of all people equal. But disposing of these silly and often knocked down straw arguments, we must meet the financial argument and state clearly and convincingly where the income is to be got, with which to meet the increased outgo of Socialism. Socialism does mean an increased expenditure for humanity. It does mean more money spent on making finer and better men and women than ever before in the world's history. It does mean giving the "beggar's brat" born in the "jungles" of our monstrous cities an opportunity for development such as the millionaire's son does not now get. There are material things in the world sufficient, if properly applied, to realize this dream. This Socialist budget is an attempt to state where these things are. There is a partial truth under the statement that Socialism means financial equality.

The approach of Socialism means the gradual decrease of the largest salaries and the gradual increase of the smallest. It is illustrated today by those employed by the State. Governments, as a rule, pay higher wages, exact shorter time, give easier work and easier conditions for all the lower grades of work than private parties. In

many places, they set the standard. The English government in adopting nearly a decade ago the eight-hour day in the large number of factories it operates, is ahead of the average private employer. The conditions of our letter-carriers and the large number of clerks employed at Washington are easier and better than the same grade employed outside. But there is no employer of the highest grades of executive, business and legal ability who pays so little and works it so hard as the government. Compare the $8,000 a year which a Cabinet Secretary gets with the $56,000 paid yearly to President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railway. Compare the $7,500 which a Major-General gets or the $6,000 which a Rear-Admiral gets (these are the two highest offices in the army and navy) with the $75,000 said to be paid to President Hyde of the Equitable Insurance Co. A Supreme Court Judge receives $10,000; it is a notorious fact that anyone of them, can make double or triple that amount in practice. Hon. Carroll D. Wright, head of the Department of Labor, receives $5,000; the Director of Geological Survey, $6,000; the Commissioner of Patents, $5,000; the Public Printer, $4,500. It is said that Marshall Field makes in his extensive dry goods business alone, between $500,000 and $1,000,000 yearly. Does one require a higher ability, or is it more exacting and arduous than the other?

According to the last census, the average wage earned yearly in the United States is $350. Is Chauncey Depew, with his $50,000 salary as President of the N. Y. C. Railroad, worth to the world 143 times what the average man is worth? Was Jay Gould who, in his life of less than three score and ten, accumulated seventy millions--we'll say it averaged a little over a million a year—worth to civilization 3,000 average men?

But no one pretends that the more equitable distribution of incomes will pay the bills of Socialism. It will help, but more in a moral and ethical than in a material manner. It will stop the ostentation of excessive wealth which is today a greater cause of discontent than the actual disparity in either income or holding.

The bills of Socialism will mainly be paid as follows:

I. By Savings—
  1. In Distribution, such as:
    (a) Transportation,
    (b) Distribution proper,
    (c) Banking, etc.
  2. In Production, such as:
    (a) Manufacturing,
    (b) Mining,
    (c) Farming.
  3. In Government, such as:
    (a) Legislation,
    (b) Courts and Legal,
    (c) Police, Public Charity, etc.

II. By Utilization of Waste Products—
  1. In Man:
    (a) Idle Rich,
    (b) Idle Poor,
    (c) Non-productive workers.
  2. In Society and Social Forces:
    (a) More universal uses of best processes.
    (b) Progress of Invention.
  3. In Nature.

III. By Greater Efficiency of Man, because of
    (1) Adaptation to occupation,
    (2) Education for occupation,
    (3) Contentment in occupation.

These methods are the underlying thought in Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward," where Dr. Leete says: "In industrial production selfishness is suicide." They are treated in an imaginative way in Dr. Theodor Hertzka's "Freeland;" in a scientific way in Rev. F. M. Sprague's "Socialism

from Genesis to Revelations," Chap. V., Sec. XI., touched on in Laurence Gronlund's "The Co-operative Commonwealth," Chap. II. and part of Chap. VI., and in many other books on Socialism. These methods cannot be elaborated here, but only briefly illustrated and suggested, a paragraph devoted to each, where a chapter would not completely cover.

The first distribution saving is in transportation. Mr. C. Wood Davis has carefully compiled the facts as to the saving by consolidation and national ownership of the railroads and published in the Arena for July and August, 1891. He concludes with this table of annual savings:

Saving from consolidation of depots and staffs	$20,000,000
Saving from exclusive use of shortest routes	25,000,000
Saving in attorney's salaries and legal expenses	12,000,000
Saving from abrogation of pass evil	30,000,000
Saving from abrogation of commission system	20,000,000
Saving by dispensing with high-priced managers and staffs	4,000,000
Saving by disbanding traffic associations	4,000,000
Saving by dispensing with presidents, etc.	25,000,000
Saving by abolishing (all but local) offices, solicitors, etc.	15,000,000
Saving of five-sevenths of advertising account	5,000,000
Total savings by reason of better administration	$160,000,000
Saving on interest	150,000,000
Total yearly saving	$310,000,000
The revenue of the railroads for 1890 was	$1,050,000,000

Since then a good share of this waste has been garnered into private pockets by the consolidation of many lines. But this saving has gone into private advantage as rates to the public have hardly declined at all. Mr. Van Oss has written a book for the use of European investors in American railway securities, in which he makes the astounding statement that every dollar of railway stock and bonds in the U. S. represents on an average only ten cents of investment. If interest was paid on actual investment, the interest charge would be one-tenth what it is.

The combined salaries of the railroad commission which manages the state-owned railroads of Australia are $30,000 a year. There are at least half a dozen railroad presidents in this country who receive $50,000 each yearly.

Then consider the loss in duplicate railroad construction. The West Shore and Nickel-plate paralleling the N. Y. Central and Lake Shore, cost $200,000,000. The bulk of this, from the social standpoint, is wealth thrown away. Prof. Ely, in a careful article on this subject, says: "Probably the waste in railroad construction and operation in the United States during the last fifty years would be amply sufficient to build comfortable houses for every man, woman and child now in the country."

Col. Henry R. Legate, in an article in "The New Nation," estimates that at least $80,000,000 has been unnecessarily spent in the Western Union Telegraph Co. in swallowing up other companies or in watering the stock. In 1891 there were 59,148,000 messages sent at an average of 31.6 cents. If these had been sent at the 12 cent rate of Great Britain, it would have meant a saving of eleven and a half millions in that one year to the community. If the rate had been the same as the Swiss and French rate of ten cents or the Belgian rate of nine cents, of course the saving would have been more.

There is an enormous waste both in the building and operation of our street cars and local systems of transportation which could be saved by a proper co-ordination and municipal management.

A small part of these various savings are now being garnered into private pockets by consolidating and enlarging.

In distribution proper, look at the duplicate stores and warehouses, retail and wholesale. I think I may safely venture the assertion that there is not a city, town or village in this country in which at least one-third of the stores and entire machinery of distribution of products, could not easily be dispensed with and the remaining two-thirds consolidated so as to give better equipped facilities for distribution and yet with the third dispensed with, to save at least half of the cost of distribution if the prices were fixed in some other way than by competition, for instance in the same manner as the price of postage stamps is fixed. The saving to the community would be enormous. It is being done to a limited extent for private profit in the consolidation and growth of great emporiums of retail business in the large cities.

Take the one item of commercial travelers. It is estimated there were between 250,000 and 400,000 of them in the U. S. We will take the smaller number. Their salaries will run from the $15 a week paid to the boy just starting out, to the $15,000 or $20,000 paid to the experienced man with a large clientage. They will average not less than $2,000 and probably not over $3,000. We will take the smaller figure. Their expenses will run from the $3 a day of the man who travels cheaply, making short jumps, to the $20 and $25 a day of the man who travels, as I have personally known, with thirty-six trunks and pays the expenses of his customers from an hundred miles around to come to see him. They will average not less than $6 a day and not over $8. Take the lowest figure and allowing for vacations, say, $2,000 a year for expenses. One thousand million would thus be saved at the lowest estimate. The writer has been one of them for over twenty years. Three-quarters of this expense is absolutely unnecessary.

The great Trusts and combinations recognize this and these combinations are making the largest share of their extra profits by legitimate savings due to a better co-ordination of the business.

Take advertising. Immense sums are yearly spent on it. The cigarette manufacturers were forced into a combination that they might reduce the advertising expenses which were eating them up. One man increased his advertising and then his rival had to see him one better. Prof. Ely quotes from a Mr. P. M. Magnusson, "who has investigated the subject perhaps as carefully as anyone, and who has estimated the expense of advertising in this country at $500,000,000 a year, of which $5,000,000 would be ample to convey all the useful information given by advertising." The secret of getting business today is not low prices, but costly aggression.

In banking, think of the large number of banks with their expensive staffs. They depend for most of their profits on the loaning of money and not on the payment they get for facilities of exchange afforded. Under a Socialistic regime, there would be no loaning of money. Add to this the insurance companies. The various mutual orders are insuring lives at from one-fifth to one-third what the old companies charge. It is estimated that one-third of the premiums charged for fire insurance pays the actual cost of insurance, and the other two-thirds pay the expenses and profits. Here again, costly aggression and not low

prices, gets the business. All of these companies have done great and valuable work and will continue to do it in a decreasing degree for a long time to come. But in the end, the people can provide cheaper and more secure life and fire insurance and banking for themselves than a small part of the people can provide it for them. The further off a beginning of this is postponed, the more expensive will it be. Many other savings in distribution might be cited.

In production, look first at the useless, duplicated and unwisely located manufacturing plants. It is said that two-fifths of the iron furnaces in this country have been abandoned. In the writer's own business, one, or at the most two wisely located and managed factories could easily supply the whole needs of the country. At present there are four or five factories, any one of which could probably supply the country, seven or eight more factories, any two of which could do likewise, and perhaps fifteen or twenty small concerns. Of course, the goods cost more to make under these circumstances. The same is true of all lines of business, save where they have been monopolized. The wall paper business is an example of this. Owners of wall paper factories have been paid to do nothing, and viewed from the standpoint of the production of wealth, such a course has been economical. But while the Trust secures the uniform running of the most wisely located factories and makes a great saving in buying, selling, staff and advertising expenses, it cannot wholly prevent the building and manning of needless factories by those who desire to force an entrance into the combination. Immense savings can be made on this line by Socialism.

Again, every factory has its secret processes, by which at least some part of the goods are made cheaper and better than in other places. The universal use of the best processes which now it is the direct interest of the individual to keep to himself, but which, under Socialism, it would be his glory to give to the world, would be another great cause of saving. Again, consider the needless loss from fraudulent adulterations and imitations.

Almost the same arguments apply to mining as to manufacturing. They also apply to farming, which is behind the other means of production, and will probably be one of the last to be fully Socialized. But the farmers are beginning to join together to build creameries, get reapers, seeders and expensive agricultural machinery.

Few people realize that our weather and agricultural reports are a social function performed by the government. They are of immense and almost incalculable saving to the farmer and the sailor. The same is becoming more and more true about the National and State Labor Bureaus and their reports.

What will be the savings in government? Surely Socialism cannot save there? It means more government, don't it? We are a law-ridden people. In 1900 and 1901, the various States passed 14,190 laws, many of them longer than the entire Justinian code.

North Carolina passed 1,265 laws in eighty-six days, or nearly fifteen laws a day. Alabama passed 1,132, Connecticut 750, New York 737, Massachusetts 652. This averages about an hour for a law, exclusive of time taken up by reading of minutes, personalities and business.

Many of the States, in sheer desperation, have forbidden annual sessions of their legislatures. The expense of

passing these laws is large, the expense of interpreting them with the hosts of lawyers seven times as numerous as in Germany or France, and the variety of courts is larger, and the expense of enforcing them largest. Socialism means the centralization of the gathering and dissemination of information and of the co-ordinating of the processes of production and the control of the methods of distribution, but it also means the decentralization and localization of all political power and of all production as far as it is consistent with the central co-ordination. It would do away with this excessive legislation by the fullest kind of home rule obtained through Direct Legislation. Instead of our States enacting an average of over 500 laws in a year, most of which are special legislation and often corrupt and for private ends, it would be as it is in the Cantons of Switzerland, the most democratic country in the world, where Direct Legislation has been longest in force. The Canton of Berne has enacted an average of four laws a year for the last two decades. Hence there would be a great saving not only in the legislature but in the lawyers and courts to interpret this multitude of laws. Then the laws being fewer and made at home, they will be better understood and enforced by home sentiment. Local enactment means a local sentiment which will do away with three-quarters of the expense of enforcing them.

Again, crimes against property which outnumber all other crimes, would almost cease as the incentive would be removed. What an immense saving in police, jails, courts and all the machinery of law enforcement!

Also look at the tremendous sums spent yearly in charity both private and public. Nine tenths of this would be done away with when we have economic equality as we now have political equality. Those who have made a careful study of the charity problem tell us that most of the money spent in charity does more harm in deteriorating character than it does good.

Socialism believes with St. Paul that "if a man will not work, neither shall he eat." Hence both the idle rich and the idle poor would be set to work. It believes as a corollary of St. Paul's statement, that if a man is able and willing to work he shall have work by which he shall have enough to eat. What an immense utilization of waste product here! Then look at the multitudes of men who are now working honestly at what are socially non-productive pursuits. Take the army of 250,000 commercial travelers. Under the present system they are necessary. Under Socialism they will be set at really productive work. The Buddhist thinking he gains merit by whirling his prayer wheel is wise beside modern civilized society which allows such a waste.

Our Patent Office, Consular Reports, Bureaus of Statistics, National and State, are doing a great and little recognized work in spreading the utilization of waste products. Unconsciously, they are laying the foundations broad and deep for the coming Socialism whose regulations must be based on an intimate knowledge of facts. Every year sees their methods improving, their scope extending, their workers better trained. Every year of gathered facts makes the past work more and more valuable for pointing out the laws to guide the future. Such knowledge in the hands of trained workers will prevent the quarrelling which often precedes a little known course, will prevent empirical mistakes

and will ensure a larger and larger utilization of the forces now going to waste in man, in society, in nature. They are spreading and will spread in larger measure and wider scope among the people, a knowledge of the best processes for manufacture, mining, agriculture and all that pertains to man's dominion over nature.

Great inventors have rarely made their inventions for money. They have made them for the glory or for the love of the work or of mankind. Will they stop inventing when the sharp pang of hunger is removed? No, the emulation in inventing will be stronger. A story is told of the great inventor, Ericsson, which if not true, is characteristic. A friend heard him sigh when looking over the waves, and when asked the reason, Ericsson replied that he was thinking of the immense power going to waste in the waves. So it may be presumed that man's control over the forces of nature will increase in this century of coming Socialism at a more rapid rate than in the passed century, often called the age of invention.

The last of my three divisions is one that concerns the motives. It is difficult of material proof. Facts and figures cannot be given. Yet though intangible, it is none the less a fund and an immense one to draw on to foot the bills of Socialism. In the last analysis, the supremacy of England and of our own country is mainly due to the greater efficiency of man, of the average man. At present his occupation is rarely adapted to his abilities. He takes it because it is the first one at hand and adapts himself to it as far as he can. Only the children of the rich can choose. Gray's "Many a Mute, Inglorious Milton" is no poetic figment. When all the youth of the land under the guidance of their parents and the wise advice of their instructors, part of whose duty it will be to study the developing characters of their scholars, are able to choose their occupation, we may expect an adaptation to occupation which will produce results in the efficiency of man and his productivity now undreamed of. This will, of course, be aided by the special education for occupation which he will receive, and together they'll make a contentment and *esprit de corps* raising to a still higher point both the amount and quality of his production.

Only a few of the means for paying the bills of Socialism are briefly indicated here. A keen reader will at once fill out these scant outlines and see other reserves waiting to be drawn on. But enough has been suggested to show that the fund to be drawn on is enormous and more than ample for all demands.

Instead of the simile of a man with a fixed income planning to enlarge his expenditures being an apt and applicable one, it is more like a manufacturer refusing to adopt certain new processes of manufacture and plainly proved economies by which his income could be wonderfully increased. It is as if the owner of a water-power which has an old fashioned undershot wheel in it utilizing about five per cent. of the power, should refuse to put in an improved turbine utilizing about eighty per cent. of the power.

Are these available at once? Not all. But the answer is comprehended in the larger question which is sure to be asked: "Is Socialism coming at once?" Twenty, yes even ten years ago, the great majority of Socialists would have answered this in the affirmative. But within the last decade a complete change has come over the

ideas of the Socialists. Revolutionary Socialism has never had more than a sporadic root in the United States, while the evolutionary Socialists, or those who believe in a gradual, peaceful change, have increased greatly. At one time, the revolutionary Socialists dominated probably by activity and lung power in England, but that is all changed now and the evolutionary Socialists are in the large majority. The same is true in a less degree of France and Germany. It has been accentuated by the expulsion from the Socialistic Congresses in Europe four or five years ago and the refusal to admit since of the Anarchists who are almost to a man, in favor of violent measures. Today the almost unanimous reply of Socialists the world over, would be that Socialism was coming gradually, slowly but with a constantly accelerating progress and without a break in the peace of society unless its enemies should use violence. That progress has begun. At present it is largely unconscious. For instance, everyone in the United States is in favor of schools managed by the State. That is a part of Socialism. It is an established fact in our country. In England it is not and is a part of the Socialist demands.

Many Englishmen say that education is not a duty of the State. Hence in this point we are in advance of England.

Where are the men to be found who will carry into effect this tremendous change? In two places: First the government, municipal, state and national, is employing a continually increasing number of men, and where that employment is under proper Civil Service rules it is getting a better class than private employers, especially in the higher grades where the constructive work is to be done. These men are being trained so that they are becoming more and more capable of heavier responsibilities and of teaching others. This source of supply is comparatively small now but it is increasing.

That the corporations for transportation, commerce and manufacture are continually growing in size, no one can deny. This means that the distance between the employers and the employed increases till finally the employed does not know his employer but only his superior in office. When this is fully accomplished particularly as regards the highest grades of ability, these concerns are ready to be taken over by the State. The change of ownership from the distant stockholders to the whole people and the change of control from the little seen and rarely well-known board of directors to the officers elected by the people, or appointed by some one who is elected by the people, need make no more disturbance than a newspaper paragraph. This has been the history of the government assumption of control of a railroad by a receivership. Over one-sixth of the mileage of the country has thus passed into government control during one year, 1894. The great growth of large corporations is producing the second supply source of men for this purpose; it is a rapidly increasing source and probably will grow for a time and then will decrease as the government source increases. These two sources will turn out the men trained and fitted for the great constructive work of turning all the corporations into one great corporation, the people. But the simile of one great corporation is misleading. At once the mind thinks of a rigid corporation embracing seventy to an hundred million people and it starts back aghast at such a

formal unity—at a centralization so tremendous that the regimentation and discipline must be so firm and hierarchical as to be oppressive of all liberty. But true Socialism means a multitude of small governmental agencies in the complete control of each local community, and the central government exercising only co-ordinating features. Direct Legislation is the balance wheel to counteract the too great centralization of our economic trend.

In this future Socialism economic equality will be the logical outgrowth of political equality. Then will be carried into full effect the principles enunciated by Washington, Madison, Jefferson and the fathers of the country. Then will Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people and for the people," be something more than the far-sighted hope of the great martyr-statesman and President. Then will we see a Democracy of which the present is but a faint fore-shadowing and our country will start on a progress now undreamed of. May the great Republic of the West, lead the world in this coming development of the science of Government as it has led in so many other things.

THE NEGLECT OF CHILDHOOD

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER

THE child as a victim of ignorant, incompetent, unequipped parenthood is to me the most pathetic of life's tragedies. In my childhood a vague, undefinable perception of this disastrous fact of human imperfection haunted my thought. Before the years of early womanhood the fact that no knowledge imparted in home or school was calculated to prepare youth to understand ever so little the great responsibilities of parenthood, or to protect them from the perils of wasted vitality, was realized to be a serious deficiency in educational systems and home training.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER

In my birthplace, Potsdam, New York, from its early days facilities for schooling have been and are, up to date, of the best. But while enjoying the advantages of learning from books, the perception was unfolded that for the exigencies of mortal existence much more than the curriculum of the school was needed.

Serious childhood experiences of a domestic character, and delicate health from inherited weaknesses and a spinal injury in infancy, probably conduced to my tendency of mind to search for the cause of these unpleasant burdens of mortal existence. Mental Science was then not only a region of unexplored knowledge to the multitude, but that there was such a science was unapprehended. But through suffering

I learned much of the power of thought to conquer physical pain and infirmity, and having a good endowment of will power, I was able to exercise it beneficially upon my physical organism.

This was one of the experiences that led me to perceive and understand that motherhood was potentially a creative agency. After a very inspiring experience of motherhood, my thought became more and more earnestly directed to the necessity of more suitable teaching and preparation for a wiser parenthood. As soon as sufficiently restored from the effects of the awful shock caused by the drowning of my child, I began writing.

The first production of my unaccustomed pen was an essay upon "*Motherhood : Its Power over Human Destiny.*" Reading this and other essays in the same line of thought before women's clubs and in parlor gatherings of thoughtful women, aroused considerable interest, and the final result was the organization of Moral Educational Societies. These were established first in Boston and other eastern cities, and afterward a Chicago society for ten years was the center of work and distribution of literature.

Previous to the early '70's a rescue work of (so called) "fallen" women had been carried forward in the city of Boston, and a publication advocating "moral reform" (since termed social purity) was sent out showing the distressful results, physical and social, of ignorance and transgression of nature's laws.

But that youth should be fortified by right knowledge from the dangers of indiscretion and vicious habits was not thought practicable. Still farther was it from the dreams of parents and teachers to equip the future fathers and mothers with physiological and psychological knowledge for the benefit of the coming child.

The higher thought concerning marriage and parental responsibility and power since thirty years ago has progressed most encouragingly. In Chicago in the '80's in newspaper reports of the work of the Moral Educational Society thought was expressed that in the parlor meetings of the early '70's caused some mothers and grandmothers to screen their faces as if shocked.

In many directions through literature, the important knowledge and higher ideals are disseminated, and there is evidence here and there that it is permeating beneficially the thought and life of youth. Far more and sooner than was anticipated by me when my efforts began to secure attention to the subject of controlling marriage and creative agency for the benefit of the coming child, and for the physical health and moral uplifting of the individual, has this thought advanced and become an accepted branch of education among a large class of people.

But in the early days of this propaganda it came to my knowledge, through investigation of the sad phase of social life that blights womanhood, degrades manhood, and destroys childhood many times, that the economic system of our (so styled) civilization especially failed in providing for the unprotected and homeless before they were forced into a life of degradation or starvation.

It was a heartrending fact "borne in upon me" that the motherless girl who had been beguiled by the protestations of a passion misnamed love, had been stranded on the desert of homelessness because the pride and anger of her father made her an outcast from his domicile.

It was a shocking and heart-sickening

fact that especially in eastern cities nine out of ten of the inmates of the houses of death were girls left motherless in early childhood, or bereft of home and parents in early girlhood and reduced to starvation or shame when seeking to maintain themselves and failing to find opportunity for steady employment.

Today well informed people understand that our economic system is the cause of much of the deplorable "social evil." Because it was inconceivable to me that any woman could choose the life of prostitution, I sought carefully the reasons why they were plunged in the dismal abyss. And this opened up a new realm of study and investigation.

More questions seemed unanswerable. What were the responsibilities of the individual and the citizen to the community as a part of the social organism?

What change could be wrought in our economic and industrial systems to secure to everyone, and especially to every child, opportunity to gain honest subsistence and the means of education and culture?

There seemed to be an impervious mental atmosphere that shut out these questions. Strangely enough, there are even today fossilized minds who hold to the long established idea that only the indolent person need lack a chance to earn life's necessities, that anyone disposed to industry can always find a field of labor.

And a quarter of a century ago that was the common attitude of mind, the stereotyped thought. Only a few, comparatively, discerned what might possibly be the disastrous results of the control of the medium of exchange when in 1873 the circular issued by European money lenders to the money lenders of our country announced satisfaction with the abolition of chattel slavery, which made the master-owner responsible to feed, clothe and shelter the slave, and boasted of the better advantage to control the wages of labor by controlling the volume of money.

It seemed to my liberty-loving spirit that the day of doom for our country and of freedom for the worker and producer must soon appear, unless the people could see and vigorously oppose the centralization of power in the ownership and profit gathering of the money lender.

As well as my dilapidated physical condition that resulted from an extended investigation of the social evil and brothel system admitted, and, also, as a mental exercise for restoration, I diligently studied the money problem in 1878-79. Becoming convinced that for all the people money issued by government only, and on equal terms to all, would serve the general welfare and tend to establish justice, I entered into the Greenback campaign of 1880, and as a delegate from a ward in Philadelphia attended the political convention held in Chicago in June of that year.

The Equal Suffrage organization of Philadelphia also made me a delegate to both the political convention and the convention of the National Woman Suffrage organization held just preceding the political gatherings. In the Greenback convention there were three women delegates beside myself, and there was a heavy majority in favor of the political equality of woman, and a platform resolution to that effect was prevented by the argument of a delegate from Georgia who claimed that it would disrupt the harmony of the party in that State to introduce that subject.

Though I have never craved a repetition of that novel experience, I have

been glad of it, for several times it has helped me to reconcile myself to the proceedings of women in their conventions that my first experience was in connection with the sex who had for all time enjoyed the training of participation in deliberative assemblies. And though my sisters might trample upon the decorum of dignity or exhibit the weaknesses and follies of human nature, I can condole myself that they cannot outdo their brothers in these regards.

A survey of the process of social revolution during my mortal career is a vivid picture of the advance of humanitarian ideas on the one hand, and on the other a colossal growth of the spirit of greed, and the estimate of man by his capacity to accumulate possessions rather than by his integrity of character. The transition from the independent craftsman owning his tools to the hired servant of the machine owner, and of all workers from comparative independence to the subjection of the employers' self interest has passed like a panorama under my observation.

Coming to realize that the private ownership of the machine and the land was to make slaves of the disinherited worker, and that the one only worthy object and aim of existence, the development of mind and the higher nature is impossible to the toiler under the oppressive and restrictive conditions of the competitive and wage systems, my study and efforts for the past twenty years have been chiefly in the principles and propaganda of Socialistic ideas.

The hindrances encountered are the lack of faith that human nature can possibly act unselfishly, and the overweening estimate and belief in money as the invincible power.

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION

COLIN MCKAY

The bill, providing for the compulsory arbitration of disputes between railway companies and their employees, recently introduced into the Canadian parliament by the Minister of Labor has aroused more than ordinary interest in trade union and Socialist circles. To trade unionists the proposed act is important because its adoption would oblige trade unions to modify their methods and general polity; to Socialists it is even more important because its adoption would not only constitute a recognition of a pregnant socialistic principle, but would remove the conflict between capital and labor from the domain of economics to that of politics. In New Zealand and Austrailia, compulsory arbitration, among other causes, has transformed trade unions into socialist organizations, as well in methods as in intent.

Some features of Mr. Mulock's bill are open to objection both from the trade union and Socialist view-points, but at present we are merely concerned with the principle involved.

The attitude of American labor leaders is decidedly antagonistic to this principle, but Canadian trade unionists are inclined to favor it. Thus while, President Gompers, of the American

Federation of Labor, emphatically condemns compulsory arbitration, President Ralph Smith, of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, declares that "considering our condition in Canada, I am convinced that the compulsory principle of settling industrial disputes is worth a trial."

The opposition of the A. F. of L. to this principle is we think, largely due to a false conception of liberty. In American trade union councils the right of personal liberty is defined as "the right to quit work." Apply the test of progression, the touchstone of principles, and we will at once perceive the fallacy of this conception of personal liberty. If everybody quit work, neither society nor the individual could exist. Apparently trade unions are based on a principle, tending in operation to the dissolution of the race.

Instead of asserting, as the Fathers of the Republic did, that all men have a right to live, American trade unions merely affirm that they have a right to die. If American unions based their actions on the primary assumption of the Declaration of Independence, they would logically be obliged to adopt methods superseding the use of the strike; for, life being a principle, and liberty merely an attribute thereof, questions concerning the conservation of the right to live necessarily takes precedence of matter relating to the preservation of liberty. If they held that their adherents only had the right to live they would, in order to guarantee that right, be obliged to established co-operative societies. If they admitted that all men had a right to live, they would be forced into the socialist position, and would go into politics and strive for the public ownership and operation of the means of existence.

Some American labor leaders believe that the state is justified in intervening to prevent a suspension of industry, but even there would oppose the adoption of a compulsory arbitration law on grounds of expediency. American courts, they say, have usually favored the capitalist as against the workingman; and the presumption is that boards of arbitration, constituted in much the same way as ordinary courts and invested with similar powers, would be dominated by the same spirit. If the popularly elected judges have usually been antagonistic to labor, the unsocialistic character of the American labor movement is to blame. Labor has the might of the ballot in its own hands, and then elects "enemies of the people." Is not this a shameless confession of inaptitude and incompetence in matters political?

Another objection is that the adoption of compulsory arbitration would turn back the spirit of labor legislation to the Era of the Statute of Laborers and the Quarter Sessions, the history of which beginning in the 14th Century, and continuing until the first part of the 19th Century presents a continuous record of failure to fix wages by law. As the workers during that period had not achieved political liberty, this objection only makes more manifest the absurdity of the American point of view. In those times the laborer had no voice in the adoption of legislation and could hope for no redress from the vicious administration of the law, while today the laboring class have the power to pass any legislation they please, and have it administered to suit their interests. President Gomper's specious assertion that compulsory arbitration would enforce involuntary servitude on the workers is quite in accord with his advice to trade unionists, not to enter politics on a class

conscious platform. If trade unions never intend to make use of their political power, their opposition to compulsory arbitration is undoubtedly wise; but as soon as they learn to use this weapon aright there will be no reason to fear that the abandoning of an obsolete weapon like the strike will deprive the worker of his liberty anymore than joining the union of his trade does.

MONTREAL.

THE POETRY OF A MACHINE AGE

GERALD STANLEY LEE

HE truest definition of a gentleman is that he is a man who loves his work. This is also the truest definition of a poet. The man who loves his work is a poet because he expresses delight in that work. He is a gentleman because his delight in that work makes him his own employer. No matter how many men are over him, or how many men pay him, or fail to pay him, he stands under the wide heaven the one man who is master of the earth. He is the one infallibly overpaid man on it. The man who loves his work has the single thing the world affords that can make a man free, that can make him his own employer, that admits him to the ranks of gentlemen, that pays him, or is rich enough to pay him, what a gentleman's work is worth.

The poets of the world are the men who pour their passions into it, the men who make the world over with their passions. Everything that these men touch, as with some strange and immortal joy from out of them, has the thrill of beauty in it, and exultation and wonder. They cannot have it otherwise even if they would. A true man is the autobiography of some great delight mastering his heart for him, possessing his brain, making his hands beautiful.

Looking at the matter in this way, in proportion to the number employed there are more gentlemen running locomotives today than there are teaching in colleges. In proportion as we are more creative in creating machines at present than we are in creating anything else, there are more poets in the mechanical arts than there are in the fine arts; and while many of the men who are engaged in the machine shops can hardly be said to be gentlemen (that is, they would rather be preachers or lawyers), these can be more than offset by the much larger proportion of men in the fine arts, who, if they were gentlemen in the truest sense, would turn mechanics at once; that is, they would do the thing they were born to do, and they would respect that thing, and make every one else respect it.

While the definition of a poet and a gentleman—that he is a man who loves his work—might appear to make a new division of society, it is a division that already exists in the actual life of the world, and constitutes the only literal aristocracy the world has ever had.

It may be set down as a fundamental

principle, that no matter how prosaic a man may be, or how proud he is of having been born upon this planet with poetry all left out of him, it is the very essence of the most hard and practical man that, as regards the one uppermost thing in his life, the thing that reveals the power in him, he is a poet in spite of himself, and whether he knows it or not.

So long as the thing a man works with is a part of an inner ideal to him, so long as he makes the thing he works with express that ideal, the heat and the glow and the lustre and the beauty and the unconquerableness of that man, and of that man's delight, shall be upon all that he does. It shall sing to heaven. It shall sing to all on earth who overhear heaven.

Every man who loves his work, who gets his work and his ideal connected, who makes his work speak out the heart of him, is a poet. It makes little difference what he says about it. In proportion as he has power with a thing; in proportion as he makes the thing, be it a bit of color, or a fragment of flying sound, or a word, or a wheel, or a throttle; in proportion as he makes the thing fulfill or express what he wants it to fulfill or express, he is a poet. All heaven and earth cannot make him otherwise.

That the inventor is in all essential respects a poet toward the machine that he has made, it would be hard to deny. That with all the apparent prose that piles itself about his machine, the machine is in all essential respects a poem to him, who can question? Who has ever known an inventor, a man with a passion in his hands, without feeling toward him as he feels toward a poet? Is it nothing to us to know that men are living now under the same sky with us, hundreds of them (their faces haunt us on the street), who would all but die, who are all but dying now, this very moment, to make a machine live,—martyrs of valves and wheels and of rivets and retorts, sleepless, tireless, unconquerable men, pioneers of God?

To know an inventor the moment of his triumph,—the moment when, working his will before him, the Machine at last, resistless, silent, massive pantomime of a life, offers itself to the gaze of men's souls and the needs of their bodies,—to know an inventor at all is to know that at a moment like this a chord is touched in him strange and deep, soft as from out of all Eternity. The melody that Homer knew, and that Dante knew, is his also, with the grime upon his hands, standing and watching it there. It is the same song that from pride to pride and joy to joy has been singing through the hearts of The Men Who Make, from the beginning of the world. The thing that was not, that now is, after all the praying with his hands . . . iron and wood and rivet and cog and wheel. Is it not more than these to him standing before it there? It is the face of matter—who does not see it?—answering the face of the man, whispering to him out of the dust of the earth.

What is true of the men who make the machines is equally true of the men who live with them. The brakeman and the locomotive engineer and the mechanical engineer and the sailor all have the same spirit. Their days are invested with the same dignity and aspiration, the same unwonted enthusiasm, and self-forgetfulness in the work itself. They begin their lives as boys dreaming of the track, or of cogs and wheels, or of great waters.

As I stood by the track the other night, Michael the switchman was

holding the road for the nine o'clock freight, with his faded flag, and his grim brown pipe, and his wooden leg. As it rumbled by him, headlight, clatter, and smoke, and whirl, and halo of the steam, every brakeman backing to the wind, lying on the air, at the jolt of the switch, started, as at some greeting out of the dark, and turned and gave the sign to Michael. All of the brakemen gave it. Then we watched them, Michael and I, out of the roar and the hiss of their splendid cloud, their flickering, swaying bodies against the sky, flying out to the Night, until there was nothing but a dull red murmur and the falling of smoke.

Michael hobbled back to his mansion by the rails. He put up the foot that was left from the wreck, and puffed and puffed. He had been a brakeman himself.

Brakemen are prosaic men enough, no doubt, in the ordinary sense, but they love a railroad as Shakespeare loved a sonnet. It is not given to brakemen, as it is to poets, to show to the world as it passes by that their ideals are beautiful. They give their lives for them—hundreds of lives a year. These lives may be sordid lives looked at from the outside, but mystery, danger, surprise, dark cities, and glistening lights, roar, dust, and water, and death, and life,—these play their endless spell upon them. They love the shining of the track. It is wrought into the very fibre of their being.

Years pass and years, and still more years. Who shall persuade brakemen to leave the track? They never leave it. I shall always see them—on their flying footboards beneath the sky—swaying and rocking—still swaying and rocking on to Eternity.

They are men who live down through, to the spirit and the poetry of their calling. It is the poetry of the calling that keeps them there.

Most of us in this mortal life are allowed but our one peephole in the universe, that we may see IT withal; but if we love it enough and stand close to it enough, we breathe the secret and touch in our lives the secret that throbs through it all.

For a man to have an ideal in this world, for a man to know what an ideal is, even though nothing but a wooden leg shall come of it, and a life in a switch-house, and the signal of comrades whirling by; this also is to have lived.

The fact that the railroad has the same fascination for the railroad man that the sea has for the sailor is not a mere item of interest pertaining to human nature. It is a fact that pertains to the art of the present day, and to the future of its literature. It is as much a symbol of the art of a machine age as the man Ulysses is a symbol of the art of an heroic age.

That it is next to impossible to get a sailor, with all his hardships, to turn his back upon the sea is a fact a great many thousand years old. We find it accounted for not only in the observation and experience of men, but in their art. It was rather hard for them to do it at first (as with many other things), but even the minor poets have admitted the sea into poetry. The sea was allowed in poetry before mountains were allowed in it. It has long been an old story. When the sailor has grown too stiff to climb the masts he mends sails on the docks. Everybody understands—even the commonest people and the minor poets understand—why it is that a sailor, when he is old and bent and obliged to be a landsmen to die, does something

that holds him close to the sea. If he has a garden, he hoes where he can see the sails. If he must tend flowers, he plants them in an old yawl, and when he selects a place for his grave, it is where surges shall be heard at night singing to his bones. Everyone appreciates a fact like this. There is not a passenger on the Empire State Express, this moment, being whirled to the West, who could not write a sonnet on it,—not a man of them who could not sit down in his seat, flying through space behind the set and splendid hundred-guarding eyes of the engineer, and write a poem on a dead sailor buried by the sea. A crowd on the street could write a poem on a dead sailor (that is, if they were sure he was dead), and now that sailors enough have died in the course of time to bring the feeling of the sea over into poetry, sailors who are still alive are allowed in it. It remains to be seen how many wrecks it is going to take, lists of killed and wounded, fatally injured, columns of engineers dying at their posts, to penetrate the spiritual safe where poets are keeping their souls today, untouched of the world, and bring home to them some sense of the adventure and quiet splendor and unparalleled expressiveness of the engineer's life. He is a man who would rather be without a life (so long as he has his nerve), than to have to live one without an engine, and when he climbs down from the old girl at last, to continue to live at all, to him, is to linger where she is. He watches the track as a sailor watches the sea. He spends his old age in the round-house. With the engines coming in and out, one always sees him sitting in the sun there until he dies, and talking with them. Nothing can take him away.

Does any one know an engineer who has not all but a personal affection for his engine, who has not an ideal for his engine, who holding her breath with his will does not put his hand upon the throttle of that ideal and make that ideal say something? Woe to the poet who shall seek to define down or to sing away that ideal. In its glory, in darkness or in day, we are hid from death. It is the protection of life. The engineer who is not expressing his whole soul in his engine, and in the aisles of souls behind him, is not worthy to place his hand upon an engine's throttle. Indeed, who is he—this man—that this awful privilege should be allowed to him, that he should dare to touch the motor nerve of her, that her mighty forty-mile-an-hour muscles should be the slaves of the fingers of a man like this, climbing the hills for him, circling the globe for him? It is impossible to believe that an engineer—a man who with a single touch sends a thousand tons of steel across the earth as an empty wind can go, or as a pigeon swings her wings, or as a cloud sets sail in the west—does not mean something by it, does not love to do it because he means something by it. If ever there was a poet, the engineer is a poet. In his dumb and mighty, thousand-horizoned brotherhood, Hastener of men from the ends of the earth that they may be as one, I always see him,—ceaseless—tireless—flying past sleep—out through the Night—thundering down the edge of the world, into the Dawn.

Who am I that it should be given to me to make a word on my lips to speak, or to make a thing that shall be beautiful with my hands—that I should stand by my brother's life and gaze on his trembling track—and not feel what the engine says as it plunges past, about the man in the cab? What

matters it that he is a wordless man, that he wears not his heart in a book? Are not the bell and the whistle and the cloud of steam, and the rush, and the peering in his eyes words enough? They are the signals of this man's life beckoning to my life. Standing in his engine there, making every wheel of that engine thrill to his will, he is the priest of wonder to me, and of the terror of the splendor of the beauty of power. The train is the voice of his life. The sound of its coming is a psalm of strength. It is as the singing a man would sing who felt his hand on the throttle of things. The engine is a soul to me—soul of the quiet face thundering past—leading its troop of glories echoing along the hills, telling it to the flocks in the fields and the birds in the air, telling it to the trees and the buds and the little, trembling, growing things, that the might of the spirit of man has passed that way.

If an engine is to be looked at from the point of view of the man who makes it and who knows it best; if it is to be taken, as it has a right to be taken, in the nature of things, as being an expression of the human spirit, as being that man's way of expressing the human spirit, there shall be no escape for the children of this present world, from the wonder and beauty in it, and the strong delight in it that shall hem life in, and bound it round on every side. The idealism and passion and devotion and poetry in an engineer, in the feeling he has about his machine, the power with which that machine expresses that feeling, is one of the great typical living inspirations of this modern age, a fragment of the new apocalypse, vast and inarticulate and far and faint to us, but striving to reach us still, now from above, and now from below, and on every side of life. It is as though the very ground itself should speak—speak to our poor, pitiful, unspiritual, matter-despising souls,—should command them to come forth, to live, to gaze into the heart of matter for the heart of God. It is so that the very dullest of us, standing among our machines, can hardly otherwise than guess the coming of some vast surprise, —the coming of the day when, in the very rumble of the world, our sons and daughters shall prophesy, and our young men shall see visions, and our old men shall dream dreams. It cannot be uttered. I do not dare to say it. What it means to our religion and to our life and to our art, this great athletic uplift of the world, I do not know. I only know that so long as the fine arts, in an age like this, look down on the mechanical arts there shall be no fine arts. I only know that so long as the church worships the laborer's God, but does not reverence labor, there shall be no religion in it for men today, and none for women and children tomorrow. I only know that so long as there is no poet amongst us, who can put himself into a word, as this man, my brother the engineer, is putting himself into his engine, the engine shall remove mountains, and the word of the poet shall not; it shall be buried beneath the mountains. I only know that so long as we have more preachers who can be hired to stop preaching or to go into life insurance than we have engineers who can be hired to leave their engines, inspiration shall be looked for more in engine cabs than in pulpits,—the vestibule trains shall say deeper things than sermons say. In the rhythm of the anthem of them, singing along the rails, we shall find again the worship we have lost in church, the worship we fain would find in the simpered prayers

and paid praises of a thousand choirs, —the worship of the creative spirit, the beholding of a fragment of creation morning, the watching of the delight of a man in the delight of God,—in the first and last delight of God. I have made a vow in my heart. I shall not enter a pulpit to speak, unless every word have the joy of God and of fathers and mothers in it. And so long as men are more creative and godlike in engines than they are in sermons, I listen to the engines.

Would to God it were otherwise. But so it shall be with all of us. So it cannot but be. Not until the day shall come when this wistful, blundering church of ours, loved with exceeding great and bitter love, with all her proud and solitary towers, shall turn to the voices of life sounding beneath her belfries in the street, shall she be worshipful, not until the love of all life and the love of all love is her love, not until all faces are her faces, not until the face of the engineer peering from his cab, sentry of a thousand souls, is beautiful to her, as an altar cloth is beautiful or a stained glass window is beautiful, shall the church be beautiful. That day is bound to come. If the church will not do it with herself, the great rough hand of the world shall do it with the church. That day of the new church shall be known by men because it will be a day in which all worship shall be gathered into her worship, in which her holy house shall be the comradeship of all delights and of all masteries under the sun, and all the masteries and all the delights shall be laid at her feet.

The world follows the creative spirit. Where the spirit is creating, the strong and the beautiful flock. If the creative spirit is not in poetry, poetry will call itself something else. If it is not in the church, religion will call itself something else. It is the business of a living religion, not to wish that the age it lives in were some other age, but to tell what the age is for, and what every man born in it is for. A church that can see only what a few of the men born in an age are for can help only a few. If a church does not believe in a particular man more than he believes in himself, the less it tries to do for him the better. If a church does not believe in a man's work as he believes in it, does not see some divine meaning and spirit in it, and give him honor and standing and dignity for the divine meaning in it; if it is a church in which labor is secretly despised and in which it is openly patronized, in which a man has more honor for working feebly with his brain than for working passionately and perfectly with his hands, it is a church that stands outside of life. It is excommunicated, by the will of Heaven and the nature of things, from the only Communion that is large enough for a man to belong to or for a God to bless.

If there is one sign rather than another of religious possibility and spiritual worth in the men who do the world's work with machines today, it is that these men are never persuaded to attend a church that despises that work.

Symposiums on how to reach the masses are pitiless irony. There is no need for symposiums. It is an open secret. It cries upon the housetops. It calls above the world in the Sabbath bells. A church that believes less than the world believes shall lose its leadership in the world. "Why should I pay pew rent," says the man who sings with his hands, "to men who do not believe in me, to worship, with men who do not believe in me, a God that

does not believe in me?" If heaven itself (represented as a rich and idle place—seats free in the evening) were opened to the true laboring man on the condition that he should despise his hands by holding palms in them, he would find some excuse for staying away. He feels in no wise different with regard to his present life. "Unless your God," says the man who sings with his hands, to those who pity him and do him good,—"unless your God is a God I can worship in a factory, He is not a God I care to worship in a church."

Behold it is written: The church that does not delight in these men and in what these men are for, as much as the street delights in them, shall give way to the street. The street is more beautiful. If the street is not let into the church, it shall sweep over the church and sweep around it, shall pile the floors of its strength upon it, above it. From the roofs of labor—radiant and beautiful labor—shall men look down upon its towers. Only a church that believes more than the world believes shall lead the world. It always leads the world. It cannot help leading it. The religion that lives in a machine age, and that cannot see and feel, and make others see and feel, the meaning of that machine age, is a religion which is not worthy of us. It is not worthy of our machines. One of the machines we have made could make a better religion than this. Religion and art at the present moment, both blindfolded and both with their ears stopped, are being swept to the same irrevocable issue. By all poets and prophets the same danger signal shall be seen spreading before them both, jogging along their old highways. It is the arm that reaches across the age.

LOOK OUT FOR RAILROAD CROSSING—
THE ENGINE!

The main inconvenience that God has had in telling the truth upon the earth is that men are willing to believe only a little of it at a time. The great heretics of the church have been heretics, not by believing less, but by believing more than religion could believe. When enough truth is left out of a truth to make it small and prompt and possible, it finds no dearth of believers; but when there is so much of a truth that it dares to be beautiful, it is not allowed to be called a truth. It is called an ideal. It is bounded off as poetry. Men look at it from over the wall,—some of them wistfully, some of them scornfully. The fable, "It is too beautiful to be true" is applied to it. Philosophy doubts it. Religion worries about it. Science denies it. To the poet alone, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings," is the one and the final description by which he knows that the thing that comes is a truth.

Whatever his age may be, it is by seeing that the actual truth of the age is more beautiful than the age can believe that he masters the age. He masters an age by appreciating it, by whispering its heart to it, by singing its self-respect. If he lives in an age of democracy, an age of crowds, he will make the crowd beautiful, or he will be crowded out by it. If he lives in an age of machines, the machine shall be beautiful, or he will be crushed by it. If every fibre of the age he lives in is penetrated with the machine, with the machine energy and the machine voice, if the destiny of man is linked with it,

if nine-tenths of his fellow-men must live their lives with the machines, get their lives out of them and put their lives into them, no literary definition, be it ever so dauntless or ever so crowded with its swarm of poets, shall move him. "Any definition of literature, religion, or art, or of anything whatsoever," he shall say, "that shuts down a lid over the lives of the great body of mankind;" any definition by one set of men that says to all the rest of men, "These souls shall be machines for our souls," is a dead definition of dead things. It shall only be believed by the dead. All the combined refinement of the world standing on the machines, and on the necks of the machines that are running the machines, and defining poetry to us day and night, shall not make men believe a definition like this. Poetry that can be confined to the top of a lid shuts itself fatally and irrecoverably out from the last chance that poetry can ever have of being poetry. Poetry that down in its heart, at least, is not vital enough and primeval and elemental enough to belong to all men is not worthy of a few men nor beautiful enough for one man. Any definition that divides the spirit, that entails beauty, that sets bounds to it, is cut off forever from where all beauty comes from, whether in the world we see around us, or the world within the world.

When it comes to pass that in order to make life continue to be beautiful upon the earth two things must be put together that never have been put together before, if a poet is a small poet and cannot see how to do it, he stops singing as poets are doing now, or he sings softly that he cannot sing, or that he would like to sing if he could, or he sings hesitation. In some wistful and pretty sadness and pale helpfulness he wanders about the world, unnoticed and unnoticing. He cannot feel the poetry of the machine because he has not mastered the machine. The machine has mastered him. The spirit that made the machine is not in him. The hearts of stokers shall pity him. He pities himself. A poet who pities himself is the essence of prose.

If he is a great poet, on the other hand, and if, in order to make life beautiful on the earth, two things must be put together that never have been put together before, it is the essence of his power that he, in the spiritual glow and splendor of his life, shall fuse the paradox into its eternal truism, shall bring together the blindly separated things and the blindly separated men, and make the world whole again. It belongs to him to take the two great characteristic impossibilities of the age he lives in, and blend them into one great possibility.

It is a blind universe. It is a few men in it who are the eyes. Poetry is a poet,—looking at it, seeing it as it is.

It is also a dull universe. Poetry is something men do with it. The poet is the man who makes us do it. We have never meant to let him make us do it. We cannot help it. Nature is a barbarian. A poet is born, and with gods and goddesses and fauns Greece steals into human life. Another poet is born and the Hebrew makes a conscience out of a cloud. Another poet is born and the world learns Galilee. The centuries while themselves away as best they can. Poor, dull, huddled souls are born in them, afraid of God and the dark. We die under a sky we would rather not know. We make gardens for ourselves,—parlors in the hills. We plant diagrams of beauty on

the earth, and sing poems and thrum our serenades in rows of box. We go forth from under our geometric trees into the natural and the wild with suspicious and averted eyes. There comes a Wordsworth who makes the wilderness the great wide garden of the world, where the Lord walks forth upon the hills both day and night.

Poetry is the discovering of new connections. Science is the grudging acknowledgment of them. Religion is the world's confession that the poets are right. One by one their dreams and moods, far-fetched and strange at first, are made the highway of the world's ideals, until as the ages pass, like some vast unconscious habit of all life, old poems are breathed in us before we are born, into our souls and into our bodies, and we wake and greet this world at last, the humblest of us, all of us, heirs of the poets forever.

It is thus the eternal office of the poet,—the discovering that a discord is a harmony out of order. It is not a gracious office at first. He has the last word only because his first word lasts the longest. His song is out of the force that made the heavens and the earth. The heavens and the earth both sing his refrains. Slowly, a very little at a time, dazed, tired, stumbling, broken, humbled, this old hero of a world lifts its eyes and follows him. —The Atlantic Monthly.

THE CLASS STRUGGLE

A. M. SIMONS

One of the points for which the Socialist is perhaps more often denounced than any other is his continuous maintenance of the position that social advances are secured through the struggles of classes with opposite interests. It is one of the fundamental doctrines of Socialism that at any time all social institutions are determined by a ruling class. This class is always the economic master and through that mastery is able to determine the social laws, rules and customs. There comes a time when these institutions conflict with social progress. The ruling class is then overthrown by some other, and another set of laws and customs are enacted. In this course of development lies the explanation of phenomena such as that observed by Bagehot in his "Physics and Politics," where he notices that in every society when a certain set of institutions and customs have been long established they tend to form a "cake of custom," opposing all progress, that can only be broken through a revolution that establishes another set of institutions, to again form a "cake of custom," and so indefinitely.

It has thus come about that most of our so-called history has been only the story of the actions and beliefs of the ruling classes. Furthermore, as those who wrote the history were in their turn members of a ruling class, and more or less subject to class prejudice, history has been largely but the record of a past ruling class seen through the eyes of a present one.

Even to-day the tendency to consider the dominant class as all there is of society is seen in the form of many popular expressions. When we say that "everyone has gone to the country," or everyone does this or wears that, it will generally be found that, as a matter of fact, only a small portion of society, but that the privileged portion, is meant. It is they who determine all social customs and set the fashions in dress, manners and morals. It is this fact that accounts for apparent changes of base in ethics so that the things that were considered right in one age become wholly wrong in another. Very much of what we call morality is simply the customs of the ruling class. This is especially evident in the attitude of society toward slavery, polygamy, and the rights of property. It has been an absolutely uniform rule in all history that whenever slaves were no longer "profitable," slavery became "immoral." This was without any regard whatever as to whether the resulting condition of the laborer was worse or better. Chattel slavery became wrong when wage slavery became profitable. Incidentally an excellent illustration is offered in this connection of the way in which historians report the customs of the ruling class as those of the "people." Almost every historian states that polygamy and slavery were at some time the practice of certain "nations." As a matter of fact both of these institutions are only possible among a very small percentage of the population of each nation, and those the economic masters. The fraction of people in our Southern States who ever held slaves was extremely small, and in the Oriental nations that are today known as polygamous, only the very small class who are the economic, and consequently the social, rulers are able to practice polygamy.

This view of social development is repugnant to many persons, especially when applied to our present society. This is more particularly true if they are members of the ruling class; or still more so if mere hangers-on of that class. They do not realize that this very repugnance is an excellent illustration of the principle under discussion and a splendid example of class-consciousness. Such persons are apt to prate much of the "brotherhood" of man, and to accuse Socialists of "setting up a class war." The latter expression is a characteristic one of this party and is more significant than at first appears. It is a natural expression of the philosophy of their class, which is continually speaking as if society could be "made over" to suit individual schemes. They are accustomed to see the manners and customs that they affect impressed upon society, and so become imbued with the idea that any change they may think advisable can be "enacted." They forget that the deeper social changes that mark social advances are made through the overthrow of one social class and the substitution of another. Hence they are blind to the fact that nothing but the "stern logic of events" can "set one class against another," and that all the Socialist is doing is to call attention to existing facts, and their bearing upon laws of social development. It seems to me that in this fact we have the great explanation of class-consciousness and the difficulty of either class ever understanding the other. The rulers, accustomed to dictate social institutions, cannot understand a philosophy having as its fundamental principle that such dictation is impossible. The subject class, never

having known what it was to see their ideas take form in social institutions, are appealed to at once by a philosophy demanding the overthrow of the class responsible for an objectionable institution. This reciprocal attitude constitutes the insuperable obstacle to any form of class reconciliation, even if such reconciliation were desirable.

When we look at our present society it is seen to be divided into two hostile classes with opposing interests. Some of the more obvious proofs of this condition will be discussed later, but at present it will be taken for granted that what is perfectly evident to any observer actually exists. It might be remarked in passing that when the "grain of wheat is sifted from the bushel of chaff" in the claim of those who say that "capital and labor are brothers," that they are the "right and left hands of industry," or in a less poetic way that the interests of the employer and employe are identical, we shall find that what is really true is only that capital and labor are necessary to each other. Waiving at present the fact that capital is an "historical category" implying a certain relation of ownership residing in individuals with reference to the instruments of production and distribution, and that at bottom it is these instruments that are essential, and not capital at all, let us analyze these expressions a little further. In this light it is seen that it is LABOR and these INSTRUMENTS that co-operate in production and not the laborer and capitalist at all. A still further examination shows that even between these the points where harmony exists are those which are not in dispute at all. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." From the simple fact that tools are necessary to the worker is drawn the wonderful deduction that the interests of a class who claim a legal control over these tools are identical with the interests of a class whose life demands access to such tools and are prevented such access by that control.

This blindness and confusion, in so far as it is not directly traceable to dishonesty of statement, is another illustration of the point we are discussing—divergent class interests, and hence consciousness. When the capitalist speaks of the harmony of labor and capital he is thinking of their interests in production. Considering his class as all of society (as he has been taught by everything around him to consider it) he argues that increased production is for the good of "society." This increased production requires the co-operation of capital and labor, and the more harmonious their action the greater the production—ergo, their interests are identical. But the great social question from the point of view of the laborer is the one of the distribution of the product, and on this point (the only one at issue) their interests are diametrically opposite.

Let us now examine these classes and see if anything can be found in their history that will aid us in determining their future function. We find that the present capitalist class rose to power through a class war, as did every ruling class. At the close of the last century the landed aristocracy were dominant. All social institutions were molded in their interests. They were considered, by themselves, as infinitely superior to the just arising mercantile class. Legislation had been hitherto designed to protect agriculture against commerce, the country against the city. But the rapidly developing factory system was giving the mercantile class a new weapon. They began

to be the economic masters of society. Many of the landed aristocracy became indebted to them. Their influence was soon felt in legislation. They repealed the corn laws and inaugurated the era of *laissez faire* that they might be unfettered by legal restrictions.

As the capitalists became stronger they looked about for some weapon with which to complete the overthrow of the landed class. Hitherto the weapon used by both sides in such struggles had been the working class. So it was natural that they should be used at this time. A new form of proletariat had grown up which made this more than ordinarily easy. Hitherto the laborers had been scattered among a great number of different classes of society, each of which exploited them and used them to fight its battles. The capitalist system gathered them together in great bodies in the towns and cities and made them dependent on the owners of the means of production—the just arising capitalist class. They had been driven from the land and herded together in the great towns where their life depended upon their obtaining access to the machines that were revolutionizing society.

The capitalists had, by virtue of class legislation, the legal relation of ownership to all machines and factories. By virtue of this legal relation they were able to dictate to all other persons the conditions under which they might use these instruments of production and distribution. That this is the essence of ownership is admitted even by the capitalist writers. This is shown by the definition of private property given by Holland in his work on Jurisprudence. He says, "It is a social relation consisting in the capacity residing in one man of controlling with the assistance of the state the actions of others with reference to the economic goods in question." The tremendous significance of this "capacity of controlling the actions of others" is seen when we realize that access to the "economic goods" in question (the mines, factories, machines, etc.) is absolutely essential to the existence of those not having such ownership.

The capitalist thus having the laborer completely in his power thought to use him, with his newly acquired solidarity, as a weapon with which to wipe out the last share of the landed aristocracy in the government. As a means to this end the laborer was given the franchise. That the capitalists were not mistaken in their tactics is shown by the fact that through the weapon thus obtained they became the undisputed social masters. The laborer has been continuously deceived, cajoled and intimidated into doing the bidding of his masters at the polls. Not until recent years has he shown any great disposition to revolt.

But with the disappearance of the landed, political aristocracy as a competitor for the position of ruling class, a new class entered the arena to battle for the mastery. This was the proletariat, the despised class, that had hitherto been looked upon only as the tool of whatever warring classes might be struggling for the mastery.

The appearance of this class in this function is the most significant fact about nineteenth century society. It means that if once this class gains the victory, the evolution of society through economic class war is over, as there can no longer be an exploited class to support a ruling one.

The history of the origin of the laboring class and their rise to their present position is therefore of

momentous importance. At first they were gathered in unorganized mobs under the control of a master in the great factories. This master had often originally been one of them, and the possibility of their some time occupying his position was the strongest bond that kept them contented in their condition. While capitalists and laborers were so closely united the entire issue was confused. Personal relations added to a confused economic situation to make class divisions vague. The capitalist was thought to have as one of his functions the organization of industry. It was claimed that the great reward he received was owing to his superior intellect and skill in managing industry. The step from laborer to capitalist was not an insuperable one and was filled with intermediate economic grades.

Gradually the classes became separated and things began to appear in their true light. The concentration of industry eliminated the middle classes and small capitalists and added enormously to the wealth of the remaining capitalists. The step from employe to employer became an almost impassable one.

Socially the separation was wider still. The capitalist class had now a full set of institutions and customs in which the laborer had no part save to unwillingly maintain. They had their own social circles, their own modes of dress, their own trading centres, and more significant than anything else in outward appearance, their own residential localities. The capitalist resided in the suburb, his employes sweltered in the slum.

The separation in industry was still clearer. The capitalist no longer kept up the farce of posing as a manager of his industry, but handed over the actual oversight to the proletariat arranged in carefully graded ranks of foremen, overseers and bosses. It then became clearly evident that the only essential capitalistic function was that of ownership of the instruments of production and distribution through which the owners are enabled to extort from the workers all they produce save what is necessary to keep up the stock of laborers. The capitalist had become an absolute parasite on the productive forces of society. It is an immutable law of nature, as inevitable in the realm of society as in that of biology, that a disused organ must disappear. The functionless character of the capitalist class is the certain sign of their doom.

The question arises as to what class shall succeed them. On this point there is no room for argument. The only vital class in society is the laboring class, the despised proletariat, the helpless tool and dupe for all the historical classes, which has at last risen to a position of power in itself.

The whole history of this class has been one of preparation for the task before it. That task is to take control of the means of production and distribution and operate them for the good of all, and through the power thus gained to remodel the institutions and customs of society as every other ruling class has done, according to their class interests, with this far-reaching difference, that all society being members of this one producing class, those institutions will be those required by all.

Let us look for a moment at the preparation of the proletariat for this weighty function. We have seen how they have been organized industrially until they have become the only essential portion of our economic life.

Their separation and economic and social isolation has given them that solidarity and class interest, sympathy and consciousness that always comes to a separate class. Public education, political organization, economic struggles have all had a part in their preparation.

Finally the ballot has given them the means of obtaining that mastery. Unlike other earlier classes struggling for victory, they have no subject class, to use as weapon, but must fight their own battles. They must be united in a party that recognizes their historical class function and interests and that perceives that the time has arrived in history for the downfall of the last ruling class and the abolition of class rule forever through the abolition of class exploitation.

After this stage, if further development is to take place through class struggles, the divisions must be along other than economic lines. The struggle must take place upon some higher plane, as of intellect or morals.

To many people this position is hard to see. They definitely oppose all class action and seek to unite these far-separated classes. Such a movement is distinctly reactionary.

The formation of classes with their clearly marked lines of division is the most essential thing in the whole course of social evolution. It is the culmination of the movement in which the perfection of the machine to render the productive powers of society great enough to provide for all, and the concentration of industry to simplify and unify the processes of production, were the earlier steps. In the same way the present movement against class divisions is exactly analogous to the anti-machine and anti-trust movements of earlier times. As a matter of fact these earlier movements were carried on by the same class and often by the same persons as are now crying for class reconciliation. All are clearly middle class movements seeking to preserve present conditions. They are a class-conscious recognition of the fact that upon the maintenance of the status quo depends the existence of those who are advocating this alleged brotherhood. In their endeavor to convert the proletariat to their point of view we see once more the attempt to use the worker to fight the battles of his masters.

Happily such a movement is as hopeless as its predecessors. The proletariat of the world is everywhere beginning to recognize its function and is gathering in mighty class-conscious armies to demand its right to occupy the field of history and to erect upon the downfall of the last of the ruling classes a society dependent on co-operation, not exploitation, and on brotherhood rather than class war.

[Now published as a tract by C. H. Kerr & Company, Chicago.]

WHO WILL DO THE "DIRTY" WORK?

ONE of the stock arguments of those who contend that Socialism is Utopian and impracticable is that under a system where all would be considered equal there would be none willing to perform the menial, dangerous or unpleasant tasks necessary to the well-being of the state; that each member of the community would naturally refuse to accept any employment that would cause his fellows to look down upon him because of the nature of his work, but that each would insist upon having assigned to him the lighter and more pleasant tasks. Taking this much for granted, the man who is so sure that Socialism "wouldn't work" has no trouble in convincing himself that chaos would follow fast upon the heels of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

This argument has been met and exploded so often that it is not necessary to go over the reasons which have been given to show that it is not a sound argument against Socialism; but there is one answer to this contention that has not been so forcibly urged as it would appear to merit, and that is that under Socialism, come when it will, there will be little or no unpleasant work to be done by the individual, and certainly no menial work. All work will be honorable.

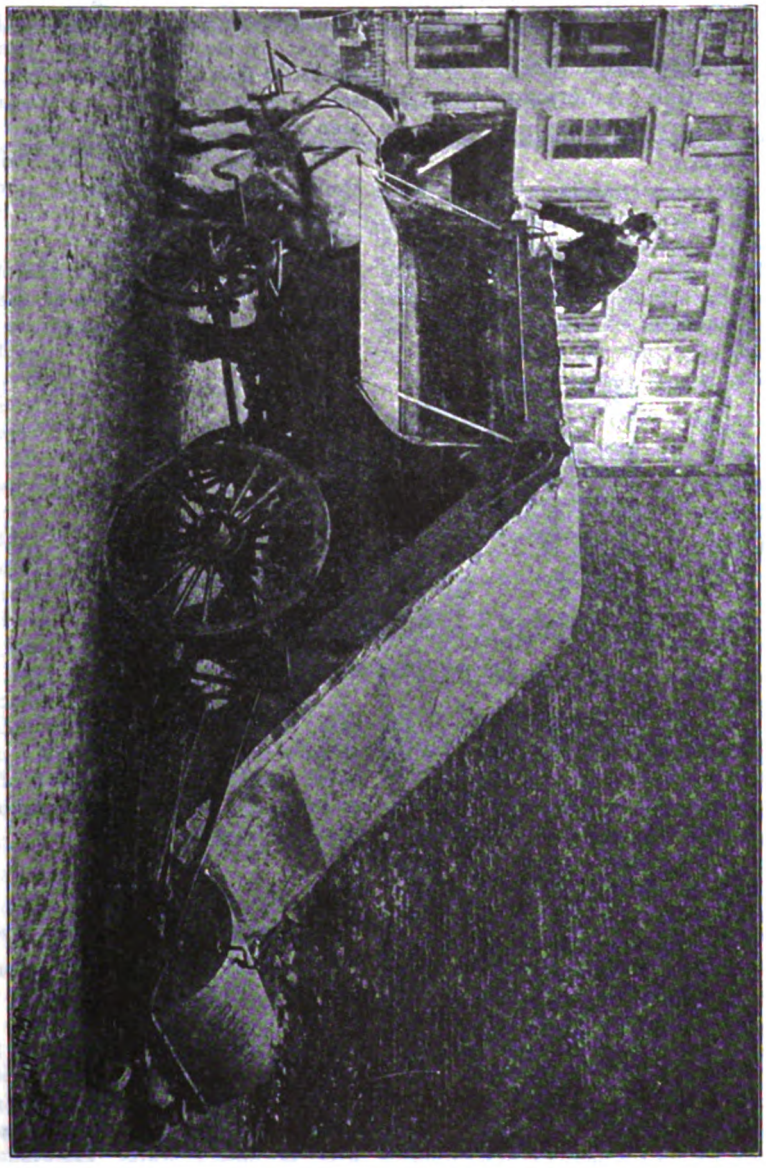
The rapid strides now making in labor-saving machinery are fast rendering unnecessary the performance of any hard work by manual labor. A most cursory study of any of the journals devoted to the advancement of science must impress the reader with this fact. With each recurring week some new patent is announced that has for its object the taking away from the labor of man some portion of the work heretofore considered to be safe from the greedy encroachment of the machine.

This week, as shown in our illustration, it is a street-sweeping machine, of such a perfect design and so sanitary in its construction and working, that it will without doubt retire the "white angels" in all the larger cities in short order, and gradually extend to the smaller cities and towns.

In this month's number we give an account of an invention for laying railroad track by machinery; a perfected device for digging ditches for water mains and gas and sewer pipes, and all kinds of ditches, is in successful operation in this country; farming by machinery is an old story to the millionaire ranchers of the middle west; every branch of mining has been done by machinery, and machine loading and unloading of trains and ships has long been an accomplished fact.

Sweeping streets or shovelling coal is dirty work, and today it is done by hand in many places because there is

no other means open to those who are engaged in that work for earning a livelihood, and because it is cheaper for the private contractors who have the work in charge to hire men than to buy machines. Under Socialism the people would build and operate every kind of a machine that would in any way reduce the work needed to be done for the health and happiness of the world. Expense would cut no figure where the consideration was the abatement of features that would be dangerous or disagreeable to the worker.



Courtesy of Scientific American.

A SANITARY STREET-CLEANER.

Not only are these new labor-saving machines furnishing an answer to the question of who shall do the "dirty work" under Socialism, but they are

presenting unanswerable and uncontrovertible evidence that Socialism is an inevitable concomitant of the rapid displacement of the unskilled labor of the world by the machine. Under what other form of society shall the masses of the unemployed see protection from not alone poverty and suffering, but absolute extinction?

The Scientific American has the following to say concerning the new street sweeper:

Some of our readers, passing up Fifth Avenue recently, may have noticed the new street-cleaning device used on that thoroughfare. A clear understanding of the machine can be quickly had by a glance at the diagrammatic view shown herewith. The rotary sweeper, A, at the rear of the machine, is operated by chains and sprockets from the hubs of the rear wheels, and serves to gather up and throw the dirt onto a slide, B. Moving over this platform is an endless belt, C, on which are a series of scrapers that carry the rubbish upward and forward until from the top of the slide it drops into the dust-proof box, D. In order to prevent the rubbish from accumulating at the rear end of this box and choking up the mouth of the elevator a conveyor, E, is provided, which moves the dirt toward the front of the box as soon as it has piled up within reach of the paddles on this belt. Both the elevator and the conveyor belts are driven by chain gearing from the rear wheels. A large water tank, F, is situated below the rubbish box and, under control of the driver, feeds the sprinkler, G, placed directly in front of the sweeper.

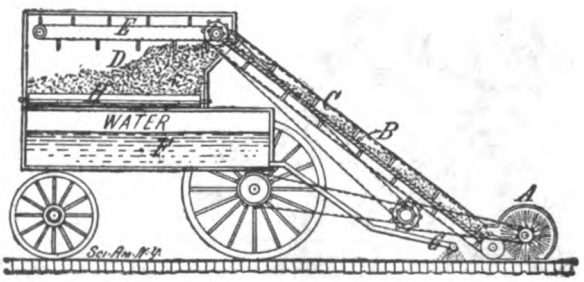


DIAGRAM OF THE STREET-CLEANER.

The advantages of this machine are evident. It does its work thoroughly and quickly without raising any dust; for the matter is first sprinkled and then raised through a covered elevator to a dust-proof receptacle. The whole operation is therefore under cover—a point which cannot be too strongly emphasized in any work which stirs up the heterogeneous filth of a city street. The machine holds two cubic yards of dirt, and the whole process of sprinkling, gathering and dumping can be controlled by a single man. The method of dumping the dirt is an interesting one. Referring again to the diagram, we notice that the bottom of the rubbish-box is an endless sheet of iron which passes around rollers, H, placed along each side of the machine. These rollers are rotated by operating a lever at the driver's seat. Our engraving shows the door of the rubbish-box let down to form a chute for the dirt, and the driver may be seen operating the dumping lever.

By rotating the pulleys the floor is fed forward, forcing the rubbish out onto the chute, whence it slides into a dump-cart or any receptacle placed thereunder.

This machine should work a revolution in the present antiquated methods of street cleaning. The slow, cumbersome operation of sweeping cobblestones by hand, aside from being expensive, is at the same time most unsanitary; for the rubbish is continually being stirred up and laid open to the air, giving off bad odors. This machine, however, seems to fill all requirements; it sweeps on an average seventy thousand square yards of street per day at half the cost of hand labor and does the work without spreading any dust, odor or disease.

Morgan Wants the Waves.

The American rights of Marconi's wireless telegraph which, it is reported, will shortly be acquired by J. Pierpont Morgan and others, include "the whole of the United States," the American West Indies and "The Hawaiian Islands and all waters belonging thereto." This is what science has brought us to: Rights over "all waters" where "the winds their revels keep." Alas, for the winds! J. P. Morgan has cast his net over them, and "a life on the ocean wave" is only an interesting song-relic of prehistoric days.—N. Y. Commercial.

THE HURLEY TRACK-LAYING MACHINE

L. A. Wells, in Engineering News.

The Hurley track-laying machine, of which the accompanying illustration gives a good idea, is a new invention made by Mr. R. E. Hurley, of Scranton, Pa. It is being used for the first time on a new piece of track under construction for the Bessemer & Lake Erie R. R., near Greenville, Pa.

As will be seen in the illustration, the machine car, in front of the construction train, from which power is applied to its three supporting trucks, has a steel cross-derrick, or crane, extending 60 feet over the road bed, leaving a clear height above it of about 8 feet. Following the machine-car is a car with elevated platform, upon which the boiler, fuel, and water supplies are carried. The machine, together with its entire construction train of 16 cars of ties, rails, etc., is hauled by the machine car as motive power.

The train is made up with the cars upon which the rails and track fastenings are loaded in the rear. Then come the tie cars and at the head the boiler and machine cars. At the centre of the length of each of the rail and tie cars, and about a foot from each side, is placed a roller, and on these rollers two lines of rails, one on each side of the car, are carried forward toward the head of the train. The power to haul the rails ahead is furnished by a cluster of friction rolls in the machine-car. At the rear of this line of rails a gang connects rail after rail as the line moves ahead, securing them by placing the angle bars on the rails and putting one bolt in both ends of each rail. When the rail arrives at the machine-car it is disconnected from those in the rear by taking out one bolt and slackening the other, leaving the angle bar on the rear end of each rail as it is sent out into the derrick, by power rolls, to a point about 20 feet in advance of the machine-car wheels. Here it is grasped by specially constructed hoisting tongs and lowered by one man to the ties below. As the train moves slowly forward at a rate of 20 to 30 feet per minute, the suspended rail reaches a point about 1 foot back of the previously laid rail, from whence it is moved forward by hand, the loose angle bars passing over the ball of the stationary rail, when a clamp is placed over them. The rail is then released from the tongs, and the bolting is done while the train moves slowly forward. The possibility of making these connections "on the fly" is one of the most important features of the machine, and accounts, in part, for its rapid work.

The cars of ties are placed between the machine car and the cars of rails, being so loaded that they give proper clearance for the rails, as they move

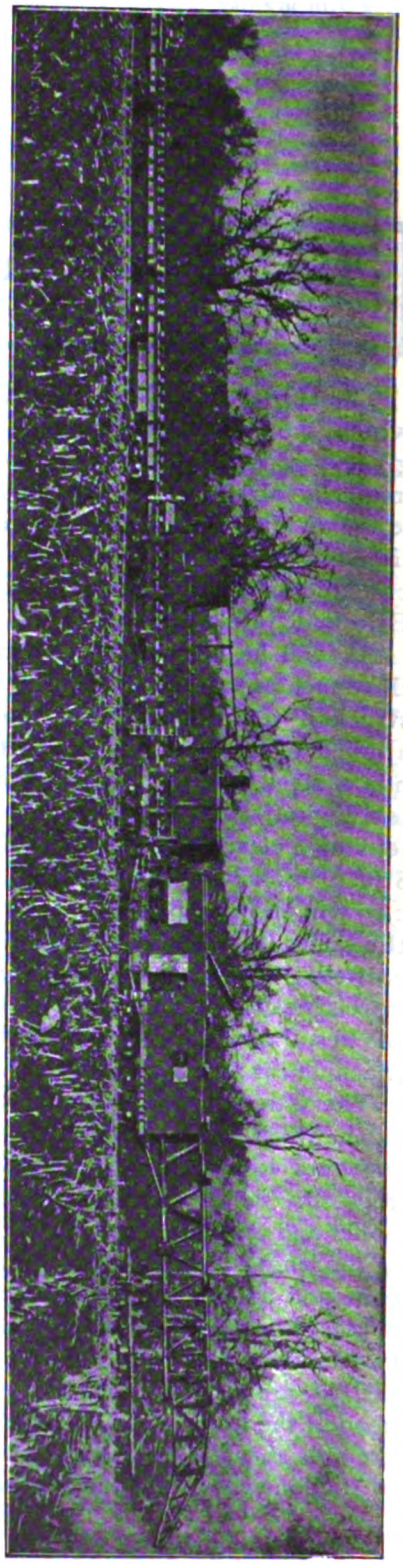
forward over the cars, to pass under the ends of the ties. The rails are thus used as tie conveyors in the movement from the rail cars to the machine car, as many ties being placed on each rail length as are required to be placed under it. In this manner they are carried forward to the machine, where they are taken from the rails by an attachment on an endless chain, and conveyed over the top of the derrick, which delivered them on the road bed about 12 feet in advance of the outward end of the rail. The road bed under the derrick is thus kept constantly supplied with ties sufficiently in advance of the rails to allow time for proper adjustment.

The machinery is so geared that the material moves over the cars at exactly the same speed as the train moves over the track, thus keeping up a constant supply of ties and rails at just the rate required. This work is all done with the least possible amount of labor, and with very little lifting. The men are distributed over the train, and on the road bed in front of the machinery car, in such a manner as to be free to work without interfering with each other.

The derrick in front of the machine car is at such a height as to give free action to the spikers below, and the front portion of it is so constructed that it can be swung to either side to suit the curvature, thus landing the ties exactly on the line.

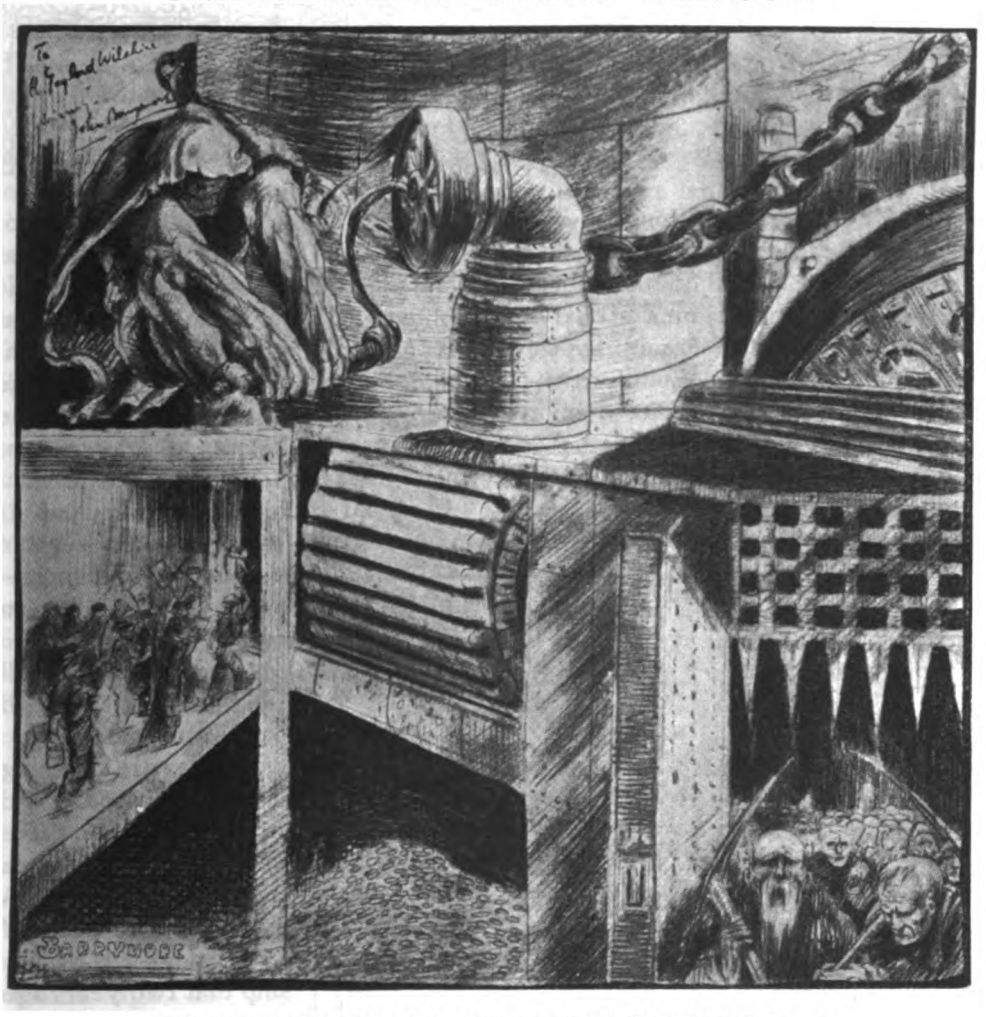
Special appliances in the shape of tools are also used with the machine, making it possible to work with a rapidity that would seem at first to be quite out of the question. Those interested in this branch of railroading will appreciate the large economy resulting from the fact that this machine, with 40 men, is capable of laying two miles of track per day.

Courtesy of The Engineering News.



THE HURLEY TRACK-LAYING MACHINE.

BARRYMORE'S STRIKING CARTOON



THE MILLS OF THE MORGANS GRIND ONLY TOO FAST.

-N. Y. American

Aug. 25, 1902.

My Dear Mr. Wilshire

First; I thank you for your complimentary card which entitles me to one year's delight through your magazine. Do not fail to renew my subscription at the end of this period.

Second: I will read the pamphlet you enclose me for the purpose of locating something that I may dare to put into a cartoon.

Lastly: I thank you for your praise of "The Mill that grinds rapidly and steadily." When the day comes that the students of economic conditions know me as well as they know you, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain.

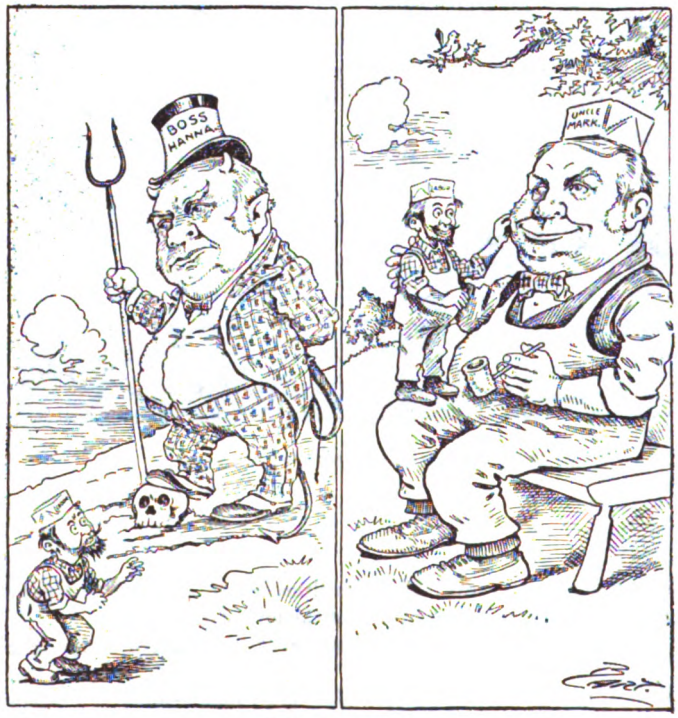
Very sincerely,

John Barrymore

P. S.—I am sending you the original of the cartoon of the Mill which you will kindly accept with my compliments.—J. B.

CURRENT CARICATURE

I HAVE had a letter from one of my subscribers calling me to task for frankly saying what I think about Mr. Hanna. He thinks Hanna a kind of a man-devil, and since I do not happen to agree with him, I am, therefore, "no Socialist"—he says. I have invited him to come into these columns and express his views for publication, but he prefers to privately admonish me, so I must bear my humiliation in silence.



MARK HANNA
As seen by the working man five years ago and at the present time.
—Minneapolis Journal

The question as to what Hanna may or may not be, is, of course, of no great moment, as I have been careful to say. It is, however, amusing to find that because I may happen to differ with a man in my summing up of a character, he must conclude that I am unable to solve an economic problem. There is no question that Mr. Hanna's attitude upon the coal strike has led many men to revise their opinion of him, and yet he is the same man that he was two years ago, when he was so loudly reviled.

I, myself, think every sane man is anxious to do what he can for the benefit of humanity—will do it, too, if he can see a clear way to do so, and the doing will not cause him too much pain or trouble.

Events are shaping themselves today so rapidly in our industrial world that many men are seeing the desirability and practicability of a partial public ownership that two years ago saw nothing. In a year or so more these men who see that *partial* public ownership is a good thing will be seeing that *complete* public ownership is a better thing. It is not that the men have changed, but that conditions have changed. Hanna has not yet arrived at even the public ownership stage; he is now only to the place where he thinks that the street car owners should be given perpetual franchises, with fares being

revised by the public every ten years. Hanna is clearly today against any public ownership, and I mention this because I expect in a few months to be able to say that he has been converted to the necessity of public ownership simply by the inexorable logic of events.

He, today, is traveling the path of questioning the Divine Rights of Baers to inherit the Earth to the exclusion of Men. He says that he has done all he can to get Mr. Morgan to see the reason and justice of arbitrating the Coal Strike and that Morgan refuses to listen to him. Let him now take the consequences of his obstinacy, says Hanna. It's amusing this despair of Hanna at seeing his pet project of Arbitration become a broken reed in his hands. Not many months ago he was satisfied he had found the Key to Heaven on Earth. Now he finds that it will not admit him to a gallery seat to hear Baer's Choir of Angels sing "Oh, How Happy We Be That God Gave the Earth to Baer."

MUST BE OUT FOR SOMETHING

Dave and Teddy.—What in thunder are YOU running for, Nick?

—Minneapolis Journal

Mr. Roosevelt is still at this date (August 29th) telling the people up in Maine that Everything is for the Best and that they Must not Appeal to the Baser Instincts of Man in trying to settle the Trust Problem. If they do, they may "shoo" off the Bird of Prosperity. He warns them that the Millennium is not at hand and that it is foolish to expect it. Now I, myself, only a few weeks ago, traversed the same cities in which the President is now speaking and had enormous meetings. I was preaching the Early Coming of the Millennium, and so I am presumptuous enough to think that Teddy must have heard of all this and that he has his eye upon me when he warns people not to listen to such appeals to their Baser Instincts, nor to think the Millennium at Hand.

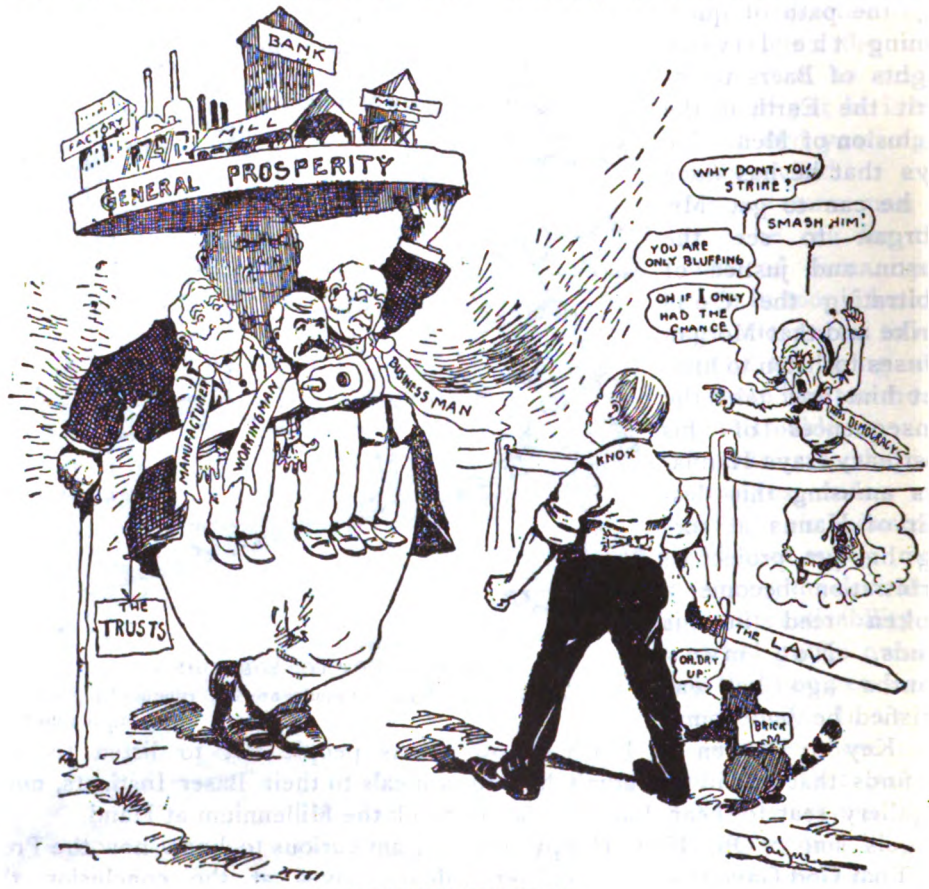
I am curious to know how the President arrives at the conclusion that leading people to believe that the Millennium is a possibility is the same as appealing to their baser instincts. If there is one thing that does appeal to the higher instincts of man it is leading him to hope and strive for a condition on Earth when all men shall be Brothers and Poverty Abolished. It seems to me if there is anyone appealing to the baser instincts it is

President Roosevelt himself in his continuous glorifying the Art of Killing Men.

Possibly he thinks Mr. Hanna is appealing to the Baser Instincts of men when Hanna suggests that Baer is not the only Man that God gave the Earth to.

The President's utterances on the money. Instead of the President sympathizing with this growing desire he stumps the country with vapid speeches containing not a single suggestion of how to solve the problem of monopoly and contents himself with slurring those who do know how to solve it.

It is only too true that the President,



SMASHING WON'T DO

—Pittsburgh Gazette

Trust Question would be funny were it not such a serious thing for our chief executive to trifle so with a grave subject. Here is the whole nation exercised over the mighty problem of monopoly. They are awakening to a realization that the Earth should belong to all the people rather than to Baer and his self-elected angels of Mr. Dave Hill and the Czar of Russia each with his little speech on the Trust is simply furnishing an exhibition of how little those who are in position to influence public opinion really know about the present economic situation.

Mr. Knox, just at the time when he might be called upon to do something to save his country, finds it convenient

to take a junketing tour to France to investigate Panama titles. Of course, he could no nothing by remaining here, and he knows it; but, on the other hand, he and everybody else can see plainly enough that his skurrying to Europe just at the time when everyone is calling upon him to take some steps in settling the Trust Problem is a bald confession of the inadequacy of any law to control the Trusts.

There is no question that the President is right when he says that you cannot touch the Trust without upsetting "Prosperity." The Trust is like a great tumor upon the body politic. We may know it is a dangerous excresence but we fear that its removal would kill the patient. We will die if we let it grow larger and we will die if we cut it out. What then can we do? We must absorb the tumor. Make it part of ourselves. Instead of allowing it to have a centre independent of our own centre we must make them identical. We must simply consolidate Mr. Morgan and Uncle Sam into one person, and that person will be an enlarged Uncle Sam,—a stronger and better man than he ever was before. He must absorb all of Morgan's strength, brains and blood for the benefit of himself.

It is not astonishing that the Czar is calling up a Trust conference. He has a minister in De Witte, who is able to see through a mill-stone when it has a hole blown in it.

THE HEREDITARY RULERS OF THE EARTH VS. THE GREAT USURERS —Seattle Star

The Trust kings are really shoving the little feudal out-of-date kings off the earth. King Morgan compares to King Edward as does the modern rifle to the ancient bow and arrow. Morgan is typical of the latest method of the concentration of power in the person of a single individual man. A hundred years ago the King was the real power —today it is the great capitalist. Then

it was the King who had both financial and political power. The King was the richest man in his kingdom. It would have been entirely incongruous to the feudal idea to see a subject richer than the King, and particularly a commoner.

Today, where King Edward has a gross income of less than two million dollars and a net income of probably nothing, we have Rockefeller with an income of over fifty millions and practically all of it net. The King spends all his income, while Rockefeller saves all his. If today, Rockefeller, from his accumulated wealth, possesses more power than a king, what will be the relative positions in ten years from today?

It must be a most humiliating thing to be a King or a President these days. No matter how good the intention, the inability of a ruler to do anything to hinder or destroy the Trusts is so palpable that one feels sorry for his predicament.

Opper shows the futility of standing in front of the "Trust Brigade" and while the cartoon is no doubt very funny it is also painfully true. President Roosevelt and Attorney-General Knox may load their little anti-Trust cannon with the best shot in their locker, but the advance of the Trust Brigade will not be checked in the least by its ineffectual "pop."

And none know better how ineffectual such attacks are than the Trusts themselves. If there was any virtue in national legislation against the Trusts there would be no fear of a coal famine staring the nation in the face at the beginning of winter, nor would thousands of miners be herded like wild beasts by Pennsylvania troops because they refuse to submit to the arrogant, unjust and pitiless terms of the Coal Trust.

THE CHARGE OF THE TRUST BRIGADE

Forward the Trust Brigade!
Was there a man dismayed?
Not while the People still
Lived to be plundered.
Boldly, without a flinch,
Over that easy cinch
Rode the Six Hundred! —N.Y. American

The gun that will scatter the Trust Brigade will not be loaded by President Roosevelt nor his Attorney-General, but will be manned and fired by the common people, who are awakening to the simple fact that the only way to control the Trusts is to own them. There will be no danger of "upsetting prosperity" when the people make it impossible for greedy and unscrupulous men to manipulate the world's industry.

RAILROAD, MASTER : MAN, SERVANT

WHARTON BARKER

BACK in the first decades of this century the building of great works of internal communication, of common paths of trade and commerce to be open to the use of all men alike was undertaken under the guiding hand of the national government. The building of roads to promote the interchange of the products of men's labor and so weld together the people of the east and west with bands of common interest was judged to be a function rightly falling to the national government, and so we had extensive plans of internal improvement mapped out by the United States Government, we had some great post roads built, we had many other roads and many canals contemplated. The national government was fairly started on the course of supplying our people with ways and means of communication, national roads and waterways that would be open to all men on like terms without preference or prejudice. The opening of these channels of communication on other terms was not dreamed of, the possibility of the ways of communication ever being opened to use on other terms than those of exact equality would have been scouted.

But unfortunately the policy of national construction and ownership of the means of internal communication thus so happily and naturally inaugurated was made a party question. So when there came an overturn of parties there came a relaxation in this policy. The national government ceased to push the contemplated works of internal development. And as the nation dropped these works the States took them up. Thus State construction and ownership of the ways and means of communication came to supplant national ownership. We had an era of the building of State roads, of turnpikes and canals.

While this construction was under way there came the practical application of steam to locomotive machinery that was to revolutionize the transportation systems of the world. Slowly but surely the superiority of the railroad and the locomotive over the turnpike forced itself upon men's minds. And then the States turned to the building of iron roads as they had turned to the building of turnpikes and canals. Many of the first railroads in the United States were built by the States, and with the expectation that they should be managed by the States.

But, unfortunately, the building and management of many of these roads was not free from scandal. Moreover there came a demand for the construction

of these roads and for an expenditure of money that the States could not provide for out of taxation, and there was an aversion to the States running into debt. So the organization of joint stock companies, already resorted to for the building of many turnpike enterprises, was hit upon. Railroad companies were chartered by the States and given special privileges and valuable grants. Thus the corporation came to supplant the State in providing the people with means of communication. No one dreamed but that the railroad companies thus chartered would serve all men equally, as the chartered turnpikes had done, do like service for all men for like charges and without prejudice or preference. In brief, when the people, through their representatives, chartered and created railroad corporations and conferred upon them valuable grants, it was supposed that the railroads thus created would serve the people.

But as our railroad systems were evolved out of their meagre beginnings they gradually lost the character of common carriers. As they have grown in age and strength so have they grown to tyrannize over shippers; as railroad consolidation has gone on and as the stronger roads have spread and systematized their control over the smaller, so have they systematized their tyrannies. The treatment of all men at the hands of the railroads with exact equality, the rendering, by the railroads, of like services for like charges to all shippers, without preference or prejudice, is a thing of the past. It is now the promptest service for the smallest charges to the shipper who will purchase such favor by sharing the profit resulting from such favor with railroad managers, the worst service and the highest charges to the shipper who will not be a party to such dishonest practices, who will not stoop to the bribery of railroad officials. It is now the best service for the smallest charges to the industries in which railroad managers have a direct or indirect interest, the slowest service at the highest rates to independent producers who are striving to get ahead by legitimate means and without swelling their profits at other's expense by compounding with dishonest railroad managers.

Of a necessity honesty fails in business dependent on rail transportation; it is dishonesty that succeeds, it is honesty that is rewarded with failure, dishonesty with riches and power. And so it is the best service and lowest rates for the rich and powerful, for the cliques, the combines, the Trusts, while it is the worst service and highest rates for the poorer shippers and for the industrious who bend their energies to produce wealth, not to planning ways for the accumulation of wealth by despoiling other men of the fruits of their toil. Nor is this any over-colored picture. It is a plain statement of conditions as they are. The railroads, though chartered and created by the State to serve the people, to serve all men without preference or prejudice, do not do so. The creator has become the servant, the created is no longer; the railroad is the master, man the servant.

So have the relations of railroad and public been reversed. It is no longer the railroad that serves the public for the mutual advantage of stockholders and shippers, it is the public that is made to serve the railroad cliques and combines. No longer are the railroads directed so as to promote industry by insuring to all shippers an equality of service and at like rates, no longer are

they directed so as to give all men common and equal opportunities in the distribution of the products of their labor, so encourage enterprise, swell traffic and railroad earnings, and so increase the return to stockholders, but they are directed so as to swell the profits of the speculative cliques, of the Trusts and combines, profits made not by honest industry, but by despoiling the industrious who are shippers of freights over the railroads on the one hand, and railroad stockholders on the other.

If a turnpike company should make a regular charge of one cent a mile but should permit the teams of those farms which the turnpike managers had an interest in to use it upon payment of three-quarters of a cent a mile while charging the full rate to the poorer farmers, what would be thought of that turnpike? We fancy such turnpike company would soon be abolished, that the men who directed such discrimination in tolls would find themselves on the way to the penitentiary. Yet this is just what our railroads do. Railroad managers direct that smaller tolls shall be charged some shippers than others, they share in the extra profits that grow out of the preference in rates given to the favored shippers. The railroad managers who thus grow rich should go the road that turnpike managers, guilty of similar crimes, would go, but they don't; they would go the same road if the provisions of our present laws were enforced against them, but such provisions are not enforced. On the contrary, as they grow richer from pursuit of practices that should send them to the penitentiary, they hold their heads higher, in a corrupt society they are held in higher esteem.

The only difference between the supposed case of the turnpike and the actual case of our railroads is one of the magnitude of the grievance, of the injustice done. The grievance that farmers charged a toll of one cent a mile would have against the turnpike company that permitted certain favored farmers to use the pike upon a payment of three-fourths of the regular rate would, in a way, be small. As the distances of transportation over the turnpikes would be short, and as the toll would amount to an infinitesimal fraction of the value of the produce transported, the advantage that the favored farmers would have over others because of the enjoyment of lower tolls would be inappreciable. But in the case of our railroads this advantage is not small, for the distances over which goods are transported by our railroads are great and the freight charges often amount to a very considerable proportion of the value of the product, so that the advantage conferred upon a shipper by a moderate cut in rates below those charged to competitors is most important, often large enough to equal the full amount of profit in the shipment, and when this is so those who have not the advantage of the lower rate cannot prosper, they cannot ship at a profit; if they continue to ship they must fall behind as the favored shipper gets ahead, and the result must be in the end the drying up of many businesses honestly conducted while the dishonestly conducted thrive.

As the Interstate Commerce Commissioners truly say in their eleventh annual report, recently made public: "A very slight change in rates upon any of the staple commodities amounts to an enormous sum in the aggregate. In most articles of daily use the transportation charge is a large, and often

the larger, part of the cost to the consumer. The freight rate may determine whether the Kansas farmer shall burn his corn for fuel or send it to market. The traffic manager may decree whether an industry shall exist or a locality flourish."

And not only may the traffic manager decree failure to one enterprise, success to another, growth and development to one locality, shrinkage to another, but he does so decree. Such abuses are intolerable. To rid ourselves from them, to insure to all men like transportation facilities without discrimination as to charges and so take the making and undoing of fortunes out of the hands of railroad managers, we must return to first principles in the construction, ownership and management of our ways and means of communication. The government early started out on the policy of constructing and managing post roads. It dropped this duty, the duty of insuring to our people like transportation services at like charges to the States, and the States dropped it to corporations. Corporations gladly assumed the task of supplying ways and means of communication thus dropped to them, but not the duties. Our railroads have grown greatly, but they have not grown as common carriers, but as preferential carriers, and so we have had gross abuses. To free ourselves from such abuses the national government must resume the work it dropped, the work of providing ways and means of communication common to the use of all men alike; it must assume the ownership and management of our railroads.

For long years we have relied largely upon competition to give to our people equitable transportation rates. To secure such rates through competition many States have prohibited railroads running through their territory from purchasing, absorbing or in any way gaining the management and control of parallel and competing lines. But in the direction of securing equitable rates railroad competition has proven a dismal failure. And this is in no way surprising, for in the nature of things railroad carriage is monopolistic rather than competitive. This is because there must be many localities in which some one railroad has a monopoly, and all other places that trade with such localities as are affected by such monopoly, must pay, when trading with such localities, transportation charges fixed by the rules of monopoly, not competition. And the rules of monopoly mean not fair charges, but the charging of all the traffic will bear, not charges fixed by a fair remuneration for services rendered, charges sufficient to cover costs and provide a fair profit, but charges as high as they can be put without putting a stop to the movement of goods.

Monopoly recognizes that there is a point above which it cannot raise prices without so discouraging trade as to defeat its purpose in raising prices—namely, the swelling of profits. And above this point monopoly will not raise prices unless with some ulterior purpose in view. This point is what is referred to when the fixing of rates at all the traffic will bear, is spoken of. All the traffic will bear means all that can be charged without so restricting the transportation of goods that earnings would be cut down by the restriction in traffic more than they would be swollen by the increased charges.

Of course, just what this point is, is a matter of judgment. Our belief is that if railroad passenger rates were cut in half the earnings of railroads would

be increased rather than diminished, travel increasing because of such decrease more than twice, and enough over twice to meet the added costs of transportation; costs that would be comparatively small as trains would run full where they now run but partially filled, at no added cost, while the adding of each additional train would reduce the average costs of train running, inasmuch as there would be more trains among which to apportion the costs that are more or less fixed.

The more traffic can be put over each track the smaller will be the cost of transportation per passenger and per ton. And so it is that a bold reduction in rates would very likely so stimulate traffic and so reduce the costs of transportation per passenger and per ton that although the rate charged each passenger might be materially less than the present cost of transportation, it would be more than the new cost, and though the net earnings on the carriage of each passenger might be smaller the gross earnings, because of the increased number of passengers carried, might readily be greater. So our belief that a halving of passenger rates would increase earnings, prove more profitable than present rates, a supposition on our part that is borne out by the result of several minor experiences with radical rate cutting. But to make such a bold reduction in rates would take a courage that is wanting in private monopoly, that privately managed railroads may never be expected to find, that government-owned railroads, quite strongly enough backed to suffer in no material way if the trial was disappointing, would not be without.

So it is that our railroads with a monopoly are prone to hold up rates even higher than it is profitable to hold them, really charge more than the traffic will bear. And thus is trade hindered, is the accumulation of wealth, the growth of the nation held in check in a way that it would not be if the railroads were owned and operated by the government.

This same argument of railroad rates being fixed by what the traffic will bear is made to do duty in defense of railroad monopoly in sundry localities. It is the argument that there is a point above which the railroads will not raise rates from the fear that to do so would tax enterprise along their lines out of existence. And it is further asserted that this point is one of moderate charges, is indeed indirectly fixed by competition, for it is said that if rates are made higher by the railroads to places where they have a monopoly than to places where there is competition, trade and industry will drift to those latter places, while the industry in the localities without competition will stagnate and the business of such localities fall off with inevitable loss of traffic and earnings to the railroads so unwise as to kill the goose of the golden egg.

It is, moreover, true that railroads that, though not parallel, run through similar country and to a common terminal and distributive point are in a sense competitors. For the country along the road that offers the best rates will build up the quickest, for along such road industry will be more profitable than along the other that lays a higher tribute on producers for the carriage of their products to market. So the business of the road that acts upon the principle that its prosperity is dependent upon the prosperity of the people it serves will grow the fastest. And consequently if the interests of the roads were the first

care of railroad managers they would strive to make their rates reasonable, to encourage industry and development along their lines in every legitimate way.

But it too often has happened that the interests of certain speculative cliques, not of the railroads, have been the first care of railroad managers. And then have the roads been used and with terrible effectiveness to further the piratical schemes of these speculative cliques, used to wreck industries on one line of road in order that the industries on another, industries in which the cliques had ownership, might be given a monopoly and made prosperous when the cliques would part with their proprietorship and reverse the operation. And what has been done in regard to whole localities has been done with regard to special industries picked out for favoritism and upon which have been conferred such advantages and special privileges as to give monopoly. Thus it is that the railroads have been used to pauperize the people.

So it is that the effort to secure competition between railroads has failed to give to our people an equality of rates and opportunities. It has failed because there has been no healthful competition and failed so signally that the defenders of private ownership, admitting its failure, admitting the failure of the railroads under private management to establish and maintain an equality of rates, demand that all pretense of preserving competition be thrown over, asserting that it is competition and the possibility of playing off one road against another under competition that has resulted in the gross favoritism between shippers that has made the favored shippers very rich and well-nigh ruined all others—an assertion that would carry more weight if it was not seen that the railroad managers were profiting along with the favored shippers, a fact that irresistibly drives us to the conclusion that the cutting of rates is not forced from the railroad managers by threats upon the part of the large shippers and the playing off of one road against another, but is purchased from them by the proffer of bribes, by the return to them of part of the profits gained through the favoritism, the cut rates, the off-shoot of their own dishonesty.

So it is that the failure of our railroads under the present system of private management to establish an equality of transportation rates cannot be remedied by the legalizing of pooling with a view to the prevention of competition between our railroads.

But it is not only as the builder of favoritism and descrimination, the discrimination that enriches upon the one hand and impoverishes upon the other, that our railroad management has been a mighty failure. In the quite uncalled-for paralleling of roads, the building of a parallel road where an existing one was quite sufficient to handle all the business, there has been gross waste. And from this paralleling the people have gained nothing. It has simply resulted in the spending of double, often treble the capital required to provide a locality with all requisite transportation facilities. And upon this capital thus unwisely spent the people of such localities have been called upon to pay interest. So the very fact of the creation of such parallel roads has resulted in keeping rates higher than they ought to be. But such roads were created in good part more with a view to the profits to be made out of manipulating their securities in Wall Street, from grossly

over-capitalizing them and passing the watered and really worthless part of the securities off upon the investor and blind speculator, than with a view to the profits to be had from their operation. And so the unnecessary and really ruinous investments of capital in roads of this kind, an investment of capital that could have been made with infinitely greater profit to the community.

Another waste inseparable from our present system is the great expenditure in the keeping of a multitude of accounts, many of which could be dispensed with entirely and others much simplified if our railroads were managed as one system and not as many. It is safe to say that the $30,000,000 now spent for administration could be cut in half if the roads were managed as one. So here there is a sheer waste of $15,000,000. Further, by taking over the railroads, and even upon a basis of the present market value of their securities, their present interest payments of about $350,000,000 a year could be cut down by fully one-third. This would be effected by the mere substitution of the superior credit of the nation for that of the railroads.

Thus we see how our railroads in private hands have failed to give to our people that to which they are entitled, an equality of rates; how they have been used to enrich the favored few and impoverish the multitude, how capital has been wasted in their construction by the building of parallel lines, how their management as a lot of separate systems makes the keeping of an intricate lot of accounts, at great expense, inevitable; how great sums would be saved annually on account of interest charges if the roads became government property, how as a consequence rates could be reduced, how such reduction and especially the equalizing of rates would stimulate trade, lead to great increase in traffic and the cheapening of the costs of transportation per passenger and per ton in a manner that would make possible a still further reduction of rates. In short, we not only cannot afford to tolerate the present evils of our railroad management, evils that have grown up with its management in private hands, and that impoverish the multitude while enriching the few, but we cannot afford to throw away the savings that government ownership of our railroads, and their management as one system, would bring. The question for us is simply one of nationalize our railroads or pauperize our people. That is the bald issue stripped of all subterfuge and that our people must decide.

AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE

JUSTIN FUHN

"Those who have it in them will always rise." The speaker was Colonel Burton, the president of the late Corkscrew and Bicycle Pump Trust.

"Have what in them?" I asked.

"Brains, gumption, push, common sense——"

"Rise to what?"

"To position and wealth."

"And all who haven't position and wealth lack brains and gumption and push and common sense?"

"That's about right."

"But the man who loses his position and wealth—what about him?"

"Oh, come now; there's a certain amount of luck in everything."

"So one may lose a fortune through bad luck in spite of brains and gumption and push and common sense?"

"Oh, yes; it sometimes happens." The fluidic Corkscrew and Bicycle Pump stock was going well, but there were several vats still to be run off, and the Colonel knew not what a day might bring forth.

"Then isn't it possible," I persisted, "that good luck sometimes helps a fool into a fortune just as bad luck sometimes drags a good man down?"

"Perhaps so—now and then."

"Very well, Colonel—now, can't bad luck keep a good man down, sometimes?"

"It may once in a while—not often."

By this time we had almost completed our circle, the Colonel allowing himself to be dragged rather unwillingly but with considerable patience withal. In a moment, however, the spell was broken.

"So that under the present system those who have it in them *don't* always rise!"

"Now, d—— it, I didn't say that. Yes, sir, they do! Why look around you ——"

"Just what I've been trying to do for a long time, Colonel. I was going to give you the same advice."

"Huh!" indignantly, "you'd better look with your eyes open the next time. I tell you the poor people you Socialists get so worked up about deserve to be poor. It's their own fault."

"But your father died poor, you told me once."

"Yes, but those were different times."

"Well, Colonel, what about farmers who are ruined by a drought?"

"That's an exceptional case," replied the Colonel, after a slight pause.

"And business men who fail when the farmers can't pay them?"

"Lack of foresight."

"They couldn't foresee the drought, you mean?"

"Well—er, not exactly in that sense."

"Take the case of the laborer who has to work so hard that he has neither time nor energy for self-improvement."

"Yes," said the Colonel, dryly, "I've heard about him."

"What about the manufacturer who is swamped by a Trust?"

"Why hasn't he the sense to sell out to the Trust?"

Now, Colonel, you know perfectly well that Trusts don't waste capital on concerns they can crush."

"No—o—o, I suppose not. But you see these men have to pay the penalty for running such petty concerns."

"But you started out by saying that a man can rise if he has it in him. Now you surely don't mean that a man can rise in a day. A business, ordinarily, must be petty before it is great."

"Well—yes."

"So the man's fault was not in having a petty business but in having it at the petty stage just when the trust came along. If he had had a few more years or even months his position might have been so strong that he could have withstood the trust; or at least they might have been induced to buy up his interests. A clear case of bad luck, Colonel. Socialism wouldn't let luck interfere with anyone's chances in life."

"No; Socialism would stick us along in a row like bean poles!" This remark came from my friend the Doctor—a searcher after truth, an advocate of social reforms of various kinds, but as yet opposed to the theory of co-operation.

"Why like bean poles?" I queried.

"All on an equality—a dead level; that's the worst of Socialism."

"Not on a *dead* level, Doctor, till you see us all buried. You mean probably that Socialism would give us all an even start."

"But we have that now."

"Do you mean to say, Doctor, that the student who has to hang out his shingle the moment he gets his M.D. has an even start with the chap who spends five years in post graduate work abroad?"

"What would you do?"

"Send 'em both abroad."

"Who would pay for it?"

"The nation."

"What," grunted the Colonel, "Drag poor worthless fellows out of the shops and tax the people to make 'em doctors!"

"But why insist that poor people are worthless? What would you call a poor man, Colonel—a man earning less than two dollars a day?"

"Er—yes." The Colonel sniffed a trap and replied with some hesitation.

"Then you must admit that most of the wealth of the world is produced by worthless people; in fact, you must have thousands of them in your factories—what a wretched class of goods ——"

"Now, see here," the Colonel retorted with some warmth, "those folks are all right for the kind of work they do—I mean they haven't it in 'em to be managers of companies or bankers or lawyers or doctors—d'ye see?"

"I certainly don't, Colonel; I fail to see how anyone but the Almighty could tell that under our present system. But, anyway, Socialism wouldn't drag these people away from the shops; it would simply give any who wished to go into another trade or profession the privilege to do so."

"Then they'd all go!"

"Quite a character to give your shops, Colonel! Socialism would see that the work and hours were such that they wouldn't all go."

"Legislation shouldn't meddle with

commerce," said the Doctor, sententiously, "at least with legitimate commerce."

"Doctor," I laughed, "don't talk nonsense—think of your Latin for a moment. If legislation 'meddles' with anything, if I understand what you mean by the word, doesn't that make the measure legitimate?"

"Well, if I could do any legislating," interrupted the Colonel, "I'd pass a law making every man work ——"

"So would Socialism, Colonel, and that's the reason, I always supposed, why you capitalists were opposed to it."

"I dare say you mean by that, that we don't work?"

"Not exactly, Colonel—we simply deny the usefulness of your work. In fact, we consider it worse than useless. You must admit that the nation could get along without watered stocks just as it could dispense with adulterated foods."

"Now, I call that deuced personal. You people exaggerate this watering of stocks beyond all reason. You seem to expect a man to organize a great industry for the love of the thing."

"Well, anyone who expects that is a fool," said the Doctor, who had recently received a souvenir from a new Drug Trust in the form of an inflated price list.

"You see, Colonel," I continued with more zeal than discretion, "the burglar can claim that he works, but——"

* * * * * *

"I say, Fuhn," said the Doctor a few days later, as he changed the bandage on my eye, "you can put away all thoughts of revenge."

"How's that?"

"The employees of the Corkscrew and Bicycle Pump Trust have returned the blow for you."

"They've what, Doctor?"

"They've struck back, I say. Every man is out; the company is in a worse condition than you are, I assure you."

"Is the stock going down?"

"It's gone—must be underground by this time!" And I heard the Doctor quietly chuckle. "I fear the Colonel is enjoying the bad luck you were arguing about."

"How did it happen, Doc?"

"Well, the strike, as you know, was threatening, and that afternoon when we got you stretched out in bed I was vindictive enough to give the thing away to the papers. I reported the whole conversation. That settled it for the Colonel. So you see, Fuhn, he struck a blow for Socialism after all."

"That's so," I mused, as I stroked my puffed cheek, "—by the way, may we not count you in, Doctor?"

"I think you may," replied the Doctor, as he corked the iodoform bottle.

MONTREAL.

"THE ABYSS OF SOCIALISM"

Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, secretary of the navy during President Cleveland's administration, delivered a noteworthy address at the commencement exercises of the Universitty of North Carolina, which is published in Wilshire's Magazine for August. It will be remembered that Emperor William, in a recent criticism of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, commented upon his ignorance of Socialism which is so pressing a problem in Europe, and which the Kaiser thinks is also an American problem. Mr. Herbert is not open to the criticism applied to Mr. Morgan, for he has considered Socialism, and the Socialistic movement of men and of conditions, deeply. In his address he gives the results of his study and the reasons of his conclusions in a style which is as admirable as his mastery of the subject.—Houston (Tex.) Post.

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WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

Features for November, 1902

EDITORIAL

An International Office Seeker—Wilshire Lost a Paradise Found—Tom Johnson's Horoscope—President Mitchell's Views—The Whirligig of Politics.

Exercises for Vital Strength - Bernarr MacFadden

Competition and Wages - - Daniel B. Strong

An Economic Exposition - - J. Stitt Wilson

A Study of the Trusts - - - - Joel Benton

Walt Whitman - - - - Louville H. Dyer

Bax's Rejoinder to Shaw's Letter - E. Belfort Bax

Development of Democracy in Switzerland - R. Kitchelt

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

November, 1902

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Julian Hawthorne and Chas. Ferguson have associated themselves with Wilshire's Magazine and hereafter will express themselves in all issues. H. G. W.

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"Let the Nation Own the Trusts"

Wilshire's Magazine is published monthly by the United States Publication Co., **New York Office 125 E. 23d Street, New York City.**

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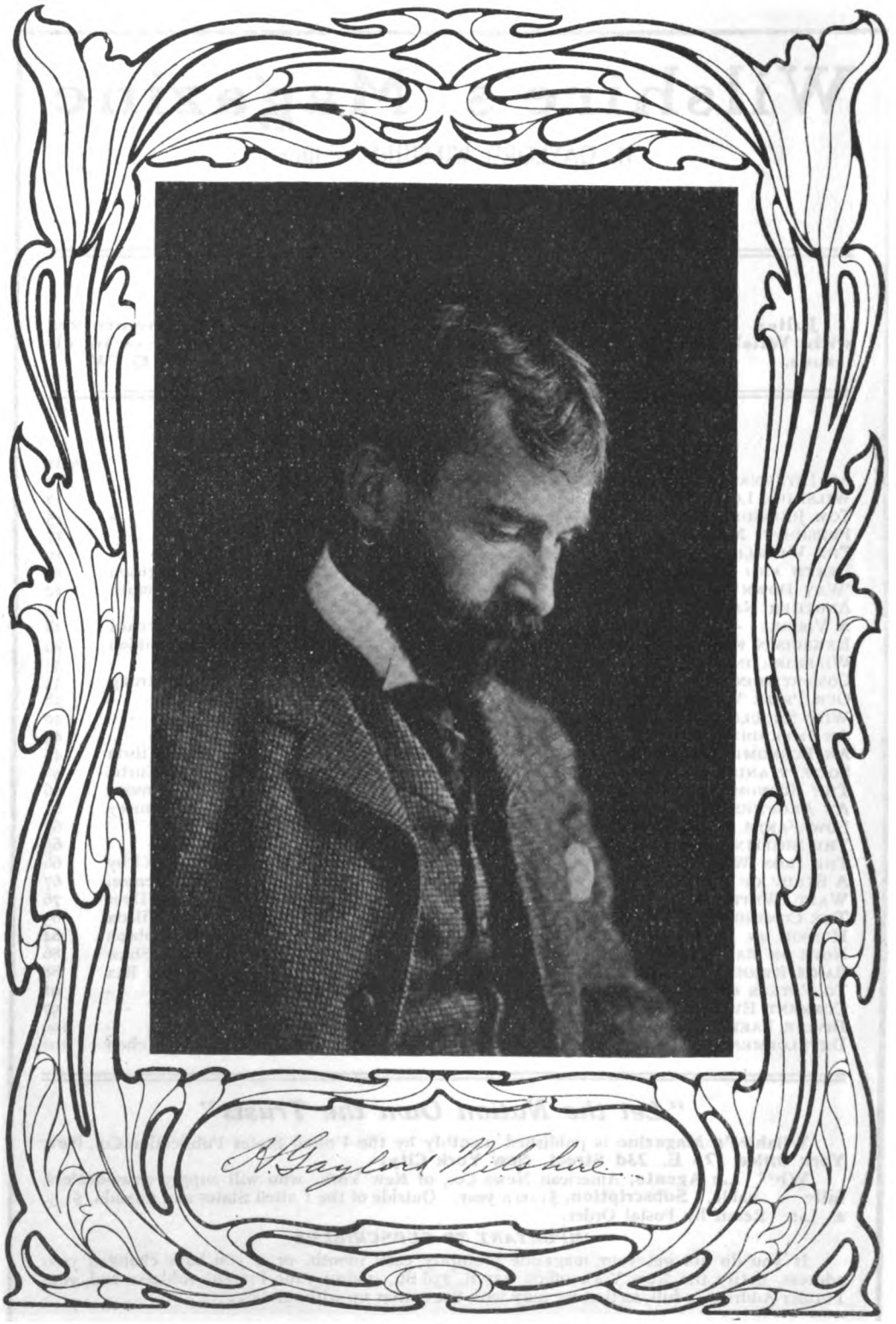

AN INTERNATIONAL OFFICE-SEEKER.

For Congress, 6th Congressional Dist. of California, 1830.
For Attorney-General, New York, 1891.
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"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS"

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AN INTERNATIONAL OFFICE SEEKER

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY *

NEW YORK STATE COMMITTEE
64 EAST 4th Street
New York.
TELEPHONE 2850 SPRING.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12th, 1902.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, ESQ.,
125 East 23d Street, New York City.

DEAR COMRADE:—

The undersigned were appointed as a committee to notify you that the Social Democratic Party Convention of the Tenth Congressional District of Manhattan, held on September 5th, 1902, at 60 Second Ave., New York City, unanimously nominated you as candidate for Congress of the Social Democratic Party in that district. The nomination was made in the interest of the Socialist cause which, we believe, will be furthered by your candidacy, and this we submit to your consideration as the chief inducement for your acceptance. There is no place in this country, and, therefore, in the world, where a Socialist gain or a Socialist victory can be of greater consequence to Socialism than in New York City, for New York City is incontestably the nervous centre of the United States. A blow struck at the capitalist system here will have the most telling effect. A Socialist victory in New York will thrill our friends the world over with joy and fill our foes with dismay. For a Socialist who can and will make a hard fight, such a victory in the Tenth District is undoubtedly possible.

There is no necessity to dwell long on the reasons why we have chosen you for our standard bearer. For many years you have fought for the cause fearlessly and ably, both with speech and pen. Your name needs no introduction. It has become synonymous with Socialism. All who know you, know you as a true comrade in the Socialist ranks and a Royal Socialist in the Socialist movement.

We urge you to accept the nomination offered to you, not as a favor, but in the interest of Socialism. We remain, fraternally yours,

HERMAN RICH, ET AL., Committee.

I think I must certainly be classed as the Champion International Peripatetic Office Seeker.

Here I am again running for office in New York City, for I, of course, accepted the above invitation. Nobody ever refuses any nomination for office except to the Vice-Presidency. Only six months ago I was worrying the Canadian Public seeking their suffrages for Parliament. Two years ago I was running for Congress in

* Socialist Party is the name of the political organization of the Socialists in the United States, but owing to technical reasons which exist in New York State only, the name Social Democratic Party is used instead of Socialist Party.

California, and this was my second offence, as I did the same thing there twelve years ago. Ten years ago I ran for Attorney General of New York, and eight years ago I was standing as a Parliamentary Candidate in Manchester, England.

Let him who can, challenge this record!

Of course I always stood as a Socialist, and, needless to say, I was always successful, although never elected.

We Socialists don't run for office primarily to get elected. That is quite a secondary consideration. We go into politics for the educational advantages of a Socialist campaign. The elections give us an excuse to talk and at such times we excite the interest of the people sufficiently for them to listen more readily to what we have to say. The mere power to act, even if never exercised, will always interest the possessor in considering a possible action, whereas if he were powerless he would be dead to your appeals.

There is only one day in the year when the American People have any power, and that is on Election Day. For all the use they ever make of it, they might just as well never have it; but you don't cut off a baby's legs because he don't use them the first month, and it would be equally as silly to say our right to vote is useless simply because we have not yet the sense to use it.

I am simply one of the nurses teaching the American Voting Baby how to use his Voting Legs. I am trying to induce him to struggle out of the Slough of Poverty, in which he is now mired, up to the Table Land of Universal Wealth and Happiness.

If we go far enough back in the development of man we will find that our ancestors had their beginning in the water. There was a time when there was no land, and naturally there were no land animals. When the waters receded and the land appeared, there was no wild rush of water animals to leave the water and live on dry land, no more than there is today. However, there was warfare going on between the different water animals, and at times some of them had to crawl out on the land to escape those enemies in the water who could not follow them there,—something like the flying fish nowadays, leaving the sea for a flight in the air to escape its foes. These first chaps never went on the land because they liked it better than the water. On the contrary I have no doubt but that they felt almost like the typical fish out of water. But it was dry land or death, and they took the lesser of the two evils.

We ourselves are today land animals, not because our remote ancestors deliberately decided that land was a pleasanter abode than water, but simply because they had no other choice if they wanted to be ancestors. Man is like the rest of all living creatures—he seldom moves unless he must. When the puddle dries up the tadpole must take to the land and be a froggy or he will die in the mud and never live to "a-wooing go."

However, all the frogs in the world might croak their lungs out in praise of land over water, but never a young tadpole will ever leave that water until the time comes.

While I confess all this, and admit that I am simply the Bullfrog on the Bank Singing to the Tadpole in the Pool, yet I say it is just as useless to argue with me as to the futility of such singing, as it is to argue with a bullfrog as to the futility of croaking. It's a stunt we both, froggy and I, like to do,

quite irrespective of any apparent result, and anyway it is not useless.

Even if the tadpole will not leave the pool until its legs commence to sprout, no one can say how much influence the frog's song on the bank has not had to do with the hastening of that sprouting. The mind controls the body of frogs as well as of men.

It may likewise be said that the body controls the mind. If you cut off a tadpole's tail he will live all right, but he never becomes a frog. His legs never develop, nor does his mind. He lives and dies a tadpole.

It's the same way with a man. If you cut off the opportunities for his physical development you at the same time, and in almost a like degree, cut off his possibilities for intellectual development. It is most important that we in our education of our children, our little human tadpoles, give them a full chance of physical development, if we expect an intellectual development. And if we expect a spiritual and moral development we must have an intellectual development. For the soul's sake we must let our legs have a chance to develop.

Here in New York we send our children to schools having illy-ventilated and poorly-lighted rooms, and worse than all, very often absolutely no playgrounds, and we look for a crop of souls!

If I had my way I would give every school-house a whole block for a playground, and devote two-thirds of the time now fruitlessly spent on the development of our children's minds to the development of their bodies. A child with a good physique may have a good brain and be a useful citizen. A child with no physique will be useless even if it has a good brain.

However, when I started this article I had no idea of discoursing upon either evolution, psychology, mental science, education or physical culture.

I simply wished to say that I felt myself to be like the bullfrog on the bank calling on the little tadpoles in the pool to come out of the slime and enjoy the air and sunshine. I know they can't come out until they are ready to come, but before the tadpole comes out he must have the wish to come. I am trying to inspire my fellow Americans with the wish to get out of the Slime of the Marsh of Poverty. If I can show them the possibility of another life, a happier life, they will wish for such a life. They will struggle for it. They will vote for it. The Wish is Father to the Deed.

I know that the American Voting Tadpoles are now about ready to drop their competitive tails and put on their co-operative legs. They are physically and intellectually ready for such a change and all that is needed is to show them that the Bank of Socialism is at hand for them to climb out upon, and that the climbing is easy. Of course, as the waters are dried up by the fierce blasts of monopoly, there is coming a time when these Voting Tadpoles will be forced to come out in the free air of Socialism, for if they wait too long there may be such a sudden drying up of the puddles that some of them will perish in the mud before they learn how to live in the air.

It is my mission to get them out of the pool and into the air, before the water goes down so far that many are mired and perish.

WILSHIRE LOST : PARADISE FOUND

MR. MARK HANNA and I have not been very intimately associated for many years—not since he put the Philadelphia police department on my trail. However, a little thing like that has never estranged fellow Ohioians like myself and Uncle Mark. And besides, he did it for my own good. It was not for speech-making in the public parks, either. To begin with, let me explain that Uncle Mark is always ready to put himself out for others, even if he must go to the extreme of calling in the police to help him out in his altruistic efforts. When the police do their worst, Uncle Mark never deserts his friends on that account, be it Rathbone or Wilshire. It was back in 1876 when Uncle Mark, with his masterful spirit of leadership—already quite developed—put himself at the head of a family party of Ohioians, of which I was honored in being one, to do the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia.

It looked like an easy job for him, for it was in the halcyon days, when Trusts and coal strikes and Morgan did not exist, to estrange my soul from that of Uncle Mark. However, he did not count on the Midway, and I was too young to know of the existence of such an Earthly Paradise.

There is a story, somewhere or other—in the Bible, I think—of a man who loses Paradise by knowing himself. In the Hanna-Wilshire allegory we improve on the original by having the man lose himself by knowing Paradise. In those days Midways were outside the exposition fence. The first night of our arrival, Master Dan Hanna and myself, with Uncle Mark's consent, started out after supper to take the air and incidentally anything else in Philadelphia that might strike our boyish fancy. We saw many interesting sights and eventually discovered the Midway, landing at a free theatre there. It was one of those joints where they keep the performance running as long as the audience will order the drinks, but Dan and I drank in nothing but the show, however. There was announced upon the programme as the last act a series of living statues. It was new in those days, and anyway all things were new to me and Dan then, so we did not leave that theatre until—well, I don't know when. When we did arrive at the hotel Uncle Mark had the whole police force out after his lost children.

I saw Dan the other day in Cleveland and he said, in referring to the episode, that his father did not worry a bit about his staying out late nowadays. He has more important things to worry about.

While waiting for my turn to see Dan's father the other day in Cleveland, I could not help thinking what a tremendous

lot of things Uncle Mark has to worry about. I think that the two things that are giving him the most worry are the foolish sayings of Theodore Roosevelt and the wise ones of Tom Johnson. No sooner has Uncle Mark told everyone that there are no Trusts, than the Terrible Teddy spends a month making speeches through the country, telling everyone that there are plenty of Trusts and that we must revise the constitution in order to regulate them. Now, certainly, if Uncle Mark is to manage the next campaign he must have much closer connection with Teddy than that which now exists.

It seems to me that the Republican party can much more easily afford to drop Roosevelt than Hanna, and that one or the other must go by the board is certain. There will never again be another manager like Hanna. Never a man who will be so skillful at frying fat and at the same time making the fryees feel that their fat will all go where the political wheels need the most greasing.

Mr. Hanna's private business is an immense one, but it certainly receives little personal attention from him. Mr. Dan attends to all that and has no time to get lost in Midways now. There was a stream of Republican politicians flowing in to see Uncle Mark the day I was there. They all had *practical* politics to talk about, and that Uncle Mark should dam that mighty stream to paddle about with me in the still pond of Socialistic theories is more an evidence of his exceeding good nature than of any conscious sympathy with my views.

Mr. Hanna reiterated his often-expressed belief in the good of the organization of capital and of the organization of labor. I said that that was exactly what the Socialists believed in, and he seemed rather astounded when I averred that he was much nearer being a Socialist than he had any idea of.

Socialism is simply the organization of labor and capital democratically controlled by the people. Hanna-Socialism is the organization of labor and capital autocratically controlled by the capitalists. Of course, Mr. Hanna does not define it this way. He would say that he believes in capitalists controlling capital and labor controlling labor. This sounds well enough, but as a matter of fact the control of capital by capitalists also gives capitalists the control over labor. If I own the earth I don't have to have any title deeds to the skins of the inhabitants. They must give up their hides or move off the earth.

However, Hanna-Socialism is a decided step in advance of the denial of the right of either capital or labor to organize, which until recently was the creed of the world. Mr. Hanna occupies a peculiar position, as to labor as well as capital. He has declared that he believes in labor organizations and in arbitration. He was looking to great things from his Civic Federation. The first crucial test of its quality it is put to, namely, in the present great coal strike, demonstrates its utter failure, for the very simple reason that the capitalists refuse to arbitrate. The result is that Mr. Hanna is really very much at outs with his capitalist brothers, and I should not be surprised that before the row blows over Morgan and Baer will both be saying that Wilshire was right in saying that Hanna was on the road to Socialism.

Then in regard to his position regarding the organization of capital, Mr. Hanna is certainly not with the modern Morgan school. I tried to explain to Mr. Hanna that the concentration of

capital towards monopoly was an inevitable result of economic evolution; that over-production forced the manufacturers to combine to prevent ruinous price-cutting. Of course, Mr. Hanna would not listen to any theories on evolution, for he won't admit there are any monopolies. As to "over-production," that struck him as absurd in these days of the impossibility of getting orders filled for iron owing to the vast excess of demand over supply.

Mr. Hanna's theory of life is, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." If we had over-production last year and may have it next year, there is no use in theorizing about it now as long as we are not bothered about it now. There is no use in blaming Mr. Hanna for this attitude. It is the position taken by ninety-nine per cent. of the people of the United States.

However, being called a Socialist did not worry Mr. Hanna as much as some other things that happened that day. He did not object so much to Socialism in itself as he did to the name. He quoted The Rose that Smells as Sweet by Any Other Name, however, and resigned himself to it. However, I hardly think Mr. Hanna is yet quite orthodox enough to be accepted as a member of the Socialist Party.

What was particularly annoying Mr. Hanna the day we had our talk, was a speech made by Mr. Herbert Bigelow the day before, wherein he said that Mr. Hanna was preaching the Golden Rule and practising the Rule of Gold. Mr. Hanna turned on me and wanted to know if that was the sort of talk that Socialists hoped to win votes by. I did not enter into the main question, as there was a lot of his Republican friends impatiently waiting at the door for the great man to dismiss me and come back to earth from the flight he was taking into the Millennium. I had simply time to hurriedly explain that Mr. Bigelow—he is the Democratic nominee for Secretary of State in Ohio—was a Single Taxer, and as such was a strong upholder of the competitive system and therefore was not nearly as much of a Socialist as was Mr. Hanna himself. The next time Mr. Hanna and I meet it may be during a period of industrial depression, when there will be no trouble in getting mills to find time to make your iron. I wonder what he will say then?

Then there will be no work for his Civic Federation, for in truth there will be nothing to arbitrate. Men will be unemployed not because they will have refused low wages, but because the employers can't offer any wages at all. Prosperity will be dead, and so will be the Republican Party.

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS

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TOM JOHNSON'S HOROSCOPE

AFTER trying to persuade Mr. Hanna that he was a Socialist, I looked in at His Honor Mayor Tom Johnson's office. Mayor Tom was not there, but he had left word to have me brought out to his house in his carriage as soon as I showed up. I had never met Mr. Johnson, and such cordiality as this quite overpowered me, especially when I reflected that if ever Tom gets to be President, the first thing he will do will be to fire Mr. Madden and let me return to my native land—Home of the Free, etc.—to publish this magazine. Tom believes in free speech anyway, if not in my views.

On arriving at the house, a beautiful one, too, by the way, I found that I was not the only distinguished guest, as Henry George, Jr., was also there. Mayor Tom has a charming personality and manner. He is deadly in earnest over the Single Tax, and I am quite sure he would rather see his theories win approval by the people than seat himself in the Presidential chair.

I told him of my having just shocked Mr. Hanna by informing him that he was a Socialist without knowing it. Mayor Tom exclaimed, "Why, that is just what I myself have said about Mr. Hanna a hundred times!"

In fact, all Single Taxers will agree that Hanna is a good Socialist. That is simply because they don't understand that the fundamental basis of Socialism is Democracy. They simply see that both Hanna and the Socialists believe in a complete organization of labor and capital, and therefore class us all together as of the same breed of cats. As a matter of fact, while Single Taxers like Tom Johnson and Henry George, Jr., are theoretically upholders of the competitive system, they are practically destroyers of that system. I don't question but that the campaign that Johnson and Bigelow are conducing in Ohio this year may do more for Socialism, in shaking the confidence people have in the established order of things, than will the work being done by the Socialists themselves. The speeches that will be made in the Johnson Circus Tent will not be as logical as those made by the Socialists on the outside, but they will reach far greater audiences and undoubtedly have great educational value.

As time goes on there is no question in my mind but that Mayor Tom will see the inexorable logic of Socialism and will some day be found fighting in our ranks. I say this with confidence after talking with him. He is too big a man to be afraid of changing his mind, and his passion for humanity is too great for him to boggle at the means of abolishing poverty, if some

plan other than his own appeals to him as the more feasible. At present he is in the Utopian stage that all reformers must pass through—like young children having the measles and mumps. He expects to make society pursue a particular course of evolutionary development on a plan mapped out by man. He might as well plant a peach stone and then try to persuade or force the young tree to bear apples because Tom Johnson likes apples better than peaches.

Socialism has its roots in the beginning of all time and is just as certain of its maturing as is the boy to become the man. Mr. Johnson read Henry George's great work, "Progress and Poverty," before public attention had been much called to the passing away of the competitive system, as evidenced by the appearance of the Trusts. He, like nearly everyone else in those days, looked upon our competitive system as one destined to last all down through the ages, and so he naturally set himself to reform the system instead of to abolish it. It was a very natural mistake for him to make. I am sure if I had read Henry George before I had understood the philosophy of the Trust, that I should have been a Single Taxer, for a while anyway, until I had read Karl Marx or until Mr. Morgan had given me a few object-lessons in the futility of competition. However, Mr. Johnson is not as much of a Utopian as Mr. Hanna. He, at any rate, knows that for us to be happy we must abolish poverty.

Mr. Hanna thinks we are well enough off as we are and that he and the Republican Party can persuade us to remain forever in dread of starving to death because we produce too much to eat.

While in Cleveland I spoke in the public square there from one of the three platforms Mayor Tom has had erected especially for public speaking. Before he was mayor there were no stands, and, in fact, no other mayor had ever before recognized the right of the public to speak in the square. I like the way Mayor Tom is conducting his campaign. He takes his huge tent from town to town, and its appearance attracts as much attention as a circus and draws corresponding crowds. He makes a speech and challenges any Republican to ask him questions or to come upon the platform and debate with him. He particularly asks if Mr. Hanna is in the audience, and if so, will he not please come up and debate? It is true I would like to see him throw down his gauntlet to us Socialists as well as to the Republicans—but we cannot expect too much from a Democrat.

Mayor Tom expressed the greatest admiration for Mr. Hanna's honesty of purpose and courage, but that does not interfere with his being in disagreement with him politically. "Hanna! why Hanna is not afraid of anything," said Mayor Tom. I agree, too, that Hanna has courage, but I will have a profounder admiration of it when he accepts Tom's challenge to debate. If he accepted a challenge to debate with me it would not be half so courageous. It would simply be foolhardiness.

"AN IDYL OF THE STRIKE."

Julian Hawthorne has written a thrilling novelette on the great Coal Strike for our December issue. No American writer is better equipped to handle the subject. You will have a clearer idea of life in the coal mines by reading it. Don't miss it.

PRESIDENT MITCHELL'S VIEWS

I HAD the pleasure of meeting John Mitchell, President of the Coal Miners' Association, when I was speaking in Wilkes Barre in September. Mr. Mitchell is a man who immediately impresses one as being of sterling integrity and unusual good sense. Whatever he says you feel you may rely upon as being not exaggerated. He made the statement that the miners could continue the strike, if necessary, until next Christmas. I remarked that it seemed to me, that if they did, tne country would be on the verge of a social revolution. This prospect did not seem to worry Mr. Mitchell very much, although he does not pretend to be an advocate of Socialism or of any change in the existing social system, beyond giving the miners a fair chance at a livelihood. Whatever advanced views Mr. Mitchell may have he very wisely refrains from giving vent to them at this critical time. His motive is rightly to keep all his supporters in line on the strike question, and not get them to fighting over his individual political views. However, the fact that many of Mr. Mitchell's lieutenants are Socialists is significant as to his attitude toward Socialism, and he certainly is doing nothing to prevent the enormous spread of Socialist sentiment which is now going on in the mining regions.

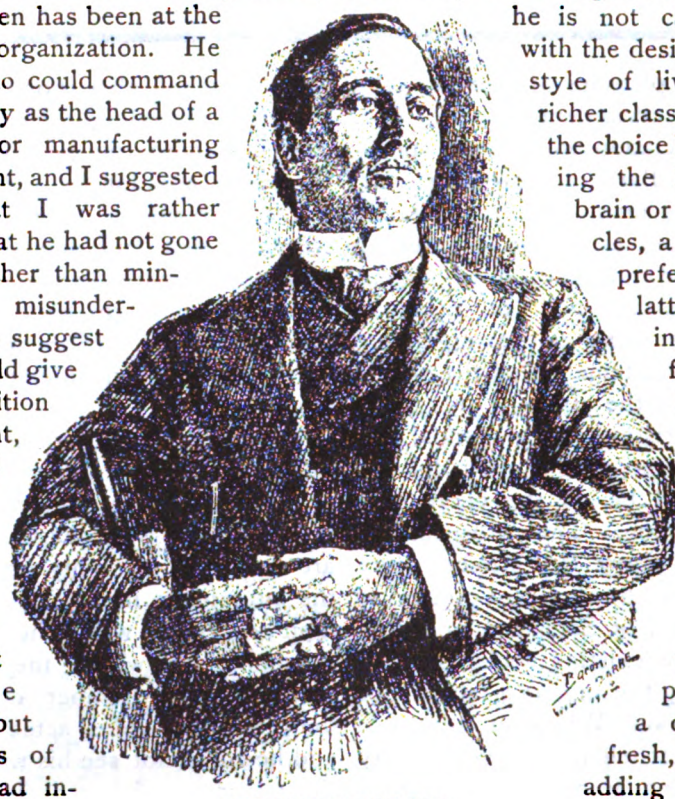
Mr. Mitchell also shows his wisdom in being exceedingly moderate in his remarks about the position taken by the latest addition to the calendar of saints, President Baer. He feels strongly that any unnecessarily disagreeable remarks made in regard to the operators might have the effect of prolonging the strike to a greater extent than if such statements were not made.

Referring to the possibility of the bituminous coal miners striking in sympathy with the anthracite miners, he says that with conditions as they are now this is highly improbable, as the bituminous miners will not violate their contract with the bituminous operators, on which they had been working for a number of years, as long as both sides acted honorably, and he could not see his way to asking the miners to violate their agreement.

Speaking of Mr. Hanna, Mr. Mitchell says that personal contact with him has made him revise a good many opinions he had previously formed. He thought Mr. Hanna was a very fair-minded man and was doing what he could to reconcile capital and labor; but the failure of his cherished Civic Federation, owing to the refusal of capital to arbitrate, was forcing him into a very perplexing position. He will soon be forced to take a definite

stand for one side or the other; and with all his interests on the side of capital, it would seem that in spite of his good feeling towards labor, he could hardly help throwing his influence on the side of capital at the break.

Mr. Mitchell is a young man—thirty-three years old. Up to his twenty-sixth year he was a working miner, and since then has been at the head of his organization. He is a man who could command a large salary as the head of a mercantile or manufacturing establishment, and I suggested to him that I was rather surprised that he had not gone into this rather than mining. He misunderstood me to suggest that he should give up his position as President, and replied that nothing would tempt him to leave the miners, that it was not money he was after, but the rights of man. I had intended to convey the idea that he might have bettered his condition by going into other pursuits when he was a working miner, previous to his having been made President. I knew him well enough to know that no bribe of a larger salary would ever take him from his position as President. On my explaining my question, he replied that even as far as the life of a working miner was concerned it was not so bad if you had anything like steady work; you were your own boss, if you worked by the ton, as most of the bituminous miners do, and you had much greater freedom than falls to the lot of the ordinary workingman.



PRESIDENT MITCHELL

Drawn from life for the New York Evening Journal

I think he was right in saying that a man would prefer manual work with fair remuneration and freedom to any other way of making a living, provided he is not carried away with the desire to ape the style of living of the richer class. If he has the choice between selling the labor of his brain or of his muscles, a man would prefer selling the latter and keeping the former for himself. I am quite sure that under Socialism, if I had my choice of a job, at two hours a day, I would prefer digging a ditch in the fresh, open air to adding up columns of figures in a stuffy counting-room. Ditch-digging today is in disrepute because of the social degradation which attaches to all manual labor, and more particularly because you don't get decent wages for the doing of it.

I had opportunity to make only two speeches in Pennsylvania—one at Wilkes Barre and one at Nanticoke. The miners are being converted in vast numbers to Socialism, and if the

strike continues until election time I have no doubt that the Socialist Party will poll a tremendously increased vote. Even if it should be settled meantime there should be a great many who will stick by the new faith. The two meetings were very large and enthusiastic, and closed with three cheers for Socialism and John Mitchell.

Before speaking in Wilkes Barre I spent a day in Toledo, and addressed a large gathering Sunday afternoon at Mayor Jones' Golden Gate Park. The Mayor has been quite under the weather, but seems to have fully regained his health. He had just returned from doing some Thoreau-like stunts in upper Michigan, and was as brown as a berry. He tried to persuade me that the way to solve the social problem was by everyone going out in the country on his own five acres and raising his own vegetables, but when I tried to show the manifest impossibility of everybody doing this, the Mayor proposed carrying on the discussion while we both swung around the merry-go-round. He is such an expert in this game that I at once admitted my defeat if I had to compete upon such terms. I see that since I left Toledo the Mayor has been winning foot races and challenging anybody in the crowd to stand on his head as long as he can; so, before I go to Toledo again I shall take some lessons from my friend, Bernarr McFadden, or possibly from the everstrenuous Teddy, if he has recovered sufficiently to give me proper attention.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF POLITICS.

There is considerable good sense in the annexed clipping from Collier's Weekly. It is certainly true that while Mr. Roosevelt is not proposing anything that will ever hurt the Trusts, yet Mr. Morgan does not want even innocuous propositions made. What Morgan wants is quiet waters, so that he can see where he is at. It is perfectly true that, as things stand today, Morgan would not be entirely satisfied with either Hanna or Roosevelt as a presidential candidate; and if the Democrats would nominate a good "safe" man like Gorman or Hill, or, in fact, almost anybody except Bryan or Tom Johnson, it is not at all improbable that Morgan would prefer seeing a Democrat in the chair instead of a Republican. Collier's says:

On the question of the Trusts the President has been even more explicit than before and his speeches have been received with the greatest favor by his audiences. He has thought it necessary to reply to his critics by pointing out that these opinions are not newly formed but are the same he held long before he was elected President. But otherwise he has not bent to the attacks of the friends of the Trusts among the newspapers. There is no practical political reason why he should, for the satisfaction of the bulk of the Republican party with his programme is too plain to be denied by the small number of censorious newspapers. His friends feel that he has made a new issue for the party, or rather captured an old one from the Democrats. That he has alienated to a large extent the regular contributors to the campaign fund is equally clear. Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Hill and the other great financiers who poured money into the McKinley fund in 1896 and 1900 are preparing to oppose his re-election, and it is a common saying in Wall Street that "the financial world" would as soon see a Democrat elected next time as a Republican—that is, if the Democrat isn't Bryan. Senator Platt, who is always in close touch with these forces, has let it be understood generally that a refusal to endorse the President publicly is one of the possibilities of the New York State Republican Convention. Governor Odell is said to favor a full endorsement. He knows it would help him in his fight for re-election. But, in any event, the President continues to show as much tenacity in this matter as in anything he has taken up, and appears to be undismayed by attacks, whether they are aimed at him directly or through Congressman Littlefield and whether they come from Mr. Morgan or Mr. Bryan. As for Mr. Hanna, he lies low, but whatever he has to say is in harmony with the President's utterances. But as we have remarked, Mr. Hanna has long since ceased to be regarded as a friend at court by the people in Wall Street.

DEATH AND RENASCENCE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

THE Democratic party, as an organization for getting into office men pledged to a strict construction of the constitution, is a thing of the past; because the letter of the constitution is a thing of the past. The party has defended the letter of the law as an army defends the forts of its frontier; not because it cares so much for the frontier, but because it loves the lands and the cities behind. And the constitution of the United States has stood as a line of fortifications drawn along the invisible boundary that separates the old world of privilege and authority from the new world of progress and intellectual liberty. The forts are dismantled and untenable now, not because the new world has been beaten, but because it has won the day and has pushed its frontier far over into the enemy's country. More than that, it has routed the enemy completely, has invaded his capital and destroyed the very citadel of privilege. I mean, in plain words, that the guardians in this country of ancient tradition and vested rights have been driven into a position of open revolt against that principle of technical legal authority which was the stronghold of reactionary politics—the politics of Alexander Hamilton and all those who would import the old world into the new. Take away from the people the ancient sense of the sacredness of law just as law; teach them to put the law aside, summarily, without waiting to legally repeal it—when it stands in the way of civilization—and you have made plutocracy and privilege impossible; for these cannot live otherwise than on the blind, antique, hereditary reverence for law—and the practical difficulty of getting the law legally changed. When the commercial class in this country went over to the position that civilization is more sacred than technical law and that business, which means after all simply the right to work, is higher than every traditional right to have and hold—it left real Democrats nothing to fight for save a saner and more searching application of these principles than they are likely to receive at the hands of politicians.

For ages the world has been ruled by abstract ideas, and the passions of history have gathered around the names of Church and State. But Church and State in their original and etymological conception both involve the denial of all modern and democratic principles, both imply the existence of a social authority that is above and beyond human conscience and reason. The Protestant Reformation, with its assertion of the rights of conscience, shattered the Church into a thousand fragments, so that, properly speaking, it

did not exist any more, but was only a ghost or a body of death unburied. Even so it has been with the State as a world-historic idea. Of course, political society, with its police-force, must continue to exist, but the State, in the ancient sense of the word, is passing out of the imagination of men. The State means sovereignty, and sovereignty means, when it means anything, the dominance of a social law that is above criticism, a law that is supposed to be derived from a higher source than the will of any man. We have for a century and more in this country kept up the dwindling tradition of the sovereignty of the State by imagining that the will of the majority was a superhuman thing. But nobody thinks that now. The conscience-binding prerogative of Church and State is upheld today only by those who do not think at all upon such matters—who believe that it is wrong to think.

It is a large statement, but it is substantially true, that the Philippine war has abolished in this country the surviving remnant of the moral authority of Church and State. Great things in the realm of ideas do sometimes happen in a moment; though, to be sure, it takes time to make plain what has happened. For ages the genius of human history has been compounding the elements of a new social order. It is in America especially that the social chemistries have been seething. And the day came at length when it needed but a jar of the beaker, and behold! the complete dissolution of the hard elements of the old world and the appearance of a new thing in nature. Those who live in their dreams or in the shadows of the past will doubtless for a long time go on telling the beads of tradition and talking the language of the dead, but a new day has already dawned and the solution of the problems of today is not to be found in any of the categories of ancient thinking. The answer to our social problem is not intelligible to statesmen or to churchmen; it speaks another language than theirs.

For a generation past the deepest and strongest strain of American life has spent itself not in the institutions of politics and not in those of religion, but in the enterprises of material civilization. In our failure to comprehend the profound, the spiritual significance of this new fact in the experience of nations, we have modestly granted that we were sinners, but have shrugged our shoulders and kept bravely on, scooping down the mountains and smoothing the ways of trade. The scholar-in-politics has neither daunted nor reformed us, and the preachers of institutional religion have had to go out of business or go into it—with the rest.

Of course, religious society will exist until the end of time, and so will secular society; the point is that they are not going to exist much longer in the United States as two separate organizations, side by side, but are being fused into a single organization; and that organization is likely to engross itself completely in the concrete things of science, art and industry.

We awoke a few years ago to discover that our politics was being managed not by the officers elected by the people but by the heads of our industrial system. Politics had become, to our surprise, only a subordinate department of the industrial organization, a detail of business. Our first impulse, of course, was to try to get back to the condition of our forefathers, to somehow revive the failing fortunes of the State. We ransacked all the books,

consulted all the oracles, imported every manner of European theory—all its worn, re-tailored clothes of Chauvinism, officialism, Bismarckian Socialism, imperialism—to see if by any means we could reverse the social conditions and get our politics back comfortably on top of the giant of business. We might have kept on with this bewildering and desperate struggle if something had not happened to make it patently hopeless. Something did happen, however; it was the little war with Spain, and the long-drawn misery of the Philippines. Two things we learned. We learned first, that the passion for material civilization as involving all the spiritual issues has grown with us to be stronger and grander than any abstract theory of religion or politics; and, second, that statesmen and clergymen are incompetent to guide or interpret that passion.

It was inevitable on the simplest principles of psychology that the clergy should in general espouse the cause of the professional statesmen, for both alike are oath-bound in allegiance to the old-world principle of blind obedience and sovereign law. It is idle to bring accusations against classes of men; men do in general, I suppose, what the logic of their position compels them to do. And the men of Church and State in America have been led up into a great temptation and have fairly lost that leadership of the people which they could scarcely have retained otherwise than by the denial of their professional existence.

Henceforth people that desire to think clearly and act toward definite issues must not only clear their minds of the hereditary cant of religion and politics, but also must cease to rely for social melioration and the advancement of civilization upon any kind of religious revival or political reform. Practically the Church and the State, as they have been traditionally conceived, are to be thrown altogether out of the account. What exists, moves upon the earth and must be reckoned with, is a world-embracing industrial system. The task of the age is to make this system the vehicle of the human ideal, the fit expression of the spiritual passion of the people.

The day has come at last in which it is possible to see that there is no abstract and absolute right and wrong. And there are no legal or religious definitions of personal and property rights that are of permanent validity. Everything runs and flows; the universe is infinite and the life of a man is infinite. This fluidization of society, from which the Old World has shrunk in terror, is, it would seem, simply the return to the normal and eternal conditions of cosmic evolution. Science discovers no hard and fast law in nature, but only order—a rythmic pulse and an aspect of perfect health. Just so in a great social system, a civilization mobilized for a grand march; there can be no fixed and unalterable law—only a growing order, an adjustment and balance of personal forces directed to ever finer and finer issues.

The logic of American history brings us to the point where we are bound to assert frankly that social order in this country depends upon no principle of abstract right, but solely upon the principle of force. It is a striking paradox, but true as the paradoxes of Jesus, that the frank commitment of society to the rule of force is the straight way to the destruction of the military and the money power and the triumph of the spiritual ideal. It is the pretence that society is ruled by right, not by

might, that has filled the earth with famine and violence.

But to come back to the main point, my proposition is that the Democratic party is played out and never can be effectually "reorganized," for the sufficient reason that its principle has been won. The defence of the Federal Constitution was only an incidental phase of the education and development of democracy. For democracy means at bottom the conquest of nature by the normal and eternal man untrammelled by fixed systems and abstract theories.

Now the maxim of the Democratic party up to this time has been: "Principles, not men;" or, if you like, "Measures, not men." But it is being demonstrated before the eyes of all that it is impossible for the leaders of the Democratic party to state principles or to propose measures that have a fighting chance of carrying an election. The principles invoked are too large and vague, and the measures suggested are too tentative and trifling to meet the demands of the social emergency as viewed by the common sense of Democratic voters. Of what use are sweeping denunciations of the Republican Administration, personal indictments of Mr. Hanna and Mr. Roosevelt, elaborate schemes for nagging and harrying industrial corporations and doubtful promises of tariff reform? Who cares? None of these things go deep enough into the common life of eighty millions of multifarious folk scattered across a continent. The fault is not Mr. Bryan's nor Mr. Cleveland's, nor is there any lack of talent and character in the Democratic party. The country has simply awakened to the fact that it has outgrown the old party platitudes—physically, intellectually, spiritually. And the national life is so large and so complex that it is impossible to frame a practical proposal which shall at one and the same moment seem sufficiently delectable to a majority of our vast population and sufficiently detestable to a minority to answer the definition of a "predominant issue." Both the great party organizations are about to come to an end—the Republican as well as the Democratic — because of their proved inefficiency. They do not any longer even seem fit agencies for giving expression to the common sense of the people, that balance of personal forces which is the basis of public order in this country.

A moment's reflection should teach one that this event, the dissolution of such parties, is in the nature of things, and cannot be averted. A political party is not and should not be like a sectarian church; it should not and cannot undertake to organize society on a basis of abstract principles. The metaphysical stage of American history has passed by. The American people do not care for abstract propositions any more; their vital adjustment to the realities of the outdoor world has grown too widespread and sensitive. Poets, artists, farmers, mechanics, men-of-business, are not to be governed by theorems. No debating society has ever been known to write a poem, carve a statue or manufacture a yard of cotton cloth. In working out those thrilling and magnificent correspondences of mankind with nature, which we sum up under the name of civilization, there is a constantly diminishing demand for the exponents of abstract propositions, and a constantly increasing demand for men of courage and competency. We have reversed the maxim of our fathers. "Men, not principles," this is the password of the regenerated Democracy.

The Trans-Mississippi Commercial

Congress, which met in its thirteenth annual session at St. Paul on the 19th of August, is much more significant of the character and composition of the future Democratic party than was the Tilden Club dinner or the Nantasket meeting. The non-partisan and non-sectarian organizations which are forming in so many of the cities and towns of the country under the names of Chamber of Commerce, Trades-Union, Civic Federation, Municipal League, would seem to be the organic filaments of the new dispensation. But before they can do the work to which they are appointed their negation of partisanship and sectarianism must develop into an affirmation of essential religion and a civic and social ideal. And instead of spending their energies in huge interstate conventions, assembled mainly for talk, they will without doubt after a while give more constant attention to that huger convention which is always in session—I mean the political organization of American society as it actually exists. The actual political organization—with its judicial, legislative and executive offices—is to be taken at its face value and is to be worked frankly in the single-minded interest of a material civilization—the building up of the visible fabric of the cities and the embodiment in them of what is spiritual and ideal.

Hitherto the ideal and spiritual forces of society have been dissipated in partisan rallies and sectarian revivals, the net result of which has been little more than the changing of the names of things and the speculative opinions of persons. From this time forward I apprehend that the sensible people of progressive communities are going to care very little whether a man chooses to call himself a Democrat or a Republican, a Methodist or a Baptist. The party of a real and ideal Democracy, the soul and sinew of America, as it gathers its new order in the advancing cities—name that order what you will, Town Meeting, Chamber of Commerce, Free Church, University of the People or Democratic Party, resurgent and regenerate—will engross itself in the concrete enterprises of civilization, careless of names and theoretical opinions, adjusting all the disputes of labor and capital on the plain principle that the tools belong to the man who can and does use them, and preferring a man, a real man—honest, courageous and efficient—to the most orthodox believer or the most consistent and loyal partisan.

Charles Ferguson

'WAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE

Listen to the patter of the little feet
As they, at the loom side, clatter night and day;
See the children trooping down the factory street;
Weary little children, Mammon's slaves are they.

From their little faces baby looks have fled;
Care has stamped out gladness, toil has banished grace;
Pain and cold, dumb anguish harbor there instead,
Making old and worn each mournful little face.

Children at the loom's side; children in the mills;
Watching flying spindles, tying broken threads;
What to them are sunshine, flow'rs and rippling rills,
With the mad'ning mill-roar ever in their heads?

Little baby white slaves, down in Dixie land,
Are distilling Profits from their baby veins;
Mammon's chains are on them; Mammon's heavy hand
Presses out their life-blood to increase his gains.

Fettered men and women, struggling to be free,
Catch the hollow echo of the children's moan,
And with fiercer vigor war with slavery,
Childhood's chains to sever, as they loose their own.

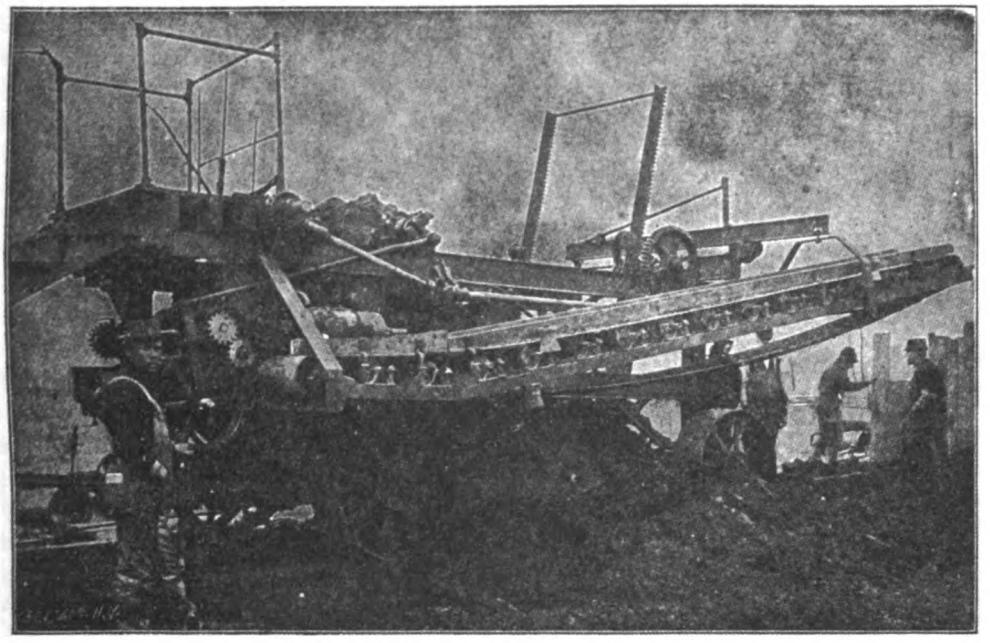
—GRACE WOODWARD SMITH, 6116 Drexel Ave., Chicago.

ANOTHER NAIL IN LABOR'S COFFIN

IN last month's issue reference was made to a new machine for digging trenches that is now in successful operation in this country. Through the courtesy of the Scientific American we are enabled to present to our readers some very interesting engravings showing the machine at work, from which a very clear idea can be had of the construction and mechanism of the invention that with "its crew of five men does work which would be a credit to a very large force of laborers."

Think of it! Five men with one of these machines can dig a ditch four feet deep and sixty feet long every hour. That means that in one day these five men can do the work of twenty able-bodied trench diggers working at the same even speed from seven o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night. And that without any of the hard, manual labor that pick and shovel work implies.

Our illustrations show the five men at work. One stands on the "bridge," like the captain of a ship, one oversees the working of the machine, while the other three keep their eyes on the work as it progresses. No doubt this is a very great improvement from the viewpoint of the five, but how about the fifteen who are thrown out of a job?



TRENCH DIGGER, SHOWING CONVEYOR FOR DELIVERING THE SOIL AT THE SIDE OF THE DITCH.

What are the workingmen going to do when seventy-five per cent. of their number are replaced by machines in all branches of labor?

Isn't it altogether reasonable to suppose that some day they will wake up to the fact that if the people owned all these machines and used them to lighten the labor of all, it would be a big improvement on the present system of allowing private contractors to own

them and throw three out of every four men out of a job for the sake of larger profits for their owners?

We used to say that while the skilled workman might lose his job through inventions, the unskilled ordinary workman would always be in demand, but this shows that no man is safe.

A VIEW SHOWING ENDLESS CHAIN WITH BUCKETS.

Here is what Mr. George J. Jones writes of the machine in the Scientific American:

"A notable piece of excavating machinery is to be seen working at present just outside of Moorestown, N. J., where a sewer system is being laid. The machine referred to is a trench digger, which, operated by five men, cuts a swath through the earth with marvelous rapidity and neatness. The operation of this machine represents a saving as compared with hand work in many different ways. In the first place, in order to lay the smaller sizes of pipe, it is necessary to dig a hole very much larger than is required for the pipe in order to accommodate the bodies of the men who must work in the trench. Then again, where the pipe is to be planted at some considerable depth, the men are compelled to work in stages, and the soil removed must be handled many times before it is finally passed out of the trench. When this trench-digging machine is used, the hole is made just large enough to accommodate the pipe, and this represents a great economy in the amount of material handled. This machine is built by the F. C. Austin Manufacturing Company, of Harvey, Ill., to whom we are indebted for much of the information found herewith, but the photographs were specially made for this article. The machine at work

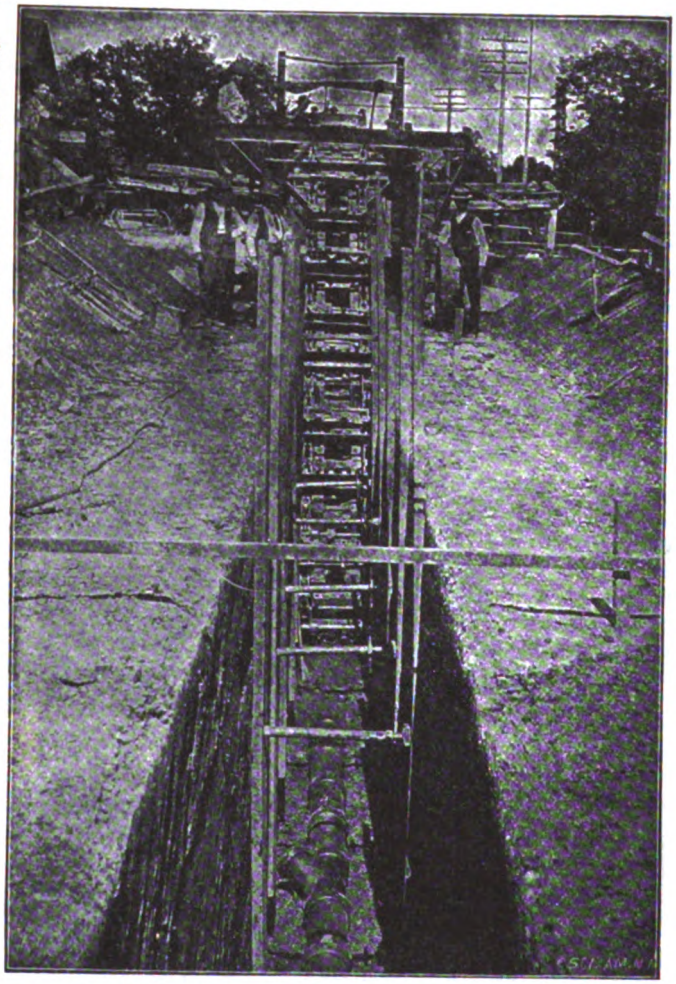
at Moorestown is the largest and most powerful ever built by the company.

"The digging machine is built of a framework of I-beams mounted on four broad-tire wheels, and in front of it as it cuts its way along through the earth is a 25 horse-power traction engine which supplies the power, the connection being made through a chain belt.

"At the other end of the machine there is a twenty-foot shaft of light iron work, the free end of which has a vertical movement. A pair of sprocket wheels at each end carry an endless link belt built up of steel drop-forged links and connected by cross-bars and flat blades or scrapers. Fastened to each cross-bar are two plow-shaped cutters, the latter being staggered, so that the whole series of cutters will cover the whole width of the excavation Alternate bars are fitted with side cutters for trimming the sides of the ditch. The dirt is carried to the top and deposited on a rubber belt, which carries it to either side as may be desired.

"The buckets, immediately behind the cutters, are themselves of peculiar design, as they open automatically when they reach the end of the shaft nearest the hopper, and thus prevent any of the excavated soil from remaining in them.

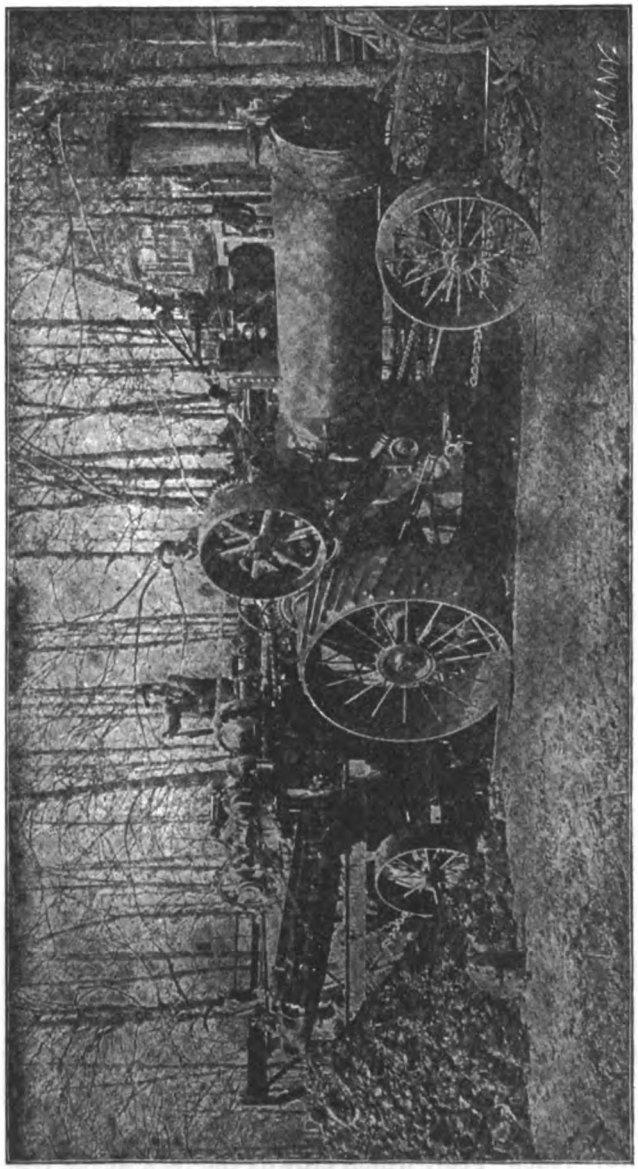
"The chain with its buckets and cutters passes over the main shaft of the machine, and the other end is lowered into the ground and does the cutting. Its position is capable of constant and instant adjustment, so that a ditch of six inches can be dug as readily as one of twelve feet. This hoisting or lowering to the required depth is accomplished by means of a steam gear, which crowds the rack at the rear of the machine either down or up as the case may require. It will be seen that the weight of the machine is thus applied to the crowding device, is removed entirely from the banks of the



A DEEP TRENCH DUG BY THE MACHINE.

ditch, and instead assists in the cutting, as the pressure is applied to the breast of the cut.

"An iron stake is anchored some eight or nine hundred feet in advance of the machine, to which a cable is attached, this being spooled on a drum in the front part of the machine. At every revolution of the gear wheel a certain amount of this cable is wound up by means of a rachet device, and gives a steady advance which is automatic. This is capable of regulation, and the speed with which the digger passes along through the earth may be adjusted to the varying conditions of the soil encountered.



THE TRENCH DIGGER AND ITS ENGINE.

"The work at Moorestown was hampered to a very large degree by the presence of quicksands, which were not anticipated. The buckets used are not adapted to this character of material, but small rocks and frozen ground are easily handled by the machine. This machine with its crew of five men does work which would be a credit to a very large force of laborers. Under favorable circumstances a ditch four feet deep can be dug at the rate of sixty feet an hour."

A Vision.

In dreams I saw the earth's old sorrow fade;
A cloud of error lifted from man's soul.
The golden idol crushed in dust; the whole
Of coward envy, hate, and fear obeyed
A world-wide will and vanished. Unafraid,
Man clasped his brother in the sweet control
Of love; and life had found its fitting goal
In justice, fellowship and mutual aid.
The human hosts made feast on many a plain,
Their banners marked with, "Man hath liberty;"
Their songs of rapture rose in glorious strain,
Grand peans of time's noblest victory.
The wonder woke me. With the vision's wane
A voice spake to my ear, "This yet shall be."

—William Francis Barnard.

EXERCISES FOR VITAL STRENGTH

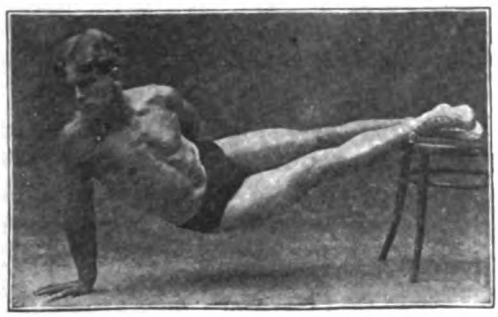
BERNARR MACFADDEN

Vital strength may be defined as the power to live long. He who possesses it has a body in which the functional action is vigorous and certain; the circulation is good; the assimilation and digestion normal, and the repair of tissues used in the production of energy is adequate to keep all parts of the body in what is commonly known as a "well nurtured" condition.

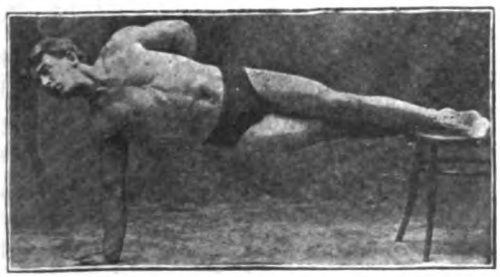
Long and careful observation has established the fact that most diseases which afflict humanity have their beginning in the stomach. Now, if this organ is in a perfect condition, and able at all times to perform the work of digestion properly, the blood, as a result, will be much purer, and every function of the body will be stronger and more capable of performing its office satisfactorily.

EXERCISE 1.

Place feet on chair or bed, in position below, then raise the body until it is in the position shown in illustration No. 2. Continue until tired; then reverse the position of the arms, and continue on other side until tired.



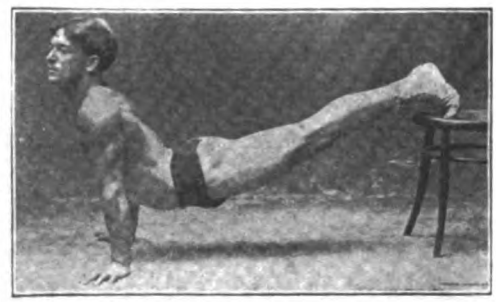
CUT 1.



CUT 2.

EXERCISE 2.

Place the feet on chair, or edge of bed, body resting as in cut; then raise body as high as possible, and return to starting position; continue until tired.



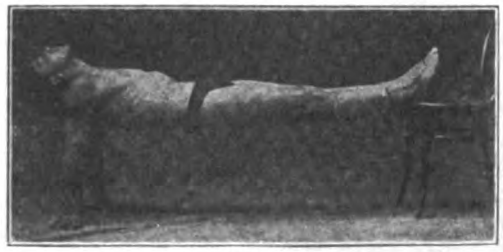
I have presented, at various times, numerous systems of exercise, arranged for the stimulation and development of various parts of the muscular system. The one presented herewith, with illustrations, I know to be of the utmost importance to any one who would develop the greatest functional activity, and consequently the greatest degree of health.

The particular value of this system is that it develops the body in the region of the principal vital organs. When the muscles that are attached to and surround these organs, are exercised daily, the blood is naturally drawn to them in increased volume, and both the organs themselves, and the muscular attachments and envelope are vastly strengthened and benefited thereby. The motions not only exercise the external muscular tracts, but they stimulate powerfully the action and blood supply of all the internal organs.

EXERCISE 3.

Place heels on chair or bed, body in position shown below (cut 1), then raise the body as high as possible (cut 2); continue until tired.

CUT 1.



CUT 2.

There are no exercises known to me which will use so thoroughly the muscles that lie in and about the central part of the body, as these, illustrated herewith.

The exercises are vigorous, that is, they require considerable expenditure of force or energy to perform them; and, unless the individual is in a fair state of health and physical development, they may be too difficult for repeated practise at first. When they are first tried, they should be made without any straining effort being necessary. If to do them causes such a straining effort, merely attempt them, day after day, until you have accustomed the unused muscles to the movements, and they become less difficult.

Great care should be observed not to practise any one of the exercises to the point of overtaxing the particular set of muscles engaged in making the movement. Each movement should be repeated only until the muscles in use become tired. As one's development increases, the number of times each exercise may be practised may be gradually increased.

These movements have a pronounced influence upon the outline of the body in the region of the hips and waist. A few weeks' practice will materially alter and improve the contour of the body. The body can not possibly be properly formed, or be symmetrical in appearance, unless this part has been properly developed.

With lower animals the entire body is exercised constantly; the habits and conditions of life making it necessary for them to keep all parts of their bodies in a constant state of activity. Man, being an upright animal, frequently acquires habits that demand but slight and fugitive use of the muscles above the waist, and as all of the vital organs lie above this point, they suffer seriously.

The exercises I present herewith have the advantage of requiring but little time, and therefore being particu-

larly adaptable to the needs of the busy man. From five to eight minutes devoted to them, morning and night, will be found sufficient.

No apparatus of any kind is required. They may be practised in your bed room, with no other device beyond a chair or bed.

If practised assiduously, these exercises will develop the chest and arms quite as much as the trunk and lower limbs. You will find that a certain amount of vigorous use of the arms is required in making each movement.

The proper time to take exercises for health is immediately after rising and just before retiring. If you find, after trial, that taking them twice a day makes you tire easily, stop either the morning or night exercises, whichever is the most convenient.

It is vastly important in exercising to practise deep, diaphragmatic breathing, both before and after the exercises. Usually, after a few minutes vigorous exercising, if one will jump up and down quickly for a few moments, it will induce proper deep breathing. A long walk should be taken every day, and a cold sponge, or cold sitz bath, should follow the exercises.

A Strenuous Life.

"The other evening," said Vacuum with a half smile, "I heard a story of Mr. Roosevelt's legislative days in Albany. It was related by Mr. Sheehy, our late tax commissioner. Mr. Sheehy told the story well, for he has as keen a humor as ever came out of Galway. "When we were together in the legislature, Theodore (Mr. Sheehy always calls the President "Theodore") and I were close friends. One evening we attended a dog-fight in the outskirts, being invited by a fellow-lawmaker who was a prime promoter of the sport. It was a good fight, we had good seats, and we enjoyed the exercises very much. In the high midst of the war and while the dogs were buckling to it most assiduously, a captain of police opened the door. "Everybody keep his seat," remarked the captain; "you are all and each under arrest." Then he brought in ten policemen to round up the captives. At the captain's first word, Theodore leaped convulsively to his feet. I pulled him down by the coat. "Lay dead," I whispered, "or you're a gone fawn-skin." I knew the captain; a Tammany man always knows the captain; if he doesn't he's crazy. "Do you think we'll be locked up, Mr. She-high?" asked Theodore in agitated tones. At a crisis, Theodore used to call me Mr. She-high; in moments of calm he called me Ed. "Lay dead," I whispered again; "it's the one chance of your life." The captain came our way. "Do a sneak," says the captain as he passed. Theodore and I "did a sneak." It was the captain's order. The blue-coat on the door gave me a wink and I gave him that which has intrinsic value. Theodore panted close at my heels. Outside, near the curb, stood a cab. Theodore crawled in with the utmost zeal. "Hurry, Mr. She-high and get in," said Theodore, still in the dog-fight voice. I got in. "Where shall I drive?" quoth the night-owl. "Drive anywhere, only hurry!" said Theodore. The night-owl beat his steed; we rattled away. "Are we safe, Mr. She-high?" asked Theodore. There is no more to the story. We were saved. At intervals the night-hawk asked, "where to?" And on one occasion Theodore shouted "Drive on!" The night-owl drove on until we got to West Troy. "That was a narrow escape, Mr. She-high," said Theodore when we parted; "and it was fortunate, very fortunate, you knew the captain. It demonstrates, too, Mr. She-high, how valuable is an acquaintance among the lower orders at a dog-fight."'"—THE ONLOOKER.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS

we live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should not count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best;
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest.—
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.
—BAILEY.

WILSHIRE IN MAINE.

H. Gaylord Wilshire, publisher of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, has been stumping Knox county the past week, and Saturday night his itinerary brought him to Rockland's Post-office square, where he delivered a lengthy address in behalf of the Socialist party.

Mr. Wilshire is a reputed millionaire, and a man of rather distinguished appearance, the contributing elements to said appearance being a becoming set of black whiskers, a modern shirt waist and an attractive suit of summer clothes. He does not pose as an orator like Bryan, and isn't one, but he had a matter of fact way in presenting his ideas and did it in such a manner that the average audience would not fail to grasp his meaning.

To a reporter of The Courier-Gazette Millionaire Wilshire stated that his party was gaining steadily in strength and in the forthcoming national election would poll not less than 200,000 votes. He does not look upon numerical strength as the greatest feature of Socialism, however. He believes that the ideas of his party are rapidly gaining ground and are accepted even by those who have not yet reached the point of voting that way.

"Do you think that the Socialists will ever be the dominant party in this country?" was asked.

"Perhaps not," replied Mr. Wilshire, slowly, "but it is only a question of time when the ideas we now advance will be taken up by some party, and they will eventually go into effect."

"Let the nation own the trusts" is Mr. Wilshire's slogan.

He argues that not only is government ownership of the Trusts a desirable step for us to take, but that it is soon to become an inevitably necessary step. The method by which he arrives at such a startling conclusion is interesting, even if not particularly convincing. The Trust is caused by over-production. The cause of over-production is the competitive wage system which restricts wages to the approximate cost of the necessities of life required by the laborer. No matter how much the laborer's productivity is increased owing to the use of more and better machinery, his wages remain practically stationary. Therefore, argues Mr. Wilshire, inasmuch as the laboring class constitute the great mass of consumers. It is natural that with their power of production being constantly increased by modern machinery and their power of consumption held fixed by the competitive work system, that overproduction should exist.

The laborer produces more than he can purchase with his daily wage, hence over-production.

However the capitalists have hitherto always had a ready means of avoiding over-production by the conversion of the surplus, which the laborer creates but cannot purchase, into additional machinery of production, into capital. When we had produced the necessities of life, our food and clothing, by our labor we put in the balance of the time building new oil refineries, flour mills, railways, etc.

But this channel for the discharge of our surplus labor is now being dammed up by the completion of our industrial machinery. That the machinery is actually nearing a stage of completion is evidenced by the appearance of the Trust. That is, the Trust, in Mr. Wilshire's argument, is not a cause but an effect. The Trust is the visible and outward sign of the practical completion of the industrial equipment of the United States and as such presages a great unemployed problem. Labor has hitherto been employed in building new railways, new oil refineries, etc., and now the Trust is the sign that such employment is about to cease.

This condition is the fault of no individual nor group of individuals but is the outcome of the competitive wage system. Mr. Wilshire would substitute a co-operative system for the present competitive system, and as a basis for such a system he declares that public ownership of the machinery of production is a necessary concomitant. After the lecture Mr. Wilshire, in answering a number of questions from the audience, explained that a ruling from the Post-office department withdrawing his magazine from its second-class entry had forced him to change his place of publication from New York to Toronto.

He had been paying the regular American publishers' rate of one cent per pound in New York when the rate was suddenly withdrawn and he was ordered to pay the circular price of eight cents per pound. The department had ruled that the magazine was published simply to "advertise" ideas and as such was merely an advertising circular and therefore not entitled to publishers' rates.

Mr. Wilshire then changed his place of habitation to Canada where he has secured the publishers' rate in that country deprived him in this. Mr. Wilshire stated that the difference in rates made a saving to him of about $3,000 per month.—Rockland (Me.) Gazette.

COMPETITION AND WAGES

DANIEL B. STRONG

IT IS only at a certain and well defined period of a nation's industrial development—in new countries especially, where an over-supply of labor does not yet exist—that unrestrained competition in industry might be said to be "the life of trade." This period once passed, however, and wherever an over-supply of labor exists—as has been the case for centuries in the Old World and more recently in this country—then the fatal tendency of unregulated competition in prices, and consequently in wages, is to gradually lower wages along the whole line towards the point of bare subsistence, or the starvation-scale, thus fatally reducing, in the same ruinous ratio, all normal consumption among the wage-earning classes and, therefore, all normal business prosperity accordingly throughout the whole nation.

Consequently, instead of being the "life of trade," as is falsely supposed, uncontrolled or lawless competition in industry is, at the present stage of our economic development, the death, rather, of all normal trade and consumption among the great common people and of their legitimate enjoyments, welfare and social progress as well.

Indeed, the practical test of the real value to a people of its economic system is not in production alone, but to be found, rather, in its home consumption "per capita," this national measure "per capita" of consumption being the measure of material comforts and enjoyments among the great common people, and not simply among the moneyed classes.

By reason of its inevitable tendency to lower the wages of all employes, our prevailing competitive wage system is, therefore, not only contrary to sound business principles, in view of real national prosperity, but also to the fundamental principle of our democratic institutions.

It is true that wages in this country are somewhat higher, comparatively, and that the conditions of life of the average wage-earner are better than in any other part of the world. But this fortunate situation is due entirely to the unbounded resources of our mighty land, the incontestable superiority of the American wage-earner and to the wise economic policy of our statesmen in having systematically controlled foreign competition during the last 35 years in favor of American capital and labor—this anti-competitive economic policy having prevailed, in fact, with but short intervals, in our midst since the first administration

of Washington down to the present hour.

Indeed, it had been impossible to have thus directly protected American capital for over a century and a quarter and to have systematically fostered American economic development during this protracted period, without having at the same time effectively, though indirectly, benefited American wages proportionally.

Consequently it is evident that the comparatively advantageous wage now enjoyed by our wage-earners, as a class, is due wholly to natural causes and to legislative enactments restraining foreign competition, and that it exists, therefore, practically in spite of the evil and dangers of the competitive wage-system.

Indeed, in this age of economic progress and scientific enlightenment any competition tending to unduly reduce wages is a barbarous and unscientific transfer, into the modern economic domain, of the blind principle of brute force characteristic of the lower reigns of nature. In other words, uncontrolled wage-competition is the characteristic feature of uncivilized and unscientific communities, with low moral standards in commercial life and a total lack of a just appreciation of the vital and fundamental importance of economics in private, national and international intercourses.

In fine, free wage-competition in any populous country means eventually the unrestrained and arbitrary control of capital over labor, where the brute-power of the merciless sword of old feudalism is replaced by the modern but none the less insidious and brutal power of the almighty dollar—this absolutism and tyranny constituting, in fine, the most unjust and arbitrary economic system possible, so far as the wage-earning classes of any modern civilized country are concerned.

Thus unrestrained wage-competition is manifestly the aristocratic and monarchial economic system "par excellence" and, therefore, as previously intimated, contrary to the very spirit and intent of our democratic institutions, as founded by our forefathers. Thus, even in this most liberal of republics, and in spite of their unbounded liberties in politics and religion, our wage-earning classes are now on the point of being systematically controlled and exploited by capital. Thus, in fine, the vast majority of our people will soon enjoy a shadow of liberty only, when the substance or real thing will be systematically, though indirectly, withheld from them. Indeed, this indirect but effectual denial of full economic liberty and social justice to the vast majority through a low and insufficient wage-scale stands already in our republic as a most shocking contradiction and injustice. It constitutes, in fact, the great heart and home-devouring monster of our otherwise Christian democracy.

Therefore, against this monster of economic inequity towards the vast majority of our people, we must now direct all the intelligent, scientific and Christian forces of our republic as against the last remaining vestige of absolutism and barbarism still existing in our midst.

Indeed, we have already abolished absolutism and aristocracy in both politics and religion for all economics, politics and religion for all classes alike. Consequently, let us now do the same in economics, or we shall lay ourselves open to the charge of social hypocrisy and inconsistency quite foreign to our national character.

Furthermore it is, unfortunately, a

fundamental principle in competitive economics that the domain of trade must remain practically independent of and beyond legislative control. The direct result of which, therefore, is to systematically and intentionally deprive the great common people of the advantages of their political liberty and prerogatives in the all important domain of economics. Consequently our popular liberties have, thus far, availed the people nothing in their attempts to throw off the oppressive capitalistic yoke of a low, insufficient and unjust wage-scale.

This, in fact, is the great inconsistency, not to say the shocking hypocrisy of our whole democratic civilization. Indeed, we pompously declare the wage-earner to be a free agent, when signing a labor contract, and thus, in theory, make him equal to his employer in the economic domain.

But, on the other hand, we all know that in practice such is by no means the case. Indeed, when accepting the wage arbitrarily offered him in an overcharged labor market under the brutal and blind law of supply and demand, the wage-earner is, as a rule, free simply to take the wage thus offered, however unjust and insufficient it may be, or to let himself and family suffer or perhaps starve.

Nevertheless it is on this abominably false and undemocratic theory of the individual liberty of the wage-earner in economics, that our whole present wage-system is based.

How then can we expect to be really prosperous, as a democratic and progressive people, so long as the system lying at the basis and foundation of our whole national life rests on a totally false, undemocratic and un-American principle?

In fact, this fundamental injustice and lie, as it may be called, respecting the real position of our wage-earners from an economic standpoint, is now becoming more manifest each day in face of the gigantic combinations of capital constantly forming, where not only the individual wage-earner is as naught, but, vis-a-vis, which even the ordinary capitalist himself is now powerless. In fine, up to the present administration of President Roosevelt, these vast capitalistic combinations were fast over-shadowing the people's government itself in a most alarming and unprecedented manner.

It can be said, in fact, that individual liberty, in one of its most sacred forms and essential aspects, is but little enjoyed at present by the vast majority of our citizens, in spite of our constitutional guarantees to the contrary. Which guarantees, consequently, are being violated and practically annulled in a most criminal and dangerous manner, from an economic standpoint, so far as our wage-earning classes and our great common people are concerned.

Therefore we must radically reform our whole economic system in its fundamental principles and methods with respect to the standards by which wages are to be fixed, because without an independent living wage all our other liberties are practically worthless and as naught to our wage-earners, as a class. Indeed, as it now stands, the full benefits of our free institutions are practically lost to the vast majority of our people, because they are deprived of the individual liberty inseparable from an independent and self-respecting wage for themselves and their families.

Of what avail, then, our majority-rule, as a republic, in politics and our unbounded liberty in religion, so long as we have the present minority-rule

of the worst kind in economics, that is to say, in the most vital and important department of our whole national life?

In other words, we must fully understand that the present unscientific and brutal system governing our wage-scale is the practical denial and destruction of the spirit and intent of republican institutions.

Therefore let us no longer be blinded and deceived when we hear our capitalists, great or small—with all pseudo-liberal economists more or less stipended or influenced by them—clamoring for uncontrolled competition in prices or trade, which means simply uncontrolled and unregulated prices in labor or wages, and through which absolutism of capital over labor is being perpetuated under the false pretext of commercial liberty. In fact, this economic absolutism of capital is the sole foundation on which the industrial-slave-system in all ages has been based, the same as it now constitutes the greatest and the final stumbling-block in modern civilization to social, intellectual and spiritual progress among the masses in general.

Indeed, the wage-earner must clearly understand that it is alone through competition that a low standard of wages is perpetuated, because thus labor is ranked as a mere commercial commodity, under the unscientific and inhumane law of supply and demand.

It is true that, in our present disordered and unscientific economic system, the above brutal law is more or less useful and practical in regulating the prices of commercial commodities. But inasmuch as labor, by reason of its human attributes, is not and must not be degraded to the level of a mere commercial commodity, it is evident, when we allow capitalistic greed to unreservedly apply to wages the so-called law of supply and demand in an over-charged labor-market, that we are simply allowing a legalized form of oppression and tyranny to be exercised by capitalistic classes over our wage-earning masses, as intolerable as it is inexcusable and unwarranted in our Christian civilization and in our American Republic especially.

Indeed our modern civilization has inherited this nefarious and inhuman system of uncontrolled wage-competition from an unscientific and barbarous past, where the rights of the wage-earner, like those of the ancient slaves attached to the soil, were considered practically as naught, vis-a-vis capital or the employers of labor. And it is this financial serfdom of Labor to Capital through low wages that is the fatal aristocratic and heathen error in economics, with which our democratic and Christian civilization became impregnated and perverted during its long and painful passage through the Dark and Middle Ages.

Indeed, our whole competitive system is absolutely contrary to the original economic principles of our democratic civilization, as laid down by Jesus Christ himself and the Apostles, in the First Christian Republic—or the economic organization of the Primitive Christian Church—as well as contrary to the fundamental economic law of the first or ancient Republic of Israel as founded by Moses, when our occidental civilization began.

In fact, it is to this criminal denial and systematic repudiation of the sole and original democratic economic principles of our whole civilization—as inaugurated by its immortal and divinely inspired founders—that is to be directly attributed the total failure, thus far, of Christianity in the Old World, as a

democratic social system, the same as its comparative failure, as such, even in our enlightened and evangelical country, and in spite of the democratic spirit and humane intent of the immortal founders of our nation.

Indeed, it is a well-established fact that, when our Union was founded, the individual economic liberty of each and every worthy citizen of our republic was as dear to our immortal fathers as political and religious liberty for all alike. Moreover, the economic liberty of every citizen—as the most precious and fundamental of all human liberties—was guaranteed by the very nature of things then existing unto all classes alike and, as it then seemed, "unto all generations," the same as liberty in politics and religion.

In other words, at the time our Union was founded, there existed in this country an unlimited and, what was then considered to be, an inexhaustible extent of unoccupied lands open to free settlement, where the thrifty and worthy could easily make for themselves and their children free and independent homes, with enough land of their own to assure them all a fair competence and thus place them beyond the reach of economic injustice and oppression from any capitalistic class.

On the other hand, at that early period we were almost exclusively an agricultural people. Furthermore, modern science was then in its infancy, and modern industry was therefore not yet born. Consequently it was absolutely impossible for our forefathers to foresee the immense and quasi-miraculous development of industry that now exists in this country, where economic and social conditions have been created for the vast majority of our people, through which the effects and intents of democratic institutions are being slowly annihilated.

Indeed, as previously stated, from the very nature of economic conditions that existed in this country when our democratic institutions were inaugurated, it was as though an all-wise Providence Itself had provided for the economic liberty of the individual American citizen on practically an inexhaustible scale, and for generations to come.

Therefore, as against a contingency most remote and indefinite, the founders of our Union thought it unnecessary to then make provision in our national constitution in view of directly guaranteeing the economic liberty of each and every individual citizen, the same as for political and religious liberty.

In fact, it is quite natural that they should have considered that the economic independence of the American family centre, and of each and every worthy American citizen, was then secured, the same as political and religious liberty, and that these blessings were as fully guaranteed to all, the same, relatively, as in ancient Israelitish Democracy and in the First Christian Republic, of which our American Republic was considered by its founders to be the modern type and direct historical fulfilment.—The Financial Record.

OUR PRIZE WINNERS

JULY AND AUGUST CONTEST

The following is a complete list of prize winners in the WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE Subscription Contest which closed on the 1st of September. It will be noticed by the valuations here given that the prize winners received very much more in the way of a prize than they remitted to us for postal cards; and, in addition to this, they received the postal cards practically free, inasmuch in most cases they sold them for as much as they gave for them—if not more. They were practically paid for winning the prizes. We will have another contest soon, due notice of which will be given later.

No.	NAME.	ADDRESS.	AMT.	PRIZE.	VALUE.
1	Herman Weller	190 Wash'ton Ave., Newark, N. J.	$100.00	Angelus Piano Play'r	$275.00
2	Dr. C. E. Emery	1337 Dorr St., Toledo, O.	45.00	Oil Painted Tapestry	200.00
3	Jas. A. Slanker	Joplin, Mo.	19.50	"Collie" Dog	100.00
4	J. A. Bradshaw	2622 113th St., Chicago, Ill.	15.00	Columbia Graph'hone	50.00
5	Tony Hendricks	Menasha, Wis.	13.00	" "	50.00
6	Samuel Ernst	1549 Oak St., Toledo, O.	11.00	Port. Billiard Table	35.00
7	W. Peard	Galt, Ont., Can.	10.75	" " "	35.00
8	R. Tenny	El Reno, Okla.	10.50	" " "	35.00
9	S. L. Hall	Algoma, Wis.	10.25	Bicycle	25.00
10	Dr. W. H. Smith	St. Clair, Mich.	10.00	"	25.00
11	S. R. Markert	2526 Duncan St., Louisville, Ky.	9.50	"	25.00
12	John McCauley	45 Paterson Ave., Paterson, N. J.	9.00	"	25.00
13	L. R. Gage	Hoquiam, Wash.	8.50	Al-Vista Camera	20.00
14	Ernest Duges	162 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.	8.00	" "	20.00
15	Hans Hedrich	645 Blackwell St., Astoria, N. Y.	7.50	" "	20.00
16	J. B. Speirs	Contoocook, N. H.	6.75	" "	20.00
17	Edw. P. Hollz	262 Jackson St., Milwaukee, Wis.	6.50	" "	20.00
18	W. T. Ayledott	Bradford, Tenn.	6.25	Gold-filled Watch	20.00
19	John M. King	215 Laramie St , Denver, Col.	6.00	Box Cigars	5.00
20	Geo. Hermansader	632 Thorn St., Reading, Pa.	Less	"	5.00
21	John A. Sackett	So. Easton, Mass.	than	"	5.00
22	Wm. T. Parcel	103 N. Boyle Av., Los Angeles, Cal.	$6.00	Fountain Pen	3.00
23	E. A. Howser	Lakota, North Dakota	each	" "	3.00
24	Russell C. Massey	314 8th St., Fargo, North Dakota	was	" "	3.00
25	O. E. Lofthus	Hillsboro, North Dakota	re-	" "	3.00
26	Geo. Amos	Benzonia, Mich.	ceived	" "	3.00
27	L. H. Alwine	Spring Forge, Pa.	from	" "	3.00
28	Geo. H. Block	244 W. 124th St., N. Y. City	win-	" "	3.00
29	W. G. Markland	Highland Park, Tenn.	ners of	" "	3.00
30	R. A. Nott	Soldiers' Home, Danville, Ill.	prizes	" "	3.00
31	Chas. M. Watson	30 Pond St., Newburyport, Mass.	Nos. 20	" "	3.00
32	C. Kessler	839 S. 7 St., Kansas City, Kas.	to 72.	" "	3.00
33	A. D. Ca ly	Marshalltown, Iowa		" "	3.00
34	W. S. Moore	Longwood, Fla.		" "	3.00
35	John C. Paine	188 Jewett St., E. Manch'ter, N. H.		Silk-e Skirt	2.50
36	J. W. Barnes	Lake Charles, La.		" "	2.50

No.	Name.	Address.	Amt.	Prize.	Value.
37	Carl Hoerz	Dolgeville, N. Y.		Gl'ss Inkstand, oak base	3.00
38	Ernest Mayer	1936 S. 6 St., Phila, Pa.		" " "	3.00
39	Harry L. Ferry	Co. H, S'ld'rs' Home, Danville, Ill.		" " "	3.00
40	W. H. McFall	Carthage, Mo.		" " "	3.00
41	R. A. White	116 Cherry St., WallaWalla, Wash.		" " "	3.00
42	Wm. Heser	812 Pomeroy St., Kenosha, Wis.		" " "	3.00
43	W. J. Kirkwood	Greenwood, B. C., Can.		" " "	3.00
44	Nat. Lambert	948 Powell St., Vancouver, B. C.		" " "	3.00
45	Thos. P. Lippincoot	Blair, Neb.		" " "	3.00
46	Geo. A. Kellogg	Lakota, North Dakota		" " "	3.00
47	A. McArthur	Cleo, Okla.		" " "	3.00
48	J. W. Connor	Mountain Park, Okla.		" " "	3.00
49	Mrs. Virginia Mussell	446 E. 7 St., Erie, Pa.		" " "	3.00
50	W. H. White	10 Sankey St., Newcastle, Pa.		" " "	3.00
51	F. E. Wooley	717 N. 8 St., Phila, Pa.		" " "	3.00
52	J. H. Ristine	Box 57, Port Angeles, Wash.		" " "	3.00
53	Hugh J. Reible	Joplin, Mo.		" " "	3.00
54	John D. Price	44 Baker St., Detroit, Mich.		" " "	3.00
55	W. P. Goss	18 Free St., Portland, Me.		" " "	3.00
56	John B. Bayard	1318 St Anthony, N. Orleans, La.		" " "	3.00
57	Dr. J. W. Ruminer	929 E. Ills St., Evansville, Ind.		" " "	3.00
58	J. R. Williams	Box 155, St. Petersburg, Fla.		" " "	3.00
59	C. B. Stone	Minturn, Colo.		" " "	3.00
60	Miss A. E. Craig	227 W. Valerio, Santa Barbara, Cal.		" " "	3.00
61	F. C. Kempner	Biggs, Cal.		" " "	3.00
62	D. E. Green	Elmhurst, Cal.		" " "	3.00
63	L. B. Patterson	326 Good Blk., Des Moines, Ia.		" " "	3.00
64	Timothy Richardson	33 Adams, Leominster, Mass.		" " "	3.00
65	John C. Wheeler	124 So. Reno St., Los Angeles, Cal.		" " "	3.00
66	D. Bartlett	Niangua, Mo.		" " "	3.00
67	I. Finston	Zybra, Okla.		" " "	3.00
68	Geo. F. Halmer	50 Boylston St., Cambridge, Mass.		" " "	3.00
69	W. E. Jones	291 Alder St., Portland, Ore.		" " "	3.00
70	R. Pusch	217 W. 20 St., Chicago, Ill.		" " "	3.00
71	Cornelius Maloney	Cleveland, O.		" " "	3.00
72	John Shonborn	403 Am. Trust Bld., Helena, Mont.		" " "	3.00

WHY SHOULDN'T THEY ACT?

(A copy of a letter sent by me to the National Board of Health demanding that action be taken in regard to the coal strike as a matter that concerns the nation's health.—H. G. W.)

National Board of Health, New York, Sept. 30, 1902.
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs,—It is unnecessary for me to call your attention to the menace to the health of the nation which is ensuing from the existing coal strike. All life depends upon heat, and the consumption of food is, in our present civilization, practically no more necessary than the consumption of fuel. The lack of either food or coal means death to the people. There would be certainly no question that, if it were within your power to prevent a famine by opening an entry for bread into the city of New York, it would be your duty to do so, and I take it, in the same way, that if there is anything you can do to let the people of New York have the coal which is lying in the coal beds of the country, it is equally your duty to see that it is done. I therefore call upon you, in the interests of the health and welfare of society, to take such action as is necessary to accomplish this purpose. Faithfully yours,

H. Gaylord Wilshire,
Editor of Wilshire's Magazine, New York City.
Candidate for Congress, 10th Congressional District of New York.

AN IMPENDING CRISIS

THE outlook for another economic crisis in the United States is being constantly discussed in financial and industrial circles. Opinion differs widely on this subject, but possibly it is safe to assert that those who actually look for a great crash are still largely in the minority. There is a good deal of caution witnessed today among the people of the United States as regards speculative ventures, but there is nothing to indicate that the community, as a whole, is profoundly of the opinion that a period of economic depression is in store for this country. The good sense of the average man is sufficient to teach him that, as the United States have been progressing with extraordinary rapidity in the last four or five years, it is better to use moderation for awhile; but the average man, we suspect, has little fear that we have overdone our speculation to the extent of precipitating at some future day a crisis of the first magnitude. In fact, the ordinary person in business and speculation is probably of the opinion that all that is needed is a breathing spell, in order that the country may catch up with the inflation which has been injected into our industrial situation in recent years. The public have declined to put very much money into the watered securities which have been issued since 1897, and have thus shown their good sense; they no doubt have some sort of feeling that these securities can safely be let alone until the earning capacity of our industries has greatly increased, thereby offsetting the inflation; and it is even possible that they believe that the industries of the nation will eventually have to be re-organized, in order to eliminate the water; but it does not appear that they have any fear that the rectification of the present situation, however brought about, will be attended by any serious and widespread consequences. As opposed to the public as a whole, there are two classes in the community at this time, one contending that there is to be no diminution in the near future of the wonderful forward movement which has characterized this country in the last four or five years, the other maintaining that the time is rapidly drawing near when a great financial crash must be witnessed. The first class talk somewhat as follows (to select a specimen of their style at random): "We have entered a period that finds many so-called railroad magnates short of a majority of stocks of the roads they are supposed to control, and we expect to see the European bankers stand by the honest wealthy man of this country to get and to keep the real control of these imperial franchises and of the railroad

and industrial highways of the world. This would make money flow toward the United States and would give us a period of unheard-of prosperity in every branch of trade, provided we have only fair normal crops. All railroad property in this country is worth more than it is selling for with good management. The great leading honest banker knows it. Follow him, it will pay you."

Jeremiads are never fashionable, least of all in business affairs. They were not fashionable in Germany two years or more ago. They were considered in exceedingly bad taste in this country prior to 1893, and they were listened to with scant favor in London previous to the Baring failure in 1890. From the time when Noah predicted a universal flood to the present, the prophet of woe has never received the countenance of his day and generation. It has generally been his lot to be laughed at. And yet he has always filled a very useful place. We have just alluded to his experience in Germany prior to two years ago. A word further on that particular subject may not be out of place, as the conditions in Germany previous to the collapse of 1900 were very similar to conditions recently witnessed in the United States. If like causes produce like effects, the people of this country have much to learn from the experience of the Germans. Two years ago the industries of the Empire were plunged from a condition of very great activity into one of profound depression. The precipitating cause was the collapse of certain mortgage banks, which resulted in extraordinary revelations regarding the over-extension of credit which had accompanied and been a necessary part of the great over-capitalization movement of previous years. The situation was wonderfully like ours today, especially in the matter of the syndication of industry. New stock market securities was created with a rapidity which strikingly suggests our own situation since 1898. For instance, it is estimated that from 1897 to 1900 the stocks and bonds of German industrial companies listed on the domestic stock exchanges increased from 356 to 670 million marks, that is, nearly ninety per cent.; while securities of all kinds were listed during the four years to the amount of 11,018 million marks, say $2,754,500,000. Such statements almost make one think that one is reading about the financial situation of the United States rather than about that of Germany. While this syndication of industry was going on business in the Empire boomed. Prices rose. Manufacturers, particularly those of steel and iron and electrical products, had the greatest difficulty in keeping up with their orders, a fact which is also very suggestive of present conditions in the United States. Almost everybody believed that at last Germany had struck a period of good times which could never end, just as certain of our own leaders of finance have recently advanced the view that there can never be another great financial depression in the United States. The result of it all has been a great crash, followed by two years of liquidation in the Empire, and the end of the liquidation gives no evidence of being yet in sight.

The experience of Germany should be interesting to this country from two points of view. For one thing, it should interest us because there is, of course, great danger that the depression abroad will eventually react upon us. The fact that in two years it has not begun to adversely affect the

situation here, is considered by many as indicating that we need no longer fear any evil consequences from the collapse in Germany. But that is a hasty judgment. A great convulsion, physical or economic, in one part of the earth is pretty sure to manifest itself in time in remote quarters of the globe, just as we had very singular sunsets in America for months after the great Java volcanic eruption in 1883. The present economic depression in Europe is not a light affair. It affects not only Germany, but also Austria-Hungary, Russia, Switzerland, Belgium and the Scandinavian nations. In fact, the larger part of the continent is in a period of economic stress and storm. We should consider it inconceivable that this wide-spread depression abroad should not in time affect industrial conditions in the United States. European nations with a population of over 222,000,000 souls are now suffering from industrial prostration, and with all of these nations this country has commercial intercourse.. The same general principle can be applied to international trade that governs business in a village. Take the case of an American village the larger part of whose population is dependent for a livelihood upon local mines or mills. Suppose these establishments shut down or reduce wages. What is the result upon the business of the country store? The answer is easy. The only important difference between this case and that of our 222,000,000 foreign customers is, that it takes longer for the reduced purchasing power of the latter to make itself felt three or four thousand miles away. But this is not the aspect of the situation on which we feel like insisting most at this time. Our principal concern in these remarks is with the experience of Europe as a warning to this country. We appear to be treading exactly in the footsteps of Germany. We have been syndicating our industry, and in so doing have vastly enlarged the amount of securities issued against it. We have pursued this course in the confident belief that this country has entered upon a period of good times that can never be checked. This unparalleled enlargement of our industrial capitalization has practically exhausted the loaning capacity of our banks, just as the German inflation resulted in an overexpansion of bank loans. All classes among the Germans lost their heads, just as most persons in this country have in recent months been prone to believe that we were "just at the beginning of good times," because J. P. Morgan said so. The parallel is complete. Will the result also be identical?

What reason have we to suppose that the same fate does not await us which two years ago overtook Germany? Our own opinion is that it will be impossible to avoid a similar outcome, but there are certain arguments which those who hold the contrary view advance, and it is worth while to take a look at these. The most common of these arguments is that "this is a great country." It is indeed a great country, for if it had not been it could never have stood the strain which has been put upon it in the last few years. This country is like a lusty young giant, who can commit the most outrageous excesses with apparent impunity. But no nation, and no individual, is so strong as to be absolutely exempt from all law. The prodigality of Nature has so far in our national career allowed us to pursue a policy of extravagance which would very speedily have brought the old

world nations to lasting grief; but the very fact that we have built up a business structure of such magnitude on this side of the Atlantic imposes on us the necessity for care in our future operations—we cannot afford to take the liberties with our economic situation that we could once have taken. But we never seem to consider that fact. We have built up our industries to the point of over-competition almost without knowing it, but instead of trying to rectify the situation by writing off as much of our worthless capitalization as possible, we are incessantly engaged in inflating capitalizations. A strange philosophy has taken possession of us. We have succeeded in convincing ourselves that in the multiplication of evil there is strength. We take a lot of industrial plants that are over-capitalized and apparently on their last legs, we lump them into a great combine, we add several hundred per cent. of inflation to the capitalization, and then we flatter ourselves that we have built up a permanently prosperous industry. Over in England they have a way of grinding rags to powder, and of spinning the same into yarn, which is then woven into cloth, which looks very attractive at the start, but which is discovered to be nothing but punk when the wind blows through it. The wonder is that the yarn ever could be spun from such worthless material; this end, however, is accomplished by keeping the material wet all through the process—it is about the same as spinning a rope of sand. Well, it is in about that way that we Americans have been syndicating our industry in recent years. We have spun a very pretty fabric, which the first economic hurricane will make short work of.

But the people of the United States do not rest content with the simple fundamental argument that "this is a great country." They say there are particular reasons why we should make progress in the future faster than in the past. And among other things, they refer to our late war with Spain as a cause of accelerated prosperity for this country. Do not all wars result in a great burst of industrial activity for the victors? There have been wars which did not result in this way, but let us not concern ourselves with these. Was not our own Civil war followed by a great industrial movement, which by 1872 had carried general commodity prices to the highest level ever recorded in this country? Again, consider the enormous impetus given to the industrial prosperity of the German people by the Franco-German war of 1870. The astonishing development of the Empire from that day to this is all traced back to that occurrence. There are a number of things to be said in reply to such arguments as these, and the first is this, namely, that our recent war with Spain was a most insignificant affair, from which there could hardly be any direct beneficial results. At the close of our Civil war the return of hundreds of thousands of men from the army to the channels of productive labor was bound to make for prosperity. The output of commodities was greatly increased, and as consumption, speaking economically, had for some years been at low ebb, there was necessarily a great quickening of the exchange of products. The Spanish war produced no state of affairs analogous to this. As regards the Franco-German war, that was a powerful economic factor for at least three reasons: first, it unified the German people and made them by so much a more effective factor in the world's civilization;

second, the enormous indemnity paid by France to Germany so increased the financial strength of the latter as to open up a new industrial future for her; and third, this new wealth enabled the Germans to reform their monetary system, to the great benefit of their industrial system. The United States spent a great deal of money in going to war with Spain; we paid down $20,000,000 in cash for the Philippines when the war was over, and now find that we have caught a Tartar. In short, we have added considerable new territory to our domain to our very great present discomfort, and we have derived no compensating advantage as yet, beyond increasing our exports a few paltry millions. To be sure, our recent success has enlarged our views somewhat, and caused us to see the necessity of modifying some of our absurd policies of the past, but that is a slender argument on which to base the prosperity which some people are predicting for the next few years.

Another argument for continued prosperity in this country is, that the "American invasion of Europe" is bound to be permanent. That we have greatly increased our exports in recent years is known to everybody. It would be well, however, to reflect on the cause. The movement began in an attempt to unload excessive stocks of goods carried by this country as a result of the industrial depression which followed the panic of 1893. Just about the time this movement made itself felt in a striking manner, Europe began to experience an exigent need for commodities of various sorts, and not being in a position to meet that demand from her own resources as quickly as was required, she drew heavily on us. Furthermore, under our tariff laws our manufacturers can afford to sell under cost abroad, making good their loss from domestic consumers. Lastly, the Boer war and other European complications have no doubt swelled our profits considerably. Assuming that the present depressed condition of European industry threatens a temporary decline in the prosperity of the United States, can it be predicted that in the long run the causes which we have just enumerated will work to the permanent benefit of this country? We should hesitate to answer in the affirmative. It would be the height of folly to assume that Europe is going to throw up the sponge and settle down into a condition of economic vassalage at the dictation of the United States. Europe is not nearly so effete as some Americans suppose. She still possesses great vitality, she is still immensely resourceful; she does not adopt new ideas as quickly as we do—that is, in certain particulars, for in some respects she is far more apt to be abreast with the changing requirements of the times than we are—but her staying power is fully as great as ours. It is quite as likely that the final world power will be found in Europe as it is that it will be located in this hemisphere.

We have given some of the arguments now so frequently adduced in support of the theory that the fate which has recently overtaken Germany cannot touch us. Personally, we regard this theory as untenable. When the day will arrive when we shall have to step up and pay for the folly of syndicating our industry in the manner witnessed in the last four years, is a matter regarding which we can only profess ignorance. We can rest assured that when it does come it will come unexpectedly. That is the way

it came in Germany two years ago. That, on the whole, is the way it came in this country in 1893. That is the way it came when the Barings failed in 1890, and that also is the way it came when Jay Cooke failed in the United States in 1873.—United States Investor.

AN ECONOMIC EXPOSITION

J. STITT WILSON

PRESIDENT Roosevelt, in his message to Congress, said: "The tremendous and highly complex industrial development which went on with ever accelerated rapidity during the latter half of the nineteenth century brings us face to face, at the beginning of the twentieth century, with very serious social problems. The old laws and the old customs, which had almost the binding force of law, were once quite sufficient to regulate the accumulation and distribution of wealth. Since the industrial changes which have so enormously increased the productive power of mankind, they are no longer sufficient."

From the chair of the executive, therefore, we have the acknowledgment of serious social problems, directly arising from the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century, and the distinct statement that our existing laws are no longer sufficient to regulate the accumulation and distribution of wealth.

"The vast movement which above all others is now agitating the civilized world, the social movement, is, I think, the foundation on which the literature of the twentieth century will be built. It is so human, so dramatic, and so magnificent." These are the words of Hall Caine, the noted Manx author, in his forecast of the fiction of the new century. He predicts that no writer of the century will be remembered who remains outside the great movement of the masses. The literature of the new century must be "with the people, for the people, and about the people. The great sleeping masses, who for countless centuries have been toiling and suffering in silence are awakening suddenly to a sense of their natural rights and demanding their rightful place."

The cool statements of the leader of a great conservative party, and the nonpartisan utterances of the Manx author, are precisely the truths that Socialists have been declaring with unceasing clearness and power for the last quarter of a century. And no one can seriously study this vast social movement throughout our western civilization without seeing that, whatever may be the new fiction or the poetry of this movement, it is finding its expression in a vast historic drama in the Socialist movement of the world.

A great idea is first treated with the world's indifference; it is then ridiculed and its followers are persecuted; it is then assiduously misrepresented, and finally becomes gradually accepted as

the only rational interpretation concerning the subject in question. Socialism has passed through the first two stages; it has entered well into the third, and already millions of people embrace it as the only rational, logical and scientific solution of our present social problems.

Whether Socialism is worthy of persecution, ridicule or acceptance can only be determined after a thorough investigation of its fundamental teachings.

In the first place it should be remembered that Socialism is a social philosophy based on the idea of evolution as applied to human society. The greatest word of nineteenth century science is development — evolution. When that great idea was first defended and propagated its assailants had no greater attack to make upon it than that it led directly to Socialism. But the Darwinian theory has triumphed, and is now universally accepted by scientific men as their working hypothesis. And now, in the light of that great idea of development, we are beginning to see that social order, and high social organization, and complete social and industrial co-operation, is the logical outcome of social evolution.

To understand Socialism, therefore, one must study the evolutionary process through which society has passed, and is now passing, and see the great trunk features which constitute all social movements, and then see these trunk outlines particularized in the present social movement. Perhaps we have no better definition of the real nature of a social movement than that given by Prof. Sombart in his work on the "Social Movement in the Nineteenth Century." He says: "By a social movement we understand the aggregate of all those endeavors of a social class which are directed to a rational overturning of an existing social order to suit the interests of this class. The essential elements in every social movement are these: (1), an existing order, which rests chiefly upon the manner of the production and distribution of material goods as the necessary basis of human existence; (2), a social class which is discontented with the existing conditions, especially persons who are similarly interested in economic matters; (3), an aim, which the class, discontented with the existing order of things, holds up to reach; an ideal, which presents compactly all that for which the class will agitate, and which finds expression in the postulates, demands, and programs of this class.

"In general, where you speak of a social movement, you find a point of issue, the existing social order; a supporter of the movement, the social class; an aim, the ideal of the new society."

In the light of this clear definition of what constitutes a social movement in general, let us interpret the Socialist movement of our day.

I. In the first place the Socialist philosophy discovers the real "point of issue" of the present struggle between capital and labor, and traces it to its genesis.

If we go back a little over a century we find the industrial world jogging along about as it had done for hundreds and thousands of years. There had been revolutions, religious, political and social, but industry and the method of production of things had remained practically the same for centuries, when almost suddenly the age of steam and machinery burst upon the world of industry and revolutionized it entirely. The huge machines in the great factory

displaced the individual producer and reduced him to a "hand." The workers were crowded into the great industrial centers, and packed to live in tenement rows. Women were driven from the home, and children from the fireside and the school, and harnessed as cogs in the huge mechanism of production. This development of machinery produced the greatest material revolution that has ever occurred in human history. Looking at it from the purely mechanical standpoint, it is grandly sublime. And we have only the preface of its significance yet.

But the introduction of machinery separated the worker from his tools. The machine made the hand tools useless, and competed the small producer out of existence. The worker could not own the huge machine, and men, women and children, driven from their simple mode of production, their hand tools no longer of any value, stood in hosts in the market place, penniless and property-less, clamoring for work in the struggle for existence. The captain of industry appeared. The age of the capitalist was ushered in. His one object is profit. His method is to own the means of production and employ whom he chooses from this hungry host at what wages he chooses, and to sell the product of their labor to the world-market. Formerly the capitalist organized the workers in the industrial activities, but later he becomes simply an investor and a receiver of dividends —a coupon clipper. Even the labor of organizing the laborers in factory and mine is delegated to hired superintendents and managers.

Machinery, the greatest factor, sets in operation, concentration, the greatest force. Instead of individual production we have social production of goods on a large scale. This in turn demanded the most perfect consolidation of immense sums of capital, and the most systematic organization of industry. Some one had to own this vast equipment for producing goods. The worker could not. The state would not. The new born capitalist leaped to the great prize of a new age, and today the capitalist class are the private owners of the means of production by which the working classes live. Thus capitalism is only possible where the capitalist class has at its command masses of property-less workers dependent on it for access to the means of production.

As interpreted by the Socialist philosophy, therefore, the "point of issue" in the present social movement is "the ownership and administration of the instruments and equipment of production." The "struggle for existence" as manifested in the animal world becomes the struggle for "control" of the basis and means of life, in the human world; and in this age of steam it culminates in the political and social struggle for "ownership" of the vast equipment of modern production. The capitalist class, as we have seen, are now in possession. Are they to continue so? This is the supreme question and the "point of issue" of the Socialist movement.

II. Before we answer this question with the vigorous "No!" of Socialist philosophy, we must now discover the second element of the present movement, viz., the social class, discontented with existing conditions, and consciously or unconsciously struggling to abolish them. We have not far to seek. No analysis of the age of steam and capitalism, such as we have already given, can be made without showing the relation and dependence of the working class under capitalism. As Prof. Sombart says: "The working

class, as a class, follows the capitalist form of production as its shadow." As concentration, consolidation, and unity develops in the capitalist class, the shadow, that is, the working class, is seen more clearly in its distinct outlines—a huge mass of possessionless workers, men, women and children, offering their hands and brains in a crowded labor market, now in the fiercest competition with one another, and again in partial combination in the trade union, but always wholly dependent on the capitalist class for access to the machinery of production. The capitalist mode of production thus inevitably rends society into two distinct industrial classes—capitalist class and working class.

With increasing intensity the struggle of labor and capital goes on. Consciousness of their diverse interests arises, as seen in the two forms of combination, the trust and the labor union. These opposing class interests are precipitated in a dramatized and sometimes tragic form in the strike. Conferences are called professedly to harmonize these class interests. The conference is dismissed, but the struggle proceeds.

Discussion of the social problem now recognizes these class interests. Senator Hanna, in an interview relating to the recent labor conference at New York, said that the organization of labor had come to stay, and that the organization of capital has also come to stay, and he refers to the "concentration of the interests of the two sides into the hands of a comparatively few individuals." The last meeting of the American Federation of Labor in a resolution called upon organized labor to give special consideration to subjects "directly affecting them as a class." The president's message distinctly recognizes these two industrial classes. The president discusses the interests of the people from the two-fold standpoint: the capitalist class and their interests on the one hand, and the wage workers and their interests on the other.

The second great proposition of Socialism, therefore, is what is known in Socialist literature as the "class struggle." The Socialist movement does not make the class struggle. It takes a scientific look at human society, and sees in every strike, lockout, boycott, and all the other antagonisms of labor and capital the acute forms of the class struggle. The Socialist interprets this struggle. Socialism shows that the history of all humanity so far as on its material side, has been a "fight for food division or for feeding place upon our earth." This is the bottom fact of commercial and social supremacy. As Prof. Ferri says: "The names of the classes, the circumstances and phenomena of their hostile contact and conflict may vary with the varying phases of social evolution, but the tragic essence of history always appears in the antagonism between those who hold the monopoly of the means of production—and these are the few—and those who have been expropriated of them—and these are the great majority. Warriors and shepherds—patricians and plebeians—feudatories and vassals—nobles and common people—capitalists and laborers; these are so many manifestations of one and the same fact—monopoly of wealth on the one side, and productive labor on the other."

Now, Socialism proposes to lift this struggle out of its crude and unconscious form and direct it intelligently, as a movement of the whole working class, with an intelligent, conscious effort, to secure control of the means of production by rational and legal means.

III. And this leads us directly to the third element in the Socialist movement, viz., the aim, which presents compactly all that for which society will agitate, and which finds its expression in the demands, programs and platforms of the working class—a program and platform adequate to meet and solve the labor problem. This can be stated briefly after the foregoing consideration of the point of issue and the social class is concerned. We have seen that the real issue is that the capitalist class is now the master of the people by virtue of the fact that they are in possession of the means of production by which the people live, and now the only possible program of the working classes, which will guarantee to them as a class access to the means of production, and at the same time secure the highest interests of humanity, is that the means of production and distribution must be made the social or common property of the whole people. Instead of private ownership by the trust and the billionaire, the people themselves must own this vast equipment for production, and conduct it, not on the individualistic basis for private profit, but on the democratic basis for the public welfare.

This inevitable program rises directly out of the consolidation of industry in the hands of the capitalist class. Either the trusts will own the people or the people must own the trusts.

The inevitable method of procedure arises directly and scientifically out of the class struggle. The Socialist movement says to labor, organized and unorganized: "Struggle no longer with the doubtful and often dangerous weapons of strike, boycott, violence. The ballot is the supreme weapon of free citizens. The hosts of labor must unite at the ballot box, with an intelligent and far-reaching program, adequate to put society into the possession of the means by which alone it can live!"

So Socialism is not Socialism until it brings this struggle of the working classes, now constantly going on, to solidarity and to consciousness of its only true, natural, and necessary goal —a vast political organization of the host of labor, seeking one supreme social aim—the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Such are the fundamental principles round which the whole Socialist movement is centered. In the light of these three fundamental conceptions: the point of issue, the social class seeking redress, and the program for united political action of the working class—all the history, agitation, detail, power and climax of this vast social drama of the twentieth century will be read.

SOCIETY AND RELIGION

REV. A. L. BYRON-CURTIS *

St. John XIII. 34: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

THESE words were spoken by the greatest teacher and inspiring leader the whole history of mankind has ever seen. He was more than a teacher and leader, a founder or prophet. The origin, in His person, of that matchless system of religion we know by the name of the Christian religion, the Holy Catholic Faith, which is adhered to and professed, in all its principles and tenets, by millions and millions of people today. (Remember, please, and note—that I say the principles and precepts of that religion are held and professed, acknowledged and owned by mankind in general).

This position of JESUS, the Saviour, the originator and founder of the system of the Christian Faith, has caused people in every age to acknowledge Him *as He is*, the Son of God. This has always been a part of the Faith, the Divinity of JESUS, the Son of Mary, the Son of God. This part of the Faith has, it is true, been disputed and held in question—but by an insignificant number, compared with the multitudes of people who have always acknowledged the Divinity of Christ. And before going on with my discourse this evening, based on this text of a new commandment of His, I want to reiterate, if that is possible for one in my position, my own profound belief in that Divinity and my firm and unalterable conviction, that in the Incarnation of God the Son, and in obedience to the commandments and precepts of the Divine Christ, there alone lies the solution of all things of the affairs of the sons of men, that does, or may demand solution. That in Him, and in Him alone, lies all hope for this world and for the next. This being so, my friends, I give instantly to the words of our text the recognition it demands, viz., a new commandment. First, I want to say that Christ meant what he said, and did not give vent to an idle wish or a sentimental precept or theory when he said, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." It was a command, a precept that He gave His followers to heed and obey—a precept that He meant they "should live up to" and follow out in their every word and action in their contact with their fellowman. It was no idle and vain precept that He was giving them; it was no empty expression that He uttered in some rhetorical flight—no! He gives it the weight and force of a

[*Sermon preached by Rev. A. L. Byron-Curtis, Rector of St. Joseph's Episcopal Church, Rome, New York, to the trades-unions of that city, who attended service in a body on the Sunday evening preceding Labor Day.]

commandment, and what is more, a commandment from on High—from Almighty God Himself—which, in another place, He expressed more fully and completely in that summary of the "Law," when He said, "Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, this is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." This precept, therefore, has the force of Divine command, as I say, and it was given for the guide and inspiration, the rule of life and conduct of His followers for all time.

Next, my friends, I am going to make what may seem to you a very startling assertion, viz., that the followers of JESUS the crucified have not, and are not now, living in obedience to this commandment—have not obeyed and are not obeying this precept which He uttered so many hundred years ago. JESUS, the risen and ascended Lord of glory, looks down upon His devotees at this dawn of the twentieth century of the Christian era—this height of our boasted Christian civilization, and sees His precepts of brotherly love completely ignored and stultified. In short, and I might as well say it at once, mankind has been civilized, but it has not yet been christianized.

The world has advanced wonderfully since the dawn of the Christian era. It has advanced in science, in letters, in the discovery and harnessing of the natural forces of the world, in the appropriation of the great gifts of nature from the bowels of the earth, from its surface—aye, from the very air of Heaven itself. All for the use and benefit of mankind. Education and the development of opportunity has been multiplied more times than I care to undertake to figure out—so that today we stand, as we might say, in the zenith of our power, glory, magnificence, in discoveries, accomplishments and possessions. But, has the general and universal welfare of mankind kept pace with all this? My answer is No, it has not! Mankind, from a physical, moral and spiritual standpoint, has not kept pace with the great advancement of science, learning, invention and the use and opportunity now possible to man, by reason of these advancements. All through the centuries of time that are past men have been growing wiser, shrewder, more powerful and capable, as far as accomplishments are concerned; but the social order and welfare of man has not kept pace with it all. Our social order has not improved and is not improving today.

Men are not more honest, more pure; they are not more contented and happy, because of the advances in the arts and sciences—but rather the contrary is true. Wealth on one hand and poverty on the other is as pronounced now as it was in the year one, and all this after twenty centuries of Christian civilization.

Our social order presents confusion and chaos. Discontent and disorder, born and fostered by the hellish system that is being evolved along with our twentieth-century civilization, is most surely producing a smoldering volcano that, if not averted by a change in the system of our civilization and social order, will most surely burst forth in a destructive eruption, that, for its moral, civil and social fatalities, will rival anything the world has ever seen. Men are crying peace, peace, when there is no peace. Look at the widening and yawning gulf that is increasing,

and increasing constantly, between labor and capital; the Trusts on the one hand, concentrating and retrenching for the purpose of more skillfully and completely robbing the laborers and lining their own pockets, and the poor, or laboring class, offering the feeble but positive and significant resistance to their inroads—and then tell me there is peace! Look at the industrial activity that is being threatened by the fact that men are not mining coal, and say we have peace! I am not going to discuss the coal strike (only to say in passing that my sympathies are with the miners); but the mere fact that such a thing is tolerated and allowed to exist in the midst of our boasted civilization, is a standing witness to the fact that we are not civilized—that our social order and civilization is all wrong. There is not the great and wonderful advancement and civilization that we are prone to boast so much about. If there was the state of civilization that there ought to be; if there were the fair and honest dealings on the part of one man with another that there ought to be, with our wonderful enlightenment, education and boasted sense of honor, there would not be that which has caused already grave inconvenience, and threatens to cause untold suffering and misery. The civilization that has permitted suffering and misery, squalor and poverty, the sacrifice of life and limb among the miners, which could have been averted by perfect scientific operation of the mines, now threatens to extend to all departments of our life, bringing distress and misery in its track.

Men are wandering up and down our commonwealth looking for work. Why, yes, says the man who cries peace, there is plenty of work, why don't they go to work? There is the canning factory; out west there are the vast wheat fields, "white unto the harvest"—let them go there to work! Yes—let them go. But when the grain is harvested, or the canning done, they are on the labor market again, so that there are always more men than there are jobs—and that fact cannot be disputed in America or Europe. That there are more men than jobs—and then our civilization is so grand, so beautiful and sublime—with its concentrated wealth on the one hand, and its dire and omnipresent poverty, caused by wealth, on the other hand. Ah, my friends, we can well see and readily understand that things are not as they ought to be. In our own fair country, America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," there is unrest, uneasiness and despair seizing one class of our people, while the other class are rolling in wealth, luxury and idleness, goading on the other class to desperation and justifiable resentment. And from across the waters there comes the same cry of discontent and evidences of social disorder, which are like repulsive leprous spots upon their otherwise fair and ancient civilization. And, my friends, the cause of all this? You ask me that, of course—and I will tell you the reason of all this social and domestic disorder which I have very hastily and imperfectly portrayed to you. It is because mankind, long, long ago, early in its history as a christianized people, abandoned, overlooked and completely ignored the command of its Divine Saviour, when He said, so gently and lovingly, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

Since the days the Apostles maintained a community of goods and the post-apostolic Fathers who taught that

this commandment was to be literally obeyed, passed away, the followers of the Crucified have completely ignored and disobeyed it as a people, as nations, as races. So that now, as we have reached the acme of refinement and culture, it is practically impossible for man, as an individual, to obey and keep this commandment. That is why I say society has been civilized but it has not yet been christianized; because society, as a whole, does not keep the commandment of Christ, to love one another, and it is practically impossible for the individual, in this day and age, to keep it in spirit and in truth. If anyone is prone to disagree with me in this latter respect, I ask him to try, in these strenuous times of the twentieth century, to love his neighbor as himself—in every sense of the word—and see how soon he would be swallowed up in the seething mass of humanity in its desperate struggle of the "survival of the fittest."

To prove my double assertion that society, as a whole, does not, and as individuals, *cannot* live as Christ Jesus, the Son of God, intended, and as ALMIGHTY GOD commanded, I will cite but one example from among many that are in my mind.

There is an ancient commandment of the Most High God given, as both history and tradition tell us, on Mount Sinai thousands of years ago. That was, that man should forever keep one day in seven holy and sacred for the purpose of worship of his Divine Majesty, and rest from the fatigue and toils of the duties of life pursued the other six. Practically, that commandment is completely ignored by the demands of "civilized" and professedly "christianized" society today. Civilized and christianized (?) traffic, commerce—and even rest and recreation—work and play, compel men to ignore the holy day of rest and worship today, and compel those who unquestionably do more than their share of the world's work and duty, to seek play and recreation on this day—because they have no other day on which to seek it.

I ask, and I ask it fearlessly and unhesitatingly, where were the forces and influence of Christianity during all these centuries of development to our present wonderful conditions, that it did not mould, direct and control our civilization and social order, so as to prevent a breaking of a commandment of the most High God, a requisite of our twentieth-century civilization? Where was it? Was it asleep, or was it off on a journey? It was neither one nor the other. The simple fact is, that the lofty and pure principles of religion have been prostituted and secularized by the forces of greed and avarice; the world has gone on and has taken the system of the Christian religion with it, but has left the purifying principles of Christianity in the rear.

For this reason, I believe and maintain that the individual will not be held responsible by God for many of these breakings of the commandments in the letter. Society, *as a whole*, will be held responsible; e. g., the engine driver, who is compelled by the demands of our modern times to go to his work on Sunday, will not be held responsible. The operator who meets the demands for Sunday traffic will not be held accountable. But society, as a whole, which has so far forgot its God as to demand, as a unit, the breaking of His laws, will be held accountable. If any punishment and flagellation is to be meted out, as there must be, for the

breaking of the commandment of Christ and of God, it will be meted out to the whole civilized race of man—and this principle, I think, must be logically carried out to each and every department of our life where it does not accord with the precepts of Christ—wherever men do not obey the precept of the Saviour—to love one another. Thus I do not believe God meant that there should be the untold wealth we have on the one hand, and the indescribable poverty and misery that there is in the world on the other. God did not create the *money* and concentration of wealth that men are today so insanely struggling and fighting for, so that they are trampling each other under foot in their mad rush for greed and gain.

I do not believe that God meant that a part of the human race should earn bread for the whole human race—by the sweat of the brow of a part of the race only. That text, you know, is a very favorite one with the capitalist, viz., that by the sweat of the brow man should earn his bread. But they seem to think that God intended, that in the evolution of society, only a part of mankind should do the toiling. I do not believe that God has placed the coal mines in the hands of the operators, as President Baer recently said. No. God did not give that wealth to them—they only took it. And the rest of society, in its own selfish greed, intent on money-making, busied with smaller affairs of commercial activity, have simply been superseded by those sharper and shrewder than themselves. And this same condition of affairs prevails in all departments of our life, while the conditions are yearly becoming more acute. The capitalists are now engaged in a war of extermination among themselves, and forming the Trusts which President Roosevelt recently said were above the reach of the law.

And the awful condition has come when the workmen must get the best of each other in order to obtain and keep a job, while the capitalists are encouraging them to do this in order that they may more easily become their prey and their abject slaves. Am I disputed in this? Then let me cite but one instance to prove it. A year or two ago, Mr. Schwab, the President of the Steel Trust, gave a "talk" to a "working-boys' club" connected with St. George's Church, New York City. What was the golden advice that fell from the lips of this man? Did he impress upon them obedience to the Christian virtues? Did he tell them to love one another? Not a bit of it. The advice of this tool of the capitalist to those boys of the "East side" assembled in the shadow of a Christian temple, was practically to get the best of each other. His words as reported in the church press, not in the "yellow journals," was as follows: "Boys, now to get on in life, you must do your work better than the other fellow. Watch the boy working next to you, and always do your work a little better than he does his." In other words, he was telling the boys to ignore the principles of the Christian religion, and adhere to the principles of the "world, the flesh and the devil." And, I dare say, the rector of the church was present, nodding approval to such damnable advice.

My friends, I have spoken of the false and unchristian principles the world is acting upon in the very midst of a Christian civilization. I need scarcely mention the *results*. We see it most sharply in the great cities of

the world, where kings, princes and aristocracy is drunken with idle and profitless pleasure, and men and women and children are dying in the tenements and parks every day of the year for the want of bread. It is all wrong, and is the result of not obeying the command of Christ, to love one another. And the whole of society is to blame—and the whole church of Cod is to blame. The capitalist is not to blame any more than the rest of society.

Though my sympathies, aye, and my lot have long been cast with that of the laborer, as a matter of principle, as this struggle of right and wrong is going on, I care not for consequences, for my conscience tells me I am right. I know that if things were right and were as they ought to be, I, nor any one would be the sufferer for such a stand. A brother clergyman said to me, not many months ago, "Curtis, you should not inveigh so against capital, and the sins of capital in particular. It is poor policy; we have to have the capitalist back of us to run our churches. Even here at St. Joseph's," he said, "you have to have the help of capitalists to maintain it!"—which is very true. But my answer to my reverend brother was, that if my congregation of working people at St. Joseph's were not robbed by our unholy and unchristian system, but received the just share and recompense of reward for their labor, they could swamp me with money to run and maintain a dozen churches if necessary.

My friends, God is not mocked; He will not suffer the righteous to fail. Above the unholy and revolting picture of our times of greed and gain, there floats the inspiring banner, the pure principles of Him who said, "love one another." *Oh, let us be thankful that those precepts of Christ have not been forgotten*, even though they have been ignored and disobeyed. In Him alone, and a return to, and a compliance with and an obedience to those precepts, will the social salvation of the world be brought about. God may punish man; He may lead him through a long wilderness of suffering and anguish, in order to open his eyes and compel him to see that the only complete happiness and comfort is to be had through an obedience to His most beneficent laws. A revolution is bound to come about some time, that will sweep the pernicious and wicked system of our present order from the face of the earth; and let us pray God that it may be a peaceful revolution —as peaceful as the Prince of Peace.

And one thing let me say in conclusion, viz., that I believe that a return to and a seeking and obtaining of a more perfect social and civic righteousness will be brought about by the *workers* of the world and by no one else. Jesus came to this earth as a poor man. His Apostles were poor working men. The system of the Christian religion was founded and established by the same working men. And so the same principles that are remembered today will be established by the poor. The fact that the workers of the world are uniting in unions and under the banner of Socialism is a sign and an indication that this will be the case. Adhere to your unions, therefore, for they are a forehsadowing of the fact that you are actuated by the precept of love and concern for your class, and through them, the world. Beware of unprincipled labor agitators, who may be actuated by principles other than brotherly love, such as pride, selfishness and vain glory. Never lose faith in the Divine and a confidence that your cause is just, and that pure principles of love, of devotion to a cause that is noble, will ultimately triumph.

THE ECONOMIC FOUNDATION OF ART

A. M. SIMONS

EVERY organism, whether it be social or biological, if it is to survive, must seek pleasure and avoid pain. Without accepting any particular theory of ethics, it is safe at least to say that the things which give pleasure are better than those which give pain. The best social relations are those securing the greatest amount of happiness to those who maintain them.

Pleasure consists in the satisfaction of impulses and desires. Hitherto the struggle for existence has been so hard that the great majority of mankind have found all their energies exhausted in the effort simply to avoid hunger and cold, and the idea of a society that would secure even these primal necessities to all its members has been looked upon as Utopian.

Our analysis of man's wants, instincts and impulses has usually been very imperfect; excluding some of the motive forces, which from the point of view of the social student are fundamental. Prof. Jacques Loeb of the University of Chicago, in his work on the comparative physiology of the brain, has expressed this fact as follows:

"Human happiness is based upon the possibility of a natural and harmonious satisfaction of the instincts. One of the most important instincts is usually not even recognized as such, namely, the instinct of workmanship. Lawyers, criminologists, and philosophers frequently imagine that only want makes man work. This is an erroneous view. We are forced to be active in the same way as ants or bees. The instinct of workmanship would be the greatest source of happiness, if it were not for the fact that our present social and economic organization allows only a few to gratify this instinct."

The present social organization has divided the functions of the social body, and then failed to correlate them in such a manner as to obtain that unity and completeness which is essential to either human happiness or artistic beauty. Turn in whatever direction we will, only disfigured fragments appear. Every human function fails of any adequate healthful, natural gratification. None of them succeeds in giving any large, full measure of pleasure, while nearly all give rise to great pain and suffering.

The importance of this fact cannot be over-estimated. The words artist and artistic have come to be so much the playthings of certain coteries that it is only when a Ruskin or a Morris uses them, and in some way correlates them with the whole of life that they interest any save the dilettanti. But if

it be true that that thing is artistic which gives the greatest pleasure to the minds most fitted to understand it, and if the chief end of life is to seek pleasure, the conclusion follows that the chief aim of social workers should be to make society artistic. Viewed in this way, the word artistic obtains a much deeper meaning than when spoken at an afternoon tea concerning some elaborate piece of bric-a-brac.

Artistic, in the sense in which I wish to use it (and I believe that it will be generally admitted that this is the true and best sense of the word), means possessing such a unity, and correlation of parts to the whole, as to give the greatest amount of pleasure possible. Incidentally this implies a similar artistic wholeness and power of appreciation on the part of the persons who come in contact with the object. It implies, that, if the greatest possible pleasure is to be derived, both man and environment should possess this quality of symmetrical completion and correlation.

Using the word artistic in this broad and true sense, let us glance for a moment to see wherein our present society fails of being artistic. In the first place, the word art has been stolen from this very sense and applied to something which is perhaps more isolated and detached from the essential portions of life than almost any other one feature. The word is today ordinarily used only in speaking of painted canvases or highly specialized tone combinations, which are not only utterly unrelated to the remainder of society, but which demand that both those who produce this "art," and those who enjoy it, shall be isolated from all connection with the vital essential social processes. What the result has been upon both "art" and the "artistic public" has been told often enough by those much more fitted than I to tell the story, and need not detain us here. Very few of these "artists" have ever dreamed that they should seek to make all of life artistic, rather than to produce something whose beauty is appreciable only because of contrast with the hideous ugliness of the life by which it is surrounded. Isolated art is never truly pleasurable.

Other phases of society present this same inartistic isolation with its painful accompaniments. It is a fact of frequent observation by social students that the modern person does not know how to "play." Play, if it is to have any essential meaning, should signify the pleasurable exercise of human faculties. But it is true that the majority of mankind at the present time, even if they had the opportunity, would not know how to obtain any intense pleasure from such an exercise.

The classical example of this ignorance is the London cabman, whose idea of a holiday is to rent a friend's cab and ride on the inside over the same route that he follows, seated on the box, every other day in the year. But how much wiser are the remainder of the population? Great buildings with expensive apparatus are constructed simply for the purpose of giving an opportunity to move different muscles of the body in a healthful manner. Even then, the gymnasium soon becomes a "bore," and the daily "exercise" a "task." So, various games are invented, and the more completely these can be isolated from all vital social relations, the more highly they are valued, until golf, polo, steam-yachting, and automobile racing become the ideal of social recreation. But in every one of these fields, it soon

becomes evident that the main element of enjoyment is the utterly unsocial one of snobbishness. These games are principally enjoyed because their practice conveys a certain badge of respectability. This is proven by the fact that those who can do these things best: the "professionals," the pugilists, wrestlers, jockeys, chauffeurs, etc., not only do not find any enjoyment in their "work," but are despised by those who claim to be aiming at the very goal which the others have attained.

But it is when we come to study the "amusements" of the great mass of the people that the painfulness of their pleasures becomes fully apparent. Their idea of enjoyment is generally based upon some form of eating or drinking—a most significant commentary in itself on the nature of the daily life of the great toiling masses of mankind. The principal pleasurable thought connected with Thanksgiving and Christmas, in the minds of millions of people, is the possibility of eating and drinking to a condition of stupid satiety. The very idea of marking off one day from the remainder of the year to indicate the time when the sense of hunger and taste is fully satisfied, is enough to answer those who would call the critics of our present society "pig philosophers." Incidentally it might be worth while to notice another sign, that commercialism has influenced nearly all so-called amusements by the introduction of a financial consideration in the form of gambling. This shows once more the absolute impossibility of completely isolating any phase of life from the industrial basis of society.

Let us examine another social function and observe how near it comes to meeting the test which we have set up as artistic. Education, as well as "play" and "art," has been isolated from all social relations. The result has been painful to the child, as well as ineffectual in reaching the end of instruction. The "cramming" process, especially when it deals with dry facts isolated from all relation to the social whole, is now recognized to be a painful, and hence an injurious process to those who are subjected to it.

We have thus seen that owing to their isolation from vital social relations, neither art, education, nor even amusement, as now understood, gives pleasure, and this just because all these interests are defective in those relations toward society as a whole, which would make them truly artistic.

If we turn now to the actual social basis, the productive process, the creation of "goods," what do we see? Is there any pleasure for the great producing masses in their work? To ask the question is to answer it. On every hand, performance of the essential labor of society is looked upon as an evil to be avoided, and few indeed who are actually concerned with it, ever think of looking there for something pleasurable, artistic, enjoyable. The production of "goods" has become an evil. Here we find the fundamental cause of the whole "inartistic," and hence painful, character of our present society. This is one more witness to the truth of the philosophy of economic determinism. Unless the production of the necessities of life can be made beautiful, pleasurable and instructive, our whole society must remain disorganized, disintegrated, productive of pain, and inartistic. A school, a factory, a studio, or a gymnasium, as a thing by itself, is an anomaly and must fail of its purpose. What is needed at the

present time is a process of synthesis and correlation. Tolstoi has seen a portion of this truth, but he becomes ridiculous in proposing his remedy. He can only rail at division of labor and specialization of function. He demands that we go back to the period of cumbersome individualistic labor, with its imperfect production, but better correlation, rather than that we push on to the possibilities of a higher, grander and more artistic correlation of the marvelously more perfect processes of today.

This truth has been partially seen by workers in many fields and, in consequence, many partial attempts at correlation have been made. One of the most interesting of these attempts is found in the field of education. In the kindergarten movement an effort is made to unite play and instruction, and in the manual training work to unite creative processes with instruction. But perhaps the most significant of the attempts as yet made is the new handicrafts movement. There are two reasons why this movement is more significant than the others. In the first place, it aims at a somewhat wider correlation than any of the other movements, since it includes in its synthesis three factors, instead of two. It aims at the correlation of productive work, beautiful forms, and to some extent, pleasurable exertion. Its representatives would unite workshop, studio and playroom. More important still, they have realized in an indefinite and as yet often very imperfect way, that the basis of any social movement must be the fundamental productive process. Therefore they have begun their work in connection with that process. Nevertheless, this movement also, in many ways, is fundamentally defective. One of its defects is that among the social factors which we have enumerated (and our classification makes no pretense of being exhaustive), the handicrafts movement neglects the educational factor. Save through occasional lectures, publications, exhibitions, and a few apprentices, it does little educational work. It bears little effective relation to the great formative forces that are really determining the minds of future generations.

The problem before him who would make modern society "artistic," is so to synthesize its activities as to make the work of those who perform the great productive processes at once pleasant and educative. This sounds simple, but when once the people of any society shall find their highest pleasure and fullest education in creating the necessities of that society, we shall have come as close to a perfect system as the mind of man has yet been able to conceive.

At the same time, any adequate examination of our present social organization should convince anyone that such an ideal is utterly impossible of even approximate realization, without a complete revolution. All attempts to realize any portion of this ideal within that society must be recognized as largely Utopian. Moreover unless these facts are fully comprehended, such attempts are liable to become ludicrous. It is necessary only to study the movements already mentioned to show how they deteriorate in present society. A kindergarten established as an "institution" apart from the home becomes a place where tired, over-worked mothers "get rid" of their children, and where maiden ladies deprived of normal family relationship, play at motherhood. The very philosophy itself degenerates into

a dilettante, parrot-like repetition of phrases, and the whole thing becomes to a great degree farcical. Manual training and "domestic science," kept apart from the productive sources of society and directed by a parasitic class, become either "fads," and burlesques upon the thing originally conceived, or, worse, they reverse the philosophy upon which they rest, and become training schools for servants and subordinates. Industrial handicraft shops cut off from all connection with the actual creative productive social processes, become the playthings of dilettanti, and the generators of "aesthetic crazes."

All such efforts are imperfect, unsymmetrical and "inartistic," because they lack that wholeness and unity which artistic goodness and beauty demand. They only deal with a small portion of society, and, most important of all, not with the *essential portion*. The only real, vital portion of present society, as indeed of every other society, is the portion which supplies wants, produces goods, and maintains life. All the movements enumerated leave this portion of society untouched.

Finding themselves shut out from the actual productive processes, too many of these would-be craftsmen play at production in private workshops. Seeing no way to correlate the gigantic industrial forces of today, and to use them for their purposes, they look backward to a simpler and inferior social stage, and become reactionary. Even Morris was not wholly free from this defect. But one thing William Morris never did (and in this he was unlike too many of his imitators), and that was to cut himself off from all the forces that were working to make his ideals possible. He was able to see that the difficulties confronting him were inherent in the society within which he was working, and that the only hope of realizing his ideals lay in overthrowing that society, or rather in hastening its growth through the capitalist stage into the co-operative stage, the next step in social evolution. Let me emphasize this point, since it is the most vital one in this whole discussion. From a hundred points, Capitalism presents a hostile attitude toward all efforts to restore the conditions of healthful, pleasurable, beautiful workmanship. Competition denies the product entrance to the actual social market, and compels it to circulate within a limited, unnatural, subsidized market. Wage-slavery deprives the producer of all desire to improve his product, or of the possibility of individual initiative did he desire it. Exploitation deprives the overwhelming majority of the hope of ever possessing anything of actual beauty or artistic merit. An environment of greed develops the coarseness of the parvenu among the bourgeoisie and the coarseness of a debased animality among the proletariat. Under these conditions any movement toward the revival of the beautiful, the pleasant, and the good—in short of the artistic—which does not connect itself with the great revolutionary movement of the proletariat, has cut itself off from the only hope of realizing its own ideal. It has condemned itself to a narrow, incomplete, and unsymmetrical synthesis, to a most inartistic and uncraftsmanlike attitude, to a stultification in fact of everything for which it claims to stand. Its followers can have no vital connection with society, no broad outlook, unless they can connect themselves with the actual productive forces of society. But they cannot do this in the privately-owned

competitive factories of today. The only place in which they can come in contact with the real producers of goods is in the political Socialist movement. Here they can join hands with those who constitute the essential productive factor of the present society, and who must be the dominant factor in the coming society, and can work with them for a common end. In this way, they can really make their force felt upon the coming generation and strengthen their influence with the present.

The founders of the movement recognized this, and William Morris is known fully as well for his activity in the political Socialist movement, as for his efforts in the revival of artistic work. But his followers today have very generally forgotten the most essential portion of his teachings, and know absolutely nothing of the actual laborers and the labor movement. It would be an easy but ungracious task to point out specific instances of the degradation of the movement brought about by this isolation from what should be its foundation. Suffice to say that separated from all fundamental connection with social life, it has lapsed into vagaries, and has often strayed so far from its original paths as to be well-nigh lost in dilettantism and eccentricity. I am glad to see that there are, at present, signs of a true revival of craftsmanship which, by virtue of the fact that it will embrace a wider, fuller synthesis than any previous movement, shall be fully entitled to call itself "artistic."

AN ARGUMENT FOR CATHOLICS

PATRICK J. TANSEY

The letters of "Innominato," Roman correspondent of the New York Sun, relate from time to time what efforts the Pope is making for the furtherance of "Christian Socialism," and on the occasion of the celebration of a papal jubilee recently in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, the writer heard the Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., laud His Holiness from the pulpit for what he has done for its propagation.

In view of facts like these, the stand taken against Socialism by certain Catholic bishops and priests must be bewildering to their flocks, and still more confusing must it be to find in the English translations of papal encyclicals condemnation of that economic system. It must seem to the amazed mass of Catholics that there is a difference between Christian Socialism and the system plain and unqualified.

If churchmen be asked to explain, they have this explanation at their fingers' end: "Christian Socialism would ease harsh economic conditions, out of Christian love and for the salvation of souls; ordinary Socialism aims to ease those conditions solely and wholly for material, worldly betterment."

That is to say, Christian Socialism and plain Socialism would attempt the same thing, the only difference between them being in the spiritual or non-spiritual ulterior intent of the projectors.

The immediate object must be the same with both—the securing of plenty to every one. The Socialist unadjectived would establish such security as each individual's right, and perhaps to the end of permitting him to develop a culture impossible now except to the leisured and much-moneyed few. The Christian Socialist would secure him an abundance so that he should not be led into temptation, but might live in all the virtues of plenitude, sometimes called plenitude of virtue, and sow in Heaven, the only prize worthy of man's striving. However, the immediate object is the same.

The best method of accomplishing any given object must needs be one. There can no more be two best methods than two shortest roads to town. It will be admitted that the best mode of bringing about the desired betterment under discussion is one which will effect it most expeditiously without attacking the rights of any person, natural or artificial.

My agnostic friend, the Christian Socialist, may have the plan; listen to him. My priestly teacher of religion, the agnostic, may have the knack; hearken unto him. Neither of you would hesitate to utilize for his pet propaganda the swift, new, economic press, for example, invented by the other.

Then why is the distinction of "Christian" made? Why not establish Socialism by the best method, through the united effort of Catholic and unbeliever, letting the one look upon its common plenty as a means of spiritual grace; the other as its only object, or as an instrument of culture merely? To each class, from its own point of view, the change would be, sure, a vastly important gain.

All Socialism not anti-Christian—is Christian, whether its projectors know the fact or not, just as all men are Catholics, whether aware of it or not, unless they have known and rejected the religious truth. The illustration used is the teaching of the Church.

The Christian Socialism was declared by Christ Himself, in the Sermon on the Mount particularly, but also in many of His other exhortations. It would provide that no man need take thought for the morrow, of what he should eat or wherewith he should be clothed, because the Father would provide these things. As far as we are informed He did not impose any particular system, and perhaps this was because the same plan may not fit any two countries, or many communities of smaller compass. But that no one should need or fear for the morrow was commanded.

Now it does not matter whether it be a blasphemer or a saint who wants the best method for bringing about this ideal condition in any community, his system ought to be adopted by the religious and the agnostic alike, for it establishes the Socialism which puts society on a sound material and moral foundation.

Any Socialist system less in unreality of intended scope is anti-Christian Socialism. The Catholic, forgetful of his catechism, who would exclude from its benefits those who do not adopt his creed, could come no nearer to understanding and establishing true Socialism than the Freemason who will love his neighbor as himself when he selects the neighbor. And no less than that,

no one need take thought for the morrow will be the perfect Christian Socialism, saving the youth from the mad greed of the gambling-board, keeping his father free from the universal thieving there is in business, and preserving his mother and sister from prostitution. The charitable dole is only a poor makeshift as a moral aid. The worshipper of competition who can still mouth out the plea of the first murderer "Am I my brother's keeper?" is not the one to whom we are to look for the advancement of the coming of the Father's kingdom, the Socialistic republic. Neither is it to the Mason, whose Socialistic society, or the host therein, would naturally be for Masons only; it is to the professed Catholic, who realizes that he is responsible, in so far as he is part maker of the conditions which drive men and women into sin; whose religion is universal as Christian Socialism must be, and who believes in the authenticity of the Sermon on the Mount, and in the divine authority of the Preacher on the evidence of the Church established by Him in Asia, and then in Rome, by that Peter who saw His miracles and who had no incentive to mis-state the facts.

In this day, when we professed Catholics form the only religious body upholding the Bible without reservation, it is particularly our duty to set on foot that Socialism which will fulfil the high ideals of true charity. In prior paragraphs there have been mentioned Christian and unbeliever, and again Catholic and agnostic, and this has been done in the full belief that in a few short years there will be no professed Christianity save Catholicity alone. If Catholicity be then true to its Founder, preaching Socialism as a means of salvation, it can shortly convert the world, for what groper in agnosticism and the outer darkness of the competitive system would stay there, seeing how Christians would love one another in the Socialistic community?

Perhaps some good man of the cloth will say that all this is heterodox, the Pope having condemned Socialism. To which I answer that His Holiness has not condemned the Socialism I advocate, the form which even in its installation deprives no one of his right.

In a future paper I will go into details. But of course no Catholic wants to establish an economic system so unjust as to merit pontifical condemnation. What has been condemned is surely not His Holiness' own Christian Socialism and I think I have established that all Socialism not anti-Christian is identical in scope and worldly effect unto that.

In the domain of faith and morals we accept the decision of the Pope. If, speaking ex-cathedra to the Universal Church he should declare true Socialism to be evil, we could no longer advocate it on the ground of faith or morals. We should be forced to regard its temporal aspect merely, its advantage or disadvantages as a political policy, and to such consideration of it the Papal ban could not extend. Then not as Catholics, aiming to make Socialism an instrument of holy living should we seek to promote it, but as good citizens, aiming to better with our ballots the economic condition of the State. In which case, too, assuming that the Catholic is a good and loyal citizen, it would be the civic duty to develop Socialism to its fullest effectiveness, just as it would be today to do all possible toward extending free rural delivery (a bit of Socialism itself), if his politico-economic good sense told him it were right to do.

Fighting by Machinery.

"Some day," says The Engineering Magazine, in discussing Engineer-in-Chief Melville's recent report, "some one of the great naval Powers will awaken to the fact that fighting by machinery means also fighting altogether with engineers, and by engineering methods alone, and will sweep the whole mediaeval system overboard, and equip a fleet with a grim lot of men in overalls, who will run a war-ship as if it were a machine-shop. There will be no frills about uniform or rank or precedence, except so far as is necessary for organization and management; no disputing about credit or glory or any other ancient fiction. A war-ship will be an ugly piece of machinery built to kill men and smash things, and the men who do the work will do it for the wages they get, just like any other workmen. The whole miserable business of warfare will appear in all its ugliness, divested of all its glamour, as a horrible necessity, to be deplored if you like, but to be done mechanically and unimpassionately, just as Homestead rolls its rails and beams, and as Duquesne feeds its blast-furnaces with ore and coke. The nation which first attacks the war problem as a mechanical business, and turns it over, not to its Miles and Corbins and Sampsons and Schleys, but to its Carnegies, its Morgans, its Fricks for managers, and to men like Corliss, Fritz, Baldwin, Jones, Hunt, Waring, Sweet—engineers who know what to do and how to do it—that nation will have revolutionized warfare in the true sense, and made the great stride toward its abolition. So long as fighting is considered a thing to be admired, to be associated with glory, popularity, social distinction, and personal adornment with uniforms and decorations, so long will it persist in all parts of the world as an honorable profession, to be the aim of many and the admiration of more. When, however, it is made entirely a mechanical performance, when the personality is taken out of it as wholly as in the case of modern automatic tools, when the identity of the performers in a conflict is as thoroughly concealed as it is now in every ordinary manufacturing operation, there will be fewer candidates for the training-schools in the art of war, and fewer occasions for the exercise of the art itself."

Low Fares in Switzerland.

It is two years since the Swiss government assumed the ownership and operation of the entire railway system of that nation. There are at present about 2600 miles of road operated.

Nine years ago the Swiss government owned the greater part of the great Jura-Simplon railway, and in 1898 completed the purchase of the entire system.

From our consul, Mr. Frankenthal, stationed at Berne, we learn that the passenger rates have been greatly reduced.

Tickets good over the entire railway system of Switzerland for fifteen days are sold at the following rates: First-class. $11.58; second-class, $8.11; third-class, $5.79. Tickets good for one month: First-class, $19.30; second-class, $13.50; third-class, $9.65. Tickets good for one year: First-class, $115.80; second-class, $81.06; third-class, $57.90.

Mr. Frankenthal says: "These new tickets enable the holder to travel as much and as long as he likes over the entire system of Switzerland during the time of the validity of the ticket."

Thus it is seen that for $57.90 one may travel over these 2,600 miles of railway forty times a year—a distance of over 100,000 miles. How does this compare with railroad rates in America?—Ex.

An English Opinion of Wilshire.

The egoistic habit that leads to the constant intrusion of oneself in one's sayings and doings is a vice for which the duty of spreading Socialism affords no justification whatever. It is indeed a characteristic that belongs to the individualist rather than the Socialist frame of mind. Mr. Wilshire's contention that any advertisement of himself is an advertisement of Socialism may be true, but the advertisement may be a very bad one for Socialism. It is a too perilous application of the "love me, love my dog" precept. And even if Mr. Wilshire be right in treating with indifference the abusive epithets of his enemies, he ought surely to regard with repugnance the vulgar appraisement of his friends. It is of importance that the public should be encouraged to respect the character and rely upon the sincerity of Socialist agitators. No amount of eloquence or brilliancy of exposition can overcome the hiatus which the absence of that respect or reliance creates in the public mind. The people will never put trust in Socialist principles if they cannot also confide in the men who represent those principles.—I. L. P. News, Official Organ of the Independent Labor Party.

The Shipping Trust and Higher Rates.

Irrespective of the attitude of the American people toward Trusts in general, there is no doubt that the announcement of the formation of the Shipping Trust was received in this country with a distinct feeling of pride and satisfaction. It was felt that the acquisition of various lines purchased by the Trust, by which the American merchant marine was augmented by several hundred thousand tons, tended to place it in a position of pre-eminence such as it has not enjoyed since the decadence of shipbuilding in this country following the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion. The movement was looked upon to a great extent as a peaceful victory, made possible by the existing prosperous material conditions in this country. The news of the formation of the Trust was received in Great Britain with a feeling which wellnigh approached consternation and led to immediate Parliamentary investigation. This feeling was a perfectly natural one. The possibility that several large fleets of steamers might without warning be transferred from one flag to another was certainly food for much thought and reflection; and even after it became understood that foreign-built ships could not, under our present navigation laws, fly the Stars and Stripes, it was feared that national pride might bring about legislation tending to make such an event possible. It was appreciated, and with reason, that the possible loss to the British Naval Reserve of such magnificent steamers as the "Oceanic," "Teutonic," "Majestic," "Minnehaha," and other of the larger ships of the various lines would be distinctly detrimental to England's position as a sea power. This feeling has, of course, been greatly allayed by a better understanding of the laws of this country, which, unless some action antagonistic to the Trust should be taken by Parliament, would not admit of any change being brought about in the status of the vessels in question. Those intimately acquainted with shipping interests of both countries have somewhat wondered how it would be possible for the Trust to pay dividends upon the enormous capitalization of the company. Very few details in regard to the existing status of affairs, however, have been given to the public; but it is pretty generally understood in shipping circles that the Trust has been established for the purpose of making certain combinations with the transcontinental railroad lines, by which freight may be transported over land and sea on advantageous terms. Such a development is in the ordinary course of events and in entire harmony with the spirit of the times, and it is easy to see that great advantages may be derived from such a combination.

The feeling of gratification over the acquisition of these foreign properties, however, is somewhat mitigated by the discovery that simultaneously with the formation of the Trust, passenger rates have been substantially advanced. This indeed will be unwelcome news. The rates previously exacted on the better class of transatlantic liners had, it would seem, almost reached the limit of possibility. It will be a matter, therefore, of unpleasant surprise to Americans traveling in Europe to find upon engaging their return passage to America that the rates on some of the steamers controlled by the Trust have been advanced from 20 per cent. to 35 per cent. It is difficult to foresee what the result of this policy will eventually be. It is problematical whether this increase of rates will not produce a feeling of prejudice against the lines controlled by the Trust, and will not perhaps stimulate the establishment of other independent lines offering more popular and alluring rates to the traveling public. It will be an interesting matter to watch what the outcome of the movement will be. The American people form a great traveling public, a large majority of which husband their resources, and carefully consider what the expense of a transatlantic trip would be before starting on a voyage to the other side.—Scientific American.

Now what have you to say, my dear Le Gallienne?

An Age of Consolidation.

This is an age of consolidation run riot. Is it wholesome? Where will it stop? Those are the questions. Where is the advantage of consolidating a weak road with a strong one? Closer traffic relations, some say. Surely close enough traffic relations may exist between independent lines. The claim that a saving of operating expenses will be effected by consolidation is not adequate. What would the chopping off of the heads of a few departments of a weak company amount to as against the diversion of its revenues into the coffers of the stronger company and the loss of its integrity?

The promoters and combiners say to the small stockholders, "We are working in your interests." The very men who are now trying to consolidate the Northwestern roads, and who

appeal to the stockholders to believe in them, were last winter engaged in a stock-jobbing scheme, or fight, if you will, that shook the country to its foundations and sadly threatened the integrity of some of our financial institutions. And these men claim to be the guardians of the honor of Wall Street.

And now comes the great $400,000,000 railroads combine in the Northwest. Small shareholders and bondholders will try to prevent its consummation because they believe their interests will suffer because of it. Certainly some one must suffer, otherwise where will the money to pay the promoters come from? Enhanced values, they very likely claim; but why enhanced values? There will not be any more freight or passengers for them to carry than when they were operated separately.

The courts will be appealed to, but geniuses of finance like Mr. Hill or Mr. Morgan are not likely to go into transactions of such magnitude unbacked by the best legal opinions procurable. But they can never tell what a legislature may do, and it is a pretty difficult task to put a boundary around its power. It occurs to me that most any legislature can pass laws for the protection of the citizen.

Wall Street is no longer governed by any one man or clique of men. It is controlled by the whole world. The battling cliques that we see in the "street" simply indicate the prosperity of the whole country. The tendency of this combining movement, which, like a snowball rolling down hill, gains momentum and size as it rushes on, is well illustrated in a magazine article by Henry I. Dodge, on J. Pierpont Morgan.

I have it before me. "There are rich men within our borders," says the writer, "who form syndicates of men; but Mr. Morgan combines syndicates. J. Pierpont Morgan is a creature of the inexorable law of evolution. According to the Bellamy theory, he is only a faithful instrument in the hands of a great power or tendency. Through him consolidations are being consolidated, and will again be combined with other consolidations, until the very stupendousness of the whole thing will stagger humanity and eventually lead to governmental control of all industries and the emancipation of the working man."—Russell Sage, in N. Y. Journal.

THE IRON WORKER

MAURICE BROWN KIRBY

We've heard about the sojer an' his gun,
  We've heard about the farmer an' his plough,
We've heard about the sailor an' his fun,
  We've heard about the cowboy an' his cow;
Now, as long as singin' heroes is the style,
  An' if no one takes exception to my rhyme,
I'll have a bit to say, in a humble sort o' way,
  On a hero who's been workin' overtime.

The song he sings is "Clang! clang! clang!"
  The tune he plays is "Bang! bang! bang!"
His motto is "We're killed; but we seldom ever die."
  An' his motto often gits him in a gang.

Did you ever see him settin' on a beam,
  With nothin' to grab hold of but the air,
So fur above yer head it made him seem
  Like a crazy kid that wouldn't take a dare?
Did you ever pause to think about the risk,
  How Death is always glarin' in his face?—
Just contemplate a bit an', I'll bet yer, you'll admit
  A battlefield's a durn sight safer place.

He doesn't wear no purty stripes nor bars,
  We haven't struck a medal for him yet,
His only decorations is his scars,
  He's a hero that the public never met.
When his motto comes an' ketches him for good,
  An' rubs his number off the pay-day list,
There's a husky, sun-browned mob standin' by to take his job,
  An', bar his wife an' kids, he's never missed.

The daily papers have a lot to say
  On the nervy cops an' firemen round the city,
O' how they risk their lives most every day
  An' very often lose 'em, more's the pity;
But a little histin' injine on a spree
  Is bad as any fire as ever raged,
An' there's more black, wilful murder in a careless swingin' girder
  Than in any thug the coppers ever caged.

So when you've had yer song an' drink an' shout,
  An' every single hero's got his due,
When ye're scatterin' the laurel wreath about;
  If you chance to have a extry leaf or two,
An' ye're lookin' for a hero sure enough,
  A sojer man in Progress' foremost ranks,
Crown the man who builds our vessels, bridges, buildin's, towers an' trestles,
  Grasp his hand, drink his health, an' give him thanks.

The song he sings is "Clang! clang! clang!"
  The tune he plays is "Bang! bang! bang!"
His motto is "We're killed; but we seldom ever die."
  An' his motto often gits him in a gang.

—LIFE.

A STUDY OF THE TRUSTS

JOEL BENTON

MY DEAR WILSHIRE:

Your kind invitation asking me to express in WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE my ideas on Trusts, Socialism, and their related topics, is not a little appalling when I consider the limits to which I must be confined. I shall, therefore, for the most part, give you my convictions, without having the space necessary for rounding out my reasons. If I find myself absolutely unable to make my platform coincide with yours, we can at least meet in a common desire to get at the truth, and to serve humanity and the state.

Your own earnestness and persistence on behalf of these lofty ends are worthy of all praise, and should prove contagious. Whether you have got hold of a "universal catholicon," or not, no one can dispute the vigor of your contention. But, to be utterly frank in the outset, as I shall aim to be to the end, I do not believe one bit in anybody's "universal catholicon," which phrase is a tautology coined for labeling some "universal cure-all." For, the millenium cannot be made by a human recipe, or purchased at anybody's cheap government "bargain-counter."

But how many vociferous stores and stands of this sort we have to listen to, with their cries of "Lo Here," and "Lo There," to which the Congress or the Parliament, and the electorate, must wholly surrender if we are to be cured. A second consideration with me is that, neither society nor the state, in any reasonably free commonwealth, such as Canada and the United States are, is in any very great distress in these days—and certainly not in any such distress that an orderly evolution on the old lines will not be able to remove. And it is, therefore, a homogeneous evolution, and not a drastic, turbulent revolution that one must look to for any practicable social or state betterment.

The worst looking cloud apparent in the modern horizon is the attitude, best exampled by a late mountebank candidate for the Presidency in the United States. Or it would be, if the people were ever likely to let it burst into its bottled-up catastrophe. His chief remedy for anything wrong is a cheap dollar—and he calls it a Jeffersonian doctrine because Jefferson explicitly and absolutely condemned it. This, joined to his rapacity against people who have money, makes his essential creed, which is founded on two false postulates. One of these is that the great majority of our population are—apart from the "Protective" Tariff—being robbed by a few, and the other is that it is a sin to be rich. On these two falsities hang all the philosophies

and the "profits" of this latitude-and-platitudinarian. For a whole generation now the "Populist" cry has been on behalf of the public's suppressed rights, joined to a tremendously vacuous silence over their own abandoned duties. I have not heard in half my lifetime anybody say that those who are of moderate means, or who work for pay, have any duty to perform whatever, but I find their ears deafened with the shouts that they are being basely defrauded. It seems to me there can be nothing so hopelessly demoralizing and so destructive of honest effort and true work, as it is for any of us to tell the half-taught—and hereby ill-taught—multitude that they are in no way coming short of their duty, but are merely the victims of plutocratic fraud. As Mark Twain remarked upon his reported death, this lurid account is "very much exaggerated."

Half the epigrams that are used to say these things have no basis whatever in fact—for it is not true that "the poor are growing poorer, and the rich are growing richer," except that a few of each kind are, as they always have been. With the great multitude the average of property and benefits is rising. In fact, we are now living in a time when there is more opportunity for a healthy, reasonably intelligent and serious-minded boy, or man, to rise in the world (to rise, too, to the highest place), and to get more on the way, than at any previous period of human history. But no one can eat his entire cake and have it too, as nothing worth having comes without toil and self-denial. If the boy or man will do as John Jacob Astor did, or as A. T. Stewart did, and as almost all the self-made millionaires have done—save a part of what he earns, make himself useful, and if possible an absolute necessity to his employer, all the forces of all the planets cannot push him back from high elevation and marked success. Even Wealth will then put its hand down to lift him up.

There is no royal road to geometry, as Euclid told the Egyptian King, and there is no Epicurean and velvet-paved road to competence and wealth. But to tell a truth personal in parenthesis—I would not myself endure the struggle and suffer the deprivation that Astor did, and I would not sit alone in a close box for the entire day, apart from some freedom with the outdoor air and sunshine, as Stewart did for years, for either of these men's great fortunes. I would rather go through life on a moderate foot-hill of advantage, accessible to thousands who are now poor through their own fault, than to have the millionaire's lofty eminence and power for which there must be given this just recited payment.

Henry George called his absurd land confiscation scheme (euphemized into the term "single tax" to hide its bandit-colored unethical basis) an "anti-poverty" producer. But neither he lived, nor will you or I live long enough, to see poverty abolished. It will be as true two thousand years from today as it is now, and as it was two thousand years ago, that "the poor you have always with you." Any intelligent reader of history must admit that there was poverty plentiful long before there were millionaires and Trusts. In fact where there is no millionaire nor Trust there poverty has its largest sway. Does anyone ask why people are poor? This cannot be answered by a phrase or an epigram. Much less can it be truthfully answered by saying it is owing to the malign influence of Wealth and Trusts. They

are poor largely, from a very general tendency in human nature to want what neither Nature nor the State can give (if there were no bad wealthy men and no tyrannous Trust), and very largely besides from neglect of the only means of acquiring money, and from Natural Inability. In altogether too many instances, from deliberate sloth and dissipation. Just why it is that one man can go to New York, illiterate, and with but a sixpence in an old silk pocket handkerchief, and become a millionaire, and be talked of as a possible Presidential candidate, as George Law did, when other men much more intelligent than he was, and with considerable money, went there the same year and ended their career in bankruptcy, and were not talked of for Justice of the Peace, the mole-eyed modern philosophies have no eyes to see.

But differences like these are constantly occurring, and if there is any blame about the matter that my hints have not touched, it is a blame, the causes of which are as inherent in the Nature of Things as Original Sin is said to be. If we are to quarrel with this condition, or indict it, we must make our war upon the Creator and the stars in their courses.

But let me say here a word about that modern and popular bogey—the Trust. If you ask me what I think of Trusts, I shall say what Anna Dickinson said when some one accused her of being "a man hater." Her reply was, "That depends altogether upon who the man is." A Trust is no more nor less, morally, than a combination of human traits having virtuous and vicious potencies. It is as much a product of our civilization as our mammoth modern machinery and the railroad are. When they came, damage was inflicted, but inflicted with comparative slightness, to secure vast and unparalleled benefits. The railroad certainly did destroy stage lines—the stage driver's vocation and many boat lines, as well as long-established villages with their taverns and stores. But all these injuries were a mere bagatelle when measured against the enormous benefits it brought. Is there anybody now living who would not have had those injuries done, when he considers the credit side to be put to the railroad's account?

A recent legal writer has well said: "It is almost unheard of—except among Matthew Arnold's redeeming minority—to find a man who can read who is not possessed of decided views in the abstract about what he calls 'Trusts,' and it is almost as hard to find a man who smarts in his own person, actually and demonstrably, by reason of anything directly and immediately chargeable to a Trust. . . . In general those who talk most (about Trusts) have least at stake, and know least about the matter."

Like the automobile, the Trust is a recent arrival, and in certain cases it may need to be put under the rules of the road. Its stock-floating, its bargaining corruptly with transportation lines—when that is done—and its avoidance of that proper publicity to which the public is entitled are not out of reach of remedies within the province of law. It is better to have patience until we know more about this institution practically and in detail than to inflame the public with wild and windy theories over its alleged total depravity. The one thing that to me seems most demonstrable about it is that in the long run it will get its largest profits and success by fair dealing, and the production of public advantage.

It is on one side a part, no doubt, of the harsher trend of financial competition; and it is fashionable to say that "competition is cruel," and then to stop right there. But if one could stop competition, as Socialism in its many shapes would do, the most tremendous forces working for human advancement and human happiness would be brought to a standstill. Make it impossible for the single individual to have the fruit of his initiative, energy, foresight, strenuous toil and self-imposed economy and deprivation, and you would do something equivalent to stopping the flow of the Mississippi. The Mississippi, to be sure, runs over its banks sometimes, and does serious injury. But what is the utmost damage you can charge to this occasional disorder, to the more tragical one that would ensue from stopping its flowing in its natural bed and path?

There is no cure for anything ill to be found in making our human units so many white beans—all just alike. In that way the road to Barbarism lies. If you stop me from being by honest means, if I can be, a millionaire, you will reduce by your method all motives for accumulating. There is literally and truly no way of making all equally successful in obtaining the good things of this world that can do anything else but pull success down and make slothfulness and incapacity more intense.

The pseudo-reformer says inequality is unfair. But for that the plaintiff—as I have already said—must indict Nature and Providence. It is hard, too, he says, that Smith should have his millions, and Smith's gardener or coachman his pitiful dollar and a half a day. But the gardener and coachman have a keen appetite, and a family in superb health, while Smith is childless, and has dyspepsia and the gout. In nature the swallow flies and man walks. But the swallow cannot read Shakespeare or WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE. No wonder Emerson took half his life to write an essay on "Compensation," when he began to see how it levels, in a true and real way, things of Nature, and the diversified human lot. But who are our millionaires? They are, for the most part, those who have come up by their own struggling from poverty and low social position. Who will be the next generation's millionaires? They will be those who are poor today, and some of them will have for their gardeners and coachmen the descendants of those who are now millionaires. As the proverb says, "From shirt sleeve to shirt sleeve takes but three generations," while in the same time the bottom of the social wheel becomes the top.

The nationalization of railroads, telegraphs and factories, etc. (by which is meant transferring them from private to public ownership), is a much heralded panacea. But while our electorate remains what it is, and our politics is infested with partisan bosses and rings, two things would assuredly happen from that scheme. The various businesses would not be so well carried on as they now are, and the rule of Democracy and a free ballot would be destroyed. Any party in the United States once in power, with the new places this plan would create for place-hunting and patronage, no matter what wrong it might do, could never be dislodged.

It is your wish, I believe, that I shall speak very definitely upon Socialism and the Trusts. You think Socialism is the inevitable and desirably certain outcome of our modern economical movement. But I cannot for a moment believe that either the United States or

Canada will ever shape their institutions socially, in any period, "so far as human eye can see." What this country, at any rate, would be much more likely to do, if the chaos and consequent disorder that you predict could ever come to pass, would be to appeal to some "man on horseback"—some Carlylean Leader of Men—to set things right. That is, if they ever began to doubt Democracy, and should demand a new type of government. This is not to say that some ward or township might not wish, under state permission, to try the Bellamy scheme, the Henry George nostrum, or some other, or your own plan—and do it locally.

Nearly twenty years ago I advocated this method of experiment under the title of "Wanted—An Assortment of Islands." And I did it, not because I could be induced to live on one of the islands allotted, but for the benefit of those doctrinaires (The Single-Taxers, the believers in sumptuary laws, and all varieties of Socialists) who could then each have a field in which to make an incontrovertible object-lesson for their cause that would render argument superfluous. What you and I say, unfortunately, the heedless public may not notice, or will not long consider; but what a system, carried out and made visible to all observers, produces in the concrete, no obstinate disbeliever in it could deny—provided, of course, it is not the system-maker who would be the one to be routed from his position. (If I had the ear of President Roosevelt and his Congress I should say, unless the Philippines can be given independence—as I hope they may be—"Let our various authors of new systems have these islands to work upon in their own way.")

This suggestion is not made in levity, but for illustration. My reading of history teaches me that Socialism is a very pretty program on paper, but a very perverse proposition in practice. It has never been started even, except on a small scale, or within narrow limits. And, it has never been sustained in a parish or province to any extent except through the cementing mordant of a hot and hysterical religious belief. People don't want to be bolts in a machine; they want to be themselves. I greatly admire the man who said, "I would rather be a King among Hogs, than a Hog among Kings." In the famous experiment at Brook Farm the units were picked persons—the cream of our race. But how speedily tired they got of their projected Perfectionism. Hawthorne very soon objected to milking a transcendental heifer—and so will you, my dear Wilshire, when you get yours in your carefully shaped stanchion.

But let me return to the Trusts. You, unlike Bryan, tolerate them. To you they are a link in a remorseless chain taking us to destruction; but a chain that, with your new end attached, will bring to us all unalloyed beneficence. You excuse their makers because they must make them, or economically perish; but you believe they do evil in their tyranny over "competitive labor." While Bryan and his following treat Trusts as evils, *per se*, you regard them as transitory evils, and a step towards great benefits.

You must pardon me if I say your promised hopeful transformation of them reminds me of a certain doctor and sick child. The child's mother had called the doctor and asked him to relieve its painful condition. Whereupon the doctor gave it a remedy and departed. But the remedy threw the child into violent fits. Again the

doctor was sent for, and seeing the mother terrified, soothed her by saying this result was what he expected, as he had a dose in reserve that was sure death to fits. No doubt the Socialism you would administer would prove the death of corporate Trusts. But the other things it would sweep away—the free exercise of human ability, Individual Initiative, and the abject dependence upon the state it would create in all classes, would at once put back the progress of the human race beyond the power of computation to express.

What I would do with Trusts would be to conserve their good side; and if Behemoth went forth to slaughter, put him under lock and chain. You doubtless remember the dreadful things Malthus said would happen long ago simply because the number of mouths according to the natural human increase could not be fed by and by for lack of food. He was theoretically correct. You could see he was. But no such thing has happened, or ever will happen. In connection with your propaganda the alarm that is sounded is that people will soon starve to death and go naked because they produce too much food and too many clothes.

But I want to say here that the Bogey of Over-production is the most baseless one that was ever conjured up. For it is absolutely impossible to overproduce good things. The Protectionists and Socialists are apparently alike though, in putting their cart before their horse. They wish to make things scarce to create a road to Wealth—whereas the road to Competence and Wealth is along the shores of Abundance. The Protectionist tells the laboring man that Protection increases his wages. It does no such thing. It does, however, increase the prices of a multitude of things the laborer must buy—at least three hundred things to the rich man's three thousand things. By increasing the cost of the three hundred things he must have, the joint result makes it immensely worse for him than if Free Trade halved his wages—a thing Free Trade doesn't do. Now, Protection is Socialism partialized for capital's sake against the rest of us, who are the pipers who pay the bill. And I believe a Socialistic state would intensify Protection's Chinese Wall.

You say to the laborer, in one of your tracts: "You know that your labor alone produces all the good things of life, and you know that someone else enjoys them." This is saying that Capital is unnecessary, and that high Executive Ability might as well be extinguished. I am sure you cannot mean this—for, of the three forces, this Ability stands first, Capital next, and Labor last. The first can always create the two that follow, the second can purchase the first and third; and there is a vast amount of the third that either can not or will not attain the slightest grasp upon the other two. In fact, it is this dense mass of inert, helpless, and sometimes criminal Inability that theorists have in mind when they generalize upon the Laborer with a capital "L," and speak of his lurid wrongs. But suppose, instead of producing the "good things" that "someone else enjoys," the laborer produced what someone else could not enjoy. Where would his wages be? Wouldn't his cup, small as it is, be turned upside down?

In the same tract you say again to the laborer: "The politicians, notoriously liars and knaves, you scarcely listen to, except to deride." Here, if you will allow me to name some

notable exceptions, I shall pretty nearly assent to what you say. But the irony of this situation is that, when the Socialists nationalize everything, they will have, as sure as Fate, their new mechanism run by these same politicians. Then this will happen: Whereas now they are occasionally pushed aside by an aroused public, then they would be wholly on top. With all their perverseness in wrong, they do have Ability; and they will not commit suicide, or take back seats. Their certain dominance, therefore, makes one more reason why I would not put such tremendous power, as the nationalization of the means and implements of production would proffer, in their hands. The process, too, would be harder than the rats' attempt to bell the cat. It is not now constitutional, and what rudimentary signs are there that it ever will be?

The poet Daniel was intuitively right when he said:

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself—how mean a thing is man."

But it is the man himself that must do this elevating. Society cannot put on its shoulders all the dead weights that would scramble there, if it should stoop down to that task. Nor can any derrick, or state-made mechanism take the place of personal thrift, intelligence and morals.

My dear Wilshire, if you should get an island or a county, and try your scheme upon it for a few years only, I feel sure that, in spite of all your benevolence and skill, you would fail of your objects. And I am equally certain that you would say at their end, with Hamlet:

"The Time is out of joint. O, Cursed Spite
That ever I was born to set it right."

But if we disagree as to this, and the chief topics so far mentioned, I should suppose the idiocy, indefensibleness and detriment of "Protection" so-called—but better titled "Destruction" —would bring us together. There is really nothing in human government, unless it be Slavery (which is human bondage), more iniquitous and hurtful than "Protection" (which is commercial bondage). It robs its own people, and makes jealousies and warfare between nations. It suppresses trade, which is nothing but beneficent, and promotes wars which are nothing less than horrible. It is through this system of taxation that the few rob the many, and by which a Trust evilly disposed can put its fangs violently upon the people. If there was some power that could give the world Free Trade (and Free Trade, it must be remembered, cannot be called a panacea or nostrum—it is merely the removal of one) in place of the "Protection" that divides the nations of two hemispheres into water-tight compartments, there would be an emancipation and beneficence decreed for humanity that would leave little else of importance, that is new, for human legislation to accomplish.

You see, finally, that I believe in a government that does not govern too much — that prevents only wrong doing, that distributes no lollipop, and that offers the fullest freedom and opportunity to individual initiative. If it can be proved that in having only this I must be tyrannized over and exploited, I can sincerely say that I should much prefer to have a few of the wealthy and the wise do this than the many-headed Demos who would do it ignorantly and would need to steal more to have the spoils go around. My perspective, therefore, towards the political and social horizon as it is is neither dark nor lugubrious.

It will be optimistic when the nations of the world shall come to their senses and remove the outrageous "Protection" incubus. Even now I can declare with Stevenson that

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I think we should all be as happy as Kings."

I believe little in schemes. I am convinced—heretical as it may seem to patent panacea makers—that no mechanism of legislation can precipitate the Millenium, and the state cannot reasonably become an overlooking beneficent Grandmother to distribute to everybody crumpets and cookies. The fate and deserts of the good citizen are mostly what he makes them; and he may well paste in his hat what Dr. Johnson so aptly said:

"How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or Kings can cause or cure."

Better to me, in fact, than the whole sum of our modern yeasty philosophies is Carlyle's virile apothegm addressed to each one of us in all lands, in which he says: "Reform thyself, man, and you can then be sure there will be one less rascal in the world."

JOEL BENTON.

[Mr. Benton was asked to controvert my theory that Socialism will become an economic necessity owing to the inability of our competitive wage system to distribute the new wealth which is being constantly produced, in constantly increasing quantities, through the increased use of machinery. That he has quite ignored the grounds upon which he was asked to write, and has chosen his own thesis, is apparent from a reading of the foregoing article.

I quite agree with Mr. Benton that Socialism will be ushered in by a "homogeneous evolution, and not a drastic, turbulent revolution."

To be sure, you cannot inherit a knowledge of geometry; you must work for it. But there is a Royal Road to wealth, for you can be born a Vanderbilt or a Gould.

Mr. Benton declares that poverty cannot be abolished. He might just as well say that you cannot fill a bottle with water because of the air in it. Certainly poverty can be abolished if enough wealth is produced to abolish it. I say there is enough wealth produced NOW to abolish poverty, but we cannot get it. Our bottle is corked with the competitive wage system.

It is not at all likely—in fact, it is extremely unlikely—that men's intellectual development will ever become so nearly on an equality as to make them all equally competent in the struggle for existence, but that is no reason why the idiot son of a Morgan or a Vanderbilt or a Rockefeller should inherit the earth, and the child of a poor man, though he be blessed with the brain of an Aristotle, should starve or live in dire poverty. I do not indict Nature for this state of affairs, for Nature tries to give us wealth, but we refuse to take it. Our present system forces one class to be in continual poverty, although the individuals in that class may occasionally change their status, and it is this "Poverty Class," as a class, that I want abolished. I would have but one class—a "Wealthy Class"—and EVERYBODY in it. Socialism is the only plan whereby this can be accomplished.

Mr. Benton thinks that Socialism will make it impossible for the individual to have the fruit of his "initiative, energy, foresight, strenuous toil and

deprivation." That is exactly my indictment of our competitive system! It makes it impossible for the single individual to obtain the fruit of his toil. Morgan gets it. But there should be no incentive for the individual to deprive himself and his family of the comforts and luxuries of life for the sake of saving or "accumulating." When wealth is plentiful and easy of access we certainly will not have any motive for "accumulating." A man living near Lake Erie does not "accumulate" water in barrels for fear of the lake going dry.

Mr. Benton certainly has funny ideas of Democracy. He thinks that the nationalization of our railroads, telegraphs and factories would destroy the rule of Democracy and a free ballot. I do not regard the ownership of our railroads by Morgan as an exemplification of "the rule of Democracy." Mr. Benton would elect puppet Senators or President, but he would make hereditary the King of the World, Morgan. If this is Bentonian Democracy, give me plain Aristocracy. I prefer Aristocracy to Plutocracy.

That Socialism would end the reign of the Trusts, Mr. Benton at once admits, but he greatly fears that "the abject dependence upon the State it would create in all classes, would at once put back the progress of the human race beyond the power of computation to express." Is it worse to be dependent on yourself—for the State is simply yourself multiplied—than to be dependent upon Morgan? I think not.

It is not true in any degree that Socialists "wish to make things scarce to create a road to wealth." I, as well as Benton, want to see an abundance of wealth, but I also want the people to GET it as well as see it. Today we see it—see it in Morgan's hands, but that is not exactly the same thing as getting it. Nor is there any possible likeness between Socialism and protection. Protection is simply a scheme worked by one set of capitalists to get wealth that, without this scheme, would go to another set of capitalists. The working class would not get the wealth anyway, so the tariff, whether high or low, is of comparatively little importance to the workers.

As to Mr. Benton's idea that Ability is the most important of all things in the world, I am quite agreeable that Ability, if it be exercised either mentally or physically, have all wealth. It is giving up wealth to the dead hand of "ownership" that I detest.

I do not think Mr. Benton has followed the trend of events as carefully as he should have done, or he would not think the prospect of the people finally taking over all the means of production is as likely to be as unsuccessful as the rats' attempt to bell the cat. As a matter of fact, it is really going to be in the end a case of the Cat Belling Herself. Morgan will absorb the State, and the office of Morgan will then become an elective one.

There is no necessity of any amendment to our Constitution, nor will we ever revise or amend it. We will simply let it atrophy from disuse. It will slough off, when the time comes, like the dead skin from a snake's body.]

WALT WHITMAN

LOUVILLE H DYER

"It hath been taught us from the primal state
That he which is, was wished, until he were."

WHITMAN said: "I will not be outfaced by irrational things." This is a very pregnant declaration when we grasp its vast significance. Most people are dwarfed, awed and often silenced by irrational things. Customs, conventions and the opinions of supposed authorities have an influence over the average person that is out of all proportion to their worth.

Whitman was unique in the perfect poise and even balance of his mind. He was vitally and with perfect sanity related to nature. Rare is it that genius looks upon the world with serenity, and values the multiform creations of nature with fair regard for the worth of the common and near at hand.

Tolstoy well says in his great work, "What is Art?" that the canons of art that were founded on the idea of beauty have led us astray. Beauty is a term with no exact meaning, therefore cannot be used as a standard. That which is beautiful to me is often not deemed to be so by others. Again Tolstoy remarks that art critics have always exerted a vicious influence over us because they have chosen certain works as supreme examples of art without any exact or adequate standard by which they were appraised. He insists that works of art must have for their subject-matter, not the local or those experiences that are peculiar to people living in a certain exceptional manner, but the primary and the universal furnish the only proper material for the subjects for true works of art. These principles are sound and set before us rational ideas concerning one of the most potent means of communication among men.

Whitman says: "To speak in literature with a perfect rectitude and insouciance of the movements of animals and the unimpeachableness of the sentiments of trees in the woods and grass by the roadside is the flawless triumph of art."

In these lines Whitman discloses to us the demands he makes for excellence in literature, and they contain the principles by which he is always guided. In his pages there is no striving after startling effects or desire to make use of figures to ornament his utterances. His writing is clear, simple and honest. The phrases he gives us always convey in a limpid manner the sentiments they contain. Never did he test his writings by anything outside of nature. He appreciated the common equally with the fine and exceptional. He saw the inherent beauty in the wild daisy by the roadside and in the broad leaf of

the mullein in the pasture. He knew the insects that crept about him as well as the birds that flew above him. He enjoyed the farm lane with its mossy rail fence, and the busy streets of New York and Philadelphia.

Whitman was not dominated by the artificial—most of us are. Life is robbed of much of its joy by our self-consciousness. The tranquillity that comes from a disregard of criticism and the contentment that flows from being yourself, Whitman had in a marked degree. The strength of a giant and the simplicity of a child are not commonly combined in one person, but they were found in Whitman. He never compromised. He followed with perfect rectitude a highway of his own. His vision in looking at humanity was always tinged with charity. He says:

"I do not give a little charity.
When I give, I give myself."

And this is true. The services he rendered to his sick and suffering brothers during our Civil War furnishes us almost unparalleled evidence of the boundless sympathy he had for mankind. Whitman and his writings are one. He lived as he wrote, and wrote as he lived. He never played a role. He was always natural, ever candid.

"Leaves of Grass" is the flowering of mature manhood. It shows the vision of a man who beheld the world with a broad sympathy and never for an instant doubting the perfection of the divine plan, or the goodness at the heart of things.

It imparts to us love and faith, and these always make for happiness. There is an ever-flowing current of joy in his "Leaves" and they are a never-failing source of strength. In the works of no other poet can we find the attributes that make a sane and powerful personality that approach those contained in Whitman's "Song of Myself." The man who could gather unto himself the experiences so ripe and rich as those that fill this poem, and possessed the power through words to transmit them to us, was both a master and a benefactor to his kind.

Tolstoy truly declares that the one indubitable criterion by which to judge true art is its infectiousness. In no work is this power contained in a greater degree than in "Leaves of Grass." The strong emotions that pulsate through its pages possess the reader at once. The powerful personality that really lives in its verses holds and sustains us. In no other book is the human quality so strong as in "Leaves of Grass." The reader feels at once the truth of Whitman's saying,

"Comrade, this is no book.
Whoever touches, this, touches a man."

The average man was sufficient for Whitman. He cared nothing for special distinction. With him man had honor for being simply man.

Nowhere in literature do I find so fervent an insistence for human brotherhood as in Whitman. He does not give us mere sentiments in favor of brotherhood, but he is in every thought and deed the brother of all. The distinctions of caste are confronted and destroyed in "Leaves of Grass."

Whitman's art does not minister to the idle rich or those to whom art is simply a diversion, but to everyone who wishes to have a rational understanding of life and live on a higher moral plane, "Leaves of Grass" is a gospel and an inspiration. It can be truly said of Whitman that he came to give us life and to give it more abundantly. Whitman's dearest friends and closest companions were chosen from among pilots, teamsters and workmen generally.

A man had to be richly endowed with the virtues of sane and healthy manhood to pass current with him. To me, Whitman's friendship for Peter Doyle, the Washington horse-car conductor, was admirable.

Reading "Calamus" that contains Whitman's letters to Doyle, throws a flood of light on Whitman's capacity for a tender and copious friendship. In these letters there is no preaching, but all through them there flows a never-failing vein of love. He always shows great solicitude for the welfare of his friend. True lovers of Whitman and those who desire to know him should read "Calamus." The spirit of affection and comradeship permeates every page of the book. It is a great antidote for the insane desire so prevalent in these days to gain great wealth and live a life that is exceptional and exclusive.

That the greatest democrat who ever lived and the author of the supreme utterance of democracy should be sent to us and find his readiest acceptance in Europe is remarkable. When Whitman was being denied and ridiculed in America, his genius was recognized and appreciated abroad. For having written the book that immortalizes America and furnishes us our first and only distinctive national utterance, Whitman was discharged from his modest clerkship in one of the departments in Washington.

Secretary Harlan, who deprived him of his position, distinguished himself forever for his stupidity. A man who is wiser and better than his fellows is always abused and denied by them. Successful ignorance ever laughs at genius. There were a few Americans great enough to see that "Leaves of Grass" was our greatest contribution to literature.

Emerson never gave more certain proof of his own greatness than when he sent Whitman his masterly endorsement of "Leaves of Grass."

Col. Ingersoll, the greatest orator America has produced, uttered some supreme words at Whitman's funeral: "A great man, a great American, the most eminent citizen of this republic lies dead before us." These are strong words but their truth is certain.

John Burroughs was Whitman's personal friend. He knew him and loved him as few did. "Leaves of Grass" gave Burroughs the occasion for writing the most brilliant piece of literary criticism in English literature. It is not far from nature to Whitman, and Burroughs has always been close to nature's heart, and directly from her came the inspiration for the writing of his delightful essays. The sound and profound views on literature contained in his work, "Whitman: a Study," are invaluable.

That in this age of literary frivolity Whitman should come with his "Leaves of Grass," Tolstoy with "What is Art" and Burroughs contribute "Whitman, a Study" is a piece of rare good fortune.

Whitman should be a precious possession to all true Christians and also to those who are demanding social reform. In the life and works of no other man is the spirit of brotherly love so thoroughly blended. There are many men—a goodly number of ministers who give utterance to some very noble sentiments on brotherhood, but how many do we know who allow the spirit to be the controlling force of their lives and practise self-sacrifice and service, as did Whitman, and as does Tolstoy? The test is not found in one's declarations, but in one's life. In Whitman and Tolstoy we find not only

WALT WHITMAN

the supreme utterance for universal brotherhood, but lives perfectly consistent with what their ethics demand.

I attended a meeting of a Liberal Ministers' Club not long ago, where a paper was read by one of the members on "Walt Whitman." The paper was ably written, showed a fine discrimination and told the great service "Leaves of Grass" had performed for the writer. At the close of its reading, comments were made by various Unitarian and Universalist clergymen upon it. That "Leaves of Grass" was not poetry was the undivided opinion of the ministers, excepting only the author of the paper. It was at once apparent that those who could see nothing worthy in Whitman were lamentably ignorant concerning him, and were all laboring under the delusion that artifice is art. Virility, originality and the use of words in a manner that adequately transmits great emotions to the reader, so that he and the writer are united by one common feeling, was not the paramount demand for excellence in art, but their criterion consisted alone in the laws of prosody.

Ministers too often value form more than substance, even in religion. According to their views, Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" is a great poem, but Whitman's "By Blue Ontario's Shore" is not. Shelley's ode is notable for the faultless finish of its verse and the musical termination of its lines, but reduce it to the prose form, and what do we get? Very little. Adopt the same process with "By Blue Ontario's Shore" and you will quickly see that the piece is full of noble thoughts, elevating sentiments, and that it makes for strength in every line.

I do not underrate the value that consists in beauty of form, or the pleasure and profit that are derived from the music of verse, but I do insist that the supreme in art is not contained in these qualities. It is no loss to Whitman to deny that his "Leaves" are poetry, but the domain of poetry loses much by leaving them out.

Whitman says: "I bid neither for soft eulogies, big money returns, nor the approval of existing schools or conventions." How many of his literary contemporaries could truly say the same? In no sense was Walt Whitman a bribed man. The love of approval bribes a thousand men where gold bribes one. Whitman had much to contend with. He had poverty, illness and a timid, conforming people to whom he addressed his great message. They were under the spell of the artificial and genteel. Yet he never swerved. This attests the greatness of the man.

The great forces of the world are all tending Whitman's way. The new values he announces for nature's grandeurs are being accepted. The sacredness of sex, the holiness of fatherhood and motherhood are recognized more and more. The ideal of a strong, self-contained personality that is determined to have its own and be a law unto itself is taking possession of us.

Whitman's "Leaves" has a potent influence in the making of strong, sane, happy men and women. He says in his preface appended to his latest "Leaves of Grass," "I would give my reader good cheer, content and hope." These elements are contained in "Leaves of Grass" to a greater degree than in any other book. It has ever been a characteristic of literary men to consider the exceptional, cultivated and the refined alone as fit subjects for their art, while the common and the universal were deemed unworthy. Experiences that were alone common to those who lived in an exclusive manner

and were far removed from the life of a man living near to nature and struggling with her for a living, have rarely found a place in literature. By being exclusive in the selection of subject-matter, most writers have appealed simply to a small coterie and thus lost one of the primary requisites of true art—universality.

It is no wonder that those whose literary tastes have been shaped by reading Milton, Byron, Keats and Tennyson are incapable of a correct conception of Whitman's broad, free-flowing lines. Whitman well describes his manner in this fragment of a line, "Words lawless as snowflakes," that is, they are not cabined or confined by the rules of constraint of the classic forms.

Tolstoy says: "In the art of the future, not only will that complex technique which deforms the productions of the art of today and requires so great an effort and expenditure of time not be demanded, but, on the contrary, the demand will be for clearness, simplicity and brevity—conditions mastered not by mechanical exercises, but by the education of taste.

Whitman has made a form that is free and eminently suited to be the vehicle of his democratic utterances. I know of no poet whose lines are as musical as Whitman's. They have a free, elastic movement that conveys the harmony of wind and wave. Take the following lines,—how rich they are in coloring! What rapture toward the earth they show, and withal, how intensely poetic they are!

"Smile, O voluptuous, cool-breath'd earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset—
Earth of the mountains, misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds, brighter and clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbow'd earth!
Rich apple-blossom'd earth!
Smile, for your lover comes!"

The poetic conception shown in these lines and the power to paint with words the beauties of the earth is unsurpassed in literature. They show Whitman's mastery of poetic expression and his ability to paint a scene in a single line. In drawing a picture, Whitman uses words that blend as truly as the colors of a painter. When you open "Leaves of Grass" your eye falls on a panorama. You hear the din and bustle of the city and see the peaceful fields of the country. Each picture is perfect and there is endless scope and variety of scene. If it be hard to pass from Tennyson's faultless artifice to Whitman's strong, free lines, it is much more difficult, when imbued with Whitman's manner, to reverse the process and return to Tennyson.

You feel a sense of suffocation and loss of strength that is akin to the sensation that one experiences when leaving the broad fields and free spaces of the country and entering the crowded city with its paved streets, smoky air and man-made scenery.

To know Walt Whitman is to love him, and having once become under the influence of his magnetic personality and sanity of mind, is to remain. He well says,

"I teach, straying from me,"

yet who can stray from him? No one who has once received the great blessings he so lavishly bestows.

Intellectual subtilities, the veneer and polish of culture were not highly esteemed by Whitman. He says:

"A morning-glory by my window satisfies me
More than the metaphysics of books;"

and again, speaking for nature's power:

"Logic and sermons never convince,
But the dampness of the night drives deeper into my soul."

Knowledge that comes from books is doubtless a great source of power, but, as the late Prof. Fiske said, it is also a source of weakness.

Many a man has become so refined that there is nothing left worth the having. What is needed in these days of feverish existence is the culture that leads to nature, not from her. Whitman takes us by the hand and travels a perpetual journey, which is described in a wonderful manner in his "Song of the Open Road." He teaches a wholesome lesson in these lines:

"You shall no longer take things at second or third hand,
Nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books.
You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me.
You shall listen to all sides and filter them for yourself."

We too often make our acquaintance with nature through books, instead of sustaining a personal relationship with the birds and beasts and flowers, and wandering through the wide forests and along the banks of its winding brooks. Whitman spent much of his time in the open air. He was familiar with nature in all her varying phases. The sunshine pleased him and the storm gave him equal joy. Nothing to him was insignificant or unworthy.

The following lines aptly disclose his attitude toward nature:

"I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a chef-d'œuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,
And the corn crunching with depressed head surpasses any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels."

Make yourself familiar with all trades and employments. Consider none of them unworthy. Sustain a close friendship to the birds and animals. Help the unfortunate. Always be charitable and forgiving, and then you will be in a proper attitude to appreciate Whitman. It is well, too, to keep these words in mind:

"If you would understand me, go to the heights or water shore.
The nearest gnat is an explanation and a drop or motion of waves, a key.
The maul, the oar, the handsaw second my words."

"Leaves of Grass" is a magnificent poetic utterance. The spirit that it effuses is that of real things. Its inspiration is drawn from teeming, pulsating vital nature. Doubt and despair have no place in its pages. Love, faith and comradeship for the men and women of all lands are contained in it in plethoric abundance. From this book you get strength to bear the burdens of life, and many joys before unknown to you will be yours. Reading "Leaves of Grass" will cause you to change many of your standards. You will feel a great liberating influence in its pages. Your views will become broader and your sense of justice will be much stimulated. You will see that a lofty spirit of religion breathes through "Leaves of Grass."

Whitman believed in the inherent goodness of his kind. He would make men religious by reminding them of their own divinity. He teaches them the nobility of a life of self-sacrifice and service. How the spirit of brotherhood speaks in these lines:

"I speak the pass-word primeval, I give the sign of democracy.
By God, I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms."

There is nothing of the preacher in Whitman, but there courses through his pages currents of goodness that give moral elevation to all who come within his influence.

"Theology pales its ineffectual fires" when confronted with the man who utters these words:

"There was never any more inception than there is now,
Nor any more youth nor age than there is now,
And will never be any more perfection than there is now,
Nor any more heaven or hell than there is now."

I will take leave of my reader with the following lines from Whitman, which I trust will give you comfort in the days that are to come:

"Nothing is ever really lost, or can be lost,
No birth, identity, form—no object of the world,
Nor life, nor force, nor any visible thing;
Appearance must not foil; no shifted sphere confuse thy brain.
Ample are time and space—ample the fields of Nature.
The body, sluggish, aged, cold—the embers left from earlier fires,
The light in the eye grown dim, shall duly flame again.
The sun now low in the west, rises for mornings and for noons continual;
To frozen clods ever the Spring's invisible law returns
With grass and flowers and summer fruits and corn."

THE COMING MAN

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Ah, not for the great departed,
Who formed our country's laws,
And not for the bravest hearted
Who died in freedom's cause;
And not for some living hero
To whom all bow the knee,
My muse would raise her song of praise,
But for the man to be.

For out of the strife which woman
Is passing through today
A man that is more than human
Will yet be born, I say.
A man in whose pure spirit
No dross of self will lurk,
A man who is strong to cope with wrong,
A man who is proud to work.

A man with hope undaunted,
A man with godlike power,
Shall come when he most is wanted,
Shall come at the needed hour.
He shall silence the din and clamor
Of clan disputing with clan,
And toil's long fight with purse-proud might
Shall triumph through this man.

I know he is coming, coming
To help, to guide, to save,
Though I hear no martial drumming,
And see no flags that wave.
But the great soul-travail of woman
And the bold free thought unfurled
Are heralds to say he is on the way,
The coming man of the world.

Mourn not for vanished ages
With their great, heroic men
Who dwell in history's pages
And live in the poet's pen.
For the grandest times are before us
And the world is yet to see
The noblest worth of this old earth
Is the men that are to be.

[What's the matter with me, Ella?—H. G. W.]

CORRESPONDENCE

Hobson on Knopfnagel.

LONDON, August 20, 1902.

MY DEAR WILSHIRE,—

I did not receive my usual WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE this month, doubtless due to the pleasing fact stated by you that you were 15,000 short in your printing. At the same time, don't do it again, for I look for WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE always with pleasurable anticipation. However, I found it on the Club table the other day. It was after a week's hard work for filthy lucre, so I settled myself down into an easy chair, produced the cigar of peace, had a cup of coffee placed at exactly the right angle so that I should not strain my elbow at the moments of sipping, and then, with a long-drawn-out sigh of contentment, said to myself: "What delightful entanglement has Wilshire been getting himself into this month?" In this spirit of research did I absorb the good things of the Magazine, but never an entanglement did I discover until I came to an article entitled "The Science of Modern Socialism," by Dr. Knopfnagel, and, lo and behold! instead of you it was I who found myself in an entanglement! Six solid columns does the worthy doctor devote to a few casual remarks of mine, and all to no purpose. For a moment I felt as if I had unintentionally put my hand into a chaff-cutting machine. I felt the numbness creeping up my arm, and thought I to myself, "My right hand has gone; I must look up the provisions of the Workmen's Compensation Act; yet, after all, it is good to receive the attentions of a worthy doctor, who, because he is a Socialist, could not collect $18 for professional attendance!" However, I thought I would pursue the doctor's line of argument, just to distract my thoughts from the pain of the chaff-cutting operation.

Dr. Knopfnagel starts out with some quite unexceptional remarks upon the silent working of the economic forces and of the "mystic nature of the mode of production that our professors here in America, as in the European universities, speak of men who made history, philosophy, etc., upon whose genius the life and progress of the world depends." Then follow some rather trite assertions: "It was not the great men who made history. It was not the great men who made philosophy or science or industry. But, on the contrary, men have been made great by history, philosophy, science and modern industry; and history, philosophy, science and industry and the great men all are the products of the environments as influenced by the mode of production." The concluding sentence here seems to me a little too absolute, even for a Marxian philosopher. But I let it pass. Then follows the chaff-cutting operation: "Our English friend, Mr. Hobson, shows very clearly that he believes everything great is due to the genius of men when he tells Wilshire (see his letter in February number):

'The more I study the economic side of the Socialist movement, the more vividly am I impressed with the need for capable men in the ranks of Socialism—not merely men able to make great speeches on platforms or to write brilliant articles in WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, but men capable of mastering every little detail of industry, so that they may be ready to face any and every industrial eventuality'—(Page 50, second column).

'Therefore, I say to the American Socialists, aim to impress the real bearing of the Trust question upon capable men. Capture the foremen of the various trades and make them good Socialists. This cannot be done by street corner gas works, but can only be managed by the advocates of Socialism showing themselves masters of the actual facts of industrial growth.' —(Page 51, second column)."

There are five more columns all devoted to similar criticisms, which need not be extensively noted, because the worthy doctor starts away with a NON SEQUITUR, which effectually vitiates the rest of his argument. Let me then assure Dr. Knopfnagel that I do NOT show very clearly that I believe everything great is due to the genius of men, in the sense attributed to me. The words of mine which he quotes do not lend the slightest sanction to any such sweeping generalization. Observe, for example, that I do not say that I am impressed with the PREDOMINANT need, or the ONE GREAT need, for capable men in the ranks of Socialism, but that I plead for special efforts in propaganda to secure for the cause of Socialism capable men, not merely on the platform or in journalism, but also in the sphere of industry. I should have thought that, as one who has been fighting in the ranks of Socialism for nearly

fifteen years, it was unnecessary expressly to postulate a recognition of the economic forces and the law of environment, particularly in writing upon such a restricted topic as methods of political propaganda.

I might leave the subject here, and say no more; but the contention running all through Dr. Knopfnagel's article is so wrong-headed and so calculated to paralyze Socialist efforts, and it is at the same time so typical of the school of IMPOSSIBILIST Socialism, that I venture yet a little more upon the hospitality of your columns. In the first place, it is evident that the Doctor's views on the inevitability of economic development were surging within him even to overflowing, and that in looking for a pertinent example, he dragged words of mine miles away from their natural meaning to illustrate something he wanted to say. In doing so, he was guilty of a literary impertinence. I have repeatedly, on English platforms, expressed my dissent from Carlyle's well-known aphorism that all history is the history of great men, and for reasons not in dissonance with those advanced by your Peoria sage. The thought therefore suggests itself whether the Doctor is in the habit of mangling the meaning of his political opponents in the way he has done mine. If so, his article is a striking exemplification of the truth embodied in my letter to you in your February number, which was, as I say, merely a plea for more competent men in the advocacy of Socialism. Take, for example, the Doctor's comments upon another sentence of mine, in which I say: "An incapable workman with a glib tongue can make more enemies for Socialism than any other agency I know. His shop-mates all say of him that he finds talking easier than working, and tell tales of his failures." The Doctor's inference from this is worth repeating: "In other words, because a workman does not work so hard, does not give so much of his life to his exploiter, because his mates—who are blind to their class interests, whose intellect has been warped, stunted and perverted by the capitalist mode of teaching and thinking, who allow the priests, ministers and rabbis and the prostitute editors of our press to do their thinking for them—'tell tales of his failures,' therefore the workman has no right to talk Socialism, therefore Socialism is no good." I begin to wonder whether Socialism is making strides in Peoria! Now, is it not time that this sort of niggling criticism both of friends and foes were dropped by Socialists? If the Doctor will think of it for a moment, he must see that the very development of the economic force to which he attaches so much importance, and which inevitably leads to Socialism, according to his own argument, is only possible with the advance of human skill, human organization, human capacity to march towards the light in obedience to these very laws.

"Ca' canny" may or may not be a paying policy for trades-unionists (as a matter of fact all responsible trades-unionists in this country reject it), but nothing can be so fatal to the progress of Socialist thought and development. I am not, however, arguing that point now, but quote the Doctor's words as another glaring example of the irresponsible way in which he attaches meanings to words obviously foreign to their true intent. Now, whether I am right or wrong in urging the importance of bringing into the Socialist movement "men capable of mastering every little detail of industry, so that they may be ready to face any and every industrial eventuality," one fact is certain: my critic's methods of controversy would damn any movement beyond all hope of resurrection.

The Doctor, adopting the usual Marxian formulae (with which, by the way, I have no quarrel) falls into the servile advocacy of a gospel of Socialist fore-ordination which out-Calvins Calvin. In the opinion of the Doctor, it does not in the least matter whether Socialism secures the good-will of the industrial captains and the capable foremen; the economic forces are at work, we are all the products of our environment; and accordingly, we have only to sit tight, and hey presto! the aforesaid economic forces over which we have no control, will bring about Socialism in due process of law. But this advocacy of Socialism by the delightful process of twiddling our thumbs, has one exception. "From what I have said, it follows that we do need men who can make good speeches on platforms and write brilliant articles in WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE," says Dr. Knopfnagel—as if I had denied the proposition! If my argument were such as that attributed to me, it would naturally cut myself off from Socialistic work in the future, for it is platform speaking and writing which I do myself. Now, with the old romanticist movements, with their purely political bearing—such movements, for example, as nationalism and the demand for political change—the effective methods of propaganda were undoubtedly the platform and the press. But Socialism is an entirely different proposition. It carries in its train industrial changes that strike at the root of social life; it portends (even step

by step) changes in the environments of each one of us individually, and particularly of the different social strata. Therefore, "Other times, other methods," and in my opinion, undoubtedly effective work can be done by proving to these captains of industry, these competent foremen and others, that their bread is buttered on the Socialist side and not upon the side of private capitalism. And I repeat that these men are antagonized by the incapable workmen with glib tongues, and by the senseless clap-trap which so often passes for argument upon Socialist platforms; that, in the very interests of Socialism, which the doctor and I both equally reverence, it is our business to show to all and sundry that from time to time, as industrial change becomes possible in whatever department of life it may be, we Socialists can say, "We have the men, we have the tools, we have the money, too!" I would remind Dr. Knopfnagel that these very economic laws which he says are working around us all the time, and over which we have no control, are in themselves not of supernatural but of strictly human origin and impulse. That being the case, it is humanly possible to modify, and it may well be even to change their direction. And certainly, with our scientific knowledge to help us, the end and aim of our propaganda must be, not only to secure intellectual conviction, but also to expedite the economic movement. Therefore I say, "Talk Socialism to the boot and shoe maker with leather: to the iron and steel worker talk Socialism in terms of the blast-furnace, and to the doctor why not talk Socialism in terms of salts and senna?" Which reminds me of a story, with which I will conclude. Some years ago I went to a Socialist meeting in London with my friend Bernard Shaw. Shaw was, in those days, keen upon municipal progress (he is always keen about something or another.) At the end of his address, one of Dr. Knopfnagel's prototypes rose and denounced all Shaw had said as being "gas and water Socialism." Said he: "If Mr. Shaw wants something really practical in the direction of Socialism, why does not he nationalize the medical profession? It is the poor who want medical attendance, and the State should supply it." "Ah," said the courtly Shaw, "I entirely agree with my friend. I may remark that I had even thought of advocating this very proposal, but I knew that if I did so my friend would probably rise and denounce me for advocating salts-and-senna Socialism!"

Yours, still unregenerate,

S. G. HOBSON.

Note on Bax's Letter.

I invite you to observe, my dear Wilshire, that our admired and ingenious Bax does not make the slightest attempt to contradict my definite accusation against the Social-Democratic Federation and Independent Labor Party: to wit, that at their last annual conference they had not a word to say about Socialism, and confined themselves to ordinary Radicalism plus a resolution in favor of what Bax insists on calling female suffrage. All that Bax has to say in reply is that female suffrage is a piece of idiocy, thus going a step further in condemnation of his colleagues than I did. He says that I "rail at Socialist bodies for including in their programs items accepted also by the Radicals;" but here he misses my point: what I objected to was not the inclusion of Radical resolutions at the conferences, but the exclusion of all other resolutions, including Socialist ones. If I am wrong, nothing is easier than to quote the resolutions which differentiated these conferences from Radical Conferences. But there are none to quote. The conferences were so possessed with Bax's opinion that "in so far as Radicalism has failed to complete its historical task, the uncompleted portions of that task devolve upon the Socialism that is its successor," that they threw over Socialism altogether, and concentrated themselves on supporting the most violently liberal, Radical and Non-conformist types of anti-Socialism in their attitude on the War and the Education Bill. Compare their echoes of the National Liberal Federation and the Liberal and Radical Union on these burning questions with the perfectly independent and original utterances of the Fabian Society and you will see that the moment you bring Bax's favorite stalwarts down from their rhetorical balloons to the solid ground of practical politics they are sound individualist Chartist Radicals, whereas the Fabian Society, which has trained itself on the ground and not in the air, invariably strikes a distinct note, which you may approve of or not as the case may be, but which cannot be confounded for a moment with the note either of Conservatism, Jingoism, Liberalism, or Radicalism.

"Fabianism," says Bax, "is nothing more than a movement for the aggrandisement and ascendancy of the civil servant, in other words, of the Bureaucracy." When you read this, you no doubt rubbed your eyes to see whether you were really reading Bax, and not Ricardo or McCulloch. Why of course, Fabianism is a movement for the ascendancy of the civil

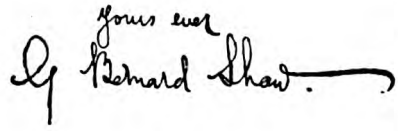
servant. What else is Socialism but a proposal to replace the private speculator by the public servant of the whole community? What are you advocating at present but the management of the Trusts by the American nation: that is, the dethronement of Messrs. Carnegie, Schwab, Pierpont Morgan and Company, and the transfer of their industrial functions to a Bureaucracy? Bureaucracy was a term of abuse in the mouths of the Whig; but the Socialist theory, pushed to its logical conclusion, would make every citizen a civil servant. Could you have a more striking proof of the fact that what Bax and his friends sympathize with in Socialism is not its true diagnostic of collectivism but the purely accidental insurrectionism which it inherited from regicide Liberalism, than his naive plea that the Fabians must be imposters because they want to set up a bureaucracy and have no patience with the melodrama of the barricade? And Bax, remember, is none of your muddleheads who are incapable of analytic thinking: he is the philosopher of the movement. If he writes to you as Benjamin Franklin might if he were alive, it is not that he knows nothing about Hegel. It is simply that the moment you scratch the Hegelian you find the true Krugerite, English bourgeois, the old Republican, the Protestant, the fierce asserter of personal rights, the man with the sovereign private judgment in his heart and the Bible in his hand. The gifted Jew who wrote his Bible may not have been Jeremiah or Amos, but Marx: no matter, the inner will is the same.

Now I do not blame Bax for this. I am myself all that I say he is. I am even an admirer of Marx, and think Das Capital a literary masterpiece still capable of opening men's eyes to the atrocity of the capitalist regime which followed the Industrial Revolution, though Marx's stupendous ignorance of the history, the character, and the organization of the English working classes, not to mention his bogus economics and his affectation of the sort of erudition that was most alien to his genius, have sent it to the scrap heap as a textbook. When Bax reads this, he will feel exactly as Mr. Kruger would feel if he heard Bax talking about the Bible; and if I were to add, as I might with perfect truth, that nothing in the revolutionary literature of 1848, to which period all Marx's writing belongs generically, is now worth the worst chapter in Sidney Webb's Industrial Democracy, which is the greatest economic and political treatise produced since Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, I believe that Bax would give me up as stark mad, and would even go the length of running for sympathy to our friend Hyndman (need I explain, by the way, that these two champions of the Social-Democratic Federation have been fighting a battle royal in the Federation newspaper, Justice, and have had to be separated by the editor on the point of scandalizing the rank and file by painful personal disparagements). For all this I blame Bax no more than you do. We Socialists are stubborn individualists, insubordinate, combative, Republican, Protestant, and all the rest of it. Socialism is from one point of view, the discovery that the maximum of individual freedom can only be attained through the abandonment of individualism in industry, and the organization of the production and distribution of the material conditions of existence so as to baffle the tendency of the individual to get more and do less than his share at the expense of other individuals. What I do blame Bax for is his making Socialism a mere stalking horse for Tory shooting, and deliberately appealing to the individualism of the crowd to rouse them against the Fabian demonstration of the absolute necessity of postponing the claims of that individualism until a basis of real freedom has been secured for it by a development of Socialism sufficient to secure a good standard of life for the community.

In the event of "a harmless and industrious workman" (have you any of them in America, by the way?) being set upon by Hooligans and robbed of his tools (just the last thing a Hooligan would rob him of), and in the further event of a conference of professed Socialists joining all the ordinary papers in the usual clamor for police activity and flogging and so on, coupled with the inevitable attempt on the part of the Opposition in parliament to persuade the country that the Hooligans were probably supporters of the Government, I should in that case unhesitatingly utter the phrase which Bax has drafted as an impossible enormity, and tell them that they had not a breath of the old Collectivism stirring among them. Can you imagine the brilliant and heterodox Bax whom you knew, regarding the South African war as a wicked assault by a Hooligan named Chamberlain upon a harmless and industrious old gentleman named Kruger? Can you do nothing to bring him to his senses?

I wish, by the way, that you would edit your paper more carefully, and not allow scraps from the Times to get mixed up with Bax's letters.

That bit about the "rottenness" of New Zealand as a consequence of its experiments in Socialism is one of the favorite sallies of the correspondents who from time to time inform our leading newspaper that the Fabianizing of New Zealand labor politics has led that colony to the verge of bankruptcy. These gentlemen are invariably most miserably exposed and smashed next day by Pember Reeves, the New Zealand Agent General, so that they are getting rather chary of trying it on again. It is really too bad of you to affiliate such reactionary stuff on Bax. Or can it be that because the New Zealand Premier, Seddon, took the side of Chamberlain (and put on a good deal of it) in the war, that Bax has abandoned even the pretence of Socialism and —but no; I will not believe it. Confess that it was a mistake in the make-up of your columns.



Bax's Rejoinder to Shaw's Letter.

MY DEAR WILSHIRE:

Thanks for sending me Shaw's note, to which I cheerfully reply with withers utterly unwrung. As to the two last conferences, of the S. D. F. and I. L. P. (for the LATTER of which bodies I am in no way responsible BIEN ENTENDU) I can only say that I fail to see anything in Shaw's point. The S. D. F. at least is well-known to be a Socialist body with the program of International Social Democracy emblazoned (may I say) on its banner. All the year round it is preaching Socialism, and on suitable occasions issuing manifestoes. This being so, I cannot see the necessity of taking up the precious time of its annual Conference when so many business and domestic matters have to be discussed, in passing resolutions designed to reassure the world of a fact the world has known all along. The same line of argument, I suppose, would apply to the I. L. P. Had there been any special matter before the public, as often happens, demanding the accentuation of the great economic gulf between Socialism and Radicalism, then the case would have been different. But on the occasions referred to there was not. The war and the education bill were the chief topics of immediate public interest. Now, on these subjects, especially on that of the war, there is little or no essential difference of view between Socialists and that section of the Radical party that remains true to its colors. That Shaw describes the resolutions passed on the above questions as "types of Anti-Socialism" simply means that they were types of Anti-Fabianism, which again, being interpreted, means that they were types of a doctrine disliked by Messrs. Shaw and Webb. Shaw asks us to compare them "with the perfectly independent and original utterances of the Fabian Society," i. e., of himself and Webb (Shaw furnishing the wit and literary style, and Webb the Economics). Well, now, that's just what I object to in the binary star of Fabianism, the assumption that it (or they) has always COUTE QUE COUTE got to be original. Fabianism must not at any cost rub shoulders with anyone else! It must be superior and unique! I venture to submit that this perpetual attitudinizing is artificial, absurd, and conduces to no purpose other than the gaiety of middle-class readers who appreciate Shaw's style. It is unhistorical to suppose that Socialism springs up, like Athene out of the head of Zeus, SUI GENERIS (i. e., absolutely, not relatively so—the latter it undoubtedly is) and entirely severed from the past. If Shaw's words mean anything, they mean that Socialism is absolutely cut off from everything else. But Shaw and Webb (i. e., the Fabian Society) are not consistent, and it would be impossible for them to be so. They zealously eschew old-fashioned Radicalism, it is true, but only to truckle to new-fashioned "Rule Britannia" jingoism. (See their pamphlet on the British Empire and its management). Their solution is Jingoism plus sublimated Bureaucracy.

Now, as to this Bureaucracy, to further which the Fabian Society exists. Shaw with perfect justice says that Socialism would "replace the private speculator by the public servant of the community," and further on that "Socialism would make every citizen a public servant." This, though sound enough as doctrine, you will observe does not affect my criticism one whit. The public servant for the Capitalist Class-State for whom the Fabian Society is concerned, is NOT the public servant of the community. He and the State he serves exist as a CLASS apart from the mass of the community. Not until THE PROLETARIAT AS A CLASS has asserted its political and economic supremacy over the exploiting classes, will these classes begin to disappear, and not till they have disappeared as

classes, can we with any truth speak of that "community" as existing, the Socialist community, of which, as Shaw says, every citizen will be a civil servant. At present we have a Bureaucracy, and a Bureaucracy, as such, is a nasty thing today quite as much as in the days of Ricardo and McCulloch. I, for my part, cannot so severely blame our Radical friends when they are inclined to "funk" the "Socialism" a la Shaw and Webb, which would give virtually absolute power into the hands of this Bureaucracy.

Of the New Zealand imposture and the man Seddon I will say nothing further, save that we Social Democrats, myself included, appraised the whole farce at its true value long before the war, and when Seddon might, for aught we know, have developed into a sound pro-Boer. Happily a Social-Democratic movement has begun in New Zealand, which, let us hope, will effectively combat Seddonism.

Shaw talks about Marx's "stupendous ignorance of the history and character of the English working-classes," about "Das Kapital" having been "sent to the scrap-heap as a text-book," etc., and then alleges that on reading his performance in the above style I shall feel like Mr. Kruger would if he heard me talking (in terms of the "higher criticism," I suppose) on the subject of the Bible. No, my dear Wilshire, it is not so. Mr. Kruger would doubtless be pained and shocked at my views. I am amused with Shaw's jokes. I am always amused with a friend's jokes, or try to be. Kruger would lament. I laugh. Similarly, when Shaw compares "Das Kapital" disparagingly to Sidney Webb's "Industrial Democracy" (a book, moreover, such as it is, that has been anticipated in essentials in Germany) which he calls "the greatest economic and political treatise" produced since Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," I do not regard Shaw as mad. Not in the least. I only recognize an old and familiar type of Shawesque joke. If anyone discourses in Shaw's presence on the sublimity of Mont Blanc, Shaw will immediately insist with emphasis that Mont Blanc is not a patch upon Primrose Hill in point of natural scenery. Only this particular vein of humor is, if I might suggest it, getting just a little bit "used up" even with a man of Shaw's cleverness—Shaw should try another lode. He has worked the paradox-joke long enough.

I must beg leave to stand by my parallel as to the Hooligan and the robbed and outraged workman. The Hooligan was not alone Chamberlain, but the whole corrupt and swindling gang of financial capitalists who, sticking at nothing, machined the dastardly plunder-and-murder raid in South Africa against a peaceful nation of farmers. Shaw seems, by the way, to think it a supreme joke that anyone should suggest that a Hooligan could possibly be a supporter of the government. Those of us who have had anything to do with pro-Boer meetings during the last three years would be interested to know what else Hooligans are! Really G. B. S.' rancour against anything and everything Radical is outrunning his wit and making him write fatuous things.

But, to return to the main point, Shaw will say, "You are allowing sentiment to run away with you; the Boers were retrograde and outside the path of progress, and therefore had to be swept out of the way." Now, my dear Wilshire, apart from ethical, or, as Shaw would call them, sentimental, considerations, I contend that every consistent Socialist, on purely economic grounds, must necessarily back the Boers and every other people that stand in the way of that so-called PROGRESS which means CAPITALISTIC EXPANSION! As you well know, so long as the capitalist can effectively open up new markets, the old civilized ones, as you have so ably shown, being played out for him, and so long as he can get ever fresh supplies of cheap black labor, the capitalist system will continue. It is the final giving out of all available markets that will finish the system. Now, "progress," as understood in the present day, simply means the exploitation of new peoples and new regions of the earth for the purpose of giving capitalism a longer lease of life. But we Socialists don't want to do that. The Fabians apparently do. Hence the seemingly depraved Radicalism of our attitude and Fabian remonstrances thereto.

In conclusion, I can again assure G. B. S. that though a Communist, I can, under the present dispensation, rigorously respect his trousers' pockets, and similarly, that, though an Internationalist, I regard frontiers, in the present day, as absolutely inviolable! Funny, isn't it?

Believe me, my dear Wilshire,

Yours ever,

Ernest Belfort Bax

[The article to which Mr. Shaw refers and which Mr. Bax defends, appeared in our August issue under the caption of "Shaw and Fabianism," by Mr. Bax.]

BLOOMINGTON, Illinois, Sept. 26, 1902.

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE:

DEAR SIR,—Having seen notices of WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE by people one is bound to respect, I addressed a card which brought me your September number, and after careful reading I could do nothing less than send you a greeting across the prairies.

I have been a careful observer of the movements, social and economic, of modern times; I have tried to discover the mainspring of these movements; I have looked intently to find their natural and logical ending, but thus far I am not sure of the causes or of the ending of modern economic confusions.

I see mankind, especially in the United States, in great unrest. The surface of things is in agitation—a degree of agitation prophetic of upheaval—while at the heart of things there is a strong passion of discontent.

I have been conscious of the fact that every effort which has been made to quiet the turbulencies only increases the agitation. The logical conclusion is—a storm coming!

As the years go by no relief comes. Men and women are arrayed against each other in fiercest social and business antagonisms. The poor and the needy are trampled under foot, or killed off in wars gotten up to enlarge the dominion and power of oppressors. So unlike the teaching of the Great Teacher of mankind is the spirit of our country that one, not knowing the contrary, would say, "Those people have never heard of Him of Nazareth."

What is to be the outcome of it all? That question we ask ourselves time and again, and no answer is borne to our ears.

In the last six months my mind has been feeling out to grasp a struggling truth, which does seem, the closer it is inspected, to be a ray of genuine light in the darkness—does seem to be a voice, under breath, whispering, in emphasized words, a better hope for mankind. That ray of light and whispered word are from the face and lips of Socialism. Is it possible that despised Socialism is to become the chief stone of the corner?—the economic Redeemer of mankind?

The September number of your magazine, the first I have seen of the publication, was of unusual interest. Your editorials, and the contributions of Prof. John S. Pyle and others, were read with much care, and they drew my sympathies into their current of thought.

The antagonisms of the present must end, as all battles end, with the triumph of one party or the other in contest. One ending of the strife will be worse than the battle, while the triumph of labor, if wisely conducted and followed, may bring in the millennial dawn. The Right is bound to win in the end.

May its day of triumph hasten!

H. O. HOFFMAN.

CHICAGO, ILL., August 9, 1902.

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:

I am still receiving your magazine, although I am not entitled to it any longer. Of course, I want it, and I look forward to its coming with genuine interest. That I have not renewed my subscription is, therefore, not a sign of lacking appreciation. I am fully alive to the value of "WILSHIRE'S" as an exponent of clear and scientific Socialism, to the literary excellence of its contents, and to the unequalled originality of its editor. But working for Socialism and supporting a family under capitalism are occupations that do not tend to lift a man to that enviable plane of respectability where he can spare a whole dollar for the luxury of a high-class magazine without taking it out of the fund needed to buy shoes for the children or medicine for an invalid wife. Voila tout.

Now, I don't want to miss a copy of WILSHIRE'S, and so I concluded that I would try to get it in exchange for a contribution which I take the liberty to inclose. That would satisfy my sense of independence and relieve you of the double dilemma of sending out a magazine to a non-subscriber and adding an additional burden to your no doubt considerable gain and loss account.

I hope you will succeed in getting the support of as large a circle of readers as you desire and deserve, and I remain, with sincere wishes for your success, Yours fraternally,

PROF. ERNEST UNTERMANN.

SPRINGPORT, Mich., Sept. 10, 1902.

MY DEAR MR. WILSHIRE:

Your article entitled "The True Joy of Life" in your September issue should be read by every one-sided temperance agitator, and there are many.

Yes, the true Elixir of Life is to live, and when the opportunity to quaff off this cup is permitted whiskey will be at a discount.

The educational quality of your magazine is of the highest, and cannot fail to accomplish great good. It is with pleasure that I read it from month to month. (MRS.) MARION TODD.

TO THE VOTERS of THE 10th CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT, NEW YORK

Do you wish to abolish poverty? You will say, of course, you do.

But you will add that it can't be done. This is a mistake.

It is true you cannot, and neither can I, abolish poverty, but, nevertheless, poverty can be abolished if you and I can get enough other people to help us in the task.

There is nothing impossible about abolishing poverty. The only difficulty lies in getting people to see that it can be done. There is enough of wealth in the world to make everybody wealthy if it were only properly distributed. The trouble is that those who produce the wealth don't get it.

It is not owing to "under-production" that we have poverty. On the contrary, what we all fear today is "over-production," for when that happens men cannot get work, and so they starve to death because there is too much food.

See what a vicious circle we are in. Is it not an absurdity that because the baker has more bread than he can sell, you cannot get a job baking bread, and, therefore, you can't get the wages to buy bread, and, therefore, since he has more bread than he can sell, and as you can't buy the bread you want for the lack of wages, you must starve, because there is too much bread? How ridiculous! You might say that you would never see yourself starving if you knew there was bread at hand. This is precisely what everybody else thinks, but we all know that plenty of people do starve every month, here in New York City, notwithstanding there is plenty of bread here. However, it would not help general conditions any if a few of us did make a raid on the bakeries and take the bread when we were hungry. We could not do it more than once, for the next time the baker would either have plenty of police to guard his shop, and if he did not then feel safe, he would buy no flour and bake no bread for us to take.

It is not the fault of the baker that we don't get bread. We all know that he is simply subject to the same condition that all the rest of us are. He must find a market for his bread or he will go bankrupt, exactly as the workman must find a market for his labor or go hungry.

The reason why we don't get food in the midst of plenty is simply because our competitive wage system prevents us distributing to ourselves what we produce.

A man's labor is valued not at what it produces, but at what the employer can hire an unemployed man for to take his place. There are always plenty of unemployed men who are forced to take any wage that will give them simply a

bare living, and as long as such labor is to be had in abundance no employer will pay a higher wage.

As the workers are the great consuming class, it follows that when the wages they are paid do not allow them to buy back the enormous product which is now the result of their labor, assisted by modern machinery, then a glut in the market must result. More is produced than can be sold. We then have what is called "over-production," which simply means that we have produced more than the existing competitive system allows us to distribute. The remedy is not to be found in diminishing production, but in increasing the facilities of distribution. Shortly, to give every man what he produces.

The only way to effect this is by the abolition of the competitive wage system, which makes men starve because they produce in abundance, and the substitution of the co-operative system which will allow them to get what they produce. However, in order to have co-operation in distribution, we must first have the public ownership of the means of production.

We must have governmental ownership of the railways, coal mines, oil refineries, etc.

We can grow the wheat and grind the flour and bake the bread in plenty for all, but we have not yet learned the lesson of how to get the bread after we bake it. The reason why we don't get the bread is because we don't own the fields that grow the wheat, the mills that grind the flour, and the bakeries that bake the bread.

You never hear of a rich man starving or freezing. Why? Simply because he owns the machinery that produces what he wants. If you own a coal mine you will never freeze for the want of coal.

However, man wants more than coal. He wants more than bread. He, therefore, must own more than a coal mine and a bake oven. He must own all the machinery of production if he wishes to enjoy all the fruits of the earth. He must own the land, the railways, the wheat fields, the coal mines, the great flour mills, the sugar refineries; in fact, all that is necessary to produce what he wants. He must own the trusts.

When he owns all these things, all this wealth, he will certainly be freed from the dread of poverty, and particularly from the fear of starving because of his producing too much to eat.

Now, to own all these great machines, the railways and the coal mines, etc., we must abolish the individual ownership of this wealth by Morgan & Co.

It would do no good to *divide* up Morgan's railways among us. We could not give every man a spike, or a rail, or a car-wheel, or a brick out of a railway depot and effect an equality ownership of railways by any such absurd method. The railway systems must be kept intact as a great organization of industry, but instead of letting them remain in Morgan's ownership, we must place them in Uncle Sam's ownership. We must own them ourselves instead of Morgan.

We must have governmental ownership of the railways, just as we have governmental ownership of the post-office and the city ownership of public schools and public parks.

This is the Socialist solution of the problem of "How to Abolish Poverty."

Let the American people own America instead of letting Morgan own America.

"*Let the Nation Own the Trusts.*"

Let the products of industry be distributed to the producers upon the basis of what they produce, under a co-operative plan, instead of under the present

competitive plan, which forces the workers to accept wages that merely allow them the very least they can subsist upon.

If you wish to own your country and get what you produce, you have only to say so in order to realize your wish.

The way to say so is by voting for the Social Democratic Party. That is the party which stands for the public ownership of the United States by the people, instead of the present private ownership by Morgan & Co.

If you vote for the Republican party or for the Democratic party you are simply declaring that you prefer Morgan, Vanderbilt, Gould & Company owning the country rather than own it yourself.

You vote to perpetuate poverty.

If you wish to abolish poverty, the way for you to say so is by voting the Social Democratic ticket.

It is true that the Democratic party is now advocating the governmental ownership of coal mines. It is taking up an issue that the Social democratic party has been advocating for the last twenty years. It is a good issue, too; that is, as far as it goes: but it really don't go very far. Man wants coal, and he should own the mines from whence it is dug if he wishes to be sure of getting it, but coal is not everything in life.

Man wants other things than coal. He wants bread; he wants meat. Why, if it is right that the Government should own the Coal Trust, is it not right that the Government should own the Flour Trust and the Beef Trust?

The Democrats promise you a hod of coal, the Republicans promise you a tin bucket of cold victuals, the Socialist promises you all the wealth of the earth. It is for you to make the choice. Let men have all the fruits of the earth.

While the Social Democratic party emphasizes principles rather than men, yet we recognize that the electors should have some assurance that the candidate will faithfully endeavor to carry out the platform upon which he is elected.

I may say, that in soliciting the suffrages of the voters of the Tenth District of New York, to be returned to the Congress of the United States, that I have a consistent record in the advocacy of Socialism for the last fifteen years.

Let your souls have bodies fit to inhabit.

This is my programme, and if you wish it carried out, then vote for Wilshire.

Twelve years ago I was nominated by the Socialists for Congress in California. Eleven years ago I made Socialist speeches in this very Tenth District of New York, when a Socialist candidate for Attorney-General of the State of New York. Since then I have been a candidate for office a number of times, and always as the regular Socialist nominee.

I formerly published a magazine in New York, known as "WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE," but as it has been denied publishers' rates by the United States Post-office, owing to its advocacy of Socialism, I have been forced to take it to Canada to print, in order to continue its publication. It seems to me, that with such a record, no voter can have the excuse that he believes in Socialism, but is not sure that I will carry out its mandates if I am elected.

I can only ask you to take a chance upon voting for what you want, even if you don't get it, rather than voting for poverty, and being sure of getting it.

Faithfully yours,

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE,

Social Democratic Candidate for Congress, Tenth District, New York.

October 10, 1902.

IRIS : PINERO'S NEW PLAY

The new play which we expect annually from Pinero appears in "Iris," with Miss Virginia Harned in the title roll. As usual, the press makes a screech about the morbid tendencies of such plays and their bad effect upon the public. The heroine, Iris, appears on the scene originally as a young widow who has been left a great deal of money by her husband on condition that she does not marry again. She is apparently evading this provision by her relations with an impecunious young gentleman whom she would probably have married had it not been for her husband's will. The villain of the play, a rich man, has proposed marriage to her, and she has rejected it because she loves the poor young man. However, the solicitor who has charge of her late husband's estate, absconds with her money, and the young man in the meanwhile having gone to British Columbia to seek his fortune, she is stranded upon the world with an annuity of $750. The villain again appears on the scene and offers her his check book, which she at first refuses with tremendous indignation; but he insists upon leaving it with her even if it is only for her to burn up. Then a young lady appears who announces that she has a career before her if she can only borrow £400 to go into business. Iris immediately takes the fatal step and writes a check for £400. It seems to me that this is an extraordinarily well-drawn episode for the depiction of the hysterical character which Iris represents. She is a young woman who has been protected from all fear of poverty, living a butterfly life, indulging every extravagance which might come into her mind, yet withal having high ideals which she would have lived up to under tne ordinary circumstances of life. It would probably have been impossible for her to have drawn the first check out of that book for herself; yet, when a young woman calls upon her who has practically no need for money, and who is sure to waste it in a Utopian business venture, Iris immediately indulges herself by writing the check. She gradually uses up all the money on deposit in the bank against which the checks are to be drawn, and then the villain presents her with a key to a beautiful little flat in London, and what may be expected follows. It should be said, however, that previous to taking the key and the flat, she had gone through all the horrors of poverty, living in a cheap district in London for an indefinite time, pawning her clothes, and, in fact, learning what a hell this earth is when one has no money and doesn't know how to make any.

Life in the flat progresses anything

MISS VIRGINIA HARNED

but merrily. The villain, outside of the fact that he premeditated her ruin in revenge for her refusal of him, is not a half-bad fellow, and does about all a gentleman could be expected to do under the circumstances, and even more, as he is continually wishing her to marry him. This she refuses to do, chiefly because she still has a great love for the young man who is in British Columbia. Finally the young man returns, apparently as poor as he went away, and finds her in the flat. The villain having discovered that he is coming, becomes an eavesdropper. There was nothing much for him to hear, however, except that the young man professes himself as very sorry for her fall from the paths of virtue, and bows himself out for the last time, without more ado. I might say right here that this young chap is really the true villain in the plot, although nobody seems to identify him as such. Then comes in the stage villain, and after upbraiding her, turns her out into the street again to starve, and the play ends.

I do not know that I have ever seen a play before that represents the tremendous terror that poverty must have for a woman of wealth. She knows that Iris is not very far from what must be her own plight in case her friends and money depart. What can she do? She has no training to make a living. She is, of course, much worse off than a woman born without money, not only because she doesn't know how to make a living, but because if she does make a living she immediately loses cast with her associates. To live we must have a society to live within, and it is about as impossible for a person of the upper class to live in lower class society, and to a certain extent *vice versa*, as it is for a fish to live out of water. We may regard all this as absurd, but it is nevertheless a biological fact. The average person, having been born into one social environment and lived in it for a number of years, cannot find any life worth living outside of that environment.

The press depict Iris as a most abandoned creature, and one that should not have been placed upon the stage on account of the moral harm which the depiction of such characters does to "the young person." They are always crying for what they call moral plays. A play in reality cannot be moral or immoral, any more than a picture or a piece of statuary can be moral or immoral. It is simply a representation of a certain phase of society. It may be true or untrue, but it cannot be moral or immoral. Iris is certainly an exaggeration, but it is often necessary to exaggerate in order to give the true impression. If Pinero had finished up his play by having the villain moralize upon the subject of poverty and how it had degarded the soul of Iris, and declared that Socialism would remove the poverty which was the cause of all the trouble, it would have been simply ridiculous; but to the Socialist this is the lesson that Pinero conveys in his "Iris." Pinero is certainly the best of our English dramatists, and the fact that he presents for the first time a play based upon the loss of a woman's soul through the loss of her money, is strongly indicative of the spirit of the times. It is not so many years ago when such an idea would have been scouted. In fact, under feudalism a woman had no property, and therefore couldn't lose it. It is purely a modern thing for women to have property; and for them to lose their property and through this to lose their souls is something so entirely modern that our literary men have hardly begun to comprehend all the possibilities which such an incident presents.

Oscar Asche, who portrays the villain, does it exceedingly well. As for Virginia Harned, I could not imagine the hysterical woman better portrayed than by this talented actress.

CURRENT EVENTS

Certainly the great event of the past month was the calling down to Washington by the President of the coal operators to meet John Mitchell in conference.

At this writing (Oct. 4) when I read the morning papers' account of the absolutely unbending attitude taken by the operators, it does seem to me that we are certainly near the parting of the ways. If the people of the United States have never before had an event to awaken them to the menace of allowing their natural resources to be held by a few man like Baer and Morgan, they certainly now have it this morning.

Here we are in New York with winter upon us, and a conflict of opinion as to wages to be paid the miners prevents us getting the fuel absolutely necessary to the life of our citizens. The miners say that they will take whatever terms arbitration will decide them to be entitled to. The owners of the mines say that they own the mines, and that if the miners do not take what wages they offer they must go without any wages at all, that the miners may starve, and that the people of New York may freeze.

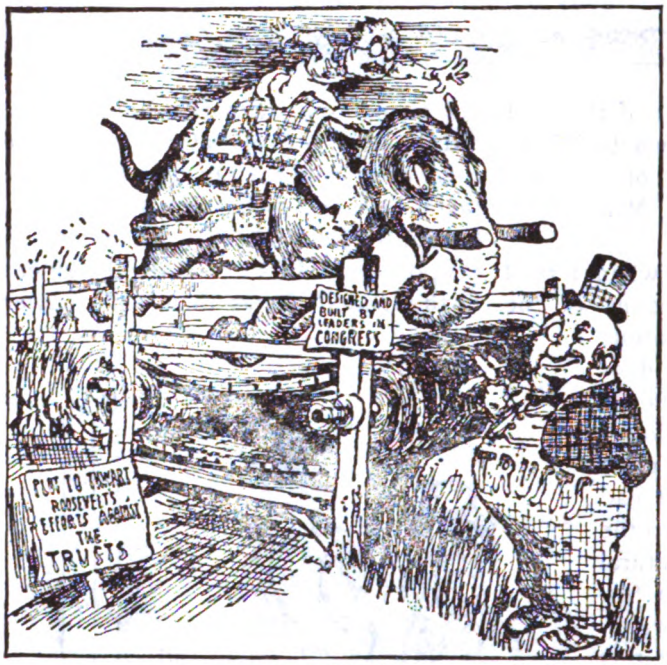
President Roosevelt is right in viewing such a condition of affairs as being a menace to the life of the nation, and that it is of absolute necessity that it shall be ended. He calls the miners and operators together and the result is as stated.

I cannot see, with the light I have today, how the operators can recede *voluntarily* from the position they have taken without losing all self-respect. Certainly John Mitchell must stay in his position. It is up to the President of the United States to use his power to force somebody to move. He cannot, even though he wished, force the miners to go to work. The only remedy he has against the miners is to starve them into submission, and that is exactly what Baer is now trying to do, and it is a failure.

The Gentleman From Maine Will Test His Strength.
—Minneapolis Journal.

The impossibility of forcing the miners to move, and the absolute necessity of moving somebody, makes it appear to me that the President will be forced to move Baer. Roosevelt certainly can make Baer move away from

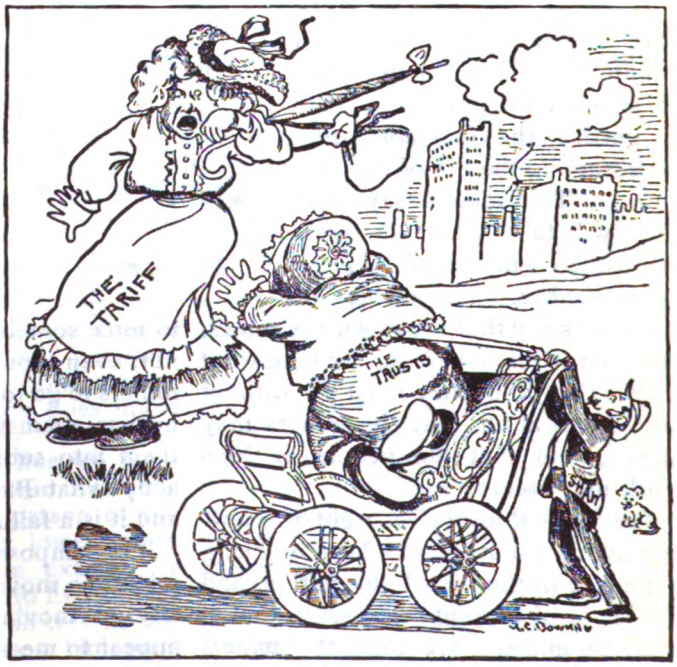
the coal mines and tell John Mitchell to turn his men into those mines, and he can pay the miners the wages that will induce them to work.



Tricked Again —The Boston Herald.

It seems to me the position that President Roosevelt has placed himself in really forces him to do exactly what I have outlined. However, if he does, then he is practically denying the right to private property. That he is brave enough to do this, I have my doubts; yet on the other hand I do not see what else he can do. That Baer should have allowed matters to get to such a crisis is only another instance of the incredible folly of autocratic power. Baer has forced the people of the United States to look to Socialism as their only hope when a great emergency has arisen. It may, of course, be taken for granted that once the people have learned how easy it is to get coal by assuming possession of the coal mines, that they will not forget the lesson when they happen to want beef and think of the Beef Trust.

The Democratic Party of New York has incorporated into its platform a demand for the governmental ownership of coal mines. We are never going to stop at coal mines.



THE TRUSTS—"Mamma! Mamma! There's my mamma!"
SECRETARY SHAW—"My dear child, you have no mother. You just growed."
—Minneapolis Journal.

The Socialist Party offers the people of the United States not only the coal mines, but ALL the resources of the country. Who would take a scuttle of coal from the Democrats, or a tin bucket of cold victuals from the Republicans, when he can have the full bill of fare at Delmonico's by voting for Socialism?

The President is not the only one looking for trouble. Another man who is booked for an embarrassing position is Mr. Littlefield, of Maine. If ever he becomes Speaker of the next House, and thinks he is going to satisfy the country by proposing any of the old-fashioned anti-trust laws, he will find himself much mistaken. The only remedy the people will listen to is "Let the Nation Own the Trusts."

Mr. W. R. Hearst will certainly be in the next Congress, as he has been nominated by the Democrats from a safe district in New York. I count on him to be as insistent in Congress for Public Ownership of the Trusts as he is now in the editorials of his great newspapers. The people will not be fooled forever by any stage-play action from the Republican Party. It is up to Roosevelt to show what he means to actually do. The time for words has passed.

There is, of course, considerable effort made in some quarters to show that the tariff is the mother of the Trusts, but the Republicans have had little trouble in proving that theory to be a fallacy. The Standard Oil Trust proves that a Trust needs no tariff. There is no tariff on anthracite coal, but the Coal Trust lives all right.

I have no doubt but that Hanna must have great satisfaction in seeing the dilemma that Morgan has placed himself in by not allowing things to go to the arbitration of the Civic Federation instead of to the President of the United States. Morgan might then have backed down gracefully. As it is now, it seems to me that if he does give in to Mitchell, and he must, it will be felt by him to be the humiliating event of his life.

THE PEDESTRIAN—"Aw, tell your troubles to a policeman."
—The Salt Lake Herald.

The idea that some people pretend to hold that the presence of troops is rendered necessary owing to lawlessness of the miners is an entire fallacy. There are few, if any, miners who would go back to work even if they were assured the fullest protection. Anarchy and lawlessness exist only in the vivid imagination of Baer and his lackey newspapers.

However, there is revolution in the air, but it is not a revolution of crime or bloodshed. It is a revolution of men's minds. They are commencing to see the iniquity of the existing competitive system. The conference that the President has called so unavailingly is to me but the Shadow of the Great Committee of Public Health that is sure to be called upon by the people, and which will spontaneously arise some day and put an end to the present reign of the plutocracy.

"With You Out of the Way, We Wouldn't Need Him."
—The New York Herald.

DIVINE BAER.

DIVINE BAER.

BAER of Pennsylvania Baer of high heaven. Baer, head of the celestial ministry. Baer, otherwise known as God. Perhaps you live a long way off somewhere and have not heard of Baer. But if you have heard of God then you have heard of Baer. Baer is no local deity. He has assumed a universal providence. Baer is part creature, and as creature is president of the Reading Railroad. Baer is part capitalist, and as capitalist fulminates the defense put up against the present revolution in the mountains of Pennsylvania. But Baer is also creator, and as creator is the conclusive X of a metaphysical theorem. How do we know Baer? Baer has told us of himself. He has described his own genius. Someone was possessed of the notion that Baer was not treating the miners as Christ would have treated them. Baer was therefore asked to be a Christian. But Baer retorted in effect: "Why should I be a Christian, I who am God?" God? Well, "chosen of God," which as an assumption amounts to the same sum total. Then Baer proceeds to take us into his miracled secret. He and his capitalist cogeners, so says Baer, are directly selected by God to custody the property influence of the nation and so to subserve the natural interests of American labor.* Money is theirs, power is theirs, by divine right. Kings may be dead but better kings live.

Do not quarrel with Baer. Admit his God. Admit Baer. But remember that the same God who gave to mighty Baer a handful of capital gave Mitchell a soulful of rebellion. So there you have God both-sided. And even Baer might be logical and see that by claiming himself he concedes Mitchell. How can God grant Baer and escape Mitchell?

Baer has demanded quite enough to suit me, but too much to suit himself. In attempting to show how strong he is he has shown how weak he is. His God is too big for him to carry. He breaks down under the load. There lies Baer wrecked.

Baer thinks that by getting back of God he can shake his obligations. Or he thinks that he can abolish God by establishing himself. Of what use is God with Baer in good health? Baer would like to give God a vacation. He will give God two months off while he takes this strike into his palm and arbitrates it. God must be grateful to have such a gracious employer.

But I am afraid Baer has somewhat sprained

* "The Christian men to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of the country."

his consciousness. No human brain could pass unharmed across an abyss so threatening. I shudder when I try to realize what Baer must have suffered while Baer was being made God. Baer has done violence to all old influences and new consummations. But a few upsets and shakedowns will not hurt the paradisaical parliament. There sit the seniors in perpetual executive session. And here comes Baer direct from celestia with his credentials signed and sealed. Baer, heaven's preferred, with moral credits enough to shame the toy bankruptcies of earth.

Baer gets rid of God. But does he get rid of himself? Baer masks as premier to the infinite and stands baffled before a loaf of bread. Does Baer think that by God's will honestly got or stolen he can free his soul of its primary guarantees? Baer man has but several obligations where Baer God has a thousand. Baer has not cancelled, he has increased, his debt. He supposed that by abolishing God he had simplified his proposition. But with God left out his problem confesses judgment. He has led himself off by his own nose on a false scent. It may not be God at all who has taken him into confidence. It may be only Baer who has taken Baer into confidence. Where would that leave God and leave Baer?

It would not occur to you to deny Baer. That would be blasphemy. You would not suspect his papers. You do not ask for his passport. You say Baer is Baer and God is his soothsayer! You would not blaspheme so rudely on your own account but you take Baer's word for it. Baer's word swears to all your folly and condones all your sin. Yet we are a little puzzled over Baer's claim of special inspiration. Inspiration we can understand. But its special features twist the muscles of our neck. But when Baer reports as the only qualified prophet we entertain no progeny of scoffers. Baer submits his tablets and we submit our souls.

God was afraid that the substance of the earth might be alienated into the hands of the men who dig for it. So he was puzzled and looked down inquiringly upon his disquieted footstool. And then it was that he saw Baer and a few others roaming about as if they had nothing to do. So he said: "These fellows who work would not know what to do with wealth if they got it. You would not know what to do with labor if you got it. I have therefore decided to let them keep the labor and let you have the fun. This will enable them to receive their joys vicariously. You will act as their risibled saviors. You will pass your days on crosses of sacrificial ecstasies. You will so example luxury to the herd as to make it unnecessary for them to participate in the pleasures of life." So that gave Baer something to do. And since then Baer has been busy. And God retired incognito to restore his shattered nerves.

But meantime babies thin for food and women pale and men wrinkle. There is coal dust in the world's eye. Burdens are heavier somewhere. Food is scarcer somewhere. Feet, hands, souls, are tied up somewhere. And Baer sits on his pile and declares against the truce. Baer who ript untimely from God the bolts of his lightning and stands aghast at the fierce tempests he has loosened. Baer ten times ten times driven unawares from escape refused to escape refused. Baer who thought that God had seen Baer so large that he could no longer see his hundred thousand victims. The dear victims who had been so intent on their daily tasks that they had not learned to defend themselves against the pirate in the black treachery of his intrusion.

I would not leave Baer to God. That would confuse Baer with his ego. That would be to make light of the prophet. I would leave Baer to Baer. When Baer sees Baer—Baer could not see Baer with Baer's present eyes—Baer will recognize God in the glisten of a coal shovel and will worship in the cabin of the miner.—Horace Traubel in the Conservator.

DEVELOPMENT of DEMOCRACY IN SWITZERLAND.

To the average tourist on a brief vacation, hustling from place to place, wholly occupied in studying time tables, looking after baggage, hunting for hotels and glancing at scenery too grand for comprehension, Switzerland often seems a land of dishonest and extortionate hotel keepers, impecunious vendors, hills and high prices. Of the people who inhabit these rugged regions he discovers little and cares less. Even he whose love of nature has lifted him above the wish to travel merely that he may say he has "been there;" who contemplates with rapture the dazzling whiteness of snow clad peak, precipitous crag, profound ravine and wild torrent, contrasted with a foreground of flower bedecked meadow, oddly built chalet, cows, goats and perhaps a

rough-clad herdsman—scenery whose combined beauty and grandeur no other spot on the globe can equal—even he may follow the tourist route for weeks, yet learn but little of the people and their institutions; which is unfortunate; for a knowledge of both would enable him to carry home with him ideas, whose application would lift his own country to a higher plane of freedom and happiness.

The tremendous display and perpetual activity of the mighty forces of nature, with which they are incessantly battling, has not made of the Swiss fearful weaklings nor superstitious suppliants. On the contrary it has developed in them a love of freedom and a mastery over natural obstacles which must command the admiration of the intelligent student, be his own land monarchy or republic. They have diverted the avalanch, confined the torrent, surmounted the pass and pierced the mountain with wall, dyke, road and tunnel, exhibiting a skill and patience unsurpassed, if equalled in the ancient world or that of today.

Though jealousy of their liberties has made them reserved in their relations with strangers, the Swiss are nevertheless a thoroughly progressive people ready for new ideas and courageous in their application. Not content with the republic won for them by the blood of their fathers, the modern Swiss constantly seek to improve their institutions, augment their liberty and increase their national welfare.

Distrustful of one man power they limited their president's term to one year, without privilege of re-election and have greatly confined his powers. With the increasing number of cantons in the Confederation and the growth of the population in the cantons themselves, the undemocratic character of so-called representative government became apparent. In some of the smaller cantons annual gatherings of the entire population made the laws for their government. But for the larger cantons and for the nation such a method was recognized as too unwieldy and slow to be practicable. In its stead was introduced the referendum of laws passed by cantonal and national legislatures to the people for final decision. Since 1874, the scope of the referendum has been extended until it now includes all laws passed by the Federal Assembly as well as by the cantonal legislatures (except in the case of Canton Freiburg), which upon the demand of a comparatively small proportion of the voters (30,000 or 8 cantonal legislatures for the national laws) must be submitted to the voters for acceptance or rejection and their decision is final. The effect of the referendum has been as could be expected to wholly abolish political corruption and to prevent the passage of any laws save those the people desired. And conscious of the power of the people over its work the legislature has been so careful to pass only measures it knew would be acceptable, that during all the years the referendum has been a feature of Swiss government, there have been but a few occasions when even 30,000 people found a law sufficiently objectionable to induce them to demand its submission to the entire population. Surely this is sufficient proof of the moral effect upon legislatures of popular sovereignty, and a refutation of the argument sometimes advanced that the referendum would keep the people of a nation constantly occupied voting upon the laws passed by its legislatures. The mere knowledge on the part of the legislature of the power of the people to accept or reject its laws makes the exercise of that power unnecessary.

The natural corollary of the referendum, the Initiative, is, since 1891, also in universal operation in Switzerland. 50,000 citizens in the nation or a proportionate number in the cantons may suggest to their respective legislatures such laws as they desire, the legislative bodies being thereupon required to submit the proposed law to the whole people of the nation or canton for their approval or rejection. Thus do the people of Switzerland legislate directly, free from the danger of evil enactments, which the dishonesty or misjudgment of representatives elsewhere constantly menaces, securing those laws and only those, which they desire. Beside such

a system of truly popular government the representative system is not worthy the appellation "democratic."

Here is finely illustrated the difference between private and public ownership, of manufacture for profit and manufacture for use, of selfish individual interest and public utility. Indeed the welfare of the public seems generally to be so much more considered in Switzerland than in the other European and American countries, that the student almost forgets it is still a capitalist nation.

Recently—(gradually during the past three years) the Swiss government, after securing the sanction of two-thirds of the people on a referendum of the question, assumed the ownership and control of all the large systems of railroad in the country; and it is notable that it is devoting the greatest attention to the improvement of its third class, the section most patronized by the poorer people. New and much improved cars are being built, they are being attached to the fastest trains and the fares are greatly reduced. For the sum of $11 it is possible to purchase a ticket entitling the holder to the unlimited use of all the railroads within the country (except a few short private lines) for a period of one month. It is doubtful whether there is another system in the world over, which one, not provided with a free pass, may travel as cheaply.

Public ownership has not limited enterprise. The lines are being constantly improved, new branches are being built and work on the Simplon Tunnel, the longest in the world, is being virgorously prosecuted. The railroad employes are notably polite and always ready to give any information asked, which, however, the numerous and explicit directions everywhere conspicuously posted render scarcely necessary; and when the writer suggested to some of the employes the danger of their political liberty, which might arise because they were government employes and therefore at the mercy of the dominant political party, it was necessary for him minutely to explain what he had reference to. The experience of these government employes had never illustrated to them the meaning of political patronage and government coercion.

The Swiss nation also owns and operates its telegraph and telephone systems in connection with its postal service, and in no other country are as many telephonic instruments in use in proportion to the population, nor as many telegraph offices and miles of wire; doubtless because of the cheapness of the rates, telegrams costing from seven cents upward. There is also a parcel post through which not only little packages may be sent, but heavy valises, trunks and boxes are forwarded at reasonable rates not alone to all parts of the confederation, but to any part of the world.

It has been intimated that in Switzerland the interests of the masses of the people, the working class, are carefully considered. It would be more correct to say that the working people have been careful to look after their own interests. The recent social and governmental reforms and improvements have not been merely coincident with the organization and growth of workingmen's societies. The earliest of these societies and until recently the most potent if not the most numerous, the Grutli, organized in 1838, at Geneva, and having now a membership of 15,000 with strong socialistic leanings, and numbering many professional men among its leaders, has instigated, and by its agitation and influence secured, the enactment of those measures, which, by enlarging its democracy while increasing the functions of its government, have placed Switzerland in the van of progressive nations.

Recently the Grutli has been overshadowed by the larger Social Democratic party, which, organized in the late 70's, has grown rapidly, especially in the French Cantons. The combined forces of the Grutli, Social Democrats and Arbeiterbund which work in harmony and hold joint conventions, number 200,000 workingmen who, by their agitation and political activity, have become the strongest force in Switzerland. They have avoided extreme measures,

and by gradually bringing forward reform after reform have succeeded in escaping the antagonism of capitalist and conservative, who have been dragged unconsciously along until we find the most naturally conservative of peoples so readily adopting measures of social reform that it is in this respect in advance of all other independent nations. The efforts of the workingmen's societies have secured to the people, besides the increase of direct legislation and public ownership, unlimited liability of employers, limitation of the hours of labor in all workshops and factories both for men and women, abolition of child labor, free school books and an efficient system of factory inspection. All these reforms are of recent date. They indicate the power of the workingmen's societies and give promise of more important steps as the growth of the societies and of socialistic sentiment generally renders them possible. For, as a prominent Swiss, himself a Socialist, remarked to the writer, it is to the "constitutional" methods of the Swiss Socialists—their care that the fruit be ripe before they endeavor to pluck it, that their success in the past has been due as probably that of the future will be.

Nor have the Swiss workingmen neglected opportunities to improve their condition outside the realm of political activity. Though capitalism in that country has not reached a very high stage of development, the people recognized early the possibility of relieving themselves of the profit grabbing exactions of middlemen, by the establishment of co-operative stores, or "consumer vereins," which, first organized in 1830, now number 350 with a membership of 118,000.

The manufacture of cheese, the breeding of cattle, the sale of milk and butter, wine and farm products is largely cooperatively conducted. Perhaps the necessity for perpetually guarding their national integrity against the encroachments of greedy neighbors has tended to unite the Swiss people and render them more ready to cooperate than those of other nations. But when we consider the great diversity in language, religion, origin and environment which distinguishes the people of the various cantons—a diversity greater than can be found in any other country in the world, which comprises four national languages, and extends from the poor, illiterate Valasians, dominated by their Romish church, through the Protestant Germans of Central and Northern Switzerland to the cultured and progressive French of Geneva—and when one considers also that its political and industrial reforms have nearly all been accomplished within the past 25 years by a generation without the uniting influence of menaced national integrity, it seems necessary to seek elsewhere for the causes of recent Swiss progress.

The history of its reforms shows that all of them found their origin and impetus in the workingmen's societies. By first securing the referendum it has been possible for the working class of Switzerland, by agitation and education, to introduce and then to secure popular majorities for measures which have greatly improved their own condition and that of their country. They have not attempted radical revolution, thus avoiding frightening the timid or arousing the too violent opposition of the conservative; but following the method of their mountain guides who, slowly plodding far behind the eager tourist who dashes on ahead, reaches the summit, while the tourist lies exhausted half way up. The Swiss workingmen have advanced step by step until now they are far ahead of those in other countries who have fought far more fiercely and aroused far more opposition in an effort to secure a great advance at once.

Perhaps conditions in Switzerland are more favorable to gradual progress than they are elsewhere (though the writer did not consider them so). Be this as it may the success attendant upon the methods of the Swiss workingmen's societies recommend them to the consideration at least, of those in other countries who seek the improvement of the wage earner's condition, and the general advancement of society.

RICHARD KITCHELT.

Rochester, N. Y.

AN IDYL OF THE STRIKE *by* JULIAN HAWTHORNE

5 cents

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

December, 1902

EDITORIAL

A Wisconsin Snake Scotcher—The Mistake of Being Too Polite—How High can Wages Go?—Jane Addams, Artist—Virchow and Zola—Why Save Men's Souls?

The Primacy of Direct Legislation, Eltweed Pomeroy, A.M.

Trusts . . . . . Alberta Field

The Bribery of Society . . Benjamin De Casseres

Psychological Evils of the Trust, Merwin-Marie Snell, Ph.D.

An Old English Village . . H. M. Hyndman

An Idyl of the Strike . . Julian Hawthorne

The Problem in France . . A. S. Headingley

The Nineteenth Century . . . Havelock Ellis

Work and Pleasure . . . Eraste Vidrine

The Promise of the Future . Frederic W. Burry

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Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

December, 1902

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"Let the Nation Own the Trusts"

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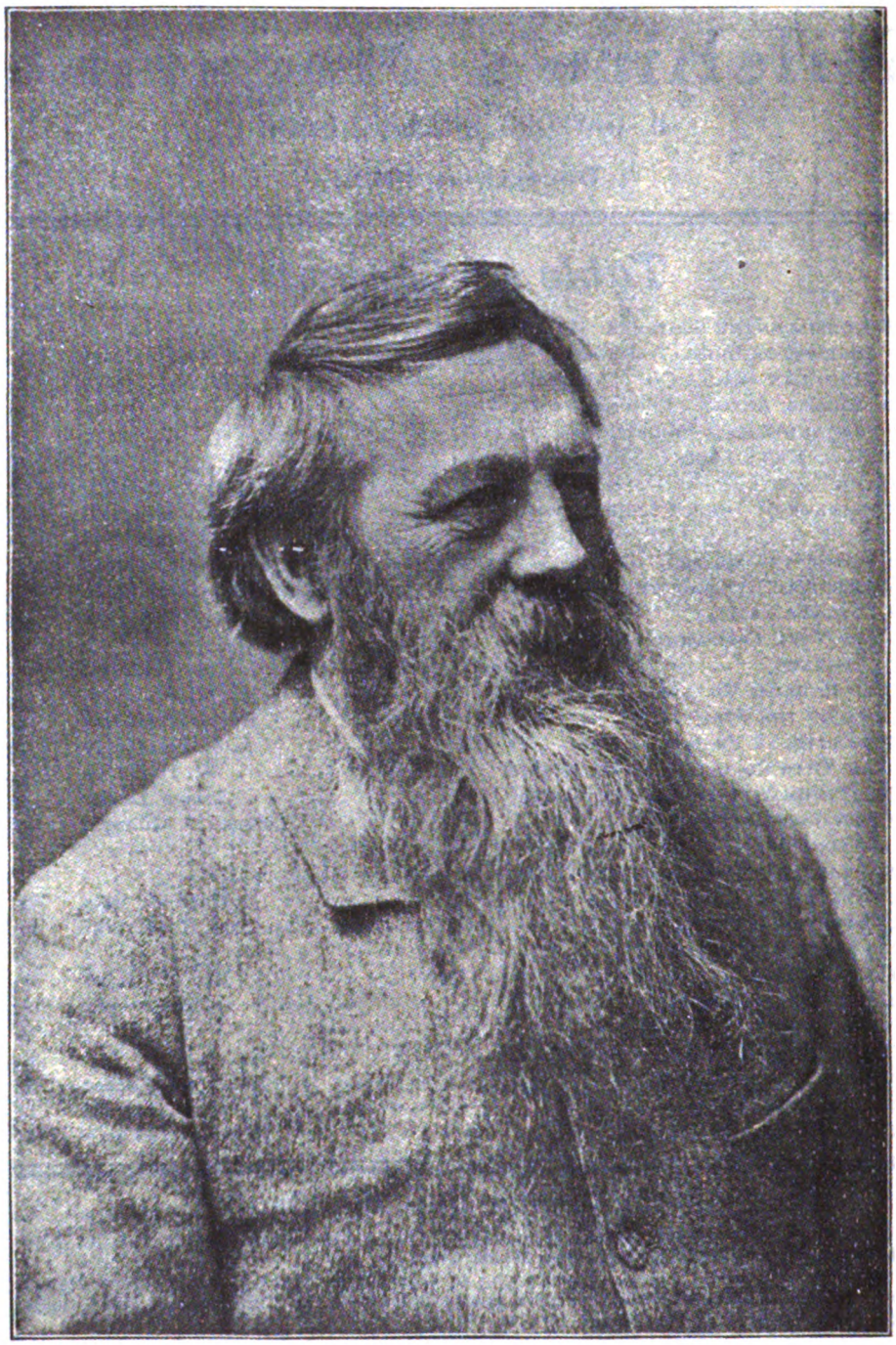

H. M. HYNDMAN

(See Pages 41 and 54)

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS."

Wilshire's Magazine

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, Editor

No. 53 TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1902 50 Cents Per Year

A WISCONSIN SNAKE SCOTCHER

My ten days' speaking tour, and the efforts of others, in Wisconsin, have evidently jarred upon Senator Spooner, judging from the annexed editorial, which appeared last month in the Chicago Record-Herald:

After what he himself called the hardest week of his life, Senator Spooner appeared at Lancaster, Wis., with feelings overcharged, and delivered himself of the following utterances:

If we could elect a good strong Republican President like Theodore Roosevelt, and a strong Republican Senate and House for a term of twenty years, it would be better for the country.

I believe this demagogic tear-up comes too often in this country.

I have found more of this demagogic imbecility (appeals for public ownership of public utilities and natural monopolies) in the state than I ever dreamed existed in Wisconsin.

Put your feet, my fellow-citizens, on this snake which would lead the government to absorb the industries of the people. The government is the one that Washington established and Lincoln preserved. Keep it a government and do not let it become a huckster.

As the Senator proceeded he declared that he was haunted by dangers to the country and visions of revolution, but there will be no general alarm in consequence. People will understand that the visions were distorted because his nervous system was exhausted by the hard work. He was merely a little flighty on account of a depressing personal experience. Wisconsin is not as easy as it has commonly been since 1896. There is more life in the opposition, a demand for something more stimulating than ordinary party platitudes. The Senator resents the disturbance, but would probably compromise as to the rest of the government if he himself could be elected for life.

There is this to be said, however, concerning his hysteria. His twenty-year President and Congress are not the government of Washington and Lincoln, but a species of despotism that would outdo the "effete monarchies." When statesmen of his standing make such slips and reveal such sympathies, even in moments of emotional insanity, they feed the radicalism which they would starve and destroy.

I am not surprised at all that Senator Spooner found more "demand for public ownership of monopolies" than he dreamt of existing in Wisconsin. I am a crack dreamer, yet I didn't dream it myself until I followed Senator Spooner's trail and found the same signs that so alarmed him. It is really astonishing the growth of the sentiment for public

ownership in Wisconsin, and especially so considering that there has been practically no agitation done for Socialism outside of the city of Milwaukee. It is almost a spontaneous development resulting from economic conditions.

In more than half of the Wisconsin cities in which I spoke it was the first public meeting ever held in behalf of Socialism.

The last meeting was in Kenosha and although it, too, was the first Socialist meeting ever held there, yet the enthusiasm was intense and the vote will show how real the feeling is upon the subject. The local Socialists met me at my hotel with a brass band and a carriage and we had a grand triumphal procession up to the Opera House, which was at least a hundred yards away from the hotel.

However, the half dollar spent upon the hack all came back, in the way of advertising the affluent circumstances of the Socialist Party of Kenosha, in a direct ratio with the shortness of the time spent in the hack. I have known a hack driver before who seemed to think the shorter the ride the more valuable his time, but I have never before been so fully able to agree with him.

The Opera House was soon packed to suffocation after such an impressive and ostentatious waste of wealth on brass bands and golden chariots, and probably the report of all this lavishness on the part of the Socialists came to the ears of Senator Spooner and caused him to boil forth the very next day as aforesaid. No doubt this was the last straw which broke the poor Senator's backbone; it was already notoriously weak, as every day for nine days previous he had the pain of seeing me placarded as either having preceded him or as to follow him in his electioneering tour of Wisconsin.

I can quite easily understand how delighted the Senator would be if he and Roosevelt were safely installed in office on a twenty-year term with no Socialists to worry them with the necessity of conforming to public opinion to remain in office.

However, as long as the Senator was wishing for things I don't see why he did not wish for a two-hundred-year term. It would have been just as easy to wish for two hundred as for twenty, and no more uncertain of fulfilment.

He says this demagogic tear-up comes much too often. He means by "demagogic" the demand for "public ownership." As a matter of fact, this is the very first time in the history of the United States that the people ever made any such demand, and Senator Spooner may be perfectly certain that the people are not going to rest until they get what they want. It is really most amusing, the Senator's plea for Wisconsin to plant her little "tootsy wootsies" down on this "SNAKE" who would lead the people to own their own industries.

Now, my dear Senator, when you said "SNAKE" I have no doubt you meant "WILSHIRE," but were diffident about calling me by my usual appellation. However, I don't mind being called names; if I did, I would begin a libel suit against the next fellow who dared to call me a "millionaire," for that title is too dangerously near being the same as "thief" to be agreeable. However, my dear Senator, you are a lawyer, and as such your services are at the disposal of any millionaire, Socialist or otherwise, who will recompense you for your time. I think I can use you, and I won't take much of your time nor thought, nor even ask you to leave Wisconsin.

I am anxious to get a large audience to hear me lecture in the Opera House in Milwaukee this winter, and I feel that a little prelude to a dry lecture on economics would help things out. I propose having, as a curtain-riser, a one-act allegorical play entitled "Twenty Years of Snake Scotching in Wisconsin." I would like you to take the role of Scotcher and I will be Snake. If you scotch me to the satisfaction of the audience, I will agree to take you on for a year at a thousand dollars a night to make a tour through the United States.

I feel confident that if you can play Snake Scotcher as well as I can play Snake, that we will quite outdo in gate receipts any combination of dramatic talent now on the boards.

I might let you also do some lecturing in addition to play-acting, but I do not think you would "make good."

You say the people want to be "governed," *i. e* , they want a government of people. I don't think they really want anything of the sort. They want the government to administer things, to manage their coal mines, for instance, instead of having to rely on a chance of finding some Divine Baer to do it for them. You want Baer to do things for the people, whereas I want the people to paddle their own canoe.

You want a government to govern men—to put Spooners and Roosevelts into office for twenty years, and to put Morgans and Baers in office for perpetuity.

I want no one to govern me. I want liberty. I wish the government to concern itself with the administration of things, and to let each individual govern himself. I am so sure that my idea is the popular one that I would not dare risk you lecturing on the proposed tour, but if you will consent to act in the allegory at one thousand per, then you have but to make a success of your first night in Milwaukee to secure your engagement.

P. S.—Dear Senator Spooner: Please wire decision—collect charges.

H. G. W.

THE MISTAKE OF BEING TOO POLITE

I ALWAYS had a curiosity to see Duluth, Proctor Knott's Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas, but I am sure travelling twenty hours on the miserable roadbed of the Wisconsin Central Railway is a high price to pay for one's curiosity. And even then I only saw Duluth at a distance, gazing at it from the city of West Superior some three miles off. Northern Wisconsin, looked at from the railway car window, seems an unbroken forest of blackened, burnt, dead trees and stumps. The whole country has been so ravaged by lumbermen and fire that I do not know of ever before having been so impressed by the cheerlessness of an outlook. Even the houses in the towns partake of the general tone of ugliness. They are quite the most uncomfortable, forlorn aggregation of unpainted ragged buildings

I have ever seen anywhere in the world. If William Morris had been beside me he would have gone crazy.

The reason of the ugliness, however, is plain. Northern Wisconsin was, until very lately, looked upon simply as a "lumber" state, and when the trees were gone everybody expected to go with them. The latent possibilities of the soil were seemingly unsuspected, and, in fact, only now are commencing to be dimly realized.

Some day where these hundreds of square miles of burnt stumps desolate the landscape there will be thriving fruit orchards and waving wheat fields.

My first meeting in Wisconsin was held at Ashland, a large town on the shores of Lake Superior, on a Sunday night. It was about the first Socialist meeting ever held there and curiosity, no doubt, had a great deal to do with crowding the Opera House.

There was nothing remarkable about the meeting except that it was held under the auspices of the Ashland Central Federation of the Ashland Trades Unions—a committee from that body occupying the stage with me.

The whole expenses of the meeting were borne by the Federation, and considering that I was there not merely to deliver an academic lecture upon Socialism but to exhort them to vote for the Socialist Party, and that the meeting was held just previous to a hotly-contested election, I regard the action of the Trades Unions as exceedingly significant Senator SPOONER evidently quite agrees with me, too.

It is simply a question of time for the Trades Unions to take action in the political field as well as that of the economic. Then there will be more hysteria from Spooner & Co. For instance, if the miners of Pennsylvania were as well organized politically as they are economically, President Baer would have thought twice before declaring his Divine Right to the coal mines, and that there was Nothing to Arbitrate.

So far it has been that the miners have always gone up to the ballot box and did all they could to confirm Mr. Baer in his theory of Divine Right. They have been voting for either the Democratic or Republican Parties and this is equal to telling Baer: "Yes, we think God gave you the mines and the right to starve and freeze the people of the United States if you in your Divine wisdom think it for the best."

How can anyone really blame poor Mr. Baer for losing his silly head, believing the miners and the people of the United States to be speaking from their inmost hearts when every election day from time immemorial he had been hearing such a chant? Mr. Baer simply lacks imagination.

It's like the story of the Yankee traveller meeting a Spanish grandee, who, upon admiring the grandee's castle, was astonished at being pressed to accept the title deeds thereof as a gift. The Yankee could hardly believe the earnestness of the grandee's protestations that the offer was simply the Spanish way of responding to his compliment, and that the Spaniard really had no more intent of giving up his home than we Americans have of giving up our homes and country to Baer, Morgan & Co., simply because we pass a complimentary vote to that effect every election day. No, Mr. Baer, that voting is merely a little matter of courtesy which we bestow upon you, and we never thought you would be fool enough to take us seriously. However, now that we see that you do not have the proper sense of humor to enable you to understand a joke, we feel that it is high time we should

enlighten you. While we have hitherto been accustomed to get down upon our knees every election day and beg you hold and keep our country as your own private property, to do with as you think God wishes you to do, we are now convinced from the events of the recent coal strike that there is such a thing as running politeness into the ground. You will notice that a great many of us at the election have signified our intention of hereafter doing away with the stilted language of the Spanish Court, and speaking to you more plainly in the future. All of us fellows who vote the Socialist Ticket are simply saying to you, Mr. Baer, that we think God intended America for all of us Americans to own jointly, and on an equality, and that he did not intend it for a Baer Garden for you and Mr. Morgan.

All through Wisconsin I had rousing meetings, and, considering it was a pioneering trip, this is quite remarkable. The meeting in Eau Claire was especially a good one. In Madison I spoke in the Assembly Hall of the State House, which was granted to me as a mark of courtesy from Governor La Follette. The privilege of speaking there is like kissing, going more by favor than right. However, I have never been a stickler for form. What the Gods give I take and never question their motives.

While in Madison—it is the seat of the Wisconsin University—I had the pleasure of meeting Prof. Reinch, the author of "World Politics," and also Prof. Richard T. Ely, the well-known political economist, who probably has done more than any other college professor to enlighten the public upon the theory of Socialism. I asked Professor Ely why it is that the most important phase of the Trust Problem from the Socialist point—namely, that the Trust indicates the completion of the machinery of production, and therefore presages a great unemployed problem—had never been taken up by any of the professors of Political Economy? He was quite at a loss to account for the neglect; he did not seem particularly eager to make good the omission, either.

It is certainly singular, this neglect. For, even granting our theory to be altogether absurd, still there are enough of us who believe it to be true to make it worth the while of the professors to explode the fallacy, if such it be. Certainly there have been far less important theories held by far fewer people to the refutation of which the professors have devoted all kinds of time; then why do they overlook the Socialist theory of the Trust?

I do not suppose there is anyone more conversant with the current work of the economic professors than Professor Ely, and I think it must be a pretty safe assumption that if he is ignorant of any work being done upon this side of the Trust Question, there is no professor that has as yet done any.

In order to stimulate investigation upon the subject I herewith offer a prize of $100 for the best contribution upon the subject that may be submitted by any professor of Political Economy—the title of the article to be, "Does the Trust Presage an Unemployed Problem?"

I am to have the right of reprinting any other article submitted upon payment of $50 to the author.

The article must not contain over 5,000 words.

HOW HIGH CAN WAGES GO?

A GREAT many employers conscientiously believe that wages cannot be raised if the increase will make the cost of production greater than the present receipts of the business will allow to be paid.

They seem to be quite oblivious to the possibility of raising prices sufficiently to enable them to pay the higher wages. In the last coal strike the operators said that if they paid the wages demanded by the miners they could not get enough for the coal to enable them to pay cost of production.

However, as soon as production was curtailed the price of coal went up from $6 to $20 per ton. Here, then, was a difference of $14 per ton, while the advance in cost of mining coal, which would have been the result of paying the increase of wages demanded by the miners, would not have amounted to twenty cents per ton.

The people simply must have coal and if the cost of operating the mines forces up the cost, then the people, rather than go without, will pay whatever is necessary to get it even if it be $20 per ton. Of course, when such a tremendous rise takes place there is naturally a great diminution of demand, but nevertheless this does not alter the fact that for the coal that is sold the operators will be able to pay the miners tremendous wages. I take the following from the Toronto World:

Employer and Employee.

But no power on earth can make an industry or a business carry a heavier wage burden than its strength will uphold. Overloaded, it must get rid of part of the burden or it must sink. And the alternative which the wage-earner must choose is to lighten the burden when it is too heavy and not to increase it when it is as heavy as can be tolerated, or he will do the worst thing he can do for himself. He will narrow his own field of employment. He will diminish its fruits which may be divided with him. He will kill the goose that lays the golden egg.—New York Press.

This editorial opinion is called forth by the current trend of the labor situation in Great Britain and the United States. According to the London, Eng., Chamber of Commerce returns, there occurred in 1901, for the first time since 1895, a heavy fall in the total wages of British workmen. In 1901, the Chamber of Commerce Journal computes, there was a decrease in wages of £1,584,000 (about $7,900,000), as against an increase in 1900 of about £6,000,000. Thus far in 1902 the downward tendency has continued, so that the end of the year will doubtless show a further recession of the total wages from the highest figures of 1901.

It is found, on looking further into the Chamber of Commerce report, that though this reduction occurred in the total wages paid out, in some groups of industries the workmen actually secured increased wages. In other words, while wages in particular groups have advanced, the general decline in wages forced the total results far down, as the statistics quoted above show.

Taking these figures as a text, The Press warns trades unions against the indiscriminate forcing up of wages in industries, some of which

may not be able to stand the advance in expenditure entailed. The Press then proceeds:

Because there has been a great boom in one industry, with largely increased wages, not only made possible but voluntarily raised in response to the universal law of supply and demand, we have seen undiscriminating wage-earners taking it for granted that there should be a corresponding increase in wages in industries and occupations which have been in fact, for one reason or another, languishing. They have attempted to enforce their demands when the temporary enforcement of them must inevitably cripple their employers, if not drive some of them to the wall. A case in point whose details we have given some study is that of the carting and trucking business. For the last two years this business has been staggering under burdens of exceptional disadvantage. The increased cost of horses put a heavy tax on it. The increased cost of all the materials used for building and repairing the equipment of the business—the wood, the iron and steel of the wagons and the material of the harness—added to the burden. Then the cost of feed, owing to the crop failures, practically doubled, so that the trucking and general delivery business was in the worst shape to make money at any time in years. And at that very time of distress—at the extreme depression of the business—the drivers, handlers and other workmen employed in the group decided that because others had been getting advances in wages—they should get them. The demands were presented by the union, and the choice was given to the employers of granting them or of suffering a strike. In one case which we examined the new scale presented to an employer called for an additional wage payment of $60,000 a year. The business was not making one-fourth of that sum. But the scale was generally enforced, with the result that some of the employers were compelled to cut down the number of their wagons, to injure the efficiency of their service, and to reduce the scope of their business, while others were put out of business entirely.

In these days of searching for a means of bringing capital and labor into proper relations with each other, any illuminating comment on the problem is of interest, and we therefore quote our contemporary on this question.

The average production per laborer according to Census Bulletin 150, U. S. Reports, is $2,451 per year. The wages paid average $437 per year.

Certainly if the laborers were completely organized, then they could get the whole of the $2,451 that they produce, less such sum that the capitalist needs to keep up his plant and pay him wages of superintendence.

The Steel Trust to-day pays profits of over 100 millions per year. If times were dull they would run the works at a loss rather than shut down.

If labor could hold its own in a strike it could put up wages to the extent of absorbing the whole of the present 100 millions profit, for it would pay Mr. Morgan better to lose all his profits rather than shut down the works.

In the case of the trucking industry in New York which the Press refers to, it can be seen upon a moment's reflection that the carriage of freight from the depot to the store is an absolute necessity to the merchant. There is no substitute that can be offered for transportation by the trucks. He simply must pay what the teamsters demand or go out of business.

He may have been basing his business upon a certain cost of truckage, but if so he must re-base it upon another cost and add the difference to the selling price of his goods. He need not fear competitors, for the same extra cost will likewise force them to adopt the same means of preservation. If the extra cost of trucking would ruin business in New York, then the excessive rents paid there to the land-owners would have certainly ruined business long ago. But we all know that business increases every year in New York, and every year up go rents. The merchants simply recoup themselves by charging higher prices. And if people cannot afford to pay the prices, then they will move away and down will come rents.

JANE ADDAMS, ARTIST

WHILE in Chicago last month, I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Jane Addams and incidentally seeing her creation, Hull House. I am sure that if every one felt as I do, the great artists would have little time for work, for their life would be one long tiresome exhibition of themselves rather than their creations.

To me the artist is always so much greater than his work, that I never care for the one if I can experience the other.

However, fortunately for the artists, all men are not of my mind and hence they escape a perpetual race to be free from boredom, and are allowed time to exhibit themselves in other shapes than their flesh and blood.

One of the ways that Miss Addams has thus had time in which to exhibit her soul in material shape, is in the bricks and mortar of Hull House, and in the society she has gathered there to carry out her programme.

In styling Miss Addams an artist, and a great one too, I do not wish the unthinking to gather that I mean she paints pictures. When one says an artist, without explanation, this is usually what is thought to be meant. Of course it is a mistake.

An artist is one who precipitates ideal forms upon mankind. He may work on a canvas with paints, a painter; he may work on his body, an actor; he may simply work upon society, an agitator.

Miss Addams *may be* a worker in paints, she *is* a worker in mankind. It is the success with which the ideal is presented that constitues the success of the artist, and the greater and grander the ideal, and the more successfully it is presented, the greater the artist.

The Socialist, having for his material to mould into his ideal the whole of human society, if not, indeed, the whole universe, certainly has the grandest ideal that it is possible for a human mind to conceive. However, he only becomes an artist when he presents his ideal in a material shape that the world may see beauties which hitherto have existed hidden within his mind.

I may have a picture of a horse within my mind's eye quite as fine as any that Rosa Bonheur ever put upon canvas, but until I can precipitate in material shape my ideal of the horse upon canvas I am not an artist.

The personality of the artist is attractive on account of the reciprocity existing between the creator and the creature.

An artist cannot create a work of art without enriching his own soul as much, subjectively, as he has enriched the soul of the world objectively.

The world cannot reward the artist, for his reward comes, not only in the joy of creation, but in the contemplation of his own soul, which he sees shining in his work.

A work of art is a mirror reflecting the artist's soul to the world in general and to himself in particular.

The artist focalizes the ideals of a people. If a people have inharmonious social relations their ideals are shattered and there cannot be the great works of art produced that are seen as the resultant of more perfect social relations.

I have this morning's Toronto World in my hand and notice the following item:

Athens, Oct. 27.— The beautiful broken bronze statue of Mercury which was found at the bottom of the sea near the Island of Anticythera, south of Cape Matapan, in the spring of 1901, has been pieced together by M. Andre, a French expert. The task has been performed with skill, and it is difficult to believe that the statue was reconstructed from numerous fragments.

It is rather more than life size, and is of the finest Greek workmanship. It is considered to rival the exquisite marble Mercury of Praxiteles, which was found at Mount Olympus in 1877 and which has hitherto been deemed the most beautiful statue in the world. Apart from its singular beauty it has a peculiar value as being the only extant example of an undoubted original bronze statue of the fourth century before Christ.

I wonder if it has never struck with wonder many people who are so proud of the material progress of the Twentieth Century that when we come to art we cannot chip out a single statue having the glory of one little pieced-together Mercury fished out of the sea in fragments, wherein it has lain for over two thousand years. Here we have the marble, the tools—pneumatic chisels if need be—the leisure, the desire, and even the artists, but we cannot, with all our work, get results that were simply play to the Greeks. It is simply because our artists have no audience. They have no artistic society to stimulate them. When Praxiteles worked he felt the applause, the cultivated applause, of all the Greek nation saturated to its core with love for beauty. To-day a few of us think we enjoy beautiful things, and more of us pretend to enjoy them, but most of us never have a chance to realize that beauty exists to enjoy.

The Greek society was a healthy one and one in which all, except the slaves who were unconsidered, had a pleasurable part to play. The differences in individual fortunes were not such that the mass of society was continually at the verge of starvation while a few had so much wealth that they did not know what to do with it. They were continually at war with other nations and had come to feel the absolute necessity of being interested in and caring for each other's welfare if they wished to preserve their own welfare.

War is, in itself, inartistic, but it has been the main factor in the past of welding societies together, which was a necessary preliminary for them to produce Art.

However, I am a long time coming to my point regarding Miss Addams and Art. I certainly did not anticipate taking in Athens when I began to speak of Chicago.

Miss Addams is trying to form a nucleus for an Art Centre in Chicago, and while from a certain point of view her task is an absolutely hopeless one, considering the hostility of the environment, yet there is a view of her work that perhaps may justify it.

Certainly we would hardly think of ever making hell any cooler by dropping snowballs into it. But if the Devil or his friends there ever happened to be struck by one of the snowballs,

he might be brought into the way of thinking that it would be desirable to seek means of rendering the temperature cooler. On a hot day a man finds by accident, possibly, that waving a palm leaf makes him more comfortable. He invents the palm leaf fan, later on he calls electricity to his aid and has the electric fan, and some day he will cool his house in summer as much as a matter of course as he now, Baer willing, heats it in winter.

Man must first have the wish for a thing before he can get it. He will not wish it until he has reason to know its possession is both pleasurable and possible.

The Chicago proletariat would all want the beautiful life that Miss Addams presents to them in Hull House as a possibility, if they could all see it. The trouble is that after all there are but few that ever see it, and those that do see it have no practical plan presented to them for attaining it.

This plan of Hull House to-day to realize a better life for the poor is apparently largely dependent upon the re-establishment of primitive industries in Chicago, the making of pottery and the weaving of cloth by hand, and the sale of such hand-made goods to rich people who have a fancy for them and who can afford to pay for hand-labor to make a thing that a machine will make for about one per cent. of the cost, and of a quality that will impress most people as of a superior utility value.

Now I do not wish to create the impression that a gifted woman like Miss Addams thinks such a work as being of any good except as leading to the desire for those social conditions which will enable all of us to make what we please for the joy of making. My only difference with her is as to whether the time, money and talent she is devoting to Hull House could not probably be used to a greater advantage in another way to attain the same end.

Our end is the same—the Kingdom of God on Earth—we differ as to the best means.

WHAT'S THE PRICE?

The King of Spain announces that he would take a wife—
He wants a lively lady to brighten up his life;
He wishes for a helpmeet to gladden all his reign
And make a joyous epoch within the land of Spain.
He wants a handsome heiress—he needn't say it twice,
For now there comes the chorus:
"Alfonso,
What's your
Price?"

The trade in noble titles is off a notch or two;
A lord or duke or marquis is really nothing new;
A prince is sometimes offered for all that he may bring,
But this is something bigger—who wants to buy a king?
Put up the box, Alfonso. Just one throw of the dice
Brings from ten thousand papas:
"Alfonso,
What's your
Price?"

We're counting up our millions in iron, coal and steel,
In oil and corn and copper, in hogs and beef and veal.
In mansions plutocratic each daughter may be seen
Perusing gilded volumes on "How to be a Queen"
Each daughter says: "O, buy him! I think it would be nice!"
The King is on the market.
"Alfonso,
What's your
Price?"

—Baltimore American.

VIRCHOW AND ZOLA

THE world lost two great and brave men in the passing away of Rudolph Virchow and Emile Zola, but I do not question that the fame of the novelist will long light the world when that of the scientist will have been dimmed.

Virchow's theory, concisely stated, is that life is the particular property of the cell, and that the organism is a republic of the living cells, having a social consciousness in addition to, and greater than, the sum of the consciousnesses of the individual cells which go to make up the organism. The cell may have life without being joined to other cells making up an organism. You may cut a piece of skin from your body and it may be kept alive for months if properly preserved in a sterilized fluid. It may then be grafted back upon the body, and become once more a part of you, but, certainly, while the *cell* life of that piece of skin has always been the same, the added consciousness which it gets when joined to the body gives it a soul which it never had when separate. The body may lose part of its cells without losing its life as a body, but there finally comes a critical point when the separation of a single additional cell from the organism means the death of the organism. However, before this last cell is separated, for instance, as a man slowly bleeds to death, there is a period when vitality is so near gone that he is already practically dead. We are only thoroughly alive when we not only possess all the vital cells that are natural to us, but when all those cells are well nourished and working in harmony with each other. As Virchow has said, disease is simply the inharmonious relation of the cells within the organism. When the discord becomes too great, life becomes unbearable. However, just one cell cannot have a natural life unless all the other cells in the organism also enjoy a natural life. So, too, the human organism itself cannot have a natural life unless the organism to which it belongs as an organism —Society—has its cells also harmoniously arranged. Society is to the individual man what the individual man is to the cells of his body. A man can live, or rather, can exist, without society, just as a shred of skin can exist without the body, but who can call such existences life? Suppose we could assemble a Frankenstein of bones and blood that would assimilate food to itself and continue its existence, would we feel that we had made a man unless we had seen appear with that assembling the soul and spirit of a man? It is this superior consciousness that the organism has over the mere assemblage of the cells, that is life. The cell gains life

by the physical organization of the body. The body gains a soul by the social organization.

Virchow showed that all life within the organism was dependent upon the cells being able to assimilate to themselves what was necessary for the development of the lesser organisms within the body. The cells of the liver must be able to agree with the rest of the body as to how much nutriment should go to the liver, and that, if for any cause there was a disagreement, then there was disease. It might be that the body could not furnish what the liver demanded. This might be on account of lack of food or air, or because some other organism, the lungs, say, was not working right; or it might be that some foreign growth, like a tumor or a parasite, was stealing what the liver needed. But whatever the cause, Nature accepts no excuses, and the body becomes diseased.

Zola's work was with the social organism, rather than the individual organism. His work was to show how disease in the society must inevitably reflect itself in the disease of the individual, and no one has presented the matter in a more graphic or masterly manner.

That his pictures are often unpleasant is only too true, but because a smallpox patient is an unpleasant sight that is no reason why a student in medicine should not see him. The doctor's business in life is to cure smallpox, and to cure it he must know it exists and how it looks. It is not necessary for everybody to know how a smallpox patient looks, because it is only the few specialists who are to do the curing. With the diseases of society it is different. No one can escape the burden of assisting in its cure. A great many people are so removed from the realities of life that they would hardly know that they are part of a diseased body did not a great artist like Zola come along and by the inspiration of his genius make the ugly so interesting that all must look upon it. In the days to come, when all this misery and poverty we now have about us on all sides shall have been dissipated and disease will have become but a horrible memory, Zola's work will furnish to the coming generations the greatest and truest history of social conditions existing in the Nineteenth Century.

WHY SAVE MEN'S SOULS?

THERE was a time when talk about saving the souls of men was very wearisome to me. It seemed such a useless thing to talk of saving men's souls, when their bodies gave no sign of possessing any souls worth the saving, even when it was granted that they had the souls to save. On the other hand, I had to admit that there really existed no incentive to save men's

bodies, if they had no souls to make it worth while. But, later, when I came to see that it was a mathematical certainty that men's bodies were going to be saved, I began to consider the soul of man.

The bodies are of a certainty going to be saved. Man's increasing control over natural forces will finally cause the earth to produce such a vast quantity of wealth, that it will finally overflow any artificial dam that men may erect in the vain attempt to make it artificially scarce, in order that the possessors of it might hold the non-possessors in subjection. A dam across a mill stream is of value only when there is neither too little nor too much water. It is just as necessary that there be a waste-way, as that there be a fall. When the stream is so full that the whole surrounding country is at flood the power of the dam is gone.

Air is just as useful to man as food, but it has no value since it may be had for the breathing. When food becomes as plentiful and as easy to obtain as air then food will be as valueless as air; but that does not mean that it will become useless. Man will still eat and breathe.

However, on the day when food loses its value because all may have it in plenty, on that day men's bodies will be saved; and the earth will become peopled by a healthy, strong and beautiful race of men. It will be as impossible for men to be unhealthy and ugly—the words are synonymous—as for a herd of deer in the wild forest to be ugly or unhealthy. The earth will sing with joy and beauty. But granting that it will thus sing, why should I be interested in hastening the day of song? Not because of any hope that I individually shall be either a participant or spectator. I have such hope, of course, for the day when food will be as plentiful as air is near at hand. The real joy of striving for a Heaven on Earth consists in the striving itself, and not in the hope of realization.

It is but shifting the question to say it is natural for man to strive for the beautiful. Why is it natural to strive for beauty? Why do we love life? Why do we love music? Because Life, the Soul of Things, is harmony. There is a rhythm vibrating through the universe which causes all things to vibrate in unison with it. It makes inanimate nature take form in harmonious lines of beauty. Not even a snowflake but joyfully obeys this rhythmic law of beauty. In response to it the butterfly paints her wings and the nightingale tunes her lute. The composer arranges his anthem, the painter his colors, the poet his words and the true man his deeds to come into unison with the same great song of life. The effort is with most of us unconscious to-day. When we shall become conscious of what we are doing we shall come into the greater joy that a Mozart possesses over a nightingale, or a Raphael over a butterfly. The joy of the consciousness of harmony is greater than the mere feeling of the harmony. It is the joy of the soul over the body. Anyone may enjoy a symphony, but the greatest joy is to those who understand, to musicians. There is a joy of the material and a joy of the spiritual; but the joy of the spiritual must have a material base. To have spiritual harmony we must have material harmony. I may enjoy the symphony more in my soul than in my ears, but I must have my ears to support the soul's delight. I may hear the symphony but once, but I must have had ears to have heard it that once if it is to light my soul

through eternity. The spirit must have the earth to root itself in; otherwise there can be no spirit. We cannot have souls without bodies and we cannot have great souls if we starve the body.

Life is the successive annihilation of shorter rhythmic waves by the larger ones, a continuous progression to an infinitely great vibration. You have seen a storm begin at sea—first are the ripples, then the short, choppy waves, and finally come the grand, heaving swells which absorb all the little waves and ripples that preceded them. Humanity is now in the stage of the ripples, but the tide is flowing, and all men are being irresistibly forced from their petty vibration with the little ripples to move with the larger and larger waves of human thought and sympathy now so rapidly forming on the ocean of life in response to the rising storm of human thought.

"No. 101."

He lay by the cold, dark river,
Haggard, dishevelled and white.
The hounds of the hunters that found him
Licked him and quickened their flight;
And the winds of December swept o'er him,
Swiftly unfolding the night.

One pass'd where he lay on the morrow,
And found in his temple the hole
Of the bullet that silenced his sorrow
And opened a gate to his soul.
He called him a cowardly madman—
This was Humanity's dole.

Suicide? So ye may call it,
For he ended his agony there;
Nameless and aimless and helpless,
Fast in the clutch of Despair;
What could he do that was kinder
Than answer his heart's one prayer?

Suicide? No—he was murder'd,
Murder'd by you in your race
For wealth that is dyed deepest crimson!
Murder'd by you for a place
On the backs of the weak and the simple!
Read ye your crime in his face?

Mystery drape ye around him.
Talk of the true and the brave;
Tagg'd like a dog when ye found him,
Give him not even a grave;
Toiling and want were his guerdon,
All that the world ever gave.

Hope, in the blush of his morning,
Kiss'd him and cloth'd him with might;
Want, in the Whirlpool of Plenty,
Shrouded his spirit with night;
Weeping, he gathered his harvest
In Hatred, Repression and Blight.

O, Love, wake the hearts of the people!
Truth be the treasure we claim;
Justice lay hold on the nation,
Fan Reason's embers to flame;
Crown us with Civilization,
Damning our deified Shame!

—Walter A. Ratcliffe.

THE PRIMACY OF DIRECT LEGISLATION

*ELTWEED POMEROY, A. M.

"IT IS, SIR, the people's Constitution, the people's Government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people. The people of the United States have declared that this Constitution shall be the supreme law. We must either admit the proposition or dispute the authority. * * * We are all agents of the same supreme power. * * * The people, sir, erected this Government. * * * Gentlemen do not seem to recollect that the people have the power to do anything for themselves"—*Daniel Webster.*

Up in Lapland, as the long night of winter draws toward its close, as the days begin to lengthen and the sun to strengthen, the Laplanders notice that their reindeers lift their heads and sniff the salt wind from the ocean. All during the winter they have been on the highlands far removed from the ocean, and have had no salt, and they hunger and thirst for it. Soon the Laplanders pack their sledges and start for the ocean. As they progress the reindeers go faster and faster. They are possessed by the lust for the salt of which they have been deprived for so long. The pace is glorious, inspiring. Everything seems quickened into a new and rushing life. It is often a pace that kills. As they near the ocean it becomes more headlong and wild, and often they have to cut the traces; then the reindeers dash madly for the salt water which they lust for, and trample one another under foot to death in this blind, mad race.

A century and a half ago, as the long night of the middle ages was breaking up, as the guilds, customs and habits which bound men into a more or less firm organization were beginning to loosen, a comparatively new force was set free in our modern society, the force of business competition, and it whipped up our civilization faster and faster. It seemed a glorious pace. All life seemed quickened by it. Invention rose up and multiplied man's power over nature. The production of wealth increased by leaps and bounds. Gladstone has said that more wealth was produced and stored in the first half of the nineteenth century than in the preceding eighteen hundred years, and more in the next twenty years than in in the first fifty, and it is probable that more has been produced in the last thirty years than in the preceding seventy. Thus four times as much wealth has been produced and saved in the last century as in the preceding eighteen hundred years. What a glorious thing is business competition! How it has whipped up civilization to

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a faster pace than ever before! As with the reindeers, the lust for salt quickened their pace; so with us, the lust for the dollar, the almighty dollar, has marvellously quickened the pace of civilization.

No wonder the Manchester School of Economists has sprung up, making a god of business competition. No wonder the individualists cry, "Laissez faire" ("Let alone"), relying on business competition to make all things right. They forget that "Let be" was the railing cry of the priests and leaders of society at the foot of the cross bearing the Christ. They forget that the "Am I my brother's keeper?" was the exculpatory question of the first murderer. Perhaps, also, they forget that, as the reindeer in the mad rush trample each other to death, so in our modern haste to get rich quickly, many are trampled to death. Perhaps they forget the greedy clutch of the strong and cunning by which this enormous increase of wealth is gathered into few hands while the many are relatively if not absolutely poorer than ever. Perhaps they forget the stunting and real starvation of a large minority, if not a majority, of the race.

Aldace Walker, who was at the head of one of the great railroad pools, and who is now the second highest officer in the A. T. & S. F. Railway Company, which, if not the longest, is one of the longest, railroad systems in the world, had an article in a recent Forum, entitled: "Unregulated Competition Self-Destructive." He applied it to the great business interests. It is not only true that unregulated competition is self-destructive of large business interests but in a higher sense it is destructive of men and women, of that highest form of wealth—human life. It is degrading the upper classes by a useless and enervating luxury and brutalizing them by fostering the love of exercising power, simply for the sake of feeling powerful. It is degrading the masses by starving and stunting their bodies and minds; and, by creating dependence on others, it has made them either sycophantic or apathetic. At first a spur to progress, our business competition is now rapidly becoming the stinging lash of starvation, urging the over-driven world's toilers to an exhausting pace. Our business competition is suicide, both of large business interests and of human life.

But competition has never been more than a spur to progress. It has not been the real underlying cause of the vast production of wealth in this rapidly waning century. The real fundamental cause is combination. Men have learned and are learning that in production, as in every other human affair, the axioms of arithmetic do not hold; that two and two do not make four, but five; that four men working in combination will produce far more than four men working separately. We are learning by the hard school of experience that economic interdependence which is but another name for economic brotherhood. The secret of the great production of wealth in the nineteenth century is held in the one word, COMBINATION.

The age we are living in will be known as the era of combination. It has been most startlingly developed in the last quarter century, and the coming quarter century will see a still further development.

Men are combining into firms and the firms into companies and the companies into corporations and the corporations into great, all-embracing Trusts. Each change sees a larger combination. Each year or decade registers fewer but

larger groups of men, more powerful, more concentrated.

A whole history is held in the change of meaning of the word cobbler. A century ago a cobbler meant not only a man who repairs shoes, but also one who makes them. There are now no individual shoemakers. Shoes are now made in great factories in which one man makes an infinitesimal part of a shoe with the aid of expensive machinery. They can be made far better and cheaper this way than by individuals. Hence the individual shoemaker is as extinct as the buffalo on the plains of the West. In the making of shoes, two and two do not make four only, but sometimes a dozen or a score.

We see this on all sides of our life. On the religious side, look at the growth of the Christian Endeavor and young people's societies -- young men and women combining for a common, social life, social worship, social help. Look at the great missionary societies with widespread membership and drawing funds and inspiration from all over the country and expending both funds and inspiration all over the world. Look at the assemblies, convocations, councils and conventions, where men organize for religious work. The spread of these registers the spread of the idea of combination.

We see it on the social side in the great growth of the secret and semi-secret orders for men with their elaborate rituals, insurance features and membership running up into the thousands and hundreds of thousands. I was told recently by the editor of an influential city daily that more than three-fourths of the men in that city belonged to some such society. Men in them combine for a common purpose.

The same spirit has reached the women, as evidenced by the great growth of the women's clubs. Women combine into clubs, and the clubs into State federations, and the States into a great national organization. See also the spread of the patriotic orders in the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, the Grand Army of the Republic, etc., etc.

We see it in our industrial life in the great and sturdy growth of the trades unions and other labor organizations. It is said that there are 700,000 men connected with the American Federation of Labor. They have combined for a common purpose.

The rapid growth of our great cities at the expense of the rural districts is another sign of the spread of combination. Men are finding that life in touch with their fellowmen, in combination with them for social intercourse, amusement and all the other benefits of city life, is fuller, richer and finer than isolated rural living.

But look particularly at our economic, industrial and distributive life. Great factories are dotting the country, and they are growing larger and fewer. These factories are combining into great combinations, controlling all the output of some necessary of life. It is only necessary to mention the oil business, and people think of the Standard Oil Company, which, having successfully gathered into its grasp the oil business of one continent, is now reaching out for the oil business of the world; or the sugar business, and people think of the Sugar Trust, which fixes prices on that necessary of life; or the cracker business, or tobacco, or meat, or glass, or a hundred other things, and the great corporation controlling that staple comes to mind.

In transportation every year sees an addition to the railway mileage of our country and a decrease in the operating

companies. It is said that less than fifty companies control more than three-fourths of the mileage of the country, and at least one system now reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The five or six traffic associations have divided the country between them. In Canada one, or at most two, companies are all that are left. There is practically only one sleeping-car company left, and at most not more than two telegraph companies. The express business is divided between three or four companies, but they are so knit together that they are practically one. In the West the elevator companies in one section are practically under one control, federated with the railroads.

In finance look at our banks; when new, they were many, small and close to the people, but of late years they have been drawing together into their clearing house and other associations, with their special columns in the daily papers and their special journals. They have knit themselves together into a firm combination able to get what it wants in legislation because so strongly combined.

In distribution look at the department store freezing out the small stores. It is said that in Chicago in seven years 30,000 small merchants were driven into bankruptcy or out of business by the department stores.

Whichever way we turn in our modern life we find combinations to get the best results. As the great engineer, Stevenson, said: "Where combination is possible competition is impossible." This will be known as the age and era of combinations.

Those combinations are often depicted as great evils in our economic literature, as grinding monopolies, as despotisms to be crushed out of existence. On the contrary, they exist not because of the evil they do but in spite of it. They exist because of the good they do, because they get more with a less expenditure of energy and labor than if individuals did the work as individuals, as uncombined. They register and hold a greater command over the forces of nature and living. The good they do is an essential part of their existence, and the real and vital cause of it. The evil they do as grinding monopolies, as vast, powerful and subtle despotisms really governing the people without their consent, really taxing them without representation, is incidental and not necessary to their existence. It can be shorn off from them and then only the good will be left.

For whose benefit are these great trusts, combinations, railway systems, department stores, etc., etc.? To a very small extent, and because it can not be helped, for the benefit of the people. Mainly they are run by their owners for private benefit. And there you strike the reason of the evil in them. No one complains of the post-office as a grinding monopoly. It is a monopoly, but not an oppressive one because it is for the benefit of all. Change the distribution of the benefits of these great monopolies from private to public and you strike at the root of the evils in them.

The methods of Socialism are those of combination, of union, of brotherhood for the purpose of getting the best results from the forces latent in nature, in man and in society. Its spirit is love, its aim is equality. Our great factories, business trusts and combinations are run for private benefit. They are the methods of Socialism deprived of its spirit and aim. They are the letter that killeth separated from the spirit that maketh alive.

People say they are afraid of Socialism. We have Socialism here and now only it is a false and bastard Socialism, a Socialism with its heart taken out, a Socialism for private profit and not for public benefits.

Not only do the great corporations control the necessaries of life, but they are getting control of our Government. Ask the people of Pennsylvania if their Legislature can do anything contrary to the P. R. R. Co. and the P. & R. R. R. Co.? Ask those in Kentucky if their Legislature is not subservient to the L. & N. R. R. Co., or those in California if their law-making body is not the pliant tool of the great Southern Pacific Railroad?

Turn to our national millionaires' club —the United States Senate—how is it composed? Railroad or express company Presidents, corporation and trust attorneys and owners are in a large majority. It is unnecessary to coarsely bribe such men as Senator Platt, President of one of the largest express companies; or Senator Hanna, at the head of vast iron and other interests; or Senator Nelson, the owner of large blocks of lumber company's stock; or Senator Sewell, the President of one of the Pennsylvania railroad companies. These men are the principals in these matters. They own and control the business interests which in smaller matters manage bribery in our State Legislatures. But in our National Government they have arrived. They are an integral and directing part of our Government. They govern in their businesses by fixing rates, in the nation by voting in the National Senate.

With the growth of the idea of Socialism, the time is not far distant when, controlling the Government, they will see it is far easier to have the Government run their business if they only run the Government. If the time ever arrives when the Government owns and operates the means of production, distribution and exchange, and the Government is owned and operated by the few for the benefit of the few, we will then have a slavery beside which Oriental despotism is vacillating and mild, beside which mediaeval serfdom was small and weak, beside which chattel slavery was insignificant. A Government which controls all the means of production, distribution and exchange not for the benefit of all, but for the benefit of a few, will be a tyranny as subtle and far-reaching as the all-enveloping air, as stifling and deadly to real life as the poison damp in mines, as grinding and soul-destroying as some vast, crushing Juggernaut. Such will be the "coming slavery" of Herbert Spencer. Such is the great danger which menaces us in the near future.

How is it to be met and remedied? The first monopoly which the people must own, control and operate, is the monopoly of government. The people must actually own and operate their own Government, and I know of no other way of doing this than by Direct Legislation, the initiative and referendum. Government is supreme in the land, and corporations are only supreme because they control the Government. Let the people actually control the Government by Direct Legislation and they have supreme power. The powers that now control the Government, and through it, the people, will then fight, lie, bamboozle, cringe and fawn for existence in exploiting the people. They will be partially successful in these operations at first. But as the people get the knowledge and power of experience, the fighting, the fooling and the fawning will become less and less

effective. Direct Legislation is the only means by which they can actually get the absolutely requisite knowledge and experience.

When the people actually control their own government, which they can only do by Direct Legislation, then they need not fear any advance toward Socialism, because if they find it is a mistake they can retrace their steps. At present, we are advancing rapidly toward a false and bastard Socialism, advancing without our volition, without any power to check or guide or to retrace, advancing impelled by the motive of private greed. Direct Legislation gives the power to stop, to retrace, to check, to guide progress to the whole people. With it, we need not fear Socialism, because if we find it a mistake we can retrace our steps; if we find it a success, we can go on; if we find a different kind is needed, we can change the course of progress.

Thus Direct Legislation, the most practical of issues, is the only one which can unite the Socialist and the individualist, the collectivist and the philosophical anarchist, and add to these two the practical man who is neither, or rather who is first one and then the other, and whose numbers far outweigh all other classes put together.

Our present progress is almost heartless because the impelling motive is one of private benefit or good. It is a progress of pure intellect. It needs an injection of emotion, of spirit, of love into it. I know the intellect is apt to look down on and despise the other qualities, to say that the emotions are turbulent, unwise and blind. This is largely true if they guide alone. But the intellect alone is cold, hard and selfish. In time it becomes crushing to the weak, blind to honor and chivalry, a question of tools and expedients only, devoid of heart, cold and proud. Such are the characteristics of our recent economic progress. Our civilization needs the appeal to the great, warm, throbbing heart of the common people which Direct Legislation alone gives. It needs the balancing play of high motive and brotherhood, of honor and chivalry, of love and equality; for these are the lines on which popular addresses and appeals are always made, to balance the cold, selfish heartlessness of our recent intellectual Progress.

People find fault with Direct Legislation because it does not give the intellectual guidance which is so admired in this age of progress. It is true that in actual constructive work and executive direction, one man or a few men with power can accomplish more than a large number. But in time they invariably turn that construction, that administration, to their individual benefit. Progress wholly manipulated by individuals becomes selfish until balanced by the appeal to the heart which Direct Legislation gives.

Look to Direct Legislation for the thing it can supply, the need of the age, a heart in it, not for more intellectual guidance, of which this age has an overbalancing supply.

Hence Direct Legislation is the first thing to get in our internal politics. It is not, perhaps, the most important thing. Other reforms of far greater importance will follow it. But it is the first thing. It has the right-of-way. It is the logically next step. It is the foundation on which all other reforms can be built. It is the doorway through which progress must pass from a selfish and material intellectualism, from a false and bastard Socialism, from a government for private benefit, a living denial of brotherhood and love, to a civilization where the heart can and

will balance and correct the cold, hard intellect, to a living and vital Socialism embodying love and equality into an institution, or else some system, to a government for public ends, for the benefit of all. What is the use of talking grand, general theories which are as beautiful and as inaccessible as the summit of a lofty, snow-clad mountain? We cannot reach that summit at once. We can simply walk in the path which opens before our feet. Gazing at the brilliantly beautiful mountain summit will never get us there. Here is the path for our feet to tread, and its signboard is "Direct Legislation."

TRUSTS

ALBERTA FIELD

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JUST at present we have no more overworked words in our vocabulary than "Trust" and "Monopoly," and they are rapidly gaining a questionable variety of flavors which are bringing an obnoxious taste to the mouths of their advocates and representatives. Within a few years the many combines have grown from infants in small clothes to mature growths of elephantine proportions, and are rearing their hydra-heads in the faces of a dismayed multitude. Since the early days of the eighteenth century the economists of England were adverse to Monopolies and Agreements which should control or restrict the production and sale of goods, or in any way enhance prices, as illustrated in Coke's "On Monopolies," and it was Thomas Jefferson, in his first inaugural address, who said: "I believe this the strongest government on earth, possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the hundredth and thousandth generation —what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people? Still one thing more—a wise and frugal government which shall restrain men from injuring one another, which shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government."

Hundreds of adverse politicians, and the majority of labor leaders, have been agitating the question of the evil tendencies of the Trusts, which they claim are likely to prove factors that are leading to the destruction of the policy of our Constitutional Republic, and developing an over-ruling spirit of monarchism in strong contradiction to that familiar clause which reads: "That all men being equal: that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Just at present the Anti-Trust faction has scored several innings, hence the

eagerness with which the opposing political party are grasping this prominent question, deeming it too strong a key-note in the coming campaign of sounding brass to be left for Democracy alone to sound. However, Republicanism meets the challenge with a rather dove-like roar of opposition, in contrast to the mighty howl sent up by Democratic leaders. Combinations are of course more favored by the ruling administration, from the nature of their principles, and they regard them as an outgrowth of economic life, and it is more than doubtful if the Anti-Trust question would have been agitated at all by the Republican party had not the peaceful waters been so completely stirred by the opposing faction. "But," says Cook, in his Corporation Problems, "public prejudice made it appear wise to the Republican powers not to confess too openly their feelings, and so the platform contains a strong denunciation of Trusts."

The late conventions have furnished us with diversified opinions in regard to combatting the evil of the Combines, Democrats and Labor men coming to the front with various remedies, while the ruling political representatives, with an old-time *laissez-faire* policy, look on and cry "But what are you going to do about it?" at the same time questioning any evil results from Combinations, and as without remedy save publicity and a survival-of-the-fittest termination. Argumentive debate is a slow process by which to fight the Monopolies of such strong as well as rapid growth, but the present agitation must eventually produce results which will at least entangle these destructive forces. A number of prominent Republican speakers, among whom are one or two who have or do occupy the post of leadership in well-known Trusts, have openly questioned the evil effects of Combinations, in their argument favoring the French method of justice which makes the individual prove his innocence instead of his accusers proving his guilt, and have demanded that the Anti-Trust agitators must more specifically show that the tendencies of Trusts are fatal to a successful economic system. There has been a no more satisfactory and concise argument placed before the public than the summed-up statement of Gen. Roger A. Pryor, in which he says:—

"1st. Competition between buyers of the raw material enhances the price to the producer.

"2nd. Competition between sellers of the manufactured article reduces its price to the consumer.

"3rd. Reduction of price multiplies the number of consumers.

"4th. Increase of consumption stimulates production to supply the increased demand.

"5th. Increase of production implies an increase in the employment of labor.

"6th. Competition between the employers of labor enhances the wages of the laborer.

"7th. Enhancement of the wages of labor involves the material and moral amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes.

"8th. Competition to sell stimulates to improvements in the quality of the article offered.

"9th. Competition to sell urging reduction in the cost of the article, ingenuity is quickened to the invention of expense-saving and labor-saving machinery, and so a stimulus is applied to the progress of the useful arts and sciences.

"In short, competition ministers to the welfare of all classes of the community and augments the resources and power of the state. But the evil excessive competition is counteracted and arrested by the principle of self-interest and the operation of the law of supply and demand. On the other hand, by monopoly all these salutary results are arrested and prevented.

"1st. There being but a single buyer of the same material, he dictates to the producer what price he pleases.

"2nd. There being but a single seller of the finished article, he extorts from the consumer an exorbitant price.

"3rd. The increased price to the consumer diminishes the number of consumers and restricts consumption.

"4th. Diminished consumption necessitates diminished production.

"5th. Diminished production diminishes the employment of labor.

"6th. There being but a single employer of labor, he hires it at his own reduced price.

"7th. Monopolizing the market, and assured of a sale in any event, the seller has no motive for improving the quality of the article, and so it necessarily deteriorates.

"8th. Monopolizing the market, and so commanding his own price, and assured of his profit, the manufacturer has no motive to reduce the cost of production by the invention of labor-saving and expense-saving machinery.

"9th. Monopolizing the production and the market, and so commanding what profits he pleases, the manufacturer has no motive to increase production, but, on the contrary, is urged by interest to save the expense of, to him, unnecessary production, and so takes factories in the combine for the purpose only of dismantling and stopping them.

"In one word, monopoly despoils and oppresses all classes of the community and debilitates and impoverishes the state."

And again, in strong argument we quote from the same earnest speaker: "Great corporations and consolidated monopolies are fast seizing the avenues of power that lead to the control of the government. It is an open secret that they rule states through procured legislatures and corrupted courts, that they are strong in Congress, and that they are unscrupulous in the use of means to conquer prejudice and to acquire influence." This condition of things is truly alarming, for unless it be changed quickly and thoroughly, free institutions are doomed to be subverted by an oligarchy resting upon a basis of money and corporate power. "And further," says Judge Cooley, "when we witness the heartless manner in which some Trusts have closed manufactories, and turned men willing to be industrious into the streets, in order that they may increase profits already reasonably large, we can not help asking ourselves whether the Trust, as we see it, is not a public enemy, whether it is not teaching the laborer dangerous lessons, whether it is not helping to breed anarchy."

The result of the Standard Oil Benevolent Assimilation *modus operandi* in its effect upon the little middle-man, has been too widely observed and discussed to require further illustration or comment, and to itemize the present Trust combinations would be too long and familiar a story. However, the Philadelphia Record presents a strong editorial on the Beef Trust, from which we quote the following as being worth considerable thought:

"An advance in the price of meat comes home to the pockets and stomachs of the entire population. The American citizen, whatever his station in life, regards the meat diet as one of the essentials of existence here. Excepting, perhaps, a comparatively small body of alien laborers in the larger cities, the toilers of the land renew their muscular energy from day to day with food composed largely of beef, mutton or pork. How much of the superior efficiency of American workingmen—recognized the world over—is due to this national dietary habit, can only be conjectured; but there is a clear and undisputed relation existing between the two elements. The meat eaters are the world beaters in this age of unrelenting industrial competition.

"If this be conceded, what should be the public judgment on the remorseless 'holding-up' of the American people by the combination of allied interests which controls the meat supply of the country, and practically dictates the price at which it shall be sold to consumers? The well-to-do can pay the increased cost; the poor, with no margin between earnings and outgo for subsistence, must reduce their daily allowance of meat or abandon it altogether. Could a working population of compulsory vegetarians accomplish in the future the mighty tasks performed by American energy and muscle in the past? Is it to be desired, in the public interest, that the level of subsistence for labor in this country shall be brought down to the

black bread and garlic standard of Europe, or the rice diet of Eastern Asia?

"Questions like these will be in order, and imperious in the United States if the inordinate greed of the Beef Trust for larger profits shall be given full swing. A few more turns of the screw, and meat will have become a luxury rather than a necessity of living. The masters of the markets would then reap richer returns than before, while handling less of their product, and thus reducing expenses and depriving men of employment. A sustained high level of prices in the domestic market, with an assured and unlimited foreign outlet for the surplus product, is the ideal and aspiration of every industrial combination organized to exploit the American people. The Beef Trust is dominant at home, and only needs assured control of markets abroad to render its enjoyment of monopoly supreme and unassailable by anything short of a social and industrial revolution. . . . It is a somewhat perilous business, this tampering with the price of the people's food supply, in order that commercial rivals across seas may be injured and if possible reduced to subjection. History from the earliest times contains no record of success in any financial adventure based upon a rise in the price of what the population must eat in order to live. But there have been many ghastly failures of this sort, and blood is sprinkled on many a page of the narrative running through all the ages."

But in compensation for the inevitable loss of meat diet, as is predicted in this editorial, we can only quote the following illustration from Thoreau's "Walden:"

"One farmer said to me, 'You cannot live on vegetable food solely, for it furnishes nothing to make bones with,' and so he religiously devotes a part of his day to supplying his system with the raw material of bones! walking, all the while he talks, behind his oxen which, with vegetable-made bones, jerk him and his lumbering plough along in spite of every obstacle."

But to further instance the evil of the Beef Trust, statistics will show us that the small producer or farmer has felt the ill effects, as the price paid him for his cattle by the agents of the Beef Trust is so low that it is not paying him to raise stock for the market, yet the consumer finds a great advance in the retail price of meat. Necessarily there is a broad belt of profit between that goes neither to producer nor consumer; this fact alone illustrates sufficient argument for the Anti-Trust people. However, it is rather evident, from the manner in which the farmer and his interests were ignored at a brilliant display of oratorical fire-works a few days ago, it is of little importance whether he realizes a margin or not, the expounders of partisanism only deeming the capitalist and "man with the dinner pail" worthy of attention, evidently ignoring the fact that more than fifty per cent of the voters are farmers.

There is direct legislation against Trusts in nearly all of the states; in fact in 1894, twenty-two states and one territory had enacted Anti-Trust laws, but there is diversified opinion among the Anti-Trust people in regard to the success of such legislation, it seeming to be a conflict between two great powers, in which the government seeks to rule the combinations and the combinations seek to rule the government, and when governmental legislation is represented by the individual—well, to err is common! Negotiable legislators have their historical precedence, judging from the following note from the Roman Chronicle: "And meanwhile Jugurtha of Numidia had for long years bought up every Roman sent against him, had come to Rome himself and bought the laws, and had gone back to his country with contemptuous leave-taking—'Thou city where all is sold.'"

Professor Chas. E. Chadman, of the Western University of Chicago, in his Treatise on Constitutional Law, says:

"Some unthinking individuals point to the dishonesty of legislative bodies, as they are

constituted at present, as evidence of the inherent weakness of popular government and the inability of the people to rule themselves. A moment's reflection will show the foolishness of such an assumption. When a state comprising five or six millions of people is ruled by a body of several hundre l corporation attorneys plus a few brewery agents and municipal parasites, and is consequently misgoverned, it is not popular government that is at fault. Such system is not popular government. Legislative corruption simply proves that plutocracy has prostituted the system which an ever-trustful people believed would suffice to secure equal and just laws. It is now necessary by the further expedients of the Initiative and Referendum to bring the salutary influence of the rank and file of the citizens to construct and nullify the corrupt and destructive tendencies of the plutocratic trusts and monopolies.

"The state has full legal authority to control trusts and monopolies, and the courts could easily put an end to their devastating career by the application of well-known and long-established judicial precedents. It may well be asked: Why has not this been done? And why do these illegal combinations exist on all hands? The true answer to these questions is to be found in the fact that corporate wealth has found means to subvert or prevent the enforcement of the laws that might prove hostile to its ambitious career. That this is the true reason why monopoly has not been restrained appears from the fact that the counter organization of the laboring classes, who by means of strikes and boycotts have sought, contrary to law, to secure their rights, have been quickly and effectually squelched by the courts. The principle in each case is exactly the same; the monopoly, by the use of lawless wealth and in violation of law and right, seeks to corner public necessaries; strikers and boycotters, by means of mob force, would take the law in their own hands and commit breaches of the peace to secure their demands. Criminal conspiracy, injunction, and the military power of the state are as applicable to the one as the other. Corporate wealth has tampered with the scales of blind justice or law and right would as quickly control the piratical Trust, as it has done the lawless mob."

Politicians and theorists have expounded widely on the different methods of exterminating the so-called evil. Many affirm that only under the protective tariff can trusts flourish, while others claim that they could not have existed without a criminal conspiracy with the railroads of the country. Bourke Cochran has somewhat followed in the line of Prof. Henry C. Adams, who asks for publicity, publication of the results, and the ways in which they are reached, a control through public bodies, and a responsibility of the individual member of the administration of the corporation for the observance of the necessary restrictions. The leaders of the large companies have power and honor, but are not kept face to face with sufficient public supervision. Ernst von Halle, one of the most thorough and concise writers on the subject, thus concludes his treatise on "Trusts or Industrial Combinations of the United States:"

"In the United States, public opinion has to decide finally about the meaning and nature of things. It will not be able, in the long run, to lean upon mere theories and maxims; it will be forced by the actual development to undergo changes, to reform and to remodel itself in correspondence with the great laws of historical progress. The old ideas about infallibility and exclusive desirability of individual and unrestricted activity have begun to fade. The masses still adhere to them, and are supported therein by some newspapers and politicians who prefer popularity to thoroughness and thought, and by the cheap economics of old-fashioned every-day economists, who are not able to perceive that, since the time of their youth, there has been any change or progress in practical life, as well as in the scientific interpretation of it. But, whoever tries to understand the times, at once perceives the different character of modern problems, and the necessity of new standards of judgment.

"Meanwhile, the repeal of the Anti-Trust legislation seems desirable. Passed as they were, merely for political purposes, even those politicians who sought by their passage to soothe popular feeling, do not expect them to be complied with. And the multiplicity of laws of such a character is a great danger to the community. It explains, to a large extent, the astonishing immorality in politics and in the political thought of large classes. . . . It is my belief that the future belongs neither to the prophets of individualism nor to the ideals of the Social Democrats. Its next phases belong to social reorganization. And the probability is that this will show a corporate character, and will be sustained and controlled by public supervision."

THE BRIBERY OF SOCIETY

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

WE HAVE a coarse, commonplace definition of bribery. We limit it to the seen, the actual, the tangible. We do not get beyond dollars and cents, check-book and share, cigars and champagne. When we are told that an elector has been bribed to stay away from the polls we think of the money involved; when we are informed that a legislator has sold his vote we connote stock certificates, ready money. This we call bribery, and we condemn it not so much because it is bribery, but because the coarseness, the obviousness of the transaction repels us.

But bribery has no such limitation. It is not confined to certain classes of men; it is known of all men. And few there be who are not bribed a thousand times in the month. Some men, indeed, sell themselves each minute; they huckster their way through life, and by lip repentance on their deathbeds attempt to bribe their way into heaven. For bribery is the giving of one's self for a dole; selling the soul for a pittance; bartering the will for a toy.

Have you an original thought? Beware of the Briber. Have you resolved with all the native forces of your soul to do this or that? Beware of the Briber. Have you in mind some great enterprise? Beware of the Briber. Does your course run counter to the prejudices of your environment? Beware of the Briber. He stands with flaming sword at every gate you knock upon, and his spawn are in ambuscade along the highways of all right endeavor.

Who is this puissant lord? The sum of the forces that surround you. Nature, Man, Society, are the Bribers. In their hands adamantine purpose runs to fluid wastes. From the cradle to the grave these universal tempters importune you. Gentle in mien, wearing the livery of heaven, with power, place, pelf in their hands, they beckon to you from a thousand eminences; they will lull you to sleep, and while you sleep they will pour into the porches of your ear a deadly poison that shall leave you but a poor, wandering ghost of your former self.

The child, newly awakened to a world of beauty and incense, with godlike inquiry in its eyes and the startling question on its lips, is bribed to silence with a lie. It is urged to accept the old and to doubt the divinity of its own individuality. "Mother, who made the moon?" "God, my child." "And, mother, who made God?" "You must not ask such silly questions, my son. Now, here is some candy; run away and eat it, like a good little boy." And the sublime question, proceeding

from the exquisite innocence of childhood, receives in answer a sweet-meat as the price of its silence. And so with youth. He sells his soul for sweet-meats. If there be aught in him superior to his companions, he is bribed to keep to the common level. He is assaulted gayly from all sides; pelted with roses, and enmeshed in a sweet tangle of seductive sights and sounds. The dream of an enlarged and mighty self soon fades into the light of common day. He stands with much in his hands, but nothing in his heart. The figure of mighty Thor that shone in the heavens for him has shrunk to manikin size.

Popularity, good-fellowship, ease, contentment, next-door reputation are the bribes for which the man sells the integrity of his own soul. He will scatter himself to the winds. His nights and days he will slash into fragments. He will pulverize his ego to such a fineness that the man is lost in a maze of atoms that have no relation to a centre. His mind will become a series of pigeon-holes where everybody will keep their opinions, and you shall find his religion and politics in his friends' keeping. His soul is like a royal mansion gone to seed, where the hoot of owl and the whirr of the bat forever resound. He will finally lose himself entirely, and that when he believes he has himself most; and in the end, when everybody has used him, he will be flung to the rubbish heap. Or, peradventure, he may rise to the dignity of being a "good fellow" —the last titular triumph of all failures.

Nature's bribes are many. She loves you so, she is such an all-solicitous mother, that she will not have you stray far from the ancestral type without visiting you with penalties. Her baying bloodhounds, Conformity and Mediocrity, are ever on the traces of Originality. She loves the avatar better than the genius. If you vary from the type, get thee to a wilderness. She will have no such thing as originality. If you persist in being yourself, and match the god in you against the devil, she will make you pay for it. Stay close at home. Hug the shore. Stick to the shallows. The Greeks in Nemesis gave us a tremendous truth. Nemesis is vengeance; and "Vengeance is mine," saith Nature. And her vengeances are many. If you would test her, try the untrodden path. If you are the first that ever burst into some silent sea you must dice with Life-in-Death. She will bribe you to stay in your proper place. Mental ease, peace, and that supreme satisfaction which is the fruit of a fatty optimism are some of her offerings. Stay down in the valleys and keep warm beside some humble hearth. Or, would you die like Brand on the glittering ice-plains of mental isolation?

Only men with whom you never come in contact can help you. Seek the clairvoyant wise and shun the mob. All men are your enemies; you must ceaselessly confront their insinuations and inuendoes if you would save yourself to yourself. In the human environment subornation is to be encountered each minute. Fear men when they come with gifts. They mean no better than the Greeks of old. Your friends are often your worst enemies—disguised pampers and panders. Keep them at arm's length, or shun them altogether unless your soul is mortised and tenoned in granite. If you want advice go to Buddha, Shakespeare, Schopenhauer or Emerson. Don't take the miserable stuff offered to you by Piecemeal, Compromise and To-morrow —all close friends of yours; bribers,

Democracy, monarchy (limited or simple absolute), oligarchy, or simple Anarchy? Any system—but your own; any system but that which has communism? Any system except that which has the sanction and authority of your own soul. Dare to be what you have got. Like Nature, she will have anything except Originality. Society is at war with Men and live a life whose laws are self-evolved? Society will take you up into walk among men and show you a land of sneer, ostracize, bludgeon you, she will submission. And if these fail, she will buy you. She will milk and honey. Society stands at the mountain and show you up into come down. She stands at your ears. She meretricious mouthing of your deathbed, her voice has grown familiar with it. You have bought much at this publicity; but you have become sacred hour. Buy, buy, buy, even here at booth. Buy your way into the New Jerusalem. Buy your way to His throne. Buy a repentance. Buy a very lap. Buy a heavenly choir. We bribe seat in the heavenly choir. We bribe our consciences with excuses; we bribe ourselves. We bribe duties to sleep with unpleasant pleasant hour; we bribe sorrows with diversions; we bribe intoxications; we bribe thoughts with falsehood. We hate to face truth with falsehood. We hate to face anything except the Bribers. Life is all compromise and bribery. "My greatest do not escape. And God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken compromise. Render unto Cæsar the Cæsar's, and unto me Render unto Cæsar's, and unto me which are mine. But who which are mine. But who shall judge of the things which are Cæsar's and the things which are Each demands all.

traffickers, harlots all. This Proteus want-
Man assumes a thousand shapes. But or
they are all bent on weaning you from
yourself. They are the worms that
gnaw unremittingly into the fabric of
your soul. And on a day you shall
awake to find great gaps in yourself.
You have become a "looped and
windowed raggedness," a "moth-
crowds that sweep our pavements are
all aiming at your destruction. The
carnivorous. The many live on the
one. And you are one. This massy
Man will cajole you, wheedle you,
force you, if necessary, from your orbit,
and make a sad mess of you. He is
strong who can dwell 'mid multitudes
and not sell himself.
Organized Society is the greatest of
all bribers. Neither Nature nor Man
offers so much for your soul as
this abstraction, this will-o'-the-wisp,
this blotch on time. Her lobbyists are
everywhere. They will pester you at
every turn in life. With every breath
you take you suck in her poisonous
emanations. Your every thought is
tainted with her importunities. She
catches you up at every corner and
trips you on every by-path. And re-
main dumb! Keep your tongue; her
never hint at her transgressions, her
iniquities, her ceaseless plots against
your soul. You may buy all sorts of
golden opinions from her. If you are
in the pulpit and have obeyed her
mandates you shall have lucrative
"calls." If you sit in the editorial
sanctum and gild her splendid sins you
shall have the rewards which a large
advertising patronage brings. If you
take to the hustings and pat her on the
back, putting yourself away, you shall
have clacquers. Bribery! Does not
she present you ready-made with any
system of government which you may

PSYCHOLOGICAL EVILS OF THE TRUST

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In the warfare against the trust-system—whether of the destructive type that aims simply at the breaking down of combinations, or of the constructive type that seeks to integrate them into one vast mercantile and industrial system administered by the commonwealth—much is said of the material evils resulting therefrom, and little of the evil results on a higher plane.

It is only natural that this should be so, for man, as the old saying goes, must live before he can philosophize—or give himself to the exercise of any of his higher faculties. Want and *desœuvrement* and other forms of physical and economic suffering are the evils that are most felt and that cry most urgently for a remedy. But there are other evils which, if less palpable, are no less real, and, from certain points of view, more profound.

Even those who deny the existence of a God or of spiritual entities of any kind, must acknowledge that the most worthy objects of desire, the highest incentives of action, and the sources of the deepest and most ennobling joy, are not concrete things, but abstract ideas. Such are liberty, love, beauty, truth, goodness, right, justice, fraternity, order. Among man's own creations those are considered highest and most precious in which this ideal and spiritual element most predominates, as in the case of the great masterpieces of thought, science, literature, music and art.

It is evident that the dignity of man—that intrinsic dignity apart which is the appanage of our common nature, or which is otherwise innate—is mensurable by the degree in which he is dominated by these ideas and aims belonging to an order higher than the material.

It is the verdict of history, borne out by the testimony of individual experience crystallized in such proverbs as "Like master like man," that men are particularly prone to imitate those who have power over them, to imbibe their ideas and participate in their ideals.

The power of man over man, of whatever degree, has in various ages and lands been based upon very different grounds: Sometimes it rests upon an organic superiority, real or assumed, of race or family, analogous to that of the "blooded" domestic animal over the nameless nondescript, as in the old Hellenic helotage, in the former negro slavery of America, and in nearly all the aristocratic republics of history; sometimes upon the patriarchal system, according to which headship is by a law of nature, inalienably, or at least normally, annexed to primogeniture, as in the case of the

Celtic clans and septs; sometimes upon a supposed Divine right, attached to a single lineage, imparted with the anointing oil, or descending upon every *de facto* ruler, as in the case of the Japanese and Chinese and Russian empires, and the kingdoms of Europe during the period beginning with the Classic Renaissance; sometimes upon superior learning, as in the case of the Chinese bureaucracy, and the imaginary republics of Plato and of such modern theorists as Lester F. Ward; sometimes upon personal superiority in prowess, or genius or skill, as in the case of the First French Empire and almost all savage tribes; sometimes upon conquest pure and simple, as in all of the great secular world-empires, outside their own original seat, whether Egyptian, Thracio-Phrygian, Chaldean, Elamite, Hittite, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Hunnic, Turkish, Mongol or Napoleonic; sometimes upon the real or supposed choice of the people, as in the Mediaeval free cities and the Swiss and American republics; sometimes upon a special Divine selection or appointment, mediately or immediately, as in the case of the Kaliphate, the Papacy and the Holy Roman Empire of the Middle Ages; sometimes upon an intrinsically superhuman character, as in the case of the Dalai and Panchen Lamas and of the Roman Emperors of the first two Christian centuries; and sometimes upon several of these in combination, as in the Second French Empire and in the Tartar hordes.

These and other historic foundations (or excuses, according to the point of view) for the claiming and exercise, on the part of certain individuals or groups, of power over their fellow-men, have this in common, that they all imply some kind and degree of real or attributed superiority on the part of the ruling element. But we are now face to face with a condition of affairs in which the exercise of plenary sovereignty, none the less real because it is not formally recognized by law, is attached to a purely extrinsic attribute, namely, the possession of material goods. It is true that the trust magnate is usually, like all the founders of dominion, a man of great force of character and intellectual and volitional power; but no pretense is made of justifying his sway on any such plea. He rules because he is able to, and his ability to do so arises from his wealth alone, and, just so far as the trust-system crystallizes into a permanent institution (as it would do if it were allowed to live long enough), will be transmitted or transferred with it. Even the personal popularity necessary to those who have ruled by the power of the sword can be dispensed with by these new masters of ours.

The power of money is nothing new. The whole world, in all ages and lands, has always been ruled directly or indirectly by mind through wealth, as truly as it is now being under the plutocratic regime. But never before has wealth been so concentrated, and never did existing conditions so facilitate its complete domination. What is more to the point, never before has the real sovereignty passed so completely out of the hands of its official repositories into those of a class whose claim to power is based exclusively upon its material possessions.

The natural effect of this state of affairs upon the public mind is to glorify material objects of pursuit, magnify the importance of self-enrichment, and discredit all ideals which are divorced from this supreme end or in any way tend to belittle it or place

obstacles in the way of its realization. It teaches by constant object-lessons that it is more important to have than to be, that intrinsic worth is of little value, that the riches of the soul are but the shadow of a dream. The final outcome is in the evil gospel of humbug and vulgarity: nothing counts but the outside—the surface-show is all that is necessary or desirable.

Thus religion, philosophy, literature, and the fine arts are superficialized and commercialized; and the highest and holiest things are reduced to the position of articles of traffic or trappings of self-love. Affection, aspiration, honor, truth, joy, beauty, courtesy—all that makes life really worth living—are cast without ruth into the insatiable maw of this Plutus-Moloch; and the God of the Abyss leers on, while the true Immortals shudder.

It is not wholly the direct example of the plutocratic despots that brings about this result; the most effective forces of degeneration are indirect. The Hierarchy of Mammon with the Trust-Kings at its apex not only inspires covetousness by its example, but at the same time closes up the avenues of its gratification; thus the struggle for economic existence becomes so intense, even where the security of physical existence is far beyond the need of struggle, as to leave no place or leisure for thoughts of higher things.

In view of these truths it is easy to see that all the interests of those who represent ideals of any order above the material—philosophers, scientists, clergymen, litterateurs, musicians, artists and all who have not settled down beyond retrieve under the yoke of a brutal Philistinism—are on the side of the Socialists in their opposition to the hegemony of the Trusts. Whether or not they are willing to accept any particular theory of Socialism their co-operation should be accepted and invited by all who, from whatever point of view and unto whatever end, are contending against the present plutocratic regime.

The French Revolution was only feasible because all the orders of the kingdom—even the clergy and nobility—conspired together against the monarchy. After that was overthrown, the bourgeoisie devoured the other orders at its leisure.

In our peaceful revolution against the triumphant bourgeoisie now self-inflated into a more than imperial pomposity and arrogance, let us profit by that experience. Those, at least, who think the present system the worst possible one should be willing to co-operate with all comers for its overthrow, and let their pet theories take their several chances in the ensuing struggle over the fruits of conquest.

THE TOILER'S LAMENT.

PRESENT SOCIAL SYSTEM.

How tired we grow of useless beating
Against the frowning face of Fate,
Which Sphinx-like, every hope defeating,
Bids our bruised hearts in patience wait!

Like prisoned birds we vainly flutter
Against the bars of cruel wrong
That curb our speech if we but utter
The words that help the soul grow strong.

With bodies bound—always the debtor—
Robbed of our rights at every turn,
We lose the real to grasp no better
Than the poor pittance which we earn.

'Tis hard to bear the keen regretting
That fills the soul with dark despair;
To know, with all our toil in getting,
How little is the poor man's share.

—GEORGE EDGAR FRYE.

MY NEW YORK CAMPAIGN

MY New York campaign could almost be described like the snakes in Ireland. There was none—none to speak about anyway! The nomination came upon me rather unexpectedly; in fact, the removal of my editorial office unexpectedly from Toronto to New York, was the reason of things. I print my ideas in Toronto, but make them in New York. I had already an engagement to make a series of speeches in the West so that my New York constituents really hardly knew that they had a Congressional candidate.

The Tenth District is heavily Democratic, and is now, and no doubt will be (I am writing on the eve of the election) again represented by Mr. Sulzer, a Democrat, and the present incumbent. It comprises part of the tenement district east of the Bowery, and out of a population of 72,000 there are not many more than five or six thousand voters, so many are unnaturalized foreigners.

I have no doubt but that within a few years a Socialist candidate can be elected in the district as the sentiment is running much stronger in the direction of Socialism than the vote indicates.

I spoke at some very large meetings, but unfortunately the attendance was made up largely of unnaturalized Russian Jews. The Russian Jew is about the only foreigner who seems intelligent enough to afford a good field for our propaganda. Contrary to the general impression, the Socialists find their recruits almost entirely from native-born citizens.

TRITE SAYINGS BY RUSKIN

"I must do what I think is right." How often is this sentence uttered and acted on—bravely—nobly—innocently; but always—because of its egotism—erringly. You must not do what YOU think right, but, whether you or anybody think, or don't think it, what is right.

"I must act according to the dictates of my conscience."

By no means, my conscientious friend, unless you are quite sure that yours is not a conscience of an ass.

"I am doing my best—what can man do more?"

You might be doing much less, and yet much better:—Perhaps you are doing your best in producing, or doing, an eternally bad thing.

Nearly every problem of State policy and economy, as at present understood, and practiced, consists in some device for persuading you laborers to go and dig up dinner for us reflective and æsthetical persons, who like to sit still, and think, or admire. So that when we get to the bottom of the matter, we find the inhabitants of this earth broadly divided into two great masses — the peasant paymasters—spade in hand, original and imperial producers of turnips; and, waiting on them all round, a crowd of polite persons, modestly expectant of turnips, for some—too often theoretical—service.

AN OLD ENGLISH VILLAGE

H. M. HYNDMAN

YESTERDAY HOUSE, LONGAGO LANE,
BACKBEYOND KENT.

MY DEAR WILSHIRE,—I wonder now many of your readers know much about a genuine old English village? Very few, I take it. Yet this old-world Sleepy Hollow is worth a short description; for in no very long time such places must be swept away by the ever-rising tide of latter-day industrialism. More's the pity, perhaps, from some points of view. He who wants complete rest and full repose from the carks and cares of modern rushing city life will scarcely find again, short of the complete fruition of Socialism, such peaceful retirement on this planet.

Six months or so ago, my wife being ill and I myself not averse from pondering, at a little distance from the hurly-burly of class warfare, on the chances and changes of this mortal life, we took this old house in a village not five-and-twenty miles from London. The house itself belongs to some near relations of ours and the portraits of our forebears glower down upon us from the walls. It faces the village street, down which motor-cars rush at thirty miles an hour, regardless of the law, and I can telegraph money, if I have it and wish to part with it, to any part of the world from the post-office a few yards away. Yet I am really living in the early part of the nineteenth century; and I feel sure it was only the other day that my grand-uncle, returning to wind up an active life in this same place, was horrified to see a gang of lunatics in tattered garments paraded in chains along the road and taken back, after this their period of recreation, to filthy stone cells, wherein they raved out their miserable existence. But the other day, I say, for all sorts of old fashions, and old habits, and old pauperized slavishness in various forms, still linger.

Just think! We have no water laid on in this house; it is all pumped up night and morning. No gas nor electric lights —only old-fashioned lamps, burning colza oil, and wax candles. No improved means of bringing dishes from the kitchen (where the chain and the spit still remain), they are all carried carefully round to the dining room, which would seat quite four-and-twenty people comfortably. In other respects, such as baths and the like, modern notions have, I rejoice to say, long since been deferred to. But then at the back there is a lawn of all lawns, stretching down to the brooklet at the bottom; so green, so soft, so dreamy, with its queer ancient flower beds and borders scattered around, that antiquity crowds in upon you and knee-breeched gentlemen and furbelowed dames keep company with you on either hand as you stroll

listlessly hither and thither and up and down. Lawn tennis, croquet, lacrosse, golf—not a bit of it. Bowls and bowls alone befit such surroundings. The turf would resent a modern pastime; the flowers of long ago would rise in revolt against the new-fangled fury of these energetic games.

Beyond, we look through the trees to the grey parish church, and, farther on, to the chalk hills and downs and quarries, which run through the county from the South Coast. Half-way up is the old pilgrim road down which Chaucer and his merry party rode to Canterbury, there to obtain easy absolution for their pleasant sins. How delightful it would be to get up such another gathering to wander happily and contented along the Pilgrim Road in the confident assurance of never-ending felicity here and exquisite bliss, an eternally good time, hereafter.* But the modern pilgrims, no matter what their trade or profession would believe in none of it, and, instead of ambling easily on horse or mule or palfrey, our twentieth century touring party would be hustling forward amid clouds of dust, scattered along the highway, with their cycles and motors and motor cars, to meet the other lot come straight by railway. But there is the old road, and there are the old hills, and there is the old view, to be enjoyed by those who still go leisurely through life. And, hard by, are those old chalk-pits, still frequented by the lineal descendants of those huge fat snails imported from Gaul, what time the wife of a Roman governor hereabouts lay sick of consumption. Did the legionaries, I wonder, ever pile their shields under that hollow old oak?

And this of the past and the present is pleasing to live in and to reflect upon. We are proud too of our village, with its pretty cottages, its artistic chief hotel, its well kept road and footpaths, and the general air of comfort which pervades it all. But there is a seamy side to the apparent prosperity, I can assure you. You can study here the economics of class rule in the country very nicely. The most conspicuous building in the whole neighborhood, a hideous workhouse, or poorhouse, spreads like a huge wen over one of the most lovely sites in the district. To this squalid prison the aged and infirm retire, after they have wasted their active lives in toiling for their "betters." Wages are very low; but they are eked out by doles, especially in the winter time. The "gentry" in their houses, and the new monied men in their villas compound for their economic and social injustice by giving free rein to that charity, which does indeed "cover a multitude of sins." Begging is quite common, even on the part of what may be called respectable laboring people. True, the young men and women are beginning to be ashamed of this, and to protest against it, but there is as yet no sense of real antagonism to the rich and idle, as there used to be with some of the cottagers in days gone by. Religion, of course, is, as ever, the handmaid of the possessing class. The clergy of the Anglican Church, who might, as Thorold Rogers said, "have been the Tribunes of the people," are for the most part—exceptions do exist—"content to be the lackeys of the privileged class." They teach the people servility, and preach only action

*NOTE.—Not American, my Wilshire, not American that "good time" phrase; it comes straight from Master Chaucer's charming contemporary Boccaccio. "E con ella aveva buon tempo"—"and had a good time with her." How many of the "Tales" end so! But you, Oh cynic, are, I fear, in the matter of the sex, inclined to the opinion of Euripides that there is no living either with them or without them. The which is wholly irrelevant, as all good notes should be.

as a virtue. On the other hand, the Non-Conformists are Liberals in religion and education; that is to say, they want their own form of creed and their own shape of capitalism; but so far as the wage-earners are concerned they follow, like the lawyers, on the same side. A thoroughly bigoted, narrow-minded, parson and minister ridden village is this.

When we first came down we did not —how awful!—see the necessity for sitting under either Anglican or Dissenter; though this house carries with it two pews in the parish church, one for the family and one for the servants. This would never do—we were atheists, outsiders, immoral people of the worst kind. So my wife has been forced to compound with respectability, has made obeisance to the prevailing fetish; we have had the curate—not at all a bad fellow and a University man—to dinner; and now we are beginning to be thought sufficiently safe, though I myself have not yet bowed the knee to Baal (which my wife says is rather mean), for us to be able to get "help" in the shape of a village maiden, or her mother, when we need it. But this sort of prejudice, I do you to wit, is still not wholly unknown in our cities, where, by all the rules of decent life, you ought to smell the inside of your tall hat at least twice in church every Sunday. Here, however, believe me, it has its serious side. I need scarcely add that class distinctions are carefully maintained in the presence of the deity. There is no improper admixture. Each knows his or her place, with a nice class-consciousness very different from rude Socialist self-assertion. I had an amusing instance of this. We went to a concert here. The pianist was an excellent performer, who took the gold medal and first prize at the Berlin Conservatorium, and all was done in proper style. When the music was over, however, the whole audience sat still for fully a minute, in perfect silence, until at last we two took courage and walked out. What were they, about a hundred and fifty women to half-a-dozen men, what were they waiting for? They were waiting, my dear Wilshire, as they wait in church, for the pew people to get out first!

You would be struck, as I was, if you looked at the men and women and children in our village with the number of them who seem to be pale and bloodless, especially the women and children. The place is healthy, the air is good, the work, though ill-paid, is not very hard, there are no factories or sweating shops in the district where the vigor of youth can be rotted out of them, as in London, or the cities of the north. Whence, then, this pallor and apparent physical decrepitude, under conditions which, at first sight, would seem to favor the development of strong forms and rosy cheeks? It is the food, or the lack of it. Bread is bakers' bread here, and very bad bread, too. Beer is brewers' beer and very bad beer, too. Tea is rough, coarse Indian tea, which knocks the nerves all to pieces, and the milk is as bad as the beer and the bread. Nice, educated, refined, superior, finicking, elegant folk often complain about us Social-Democrats, that we keep our attention fixed on the kitchen. What more important department is there of human life? Tell me that. I will affirm with confidence that if I could have the ordering of the kitchens in these cottages, with the supply of food and drink for even twelve months, there would be a wonderful change wrought in the appearance and strength of these people. But then they might not be

quite so meek and subservient and constitutional and conservative as they are to-day. And that would never do!

This England of ours! "Trespassers will be prosecuted." "Trespassers will be prosecuted." "Trespassers will be prosecuted." That is the familiar legend which warns off the weary wayfarer from nearly every inviting spot along the public highway in this lovely country. For game is strictly preserved in the neighborhood, the common man being quite the inferior animal. You may walk or drive for miles on miles without coming across a dwelling that does not belong to some retainer of the feudal and pheasant-shooting landlords. Not only so, but in order to keep down the poor-rates, these peers and plutocrats, who have done themselves the honor to be born in order to rule over us, have torn down the cottages on their estates, and have refused to allow any more to be built. No wonder the people crowd and overcrowd into the towns. No wonder, agriculture being the ill-paid toil it is, the countryside is bare of men. I know the railways, with their monstrous freight charges, and the lack of all amusement, have as much as, or more than, the landlords to do with this depopulation. But the mischief done the country, when all the effect of foreign competition in food staples is taken full account of, by the conjoint action of these various *coupes*, is enormous. There is quite an insufficient supply of hands to do even the modicum of work that is left, now that corn growing is given up. This, for instance, has been a glorious season for hay. There were not enough laborers, even with improved machinery, to get it in. Fields upon fields of hay are lying out *now*. On the other hand, the lot of the fruit gardeners, who can get pickers from the metropolis, has been hard, seeing that they have had too much fruit, strawberries in particular, to enable them to make any money out of them. This phenomenon, however, is not unknown, I believe, in Florida or in California, and "gluts" of all kinds take us far away again from the Sleepy Hollow of which I have been writing.

One has to look back to nature, and the birds and the brooks and the trees in order to clear the mind of the sad and serious broodings thus engendered in the midst of surroundings which should produce nothing but pleasure and the fulness of joy. The age of wood with its splendid castles and houses and halls and monasteries and abbeys and farms and cottages, whose beauty entrances us to-day, had, as we all know, its misery and squalor and grinding servitude below. But was the contrast, think you, quite so great as in this our coal age, when the power of man to produce wealth is so tremendous that the completest physical enjoyment could manifestly be secured with ease for all? I think not. And so we look ahead for consolation into the electric age, and the Socialist age, when mankind will have fought out its last class war, and when the hills and dales of England, as of other countries, will be filled with a vigorous and contented and equal people, living seven hundred years of happiness in the full and complete existence of three score years and ten.

H. M. HYNDMAN.

AN IDYL OF THE STRIKE

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

FROM the piazza of the hotel the soft ripple of the river, lapsing away across the road, was just audible. Beyond were green meadows and low hills, and a great mound of culm, over a mile distant, with a red glow in the midst of it; it had been burning for more than a year. A quiet and pretty scene; but the strike was in the air.

"There'll be no arbitration," said young Frank Gibbs. "We wouldn't mind correcting abuses, if there are any; but we won't let a lot of agitators run our business for us. I take a serious view of this thing; I believe God doesn't mean a great industry like coal mining to fall into the hands of the ignorant rabble. We have the brains and the money—and the mines; and we feel our responsibility—"

"To God and man," put in Norton, the newspaper man, lean and sardonic. "Yes, you operators are a holy bunch of Christians, and the labor unions are Apollyon, whom you must down for the sake of salvation in general. You make me sick!"

"You can sneer; we have the best interests of the men at heart," returned Gibbs, putting on dignity.

"Yes; and of the pretty girls in the silk-mills, too," added Norton, with a malignant chuckle; "Oh, I know your gang; and I know you, in particular, Master Frankie!"

"I'm always willing to talk with gentlemen; but I don't care to listen to billingsgate," said Gibbs, pushing back his chair and getting up. "Drop in to dinner this evening, if you have time, Elliott," he went on, to the clergyman who was present. "Glad to have met you, sir," he added to me; and walked off, still with dignity.

"I think you are very unjust," said Elliott, to the journalist. "Frank Gibbs and his father are good men, church members; I've known them for years. Frank is really thoughtful and philanthropic, for a man of his years. He has personally interested himself to better the lot of numbers of his employees and their families, to my knowledge. I really think your inuendo was unpardonable, Norton."

"It annoys Frankie more than it does you," returned Norton, still chuckling. "And he won't pardon it, Christian or not, never fear! You pulpit fellows mean well; but you don't get your nose down so close to the real thing as we newspaper devils. You ask Frankie, sometime, how Kittie is getting on, and watch his expression! There's slavery in this glorious country, worse than before the war. But there'll be a strike, because some of us aren't quite ready to go on licking the boots that kick us. Shall you write it up?" he asked, turning to me.

"I don't know yet; I rather hope not," I said.

"If you do, I can put you on to some good stuff," rejoined he; and then Elliott took his leave, and left Norton and me together. We talked strike till the sun went down.

A few weeks later I was on a train bound for the heart of the strike region. From the car window I saw shaggy hills hewn asunder to make tortuous valleys; the roots of the puny vegetation grappled with the black bones of the forests of a thousand years ago. Coal mines were everywhere, blackening the green sides of the range; hillocks of slaty refuse, from thirty to a hundred feet in height, marred the landscape with their sullen, metallic glitter. Their sable drift spread out in glistening levels naked and barren as death, with blasted tree-stumps sticking up out of them. Down the gullies ran streams red as massacre or black as the unpardonable sin. Grotesque coal breakers staggered against the sky, gable above gable hung in air, like ruins of Giant Despair's Castle. Here the ground was rent apart to expose a surface vein; there, there was a cave-in over an abandoned mine. The soil was a bilious yellow where it was not blackened with coal dust; ever and anon we passed clusters of rusty hovels, shabby, naked, hideous, the homes of human beings. There were company stores, large, heavy, dilapidated; with dusty windows, gloomy interiors, where clerks bent over ledgers, and grey-haired, iron-visaged managers sat spider-like in their offices. Around the miserable settlements curs sneaked and cantered; goats browsed on rubbish, geese and ducks waddled in filthy mud-puddles; the yards were fenced with tree-stumps, bits of rusty iron sheathing, barrel-staves, and mounded refuse —cast-off boots, dented tin cans, broken bottles; in the yards were ovens of clay, like white-ant heaps, with a broken barrel for chimney. Sombre men stood about in groups; bare-footed and bare-armed women leaned in doorways; children slunk and crawled about among them. This was Miner-dom, and the strike had been on for a month and more.

Norton met me at the station. "Things are b'iling!" he said, with his saturnine grin. "Here's a trap for you; the fellow will drive you over to old Harvey's; he's in the way of being a scab. You'll get local color and views there, and more fun, unless I'm mistaken, later on. I'll see you when you get back. So long!"

Old Harvey lived on a hillock composed of compacted filth of generations, in a hovel of two stories, containing two families, renting at four dollars a month, occupant liable for repairs. The unpainted clap-boards were warped with age and weather, and you could peel off strips with your fingers. The planks gaped apart, and the rotten roof was like a sieve. In front was a porch, with dingy white palings, and an elderly man sitting on it; behind was a tiny shed attached to the house, with a stove in it for cooking, when there was anything to cook. As I drove up, a dumpy, waddling old woman emerged from the shed, wiping her arms on her apron. She was Mrs. Harvey, and the man was her husband, a miner for thirty years.

I told them what I "represented," and we entered into conversation.

Yes, they was Johnnie Bulls. Come over 'ere to better themselves thirty years ago; Tom, 'e used to be a butcher. 'Ad 'ad seven children; six livin'; one boy, 'e was killed in the

mine, and the h'apple of 'is mother's h'eye, 'e was. The boss's fault, that was; the law says three feet between the track and the timbers, and it was only six inches, and Jackie was ketched by the truck and killed. The h'operators didn't make no compensation; the witnesses we 'ad, they fired 'em; and h'all we got for h'our boy's life was just that! (a snap of the finger). What was the most Tom h'ever earned in a month? 'Ow much was it, now! Well, one month 'e got fifty dollars—yes, fifty in one month; but that was years ago; some months now 'e didn't get more nor eight dollars—h'eight to fifteen. No steady work—that was the trouble; an 'undred and fifty days in the year, on the h'average. Too many Polanders about these times. If you tries for a job h'elsewhere, why, you're fired, that's all; and you walks to the mine h'every day for a fortnight, may be, and hangs around all day, and they tells you, nothin' to-day, they tells you. So Tom 'e told the boss t'other day, h'if I can't get money to buy coal I'll 'ave to thieve it, 'e says. You will? says the boss. H'i must! Tom, 'e says. Well, come around, says the boss; but 'ow can Tom go, with the union men a-waitin' to club 'im for a scab? So there we be; and if it wasn't for Katie, we'd a starved.

"Then you don't want the strike?" I asked Tom.

Strike?—No, 'e didn't want no strike! Work was what 'e wanted—regular work; h'if 'e went h'out on strike, it would be because the union they forced him to it. Give 'im work, and pay 'im what you will, and 'e'd be thankful! But if 'e went scabbin' it, 'e'd be shot or clubbed, and if 'e didn't, 'e'd starve.—That was what this free and independent American adopted citizen had come to.

"Six other children living besides Katie, eh? Any of them old enough to work?"

Yes; there was Dick—'e's twelve; 'e makes fifty cents a day when there's work; and there's another, h'eighteen 'e is—'e'll make sixty-six cents. It all 'elps. But Katie, she gets three fifty a week at the mill; h'up at four thirty h'every mornin' and walks over; and then Mr. Gibbs, 'e gives her special jobs now and again; right kind and good, Mr. Frank, 'e is; ah! if they was all like 'im! Would like to show me Katie; as pretty a gal, and as good a gal, as there was in the mill; she was a-goin' to marry young John Kearney next year, if the strike didn't stop it. Yes, one sees plenty of children 'ereabouts; well, there's got to be; they don't h'eat much, and they does work—beginnin' seven, times, h'if the inspectors will stand for it, and they mostly will. It ain't the law; but there ain't no law, not for h'operators; plenty of it for miners—yes, there be!

Frank Gibbs, and Katie! What association of those two names had got into my head? I couldn't trace it. Well, there were many Katies in Minerdom. I bade good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, after a glance into their dining-room, living-room, every-purpose-room, twelve feet square, six feet high, with its three chromos, its rotting floor, its leaking walls, its home-done whitewashing and plastering, and its desperate struggle to be clean. I went back to the village and George Norton.

This is not an artistic story. But it is a broken arc in a vast circle—a drama—now being acted out in this country, to what *denouement* we know not; but doubtless it will be artistic enough, when we know it all.

"So you found him a decent sort of chap, although a scab?" said Norton that evening, as we climbed a narrow pair of stairs to the "committee room." Norton was smoking a Pittsburg stogie, as dry and lean as himself.

"The most peaceable man in the coal-fields," I answered. "If they were all like him, the operators would be in clover——"

"Until all the Tom Harveys had starved to death," interrupted he, gibingly. "Fine residence, that of his, isn't it? Owner, Frank Gibbs; estimated capital five millions. And now I'll show you the other phase!"

He opened a door at the head of the stairs. The room was fifteen feet square, with a bed in it, on which two men sat, a deal table, two chairs, a smoky lamp, and a slop jar used as a spittoon. One of the men was smoking a pipe; he was bearded, with steady, shining eyes and rough garments; the other was taller, muscular, red-haired; he wore a black vest over a red flannel shirt; his blue eyes had a fierce look, his features were bold and sharply moulded. He sat on the bed, with a knee between his clasped hands.

"Carl Otto, I want you to know this man here whom I spoke of this morning —my friend, and all right." The red-haired one grunted, and held out an enormous hand. "Petowski," continued Norton, "my friend." The dark-bearded one rose and bowed. "These men are strike leaders," went on Norton to me; "and to-night they are going to pay their respects, with a few hundred other gentlemen, to Mr. Frankie Gibbs' stockade. Frankie has been employing scabs—is that right?"

Carl Otto grunted, and nursed his knee. Petowski said, politely, to me, "You come along?"

"As a looker-on; not as a combatant," I said.

"As catcher, not pitcher, eh?" chuckled Norton. "Well, you'll see most of the game. I shall carry my gun, just for sociability. How many guns will there be in the crowd, all told?" he asked Petowski.

Before the Polander could reply, there was a heavy knock at the door, immediately followed by the entrance of a broad-shouldered youth, whose handsome face was flushed and distorted by some kind of violent emotion. He seemed to look at no one; he had someone by the hand, who was trying to draw back.

"What's wrong with you, John Kearney?" demanded Norton, sternly. "You're not one of us; you have no business here."

"I have business at Gibbs' stockade to-night," returned the other, in a husky voice; "and here's why." With that, exerting his strength, he dragged into sight his companion, a very pretty girl, neatly dressed, her face white with fear; her dark eyes went from face to face of those in the room, half appealing, half defiant.

"Kate Harvey!" muttered Norton, amazed.

The red-haired Berserk rose. He strode to the door, locked it, and pocketed the key. Then he turned to Kearney. His accent was foreign, but his words good enough English.

"You are a peace man; we are for war. You come here — bring this woman. You are a spy, perhaps—or not; we don't know! We bind you; we gag you; you stay here till all is over. The woman, she——"

"You hear me, first, Carl Otto," Kearney broke in. "You're not for war so much as I am. If the stockade is blown up to-night, and if Frank

Gibbs is shot, I'm the man will do it. Give me a gun, and put me in front; you'll see! And here's my reason," he went on, turning to the girl. "We've kept company for a year; we was to be married next month. The superintendent up to the mills turned her off to-day. Can you see what for?"

She stood in the light of the smoky lamp, drooping, faltering. Her shrinking figure told the story. We all saw it.

"The superintendent thought it was my doing, maybe," added Kearney, in his husky voice of passion. "Well, ask her if it was!—and ask Frank Gibbs!"

"You are a blackguard, John Kearney, anyway," growled Norton, fiercely.

Kearney paid no attention. "She was on her way to the stockade to warn them, and to be with him, when I met her. We had it out, and I fetched her here. I didn't kill her; I——" his voice failed him for a moment, but he set his teeth and went on. "I want to kill him. Give me a gun, and keep me in front—that's all."

There was a silence, broken by the soft voice of Petowski. "Ze young ladee, vould zhe like to zay zomet'ings?"

She stood silent, shaken with convulsive nervous tremors, her face down, her fingers working together. In a moment Norton said, in a voice so kind and gentle that I hardly recognized it, "Speak, or not, as you please, my girl. You shall be protected here."

There was another pause, with such stillness that the different breathing of every person in the little room was perceptible. After several efforts, a broken whisper came from the girl, with pauses between.

"I cared for John. But Mr. Frank was nice to me, and I liked him too. But I wouldn't have . . . I wouldn't . . . only he promised to help father and mother; and I thought . . . "

She crouched down on the floor, half kneeling, half sitting, her face in her hands. Kearney stepped to the window, and stood staring out into the rainy blackness. Norton conferred apart for a few minutes with Otto and Petowski, in undertones.

Then the red-haired one spoke. "Miss Harvey stays here till we come back; she excuse me, I lock the door. You come with me—where I can put my hand on you!"—to John Kearney. "The gun for you when the time come. So, now we go!"

After an hour of such work as I hope not to see again, came this scene:—

Four hundred men faced the stockade, at a distance of forty yards. Shots had been fired on both sides, but none had been hit yet. I was near Carl Otto; and I heard him say to John Kearney, "Now! you go!"

The young fellow held in his hand an oblong object, about ten inches long by four wide. He started forward at once at a run, straight for the stockade. Otto covered him with his revolver while he ran. A shot from the palings struck him in the ankle; he fell, but dragged himself forward. Shots fired from the mob served to protect him; he reached the foot of the stockade, and planted the oblong object there. "Stand back, all!—stand back!" called out the leader, waving his arm. But Kearney lay there, and if the explosion took place it was certain death to him.

Then I saw the lank figure of George Norton emerge from the retreating line of the strikers, and stride leisurely towards the fallen man. Shot after shot was fired at him from the stockade,

with no effect. He reached Kearney, got him across his shoulder, and set out to return. It was a heavy load. Twice he stopped to rest; he seemed invulnerable. Just as he reached our line, a bullet passed through the crown of his derby hat. The wounded man was taken from him and passed to the rear. George took off his hat, looked at the hole, remarked, "There goes three dollars!" and retired, panting, into the ranks.

The next thing was to set off the explosive (whatever it was) by a shot from a rifle. But the defenders, aware of their peril, had rigged up a reflector lamp which glaring in the faces of the shooters, marred their aim, and at the same time exposed them to danger. Petowski, a good marksman, sent a bullet through the reflector, but the dazzling glare was maintained. "It must be zat some ones like Sheorge Norton walk up to heem and explode heem," said Petowski, thoughtfully, slipping in another cartridge.

But volunteers for the certainty of being blown to pieces are not common.

All at once, however, there was a confusion in the ragged ranks, and a voice calling out with the strong English intonations to which I had listened only a few hours before—

"H'I'm the man for the job!—h'I'm the man! Damn the h'operators, and Frank Gibbs! Stand back, boys, and keep yer h'eyes on Tom 'Arvey!"

The grey-haired little figure was now visible, struggling with two men who were holding him back. He broke from them; he had a revolver in his hand. Then sounded a shrill, woman's scream, and a girl, his own daughter, leaped forward and threw her arms round him. He tried to throw her off. The light from the reflector fell full upon them, and sparkled on the rain that slanted down from the black sky.

Above the stockade, to the left of the reflector, I saw the head and shoulders of a man rise up, and the shine of a rifle-barrel. He aimed hurriedly and fired. Tom Harvey's knees gave way under him, and he fell; the girl fell with him. I rushed forward with some one and pulled them back. It was Norton who had helped me. The old man and the girl were both dead by the same bullet.

"Did you recognize the man who fired that shot?" asked George.

"No," said I.

"Well, no matter; we could never hang him for it; the judge and jury are in his pocket. But it was our Christian philanthropist and church-member, Frankie Gibbs, all the same. He has made a clean job of it!"

A cry arose, "Here come the troops!" and the mob melted away.

One hundred and thirteen years have passed, I believe, since our g'orious Constitution went into effect; but we are not quite perfect, even yet.

John Armstrong.

THE PROBLEM IN FRANCE

A. S. HEADINGLEY

FRENCH Socialists have been blamed for devoting too much attention to what is defined as bourgeois politics. Such criticism is more general beyond the frontiers than within France itself. It comes quite naturally to those who do not appreciate the terrible danger that for some years has menaced the French nation. But as the French people themselves failed to realize how deeply their security had been undermined, other nations were not likely to be better informed. The French have now, however, been awakened to the realities of the situation by the Dreyfus affair. Abroad, however, we heard more of the superficial aspects of this celebrated case, and followed it as a personal drama of sinister interest As a matter of fact, the innocence or otherwise of Captain Dreyfus is of very little importance when compared to the widespread clerical intrigue which the case served to reveal. That this is so, receives further proof from the slight disturbances which have occurred during the recent expulsion of unauthorized nuns from the premises they occupied. To understand this, and to appreciate the general situation in France, it is necessary to recapitulate the main facts that came to light during the Dreyfus affair. Possessing enormous wealth, the clerical party, especially the Jesuits and the Assumptionists, had very skillfully and unobtrusively captured a great part of the educational machinery of the country. The Jesuits are generally credited with being the ablest teachers in the world They devoted themselves more particularly to the creation of cramming schools where their pupils were taught, not reason and philosophy, but how best to pass competitive examinations which would secure them posts in the army, navy, magistrature and other government functions. Unlike the secular teachers in the State schools, these clerical teachers do not lose sight of their pupils in after life, but follow them step by step, using their social influence to obtain promotion for them, and even to find them suitable wives with welcome dowries. Money being no object, but political influence the sole end and aim, an excellent secondary education was offered at, for instance, the ecclesiastical school of Clermont, for $85 a year, board included. Sometimes, so as not to lose a pupil, this charge was reduced to $55. This must have entailed a heavy financial loss, for the State schools, in spite of State subventions, cannot give a similar education for less than $160 to $180 per pupil, per annum. Under these circumstances many Freethinkers and Republicans sent their children to the clerical and royalist schools. The

Committee appointed by the French Parliament to report on the progress of secondary education, published statistics which showed that, in the seventeen educational and university centres of France, and with the exception of Paris, greater progress had been made in the clerical than in the State schools.

As a result of this state of things, every officer forming part of the General Staff of the French Army had been a pupil of the clerical schools and was under the influence of the clerical party. The result was simple. Whenever the government entertained a project of law that might seriously damage the clerical interests, the government was not only warned that the proposed law, if enacted, would occasion riots such as we have just witnessed in Brittany; but, what was much more important, that the authorities could not, under such circumstances, count on the army to put down the disturbances. The effect of such advice, coming from the General Staff, is obvious. Of course it would have been impossible for the General Staff to make such a threat if there had not been some slight foundation of truth in it; and the troubles in Brittany, the attempted ladies' demonstration in Paris combined with the fact that a few officers have refused to obey orders, are occurrences which confirm this theory. If, instead of an anti-clerical Minister of War such as General Andre, we had had at the head of the army General de Boisdeffre, whose wife confesses to the Jesuit Father Du Lac, the disturbances and the insubordination in the army would have been much more serious. Thus, it will be seen, the clerical party, by its lavish sacrifice of money, its marvellous patience and skill, had succeeded in dominating the government through the instrumentality of the General Staff of the army. This meant the ultimate triumph of clericalism throughout France, and against this danger the Socialist party had to take action

There was, however, a thorn in the clerical side. The Jews and the Protestants of France naturally did not lend themselves to such intrigues, and, though they represent but a small section of the population, they possess wealth and educational influence which is far out of proportion with their numbers. Therefore the anti-Semitic agitation was started with special attacks against the Jew officers of the army. In spite of this, fourteen Jews were able to pass the examinations in the year 1893 which gained for them admission to the great Polytechnic military engineering school. Of the twenty most successful pupils that year three were Jews. But what was even more menacing than this was the fact that at that time, and in spite of the most unfair opposition and intrigues, Captain Dreyfus by sheer personal merit forced his way onto the General Staff of the army. Evidently an example had to be made and this of so terrible a nature that no Jew or Protestant would ever again dare seek admission to the General Staff. The very next year, in 1894, Dreyfus was arrested on a trumped-up charge of treason. What followed is well known; but this, the hidden cause of the affair, is not so well understood; yet it is its due appreciation that explains the attitude of the vast majority of French Socialists.

There are two forms of Socialist action. The one is to secure the tools and material wherewith to build, the other is to build. But the latter presupposes the former. With the abolition of freedom, with the abolition of

secular education, with the abolition of the Republic, Socialism becomes, for the time being, an impossibility. Therefore the Socialists had to fight for freedom for representative institutions; and it so happened that the Dreyfus affair became the *casus belli*. Of course, the clerical influence did not fail to start a campaign of propaganda to dissuade Socialists from taking part in this matter; and, in doing so, the question was presented as merely a middle-class quarrel. But the majority of Socialists conceived that justice was not a question of class, but of principle, and that this was a good opportunity of checking the growth of the clerical party. If the liberation of Dreyfus had been the only object, then the matter would have been of comparatively little importance. There have been hundreds of other miscarriages of justice. The point was to save the army and the navy from clerical domination, and to replace education in the hands of the State. Surely these were practical measures worthy of the Socialist party; and had they been neglected the Socialists would have lost the tools with which they may hope to manufacture Socialism bye-and-bye. As a result of the Socialist support, not only was the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry rendered possible, but the government was able to follow up the Dreyfus affair by its law against the unauthorized Congregations. Therefore clericalism and reaction have been checked, not very effectively, but still this is a beginning of better things. It is something to have turned the tide, and to have forced middle-class Liberals, Radicals, Freethinkers and Freemasons to acknowledge that they owe their salvation to the Socialist party.

London, England.

DID GOD GIVE COAL TO MEN OR BAERS?

(The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for, not by labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God, in His infinite wisdom, has given control of the property interests of the country.—MR. BAER.)

In the prehistoric ages, when the world was a ball of mist -
A seething swirl of something unknown in the planet list—
When the earth was vague with vapor, and formless and dark and void—
The sport of the wayward comet—the jibe of the asteroid;
Then the singing stars of morning chanted soft: "Keep out of there!
Keep off that spot which is sizzling hot—it is making coal for Baer!"

When the pterodactyl ambled (or fluttered, or swam, or jumped),
And the plesiosaurus rambled, all careless of what he bumped,
And the other old-time monsters that throve on land and sea,
And didn't know what their names were, any more than to-day do we;
Wherever they went they heard it: "You fellows keep out of there—
That place which shakes and quivers and quakes—is making coal for Baer!"

The carboniferous era consumed but a million years;
It started when earth was shedding the last of her baby tears,
When still she was swaddled softly in clumsily tied on clouds,
When the stars from the shops of Nature were being turned out in crowds;
But high o'er the favored section this old sign said to all: "Beware!
Stay back of the ropes that surround these slopes; They are making coal for Baer."

We ought to be glad and joyous, we ought to be filled with glee,
That, aeons ago, the placard was nailed onto the ancient tree,
That millions and millions of ages—back farther than Adam and Eve—
The icthyosaurus halted, and speedily took his leave;
That so it was saved for all of us, the spot with the sign: "Beware!
This plant is run by the earth and sun, and is making coal for Baer."

—W. D. NESBIT, in Baltimore American.

H. M. HYNDMAN

A Biographical Sketch

BELIEVING that a sketch of H. M. Hyndman will have a special interest to readers of the Labour Leader at the present moment, we have availed ourselves of the columns of Justice, the Aberdeen Evening News, and Daylight for the following material:—

"Born about the year 1840, of wealthy parents, Hyndman in his earlier years was surrounded by little of that atmosphere calculated to produce the stalwart Democrat which the world knows to-day. The fortune of the Hyndman family was built up from the same source as the fortune of the Gladstone family—that is to say, from the slave trade; but, while that is so, it is no exaggeration to say that the present Hyndman has spent, not a fortune only, but the best part of his life as well, in seeking to banish forever from the world every form of social slavery.

"Of his early life little need be said here; suffice it to mention that it was after a successful career at Cambridge University that Hyndman began to devote himself seriously to literary work. During the Italian War in 1866 he acted as special correspondent to the Pall Mall Gazette, but it was after he had returned to England that he first set himself to examine the real position of men and women at home.

"To a man of Hyndman's sympathetic temperament the sight of evil and suffering amongst others soon awoke a strong desire to lessen somewhat the misery which confronted him in the working-class world, thus realising how true is Lord Beaconsfield's saying, 'We have two nations in our midst, the rich and the poor, and the one nation knows not how the other nation lives.'

"Hyndman soon discovered for himself that the people of the other nation had hearts that knew much of suffering and anguish, souls that were shrivelled up in the desperate struggle for existence; stomachs, too, had they that were not always full, and bodies that were all too seldom clad, let the winter winds blow ever so chill. Despite all this Hyndman did not blossom out all at once into a full-blown Social-Democrat. It is no sudden conversion that inspires in one a knowledge of the wide science of sociology. The new light breaks but slowly upon the mist of old-world notions. And so it came to pass that Hyndman, by a path he knew not of, was led gradually on the way to Socialism. First there was the personal influence of the Italian patriot, Joseph Mazzini—'a great man with noble ideals and a genuine love for the people,' Hyndman calls him. Then his travels throughout the world—on the Continent, in Australia, and in America—all helped to broaden out his mind in a

forward direction, so much so that in Australia we find him strenuously advocating free education, land nationalization, and similar reforms. Then came the rising of the Communards of Paris during the spring of 1871; their heroic effort on behalf of Democracy striking a responsive chord in many a heart besides that of Hyndman. Then followed next his studies in Indian finance, the first results of which he gave to the world in a series of articles in the Nineteenth Century, which were afterwards published in book form under the title of 'The Bankruptcy of India.' In this work he contended that in India we were working up to 'a hideous economical catastrophe, beside which the great Irish famine of 1847 will seem but mere child's play.' And certainly, as Hyndman often tells with pardonable pride, recent developments in India have proved almost—if not entirely—the truth of his main propositions.

"About this time—or shortly after this—he received from a friend a French copy of Karl Marx's great work, 'Capital,' which he studied with much care for two years. Early in the year of 1881, he took the first step for the formation of what is now known as the Social-Democratic Federation. But as yet the scientific Socialism was unborn.

"In the January number of the Nineteenth Century appeared an article entitled, 'The Dawn of a Revolutionary Epoch,' the first Social-Democratic manifesto ever penned in England. In it Hyndman proclaimed his intention of commencing a Socialist propaganda in Great Britain from the political side . . . . and on June 8, 1881, with a few sympathetic Radicals, Social Reformers, and one or two Socialists at his side, the first meeting of the Democratic Federation was held. This was the first introduction of Marx and Marxian doctrines into England.

"In addition to the teaching of Socialism, the new party undertook the task of championing the cause of Ireland. . . . . During this time Hyndman published his important work, 'The Historical Basis of Socialism,' which has been aptly described as a 'keen, critical insight into the past, a wide comprehensive grasp of the present situation of labour.'"

In conjunction with others equally enthusiastic, much work was accomplished at the street corner, in the lecture hall, and in the press. Gradually the Social-Democrats grew in numbers, strength, and activity. Ernest Belfort Bax, the historian and philosopher of the movement, came; William Morris, the poet and artist, came; Edward Carpenter, the prophet and idealist of the new Democracy, came. Hyndman, the subject of our sketch, may be described as the economist and fully-equipped politician of the party.

In 1884 Hyndman, aided by the three co-workers already mentioned, by J. L. Joynes and others, commenced the publication of Justice, the organ of the Social-Democracy, which has been printed every week since then, and which he edited for about eight years. Besides the works already referred to, Hyndman has written and had published, amongst others, "England for All," "The Social Reconstruction of England," "Socialism and Slavery"—this being a reply to Herbert Spencer's "The Coming Slavery." Also, in conjunction with William Morris, "A Summary of the Principles of Socialism," his ablest and crowning work being "The Economics of Socialism," which was first given as a series

of eight lectures in the Central Hall of the S.D.F., Strand, London.

In defence of the principles which he holds, he has debated on many occasions. Amongst his opponents might be mentioned the names of the late Charles Bradlaugh, Henry George (the American Single Tax advocate), and Mr. Henry Labouchere, and after some fifteen years of hard fighting we find him still prepared to meet any opponent, as shown by the following quotation from Justice in defence of the theories of Marx, and in reply to an article in the Manchester Guardian:—"I am prepared to uphold the correctness of Marx's analysis with any professer of political economy of note in Great Britain, as against the late Professor Jevons', Professor Marshall's, or Professor Bohm-Bawerk's theories, or the like, against any well-known politician either on the platform or in the Press." As against some public utterances of Mr. A. J. Balfour, Hyndman says: "He and I happen to be members of the same University (Cambridge) and the same College (Trinity). I am ready to meet him (A. J. Balfour). He can choose his own audience—scientific, literary, or popular. He can speak or write, and commence or reply, just as he pleases."

During the winter and spring of 1895-6, Hyndman addressed many large and enthusiastic meetings in London and in the provinces.

At the election of 1895, he contested Burnley as an avowed Social-Democrat, and obtained just 1,500 votes. Thus the small band of 1881 is growing in strength and influence. Notable of the latter is the interest shown in the Press, the pulpit, in the debating club, and likewise even extending to that of novel writings—a sure sign of progress. —Labour Leader, London.

NOTE.—The foregoing is of especial interest just now owing to the recent narrow escape Mr. Hyndman has had from a fatal illness. An attack of nervous prostration very nearly resulting in paralysis, is now, I am happy to say, terminating in a most favorable convalescence.

THE SOUL-INSPIRING IMPULSE

There is beauty worth our learning;
If we strive to know its secret,
We may feel its constant burning
When our minds are clear of doubt.
'Tis the fruits of honest earning
Driving greed and malice out
Till we lose our selfish yearning,
And have learned to look without.

There is joy beyond all measure
In the soul-inspiring impulse
Of a theme that leads from leisure
On to action's good desire;
Sifting out our drossy nature
With the spirit's burning fire
Till we feel the vital pleasure
That has lifted us up higher.

There is beauty that will tell
How to shape both thought and action
To all the arts of living well,
In the measured stroke and rhyme
Of the artist's brush and chisel,
Sounding through the sweep of time
Till it gives to lifeless marble
It's expression full sublime.

There is beauty in the passion
Of a kind and tender heart
As it feels its sweet compassion
Swelling on the tide of years,
Hoping, trusting, time will fashion
Lives that feel no more the fears
Of the systems and the nations
Calling for their blood and tears.

—LORENZO D. GILLESPIE.

CORRESPONDENCE

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR,—The coming of your magazine yesterday reminded me that my subscription had expired; please find it herewith, and accept my thanks for retaining my name upon the mailing list. That characteristic of the magazine which renders it intolerable to the U. S mails, it is, which first attracted and still commands my attention and interest—"Wilshire's Ideas." I take your paper for them, nothing else; and while I am not yet able to agree that the ultimate results which you predict will ever attend upon Socialism, and while I am thus far unable to see how the "Community of Interest" theory can ever approach practicability, yet I can and do see the existence of those conditions which caused you to take up your armor and go upon the war-path. I admire your boldness and your honest courage as I admire the unique and forceful style of your writings. You will find it a mistake, I think, to withhold from your subscribers the expression of "Wilshire Ideas," and I beg you to believe that when flowing from "Wilshire's pen" they carry a zest and a relish which are otherwise absent. I have for a long time considered the existing social evils which surround the laborer, as well as the iniquity of "Bossism" in politics, to be more largely due to the presence in the shop, factory and mine, and at the ballot box, of European paupers, than to any other one cause. Without professing knowledge upon the point, it seems to me that the price of labor is as much regulated by the law of "supply and demand" as is the price of bread or shoes, and that when Capital declines to pay enough to enable a self-respecting American laborer to reasonably satisfy his demands, it is because there stands at hand some other laborer who is ready and willing to work for less; whether this "other laborer" is domestic or foreign born can be determined by standing at the polls in a commercial centre upon election day and taking a look at him. On the other hand, corruption in the affairs of government is found more generally in the legislative than in either the executive or judicial departments. Who, in these days of enlightenment, can be found ready to believe that legislative boards of large cities are in their doings actuated by the one idea of "The Public Welfare?" Certainly none such can be found amongst the "initiated." I believe it has come to be regarded that even State Legislatures are generally corrupt. The sum of it is, however, that the public mind associates political rascality with legislative bodies rather than with the other governmental departments. Now, these are elected at the ballot box by the people themselves, by the very "other laborer" who stood by to take the job. The responsibility must go either to him or to the American laborer, for the vote of labor largely exceeds a majority, as you have often pointed out. The balance of power at the polls is wielded by that population which can neither read nor write; which has neither an understanding of nor the power to comprehend a question of politics or of economics. I look for a betterment of conditions when we have deprived this gentleman of a voice in our affairs of State, and of a voice to bid against American labor. I have not written out of any ambition to get into print, but in the hope that you may on some occasion write some "Wilshire Ideas" upon the subject of the exclusion of foreign labor, and restricting the right of suffrage.

Truly yours,

DAN THEW WRIGHT.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22, 1902.

D. THEW WRIGHT, ESQ.,
Cincinnati, O.

DEAR MR. WRIGHT,—Thanks for your much appreciated letter of September 1st.

I once had views somewhat similar to yours, but I changed them when I commenced to reason that the same argument that is urged against the foreign laborer would equally apply against the introduction of machinery. Foreign labor may be considered simply as a machine which produces more than domestic labor with an equal expenditure of money; and therefore, the same reason which impels you to use the machine, namely economy, impels you to use foreign labor. But, as you do not and would not advocate the disuse of machinery because it displaces native labor, you must admit that you have no argument against the foreign laborer, which simply does the same thing. Foreign labor, like the machine, produces more than it consumes. Otherwise it would not be employed, because production is only done for profit. Now, then, if the foreign laborer produces more than he consumes, it follows that if we had a natural method of distribution, the country, as a whole, should participate in the advantage of the surplus which arises from such labor. As a matter of fact, it does not. The surplus is produced and remains in the United States all right, but it is the American who owns capital who gets it, while the American who simply owns labor loses his job. Exactly the same thing happens when machinery is used. The logical way for us to regard both foreign labor and machinery is that as they produce more wealth than they consume the community should participate in the advantage of such wealth by better distribution. Certainly you will admit, my dear Mr. Wright, that if we could have a thousand million laborers imported into the United States to work our land and machinery for us Americans, giving us all they produced beyond what is required for them to live upon, we then would be able to live without ourselves working; that is, those of us who happened to own the land and machinery, viz.: the Vanderbilts and Morgans. If we did not belong to this owning class, we would be forced to compete with those foreign laborers, and we would be worse off than if they never had come. If we could harness a million Niagaras to do the same work that these thousand million foreign laborers would do, the result would be exactly the same. The American workingmen would be thrown out of work and not get anything of the enormous and increased amount of wealth produced as a result of the harnessing of the Niagaras, although, of course, they would get work doing the harnessing. The main difference between machinery and foreign labor, is that, in the former case, we get a respite of life by being hired to make machinery; while in the latter case we don't get even the temporary job for the foreign laborer is a ready-made machine. The way to abolish poverty is not to restrict production of wealth, whether it be done by foreign labor or domestic machinery. Let us abolish our competitive wage system, which prevents us getting enough wages to buy what we produce. Let us have a co-operative wage system and get what is produced, and then we will welcome increased production from whatever source it may come, whether it be made by foreign laborers or Yankee machinery. Now, my dear Mr. Wright, you are one of the distinguished lawyers of Cincinnati, in fact, of the United States; your intellect is certainly keen enough to see that we must abolish poverty by increasing wealth rather than diminishing it. My columns are always open to you. Faithfully yours,

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

SMELTER WORKERS' UNION,
ORGANIZED JUNE 12, 1902.

CROCKETT, Cal., Nov. 2, 1902.

MR. H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE,

DEAR SIR,—I desire to say that your magazine is doing great work in this community. It has made Socialists of myself and many others; and I know of none who have read three copies without being converted.

Yours truly,
ALFRED PETERSON.

BINGHAMTON, Nov. 5, 1902.

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE,—We are in receipt of your notice regarding the expiration of our subscription to your magazine, and must beg your pardon for allowing it to pass thus far unnoticed. You will receive Money Order for renewal for one year, the coming week. Please continue the magazine, as we feel it a necessity. As a firm believer in the cause of Socialism, I beg to commend you for your noble efforts in carrying our cause before the public. I heartily approve of your methods, and feel that you read aright the possibilities of the future.

Please find enclosed a few thoughts called forth by the article, "Evolution: Political and Economic," by Hilary Herbert, in the August number of your magazine. If you consider these words of mine of enough importance to meet the eyes of readers, I would be deeply gratified to have you publish them.

Wishing you success in all ways, knowing that your success means success to that glorious cause which lies nearest to our hearts, I am,

Yours sincerely,
SAMUEL LEWIS BROOKS.

Believe in Mankind.

In reading the article, "Evolution: Political and Economic," by Hilary Herbert, in a recent issue of WILSHIRE'S, I could not but notice how typical of men of his class were the sentiments expressed. He calls serious attention to the fact that Evolution is steadily and surely carrying the nations of the world

forward to Socialism ; but in the end prophesies an inevitable stagnation. It is needless to say that there have always been and always will be blocks in the pathway of progress. Our patriot fathers were greatly disheartened many times during their great struggle for freedom, by that futile cry, "Inevitable Stagnation." It is admitted that perhaps if Socialism had come to our country at that time, it might have been followed by evil effects. It may also be admitted that if the world was peopled entirely by a certain class, a seeming stagnation might follow.

I would like to call attention to the old truism that an individual cannot measure mankind with his own yardstick. Life to all men is not merely the satisfying of material wants. Viewing it from this perspective, it would seem that in the past man's sole inspiration to achieve has been the overpowering desire for material comforts and advantages, man's stomach being his incentive. But those times and conditions have been swept into that gulf of errors—the Past.

A close observer will discover that workingmen have ceased to demand more remuneration, but are demanding less hours' work. What does this mean? Does it mean that working men are losing their incentive to excellence? Ah, no! When a workingman demands more wage, he demands more material comforts. But when he demands less hours' work, he is demanding more opportunity. Not the opportunity, as some seem to think, to more fully besot himself in grog shops; but the opportunity to cultivate and know himself. He demands an equal opportunity to study life and to make the most of it. He demands an equal opportunity to study Nature and dream of her glorious promises. He demands an opportunity to develop manhood. Evolution has awakened in him an overpowering desire for knowledge, and nothing can satisfy him until he has drained the cup of its last shining drop. Time has been when knowledge was confined to the few ; but now it is as universal as the ether that fills the spaces between universes. Can a man live and breathe this air pregnant with energy, and then believe stagnation possible? Socialism is not the culmination of man's hope; it is no end, but just one of the many guide-posts that mark the pathway of Change.

Evolution has no leaders, but has instruments keen to do its work. Rousseau, the man, did not bring about the French Revolution ; it was that "divine discontent" in the hearts of the French people that found in his words an expression of their own feelings. Rousseau was simply an instrument of Evolution.

My message to the world is, "Believe in Mankind." We must if we believe in ourselves. The great, broad hand of Evolution is forcing us forward whether we will or no. Let us take up our lives and fall in line, making the most of our opportunities. Then we will find enough incentives to keep us from becoming fearful of that impossible condition—Stagnation.

SAMUEL LEWIS BROOKS.

3928 SANSON, PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR MR. WILSHIRE,—From reading your plucky publication, I have become convinced that the nation should own the Trusts (if it can do so without meddling in the religious beliefs of the people). But, as a Catholic, am I to understand from such articles as have been contributed by Geo. D. Herron and Wm. T. Brown, that "no Catholic need apply" until he is prepared to renounce his religious beliefs?

For instance, I have seen the point raised that the poverty of the masses is the consequence of the failure of the "Church" to do its duty, and that this is because Christianity has no programme for the abolishment of poverty. This is said to be particularly true of the Catholic Church in those countries where it has had full sway. But a little reflection will show that Catholicism and Socialism are in precisely the same boat in this respect. Each has a programme of its own for the abolition of poverty, and each has so far failed to abolish it. The reason of the failure in each case is the same, namely, neither has so far induced a sufficient number of the people to adopt its programme. The Church's programme is the Golden Rule—"Do to others as you would have others do to you." It is safe to say that if the same proportion of the population were to adopt and carry out this programme as Socialism itself must gain over before its programme for the abolition of poverty can succeed, there would be seen quite as great an improvement as Socialism could bring about. It is reckless injustice to look upon the misery that exists as the result of the "Church's failure to do its duty," "lack of programme," etc., which Socialist writers insist upon. To read some of them, one would suppose that the thoughts, words and actions of people calling themselves Catholics, for instance, are the direct result of the unresisted sway of the Catholic Church over them. Whether the Catholic goes to Church or gets drunk, gives his goods to the poor or commits murder, he does it all in obedience to

the Church. It does not seem to occur to them what is really the case, that the vast majority of Catholics actually do an immense number of things in spite of all the Church can do to prevent them. In other words, the Church has never yet succeeded in converting to its programme more than a small and helpless minority of its own adherents, to say nothing of the immense numbers outside of its pale. As to accomplishing the abolition of misery, it stands in precisely the same predicament as Socialism does, namely, it has not got enough votes yet. It is true that it has been at work much longer than Socialism. But there is positively no assurance that Socialism will succeed in this respect any faster than the Church has, for it is not at all unlikely that there will always be a majority of the people prosperous enough to prevent them from taking any interest in programmes for abolishing the misery of others. It all remains to be seen.

Socialists, themselves, try to win their cause in the same way as the Church—by making converts. But to needlessly affront a man's conscience is a poor way of making him a convert. You can't make a friend of a man by clubbing him. There is no reason why a Catholic should not advocate government ownership of the Trusts. There is no religious question involved, until those Socialists who like that sort of thing drag in the religious question by inveighing against priests, prelates, etc., actually making Socialism take on the appearance of an anti-religious propaganda, thoroughly justifying the attitude of opposition into which Church authorities are forced.

Every vote counts, and there are enough Catholics who will side with their Church every time they see her unjustly attacked (even though they are far from carrying out her programme in their own lives) to make it worth while for Socialists to respect their sentiments.

Socialism is opposed by Catholic prelates for two special reasons, besides those which they have in common with the non-clerical opponents of Socialism. The first is that they are actually not at liberty to do anything else, because by opposing it they are upholding, in the United States, for instance, the existing form of government which is the form of government the people want. So that those Churchmen who oppose Socialism can say that by so doing they are practising the great republican virtue, so becoming in a priest, especially, of acquiescing in the will of the majority. To advocate Socialism would expose them to the true charge of interfering in politics to oppose the will of the majority. You, yourself, admit that the majority is, so far, opposed to Socialism, and that nothing but the presence of want will ever convert the majority to Socialism. In opposing it, Churchmen are no worse than the majority.

The second reason why Catholic authorities oppose Socialism is that the constant attacks of Socialists upon existing Christianity amount virtually to a programme for the suppression of religious liberty. If the charges Socialists make against the Church are true, then the Church is the enemy of the human race, and ought to be suppressed, just as the French anti-clericals are continually insisting.

But if the decision of the question of the Church's innocence or guilt were ever to fall into the hands of a majority or an aggressive minority composed of men agreeing with Geo. D. Herron and Wm. T. Brown, who can doubt how they would decide?

If Socialism is only a political and not also a religious (anti-religious) movement, why do not Socialists let Christianity and the Church alone, and limit themselves to the political sphere? But they have so much to say about religious affairs, principally denunciation of all existing religions, that the suspicion seems plausible that religion itself will turn out to be one of the Trusts which Socialism would propose that the State should own, so that the State would not only give us our job of work, but our religion also, with Socialist theologians like Geo. D. Herron and Wm. T. Brown for high priests.

The cry is always raised that a Catholic who follows the guidance of his Church is "priest-ridden." But the materialist, who has been stampeded into materialism and held there by the rattling arguments and spotless virtue of Herron, Brown, and other Socialist moralists, is just as truly priest-ridden as the Catholic who lets himself be influenced by the arguments of his priests. The cowl does not make the monk, nor the Roman collar the priest. The Socialist leader of thought who rushes into combat with the priests of Christianity, at once becomes a priest himself, though innocent of clerical garb. It is merely priest against priest, and the Catholic has as good a right to his choice of priests as the materialist.

Truly yours,

E. A. Dos Santos.

NEW BOOKS

THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE. By Emerson Hough. Cloth, $1.50. Bowen Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

This is the story of John Law, who, in his day was the prototype of what Morgan is in our day. Law was the bubble, whereas Morgan is the real thing. There is a fine love story running through the book, and what with fights with Indians, escapes from prison, panics and mobs, the interest never flags for a moment. Mr. Hough has accomplished the difficult task of idealizing a financier, and has given us, in John Law, an ideal combination money-maker and lover.

THE ROMANCE OF A TRAINED NURSE. By Francina Scott. Cooke & Fry, New York.

This story tells, in a simple and natural manner, the interesting adventures of a young Chicago girl who, suddenly bereft of parents and wealth, starts out to earn a living as a trained nurse. Her charming personality everywhere modifies the sternness of the hard facts and the necessary discipline of hospital life, but is also the means of involving her in various complications through the enmity of women and the love of the doctors and male patients.

There is some good character-drawing in the book; and the analysis of a girl's inmost thoughts and feelings under the trying circumstances in which the heroine was placed, is perhaps the finest thing in the book.

WALTER CRANE. By Otto von Schleinitz. Is the latest addition to the "Kunstler Monographien." Leipsic: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

The book, like its fellows in this series, is fully illustrated, and its one hundred and forty illustrations give a very good idea of Mr. Crane's various activities as industrial designer, sculptor, mural painter, and book illustrator. Since he is generally known only in the latter capacity, the book is a real addition to our knowledge of his graceful art.—Evening Post.

An Artistic Magazine.

THE CRAFTSMAN. Syracuse, N. Y. $3.00 per year.

I have at hand the October number of The Craftsman. It is a wonderful example of what can be accomplished for Art in a typographical way. The Craftsman is the exponent of the school of people who wish to show that Art is the expression of joy in labor. I wish them all success. They are certainly standing for a great moral truth; but, as Professor Triggs has expressed in the following extract from his article in The Craftsman, but little can be done until we have completely reorganized society. However, there is every reason for wishing to make the change for the better, even if we cannot do it at once.

Professor Triggs says: "With successful commercialism as the basic fact, we may then add to that the element of Art. I do not mean that the fine arts will be given place in the workshop. That is not necessary. Art is simply free creation. Beauty is not something added to an object, it is a quality of work. It comes into evidence whenever a man takes pleasure in his work, whenever his hands are permitted to do what his own desires determine and his own will directs. The difference between Art and not-art is that the one is work accomplished in freedom and the other is work done under conditions of slavery. It seems we are free to-day in every respect but one—we may go where we will, we may think and speak what we will, we may worship when we will, and vote for whom we will; but very few men to-day can work as they will. The workman must discover an employer, the lawyer must find his client, the doctor must wait for his patient, the preacher must be called to his pulpit, the teacher must be invited to his chair. There is almost no free work in the world to-day, and probably cannot be under our present organization. Recently I have learned that workmen are not desired in factories after the age of forty-five. If this be true—if a man is shut out of the world's work at forty-five, then is our civilization dangerous and altogether questionable! So long as this condition lasts Art is impossible. Art will enter into the workshop only when the worker is in some degree at least a free agent. As I look back upon the recent past I discover but one genuinely free workman—this same William Morris, and in all the industrial world I discover only one movement that looks towards the redemption of labor—the arts and crafts movement which Morris was instrumental in initiating. If then, we desire Art in our workshop we must add to the system of exchange some principle of free workmanship."

[William Morris was not long in discovering that in Socialism lay the only possibility of real life for the artist, and I hope Professor Triggs will some day be as foremost in the fight for Socialism as was Morris.]

The Peruvian government does not require newspapers to pay postage, but transports them free, on the ground that they are educators of the common people.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

HAVELOCK ELLIS*

[The following suggestive and pertinent conversation is taken from Havelock Ellis' charming and instructive book "The Nineteenth Century: A Dialogue in Utopia." There is not a line in all the 166 pages that is not worthy the careful perusal of anyone who has any interest in our present civilization or a desire to see it remodeled upon lines that are at once just, humane and sensible. Mr. Ellis gives us another glimpse at ourselves from the far beyond, but his book is in no way a repetition of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," for there is no similarity between the two books except in that the time of action of both is cast in the remote future. The very simplicity of "The Nineteenth Century" adds greatly to its interest. There is no plot and but two characters, both of whom are of such small import to the great story they tell as to be not thought worth naming. Even the part of the world where the men lived is too unimportant to designate, nor does the author bother about the time, but in spite of these unusual features the reader is impressed with the lesson taught and must lay down the book with a sigh for the Utopia that would free the world from the cruel and needless wrongs of the present day, which will lead the philosopher of the future to declare that a people who submitted to such senseless and vicious conditions as prevailed in the nineteenth century were not civilized. The dialogue here given is very much curtailed and much that is of great interest is of necessity left out, but sufficient is given to show the amazement and contempt with which the future will view the stupidity and cowardice of the men of the nineteenth century and how ridiculous our boasts of civilization will sound in the ears of those who, judging us in the clear, cold light of history, will pronounce us but little advanced from the dark ages. Nor is the volume to be read simply as the idle conceit of an erratic imagination, for Mr. Ellis dwells upon subjects with which he is familiar and competent to write upon. Especially is this true where the dialogue touches upon the inequality of the sexes and the wrongs done to women and children by our present industrial system, for upon this subject Mr. Ellis is one of the most profound students of Europe and an authority recognized throughout the world.]

WHAT century it was in which these two men lived no one can yet say, only that it was a long, long time hence, so long that I scarcely care to set down any surmise as to the vast period of time that separated the century they talked of from that they lived in. After all, it matters little to us.

They sat silent, each lost in his own dream of the past.

"I am glad to meet a man who has studied the nineteenth century and found it interesting. The few relics of it preserved in museums affected me so unpleasantly, and there were so many other things that attracted me more."

"I am sure you spent your time in a way you will never regret. But it is quite true that, personally, I find that period of civilization singularly fascinating."

"Civilization? You surely would not go so far as to call the nineteenth century civilized? Apart from the inhumanity of those times in all the matters that most nearly concern men, I thought that even the most elementary details of social organization—not only in the more fundamental matters, which were difficult to arrange, but even in

*"The Nineteenth Century: A Dialogue in Utopia." Havelock Ellis; 166 pp. cloth. London: Grant Richards, 9 Henrietta Street.

the simplest matters—were then still unknown. I have always understood that although it was the custom at that time to write letters they had no international postage, that though they were always travelling they had no international coinage, and that though nations were of more importance than we can conceive—and therefore the need of inter-communication a primary necessity — they had no international language. I do not see how you can speak of 'civilization' under such conditions."

"I was putting myself at the point of view of the men of that time, and to them it seemed civilized. They knew very little of the ages behind them, compared to what we know of the earliest ages; of course they knew nothing of the ages to come. We must put ourselves at their point of view. The peculiar characteristics, and what I believe to be the peculiar achievements, of that time were only possible on the basis of ignorance. I have ascertained that an estimable man of science belonging to the end of the nineteenth century wrote a book to prove that it was the most wonderful century that up to then the world had seen; he certainly made a more modest claim for it in various matters of detail, but that was the general conclusion he reached."

"What would you consider the fundamental distinction between the lives of people in those days and in our own?"

"Well, I think that there are at least three such distinctions, all more or less fundamental. One of these is precisely the point to which you have just alluded, the slow and inevitable decay of nations, and the disappearance of those barriers to the spread of humanity which nationalities inevitably set up. In those days a nation meant something that we can only dimly conceive of. With us a country has indeed a national development of its own and national characters of its own, by virtue of certain peculiarities of race and tradition and environment—and that is all. That has always been so, but in all other respects a nation was then wholly unlike anything that we know. In those days, although it was not altogether true in spite of appearances that man was to man a wolf, it was certainly so of nations. Every nation was the possible prey of every other nation. Consequently the people of every strong nation were brought up to thirst after the blood of every weaker nation, while the people of the weak nations were brought up to hate the strong nations. Another result was that the State dominated the individual."

"Such a condition of things is inconceivable."

"We take it as a matter of course that a community only exists for the benefit of the individuals composing it, otherwise we should have no need of communities. They regarded it as natural that the individuals should exist for the sake of the community."

"Yes, I am familiar with that topsy-turvy view. I understand that even their philosophers sought to justify that view and that some persons, commonly considered sane, believed that the State was a huge animal."

"Yes, that conception was a curious perverted survival of primitive animistic belief which persisted for many thousand years. But it had its justification. In those days a State was a matter of life and death, so that every individual was forced to be a slave to the State; and at the will of the officials, who happened to be in charge of the State departments, he could at a moment's

notice be hurled against the cannon of some other State, whose members—though they might easily have been his bosom friends—were equally ready to slaughter him. It is recorded that sometimes in the nineteenth century two men who had wounded each other nearly to death would roll helplessly together into a ditch, and soon become the closest and tenderest of friends."

"How could such a state of things endure for a single day?"

"Well, I think they liked it. You must remember that the love of killing and being killed had been developed in their blood and in their traditions for thousands of years, at least as long as humanity had lived in states, and until the more ferociously militant elements had killed each other out and human energy had been turned into other directions it was bound to go on. Indeed it went on beyond that time, for whereas at first the persons who made wars themselves fought, at a later period those who made wars never fought, so that you could, conceivably, have a condition of things in which two nations were at war and yet every individual combatant might prefer to live at peace with the man whom he was killing or who was killing him. Even in what they called their democratic communities wars were never made by the men and women composing the State but by mere officials, paid for the purpose and safe-guarded from any danger of being killed. The officials were aided by the journalists, whose occupation would have been endangered by the assurance of peace, and were heartily supported by the lower orders who knew that they themselves would never be called upon to fight. For as at Rome the rabble clamoured for bloodshed in their circuses, so they still yelled two thousand years later in their newspapers for another nation to be slaughtered and its liberties extinguished."

"And yet you admire the nineteenth century?"

"A certain savagery of mind and disposition is an essential accompaniment of the virtues of savagery. We see this very well in the English of the nineteenth century. An enthusiastic foreign admirer of that people who travelled through the country in the previous century pointed out that the savagery of the English, their tendency to ferocity, was inevitably associated with the freedom, patriotism, and relative political independence enjoyed by that country. His enthusiasm may not have been altogether according to knowledge, but his remark was sagacious."

"And they actually thought patriotism was a fine thing!"

"But it was so for them. Patriotism is a virtue among barbarians. Whatever civilizing conditions may develop under such conditions can only develop under the protection of the sword and the shield."

"It was a terrible time."

"Yes, but there was something grand and tragic about it. If you assume that bloodshed, on a large scale (for on a small scale it was not approved) is a patriotic virtue, you have at once an immense scope for relentless action; you can mow down your thousands in a day; you can pillage and overthrow the greatest cities in a week; you can re-make the map of the world in a year. The whole earth in the nineteenth century seems to have been a vast scene of bloodshed, but surely—for those who can look at it with the calm equanimity of vast distance—a magnificent scene. To-day only a lunatic could even conceive such a course of action

as was habitual among the Napoleons and so forth who furnished the chief ideals of the nineteenth century. Napoleon we know to have been an invalid; if, at an early stage of his career, for his own sake and that of others, he had been placed in charge of a nurse, the world would have lost much picturesque misery."

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"The politicians of that time seem to have found it necessary to promote and develop Anarchism in the same manner as at an earlier period they had given vitality to Christianity—by making martyrs. Under the political *regime* this method was regarded as essential.

Politicians seem to have argued that in order to maintain their own supremacy it was necessary to create impossible ideals—or ideals that at that time were impossible — among the masses, and so to divert popular energy from disturbing their own activities. Of course such ideals, while impossible then, were often so simple and rational in their essence that they exerted great seductive powers over the more oppressed elements of the populations, and thus prevented them from offering any effective combined resistance to the politicians. In this way the methods of the politicians succeeded perfectly. By means of Christianity and Anarchism they kept both their conquered races abroad and their masses at home in such complete subjection that any resort to actual force was only occasionally necessary. We need not pine for the restoration of a State, it is true, but we can afford to admire its mechanism at a distance."

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"How do you explain that journalistic phase of the early part of the twentieth century?"

"Well, I confess that it scarcely seems to me difficult to explain. If you try to think yourself back into the end of the nineteenth century, I am sure you will see that it was quite inevitable. Remember that in those days life was in many respects more exciting and precarious than it is now. Nations were not yet, as individuals had begun to be, in the positions of litigants in the face of a commonly recognized law. They were wild beasts, who looked upon a large part of the world as an undivided prey. They were intoxicated with patriotism. War was almost chronic. Men felt as though they lived at the foot of a volcano; the smallest cloud they saw in the sky might, for all they knew, be the sign of an immediate eruption which would overwhelm them and change the face of the globe. It was inevitable that a large body of people should find it their interest to persuade the public—often in perfect good faith —that every cloud *was* the sign of an approaching eruption, and to keep the public mind in a constant state of fermentation, perpetually—even without intending it—stirring up every kind of national evil passion. As we know, the reaction was inevitable. The boy in the fable who always shouted 'Wolf!' could not do so forever with impunity."

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"But you forget that the newspapers were far from being wholly filled with political news."

"Exactly. But private affairs also, as well as public—the conditions being wholly unlike any that now exist—also furnished scope for the journalist. The State had a power of inquisition into all sorts of matters which we deal with both more quietly and more effectively. The newspapers thus became an

unfailing storehouse of scandal. The most sacred and intimate of human relationships could under some circumstances become the subject of minute public investigation. One can imagine how such a state of things fostered an unwholesome curiosity which the newspapers gratified, as they were of course quite justified in doing since they merely reflected what was actually taking place. Suppose, again, that a murder was committed in the nineteenth century. Instead of quietly investigating the circumstances of the case in a judicial manner, and submitting the criminal as speedily as possible to the most appropriate treatment, they took sides and fought a battle over him with a judge as umpire. It was their idea of legal procedure, and they even prided themselves on its fairness. They had their suspicions, indeed, even in the eighteenth century, when a distinguished magistrate and novelist seriously remarked, with reference to this method of procedure, 'One would almost think our laws were made for the protection of rogues,' but it went on all the same. First they fought over the question whether the alleged criminal was guilty, then they fought over what was to be done with him."

"But surely there were experts even in the nineteenth century?"

"Yes, but they were forced to take sides, too! Besides, the experts still suffered from many disadvantages, and had comparatively few opportunities of becoming expert. So it was always possible to play one expert off against the other, and instead of being regarded as final, their decisions were quite commonly treated with contempt. Experts were defined as 'hired liars.'

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"If a man was afflicted with smallpox, they swiftly and quickly transferred him to a fever hospital; if he was afflicted with homicidal mania, they magnified him into a hero, a martyr, a devil. As to the best method of treating him they were less concerned. That was a matter of months or years—indeed, at that time little attention was paid to it, the judge being regarded as a great authority on matters of medical treatment, even though he may never have spent a single year in an asylum or a prison—and the journalist must live in the excitement of the present moment."

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"Were not these, however, the days of what was called 'education'?"

"Well, people were then beginning to have suspicions about what they improperly called 'education,' but on the whole it certainly still flourished unquestioned. There was a curious parallelism between the sciences of medicine and education, but one lagged more than two thousand years behind the other. Medicine began as mainly a study of drugs, but at a very early period some slight perfunctory attention was given to the study of the bodies to which the drugs were administered. Even in the nineteenth century, however, no such step had yet been generally taken as regards the science of education. It still consisted solely in an acquaintance with the strange and indigestible knowledges with which they stuffed their children, and nowise in any acquaintance with the nature of the children whom they thus miscellaneously and indiscriminately stuffed. They had no conception that education lay in what they brought out of their children more than in what they put into them; that childhood had at least as much to teach them as they had to teach it. They educated their children with knowledge much as they

stuffed their fowls with food for the table, a purpose for which they sometimes used a special instrument. They recognized the identity of these two cramming processes, and used the same terms for both alike; their fowls they crammed for death, and their children for life. The nineteenth century, however, had partly begun to discern, what indeed savages had not been wholly ignorant of, that in the study of childhood a large part of the laws of life were to be found."

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"So you think that when the English, for instance, allowed even their own people to die of hunger, and permitted their chief cities to be covered day and night during a greater part of the year by a thick and stifling cloud of foggy sulphurous smoke, so poisonous that it not only destroyed animal and vegetable life, but ate into the solid stone of their buildings, it was not from lack of energy or from sheer brutality!"

"Well, as to the brutality I have nothing to say, for that was a quality essential to their national life; so far as a nation could be called an organism at all it was a low organism, and in its cunning lay its virtue. But I am fairly certain there was no lack of energy. I even suspect they would have laughed at the idea. At one moment in the nineteenth century the English found themselves at the head in wealth, in steam power, in shipping, in manufacture, in railways; they imagined all that was 'civilization'; they were happy and satisfied. It was destructiveness, however, in the world of that day that was of the first importance, under the conditions of national life, and their energy naturally went most largely into the organization of destruction. * * * * *

"How do you consider that the development of individualism came about?"

"Well, that is a complicated subject. It was really the outcome of a number of converging lines of movement. With the decay of nationalities, as hostile sections of humanity perpetually preying on each other, the herd-instinct in its most brutal and aggressive forms became functionless and naturally tended to die out. The industrial movement for the organization of the "material" basis of life, which played so large a part in the twentieth century, certainly helped to prolong artificially the existence of the herd-instinct, but in doing so it inevitably made the reaction against it more complete. The race for the possession of the earth among the more ferocious nations, also tended to furnish an artificial barrier to the growth of individualism; but this naturally ceased to be the case when the population of the earth fell into a more stable state of equilibrium, and violent methods of ousting established peoples were no longer permitted. As uniformity gradually ceased to be necessary for the protection of a community, the conditions naturally tended to become more conducive to the survival of variations. The evolution of the social instinct, though in its earlier stages necessarily favourable to uniformity in later stages became favourable to individualism, not merely because the advantages of uniformity had ceased to exist, but because society must necessarily adjust itself to the increased uumber of congenital variations, and also because the monotony and insincerity of the earlier herd-instinct became intolerable in a more advanced society. In the nineteenth and twentieth centuries the so-called civilized world was almost uniform throughout;

at any given moment they wore the same kind of clothes, practised the same customs, thought the same thoughts, even whistled the same tunes throughout the world. Such a world it could not, of course, be very interesting to live in, though one would indeed still have possessed the variegated remains of older cultures, representing other kinds of uniformity."

"The world must have been curiously smaller then."

"Undoubtedly it was. The restlessness produced by the perpetual play of political influences in the course of the partition of the earth, together with the feverish thirst of commerce, still further accentuated that smallness. No one lived in an environment so beautifully and admirably adapted for his own individual needs that it was idle for him to leave it. Every one was dissatisfied, every one was anxious to abandon the discomforts in which he lived for the brief relief of greater discomforts in any other part of the world. It is difficult to conceive any method of travelling more unpleasant than the railways and steamboats of the nineteenth century, yet so great was the wretchedness of the population —I speak, of course, of the so-called civilized populations—that they would willingly spend months or weeks in these frightful conveyances for the sake of varying their misery. It somehow pleased them to earn higher wages at a greater expenditure of energy and wretchedness. The results were in the highest degree disastrous. The newer countries were swamped with criminals and lunatics; in some of them it was found at the end of the nineteenth century that whereas only twenty per cent of the population were foreigners, more than double that proportion of the insanity was among foreigners, and the criminality of immigrants in new countries was more than double that of the same people in their own countries. At the same time, the older countries, instead of being benefited by this emigration of perverted energy, were but more rapidly impoverished and degenerated. One of the chief problems of those days was how to deal with the abnormal classes, for nearly all their human variations were naturally of a morbid character. They were scarcely successful, it must be admitted, in producing fine personalities; the kind of individuality most likely to arise under such conditions is a perverse individuality. It is only in more stable and complex communities that fine human personalities can abundantly arise."

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"Still, even in the nineteenth century there must have been a few who were able to rise above their environment and to see human life more broadly."

"And even if so, what would have been the use? They would only have been killed, and so have helped to perpetuate a *regime* of slaughter, which had a beauty of its own, and was fitted to the age in which it existed. And then they had their illusions, and needed no more. Even the English were nourished on beautiful illusions, difficult as you find it to associate that people with ideas of beauty. In the nineteenth century one of their great orators and statesmen declared in all solemnity to a solemn audience, in their Parliament House, that if England were to fall, there would fall with her "all the best securities for the charities of human life, for the powers and honour, the fame, the glory, and the liberties of the whole civilized world." It was on the strength of these pathetic illusions that that vigorous and insolent

race was enabled to wreak its own fate. Why should they not crush all the races that were weak enough to be crushed? They were the best people in the world; they represented all the charities of life. They felt that that was a full justification for any display of force or cunning that their own self-assertion demanded. Certainly there were a small minority of people who were in advance of the rest, but it is always difficult to rise wholly above one's environment. Most of those—sentimentalists they were called—who then sought at some point or another to introduce more human methods of living were, I fear, themselves examples of the modes of feeling prevalent. For they would spend enormous energy on some special and peculiar object—I fear you would not believe me if I were to tell you what many of these objects were—and yet calmly accept the very laws of the inhuman system under which they were living."

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"In the nineteenth century the illusions of ignorance closed many of the roads that make for humanity, and at the same time it had not yet seemed worth while to close most of the roads that lead to inhumanity. The most elementary rules of social organization, when once their recognition is world-wide, effect a change that is enormous and out of all proportion to their simplicity. A tradition of civilization once firmly established, artificial barriers fall, and men are free to develop their own impulses in infinite diversity."

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"It is difficult to tell what the real typical man of the more successful nations of the nineteenth century was like. They denoted much attention to the sayings and doings of their criminals and politicians, as well as to their poets and philosophers, but nearly all their interest was reserved for these exceptional classes; for the scientific study of themselves, their really average and typical selves, which alone constitute the measure of progress, they felt little interest. We have indeed a valuable and instructive account of the typical Englishmen of the middle of the Victorian era in a Government Blue Book of that time. The peasants often lived wholly on bread and potatoes, and dwelt in cottages with earth floors, which were a fruitful soil of diseases. In some of the towns—even those beneath the walls of their royal castles—father, mother, and grown children would live and sleep in one room; and if one of them died of a contagious disease, the rest must still live and sleep in the same room as the corpse. They often had clothes in common, and while some were wearing them the others were in bed naked under a blanket. A chief characteristic is, of course, their heroic love of dirt. They preserved their excrements in the house, we are told in the Blue Book, for days at a time—a practice rarely known even to the lowest savages—and when they became very offensive would empty them out of the window. Many of the streets in the larger cities were so deep in mire, so full of pits and heaps of refuse and excrement, that no vehicle could be driven along them, and their stench rendered them intolerable to the small minority of persons who in that age were fastidious in this respect. Even their chief royal palace in the middle of the nineteenth century was undermined by forty-eight cesspools. Human excrement was everywhere so plentiful as to attract vast crowds of flies, we are told, and these settling on any piece of exposed food at once imparted to it a strong stench

of dung. It was remarkable—as implying a greater delicacy than you would perhaps be inclined to ascribe to the men of the nineteenth century—that food thus tainted was by many regarded as uneatable. Their devotion to their dung-heaps, however, was not diminished, and by selling them they were often able to pay a considerable part of their rents. At the same time, they had invented a marvellous system of drainage by which they allowed the sewage with all its highly precious nitrogenous constituents to run to waste in the sea, while they undermined their cities with a network of foul gases with outlets to carry disease and death into every house. It is not surprising to be told of the men of that age that "no deprivation is felt by them so little as that of cleanliness." They could be smelled from a distance, and left an odour of filth behind in any room they occupied. They would cook their food with water from rivers that stank and into which all filth was thrown. Necessarily such conditions were favourable to religious ardour; the filth in which the present world was drowned for the people of those days served to concentrate their attention on the world to come. We are told of a young woman, having received an excellent moral education, and being truly pious, who lived in an undrained hovel with a pigstye before it; here she sat, "with rings of dirt about her neck, turning over with dirty hands Brown's Dictionary, to see whether the newly elected minister was 'sound' in his doctrine." It is impossible not to be lost in admiration of the people capable of living such heroic lives. Living under such conditions—"with broken panes in every window, and filth and vermin in every nook, with the walls unwhitewashed for years, black with the smoke of foul chimneys, without water, with corded bed-stocks for beds, and sacking for bed-clothing, with floors unwashed from year to year, without out-offices, with streets elevated a foot, sometimes two, above the level of the causeway, by the accumulations of years, and stagnant puddles with their fetid exhalations, ash-places choked up with filth, excrementitious deposits on all sides, undrained, unpaved, unventilated, uncared for by every authority, but the landlord who weekly collects his miserable rents from his miserable tenants"—living under such conditions we cannot be surprised that the England of the nineteenth century produced workmen moulded of piety and filth, and for "enduring, untiring, savage energy surpassing that of every other manufacturing country"—or so it seemed to themselves; in any case we may admire the stolid self-complacency with which they thanked God that they were not as other men."

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"Thus it was that politicians and capitalists had the chief control of public affairs, that war was chronic, that industrialism was carried out on the lines of warfare and with results that rivalled war in bloodiness. The thirst for gold and for drink absorbed all the "progressive" peoples, and those thirsts always increased with every rise in what they called "prosperity." Unlike previous ages, they lived under the double yoke and strain of a militant industrialism and the actual daily expectation of real warfare, and thus a constant state of nervous tension existed among their populations. We see this nervous tension in the perpetual stream of migration which more than anything else spiritually impoverished and distorted them and

rendered any real civilization wholly impossible. We see the same nervous tension even in the efforts of their sentimentalists who almost alone showed any care of a true human civilization; they were but caprices of a general neurotic tendency. All the young and more vigorous peoples — in America, in Russia, in Australia—were in too crude, unsettled, and ill-balanced a condition to furnish the basis for civilization, and thus were even immensely inferior in true culture to many more stable communities of earlier ages; while the older and more highly civilized peoples, though in many respects more humane and nearer to the arts of living, belonged to the past and lacked the elements of progress. It was that mechanical ingenuity they were beginning to acquire which constituted the real new step we see in that age. It may be true that they ignored the relation of that new step to the real claims of life, that they regarded it simply as a method of enriching capitalists, crushing superfluous populations, and adding to the total ugliness of a world inhabited by a race more or less indifferent to the primary claims of humanity. Still there it was, full of promise for the morrow, though as it existed at that time it merely served to illuminate and emphasize the picturesque wretchedness of the nineteenth century."

* * * * * * * *

"We shudder with horror as we gaze back at the brutality of the past. But they never shuddered. They were engaged in a perpetual battle, but when a man was struck it is only we, the spectators, who are hurt; they fought on, unknowing their wounds. Our emotions as we gaze at the Lancashire Enclosure have nothing in common with the emotions of the inhabitants. Even the restless discontent that can never die is a part of perfection; for without it there could not be that perpetual slight novelty which alone makes life different from death. And those who have most suffered have ever been those who were least discontented. The wisdom that comes of suffering has taught them how little change means. Life has always been perfect."

"Is it not another way of saying that life can never be perfect?"

"Yes, that was my thought. There is but a hair s-breadth between us and the nineteenth century. If we had quite reached perfection, there would be nothing left but death; if they had not almost touched it, they could not have lived at all."

Dear Mr. Wilshire,—

Although I seldom look into newspapers, I have never been able to resist the journal which you are kind enough to send me, and have always read it, not only with amusement, but entire agreement so far as your main doctrine is concerned.

Very truly,

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

Our Opportunity.

PROF. T. E. WILL, Ruskin College, Trenton, Mo.

America's supremacy rests in her people, unequalled in intelligence, skill, inventive genius and character. It rests also in her imperial dominions, rich as the garden of the Lord. Americans may throw back their shoulders, expand their chests, and declare to all the world "We are the People."

But it is not sufficient for us to be the leading people. We may be more. Englishmen concede that the centre of gravity of the race has shifted from London to Washington. Realizing Great Britain's impotency both to help or hinder them, Great Britain's colonies are, as Mr. W. T. Stead prophesies, liable to abandon her. * For reasons constitutional, geographical and economic, these colonies will come to us to be admitted as states. Great Britain will then be driven in self-defence to do likewise. Thus the unification of the Anglo-Saxon race, the end of war and the beginning of a mighty era of peaceful progress will be ushered in.

We may carry the evolution farther. America may again become the sea into which will flow the streams of population from all lands, or such portions of these streams as we may care to admit. How? By fulfilling the promise of our earlier years and making America again "The best poor man's country in the world," another name for "opportunity." But America must first change her economic policy. She must drive the dogs from the manger. She must make her land and productive resources the property not of a few millionaires but of the whole people. She must rebuke the slander that "those who own the United States will continue to control it." She must permit no more damning of the Declaration of Independence by her army officers in the Philippines, no more suppressing of it as an "incendiary document." There must be no more divorce of constitution and flag, no more protection of slavery and polygamy in the name of Christian civilization. She must, in spirit as well as in form, relight the torch of liberty. She must preserve her ideals. She must make it possible for every child in her borders to develop into the fullest manhood and enjoy the opportunity to make of life what Nature designed.

When we do this we may select from the populations of the world; we may skim the cream of the human race. Then the nations whose populations are leaving them for us will be forced to clean their dooryards, abolish their monarchies, their plutocracies and their slums. Failing even thus to hold their populations they will be compelled to apply for admission to the United States.

What does this mean? Nothing less than the fulfilment of the dreams of poet, prophet and seer; the unification of the race, the realization of the time

> "When the war drums shall be muffled
> And the battle flags be furled
> In the Parliament of Man;
> The Federation of the World."

[* Stead is wrong. The English colonies are to-day much better off, politically and economically, as English colonies, than they would be as states of the American Union. What's more, too, they know it. Canada would as soon annex herself to Russia as to the United States.—H. G. W.]

Uncle Sam's Last Appeal.

DEAR SIR,—We have received from various readers of your publications quite a number of the CHALLENGE, but find that we still need Vol. 2, Nos. 3 and 11, issues for February 6th and April 3rd, 1901.

Yours very truly,

ALLAN B. SLAUSON,
Chief of Periodical Division,
Librarian of Congress,
Washington, D C.

October, 20, 1902.

NOTICE TO AGENTS.

Agents, in writing about missing copies, will please give the subscriber's full name and address, also write plainly, giving your name and address every time you write.

The receipt of the magazine can be considered as sufficient acknowledgment for a single subscription. Where more than one subscription is sent, a letter of acknowledgment will be immediately forwarded to the sender.

WORK AND PLEASURE

ERASTE VIDRINE

CAN it reasonably be said that the masses would not labor if they were not in daily need of providing against want and privation? If we are to take the testimony of the Holy Scriptures for it, work is the penalty which man has been condemned to pay for his first transgression of the divine law. I am not inclined to be skeptical or critical of the Bible, but I do not believe that the moon is made of green cheese. I cannot really take much stock in a view of life which pictures man as a convict under the sentence of a divine tribunal; which makes of his allotted three-score-and ten the term of a criminal judgment, and of this world a vast prison-house or penitentiary; which represents an all-wise and all-good God seeking, by the infliction of "hard labor" or perpetual pain, to prevent the repetition of a human sin or secure the reparation of Divine Justice.

I am much more inclined to take the same view of work that has always been taken of eating, drinking, talking, sleeping and other operations which, whilst serving to maintain existence, are at the same time the sources from which we derive our pleasures. Man, as we find him after his "fall," is so constituted that without exercise he cannot even continue to exist. Like all other necessities, the physical or mental exercise which enters into his work was intended for his benefit. It is, therefore, inconceivable that the Creator should have intended so great a necessity to be painful or disagreeable. It is, on the contrary, very conceivable that he should have intended the performance of all natural duties to be pleasant and agreeable; and evidence is not wanting of this benevolent intention, even under present conditions. Thus, the child that gambols on the green sward finds in its exercise both pleasure and the development of its being; the boy that quenches his thirst from the "moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well" performs a natural duty whilst he imbibes pleasure at every draught; the Indian who seeks in the chase the sustenance of his family, finds in it also one of the greatest delights of his life; even the unembittered artisan, deftly plying at the trade which brings sunshine and happiness to his little home, dearly loves his tools and takes a pride in his work, which he would not willingly abandon for a life of mere idleness, though secure against want. But above all, the great artist who evolves the master-piece that shall enchant the world; the patriotic statesman who sacrifices his time, talent and labor to the cause of humanity; or the Edison who amuses himself by calling from

the womb of Nature the mysterious agents that carry out the work and wishes of man—all these lose themselves so completely in the happiness of their noble pursuits that they become almost totally oblivious of every other consideration. In a perfect adjustment of society to the laws of Nature, what is here true only to a limited extent would find universal application, and every operation of man would serve the purposes of both use and pleasure. It would be strange, indeed, if we were led on to all other exercises for our well-being and physical or mental development by the immediate pleasure of satisfying natural appetites, but we should be compelled to the performance of our first, greatest and most essential duty only by the chastising rod of divine punishment.

It is true that, under present conditions, we distinguish between some exercises, called work, which are considered primarily disagreeable; and others, called pleasures, which are looked upon as primarily pleasant or agreeable. It is also true that the idea of work is generally associated with the procurement or production of useful or necessary objects, whilst that of pleasure is mentally connected with the use or consumption of those objects, or the enjoyment of exercise which is only remotely useful. But, disregarding certain extraneous considerations, artificially infused into the exercises constituting work and pleasure as commonly understood, there is really more to delight man in the nature of work than there is in that of pleasure. To operate and superintend a great factory, like a sugar refinery for instance, or to be President of the United States, are sources of more satisfaction and happiness to man than to be captain of a baseball team or commodore of a yacht club. To "tickle" the earth with agricultural implements, and see the products of a divine chemistry come forth in waving fields of grain; or to throw the natural products of earth into the wonderful machines of man and see them transformed into objects of different shapes of beauty or of use, are far more absorbing occupations, and sources of greater and higher life, and of truer and more durable happiness, than to run up and down in an automobile, to strike a ball from place to place on a golf field, or to chase any of the other phantoms which hover over the fields of pleasure or of sport. Thus, then, all real work has an element of pleasure, as all true pleasures have an element of utility; and, by making the work which we perform more pleasureable, and the pleasures which we enjoy more useful, there is no reason in the nature of things why the two cannot be so blended as to become in all respects identical. I believe that in a perfect condition of society, work would be practically synonymous with pleasure and both would consist in the same operations viewed from different standpoints.

Ignorance of the physical laws by which the objects of human desire are to be obtained was until modern times one of the main sources from which flowed the necessity for work. Too much exertion was required of man. The earth was not less bountiful in the past than now, but we knew not how to make her yield her treasures; we lacked the tools by which we now magically transform her products into objects of immediate use; nor when we had laboriously done so, did we know how to preserve them against the cold of winter or the heat of

summer. But we have made immense strides in the physical and material sciences; and, in all fields of industry, the quantity of commodities which we can now produce is many fold what it was but a century ago. The census reports of the United States show that the average products of man are estimated in money at $2,500.00 a year, not taking into consideration the tremendous amount of energy which is wasted in unproductive occupations. If, therefore, work or the exercise by which we procure the objects of our desires, is just as hard and laborious to-day for the millions as it was at any previous time; if the countless multitudes work now, as they always did, for a bare subsistence, while they lack the fresh air, the pure food and the life-giving sunshine which they enjoyed in more primitive times, it is no longer from our ignorance of Nature's laws of production, or the physical necessity for continuous and excessive exertion.

Admitting, however, that the working time was materially reduced, say from eight to four hours per day, it cannot necessarily be said that man would devote himself to toil with the same degree of inclination which characterizes the exercises in which he seeks some of his pleasures. The exercise in which consists his work is not naturally unpleasant or disagreeable, but it is made so by the mental condition in which it is carried on, from the necessities of the social system under which we live.

All those exercises which are still generally undertaken from motives of pleasure are frequently carried on under circumstances which pervert them into work. The exercise incurred, for instance, in playing baseball, football, in wrestling, boxing and fencing, are still placed in the category of pleasures; but when carried on against our natural inclinations, whether from compulsion of club rules or, as in the case of professionals, from stress of necessity to provide human sustenance, they become in all essential respects work, though they may still be sources of incidental pleasure. There can be irksomeness in pleasures as there is now in work. There is irksomeness in the late hours which we spend in attendance at balls, theatres and operas; there can be irksomeness in playing golf, tennis, billiards, chess and checkers; there is irksomeness in trotting around the globe, visiting cathedrals, libraries and museums of art; there is an irksomeness in sailing, yachting, automobiling, following the fashion and keeping up with the pleasure-seeking world in general. There are people who have a natural repugnance to "society," there are those who quickly get tired of pleasures—pleasures, pleasures all the time—and who are glad to settle down at last, to the more quiet and sober pursuits of ordinary life with its never-ending rounds of daily duty.

Work is only degenerated pleasure, a naturally spontaneous exercise which has become irksome from being carried on to excess or under circumstances which rob it of its natural spontaneity.

There are "mute inglorious Miltons," "Cromwells guiltless of their country's blood" and philosophers as great as ever astonished the world, who exert themselves whenever the occasion is presented, with a genuineness and spontaneity of feeling which is no less refreshing and ennobling to themselves than it is effective to the cause which they espouse. Theirs would indeed be the master-pieces of the ages, if their native talent were developed

along natural lines. But if "chill penury represses their noble rage" and they sacrifice their precious gifts to the necessity of providing daily bread, or if more fortunate in life, they nevertheless prostitute their genius to sordid considerations of gain or private fortune, their divine impulse is warped from its course, their power is diverted into false channels, and their product, obtained by painful exertion, is as inferior to what it might be, as the services of professional politicians are to those of unselfish patriots, as most modern art is to that of past ages, as the artificial, adulterated food products of man are to the natural ones of the earth. If the expression may be used, we have adulterations of work, of talent and of genius, as we have adulterations of food. The same cause which distorts and degrades the work of man, is the one which debases or destroys his pleasures.

To eat when one has a natural appetite requires no effort; to look after the public welfare is not work for the patriotic statesman; to expound, elucidate and apply the law to litigated cases is not distasteful to the great jurist; to study and practice medicine for the purpose of curing or relieving suffering humanity is not irksome to the true physician; to go through certain physical exercises in the production of food, clothing and shelter for man does not make the life of the good workingman tedious or laborious. There is a sense of duty, a certain impulse or inclination for these same operations, and a pleasure arising from the contemplation of their effects, which induces man to go through them when he does not need and does not care for the emoluments, salaries, fees or wages which to them are attached. But to engage in the production of life's necessities or utilities because we want to make a living, or to fill positions of trust or honor for the purpose of gain or private fortune, even when we have a natural aptitude for these offices, is work—is irksome and distasteful.

But while to the great multitudes the spontaneous impulse to take physical or mental exercise is perverted into a forced and unnatural one by being consciously devoted to the procurement of the objects of human desire, there are some men, viz., the aristocracy of fortune, who can and do sometimes undertake the accumulation of these objects from direct inclination and for the sake of pleasure; as hunters go on a chase, not for the game they may bag, but for the pleasure arising from the consciousness of something accomplished, of success, of reputation and of excellence or worth in the pursuit. These are necessarily few in a country which possesses its multi-millionaires on the one hand and paupers on the other. There is a certain element of power or of greatness in the position which they attain; but their game is a bad one, their conquests are mainly over men, not over Nature; and therefore the pleasure which they seek is destroyed by the very success they attain, which leaves ruin and devastation in a million homes, which forces fellowmen to live in dingy hovels, to feed on crusts and clothe in rags, to drink filthy water and inhale a contaminated atmosphere. These men lack an appreciative audience, their followers are sycophants and parasites, they lack the satisfaction of truly delighting fellowmen, they carry a consciousness of pain inflicted and a fear of retribution. Their power is the power that kills. How much nobler, greater,

happier, grander is the consciousness of the unselfish patriot, of the devout missionary, of the great inventor, of the true hero in general who has done great things for the benefit of mankind. But what is here so true about the over-grown aristocracy, is equally true, though to a minor degree, of the lesser pets of fortune who work "for glory"; because the riches of some men are necessarily the poverty of others, the happiness of the few is the suffering of the many, the power and greatness of fortune is the weakness and misery of pauperism.

The energy of man which is expended primarily for the accumulation of natural or artificial products of human use, therefore, whether flowing from motives of pleasure, or from a desire to provide against the day or the morrow, is inevitably followed under present conditions, either by a defeat of the very object which it seeks, or by an unpleasant feeling in the actor and an inferior quality in his product.

Shall we say, then, that man ought to be relieved of this motive for exertion? There are those who contend that he would not work in such a contingency.

It is not so much the quantity or amount, not so much the nature or quality, nor even the natural necessity of the exercise incurred in producing the objects of our desires, but the man-made necessity for it, that perverts it into work. Exercise was intended not only to produce or procure the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life, not only to develop the body and mind of man, but likewise to give him immediate pleasure by the satisfaction of natural appetites. Let him, if necessary, be compelled by government, to perform this natural duty, as sometimes we must eat from necessity, not appetite, as sometimes a faithful parent will chastise a recalcitrant child; but let his mind be disabused of the idea that this exercise is incurred because he wants the necessities of life. Let him feel towards this natural duty as he feels towards the devotion he owes his mother whom he loves and seeks by a million acts to please, not because she will leave him an inheritance, but because his instinct teaches him to do so, and he finds in following and satisfying it, the greatest and sublimest bliss of man on earth.

There can be no greater slander on man than that he is necessarily slothful, that he works only to satisfy a divine sentence, and that were he protected against privation he would cease to work, and stagnate. His aspirations have ever been heavenward, from darkness to light, from ignorance to knowledge, from a condition approaching that of a brute to that of a God in reason, intelligence and learning. Wherever he has been left free to assert himself, there he has ever devoted himself to self-improvement, to the development of his mind, to the pursuit of industry, the cultivation of the arts and the study of the sciences.

These he has devoted himself to, indeed, with varying degrees of assiduity, but not necessarily in proportion to his desire for daily bread, or even the accumulation of private fortune. No genuine excellence of any kind can proceed from such motives. He has pursued them mainly from a natural disposition and a natural pleasure. Far from being averse to work, man has a natural inclination for it. He is a sort of automatic working machine. But it is in degree only that this characteristic distinguishes him

from certain other members of the animal kingdom. It is as natural, but not more natural, for man to work as it is for the bee to gather honey, for the beaver to build his log habitations or for the ant to catacomb the ground and accumulate her stores.

It is a wise provision of Nature that gives the bee, the ant and the beaver their instinct; for they do not act either from pressing necessity or foresight of the future. And it is by the same wise dispensation of Providence that man has been given the disposition or faculty to work. It is this disposition which leads him to explore the realms of abstract science, of astronomy, geometry, algebra and calculus, long before their truths can find application to life. It is also by the same faculty that he canvasses the domains of physical nature; that he discovers the storehouses of material and the natural forces which God has placed there for his use; and that, by the action and reaction of these elements upon one another when set in motion, he secures the fruits, whether natural or artificial, which he needs for the sustenance of his life. It is again by the same disposition that he devotes himself to the study of the physical sciences and the liberal arts, and that he seeks to enlighten or delight the world with his learning, intelligence and skill, or to stir the souls of fellowmen by his poetry, music, literature and eloquence. The progress of man from a hunting, through the pastoral and agricultural stages, to the highest civilization; his triumphs in the fields of industry, science and art; his improved methods of agriculture, transportation and manufacture; the finest productions of literature, painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry, oratory and music—all are but so much testimony and so many monuments to man's faculty for work, for self-improvement and growth, by which it has been beneficently ordered that he should find at the same time the satisfaction of a natural appetite and the performance of a natural duty.

The people who have these things in them, if they be but free from the crushing heels of a false government, will give them to the world as surely as the bee will gather honey. In the history of civilization, we meet with nothing more sublime than the passion with which men have held on to discoveries which they instinctively felt to be of use or benefit to their kind, and the devotion with which, amidst the most unbearable hardships, they have clung to the pursuit of knowledge, the cultivation of the useful arts, the development of their being and the study of the sciences. The lives of the leaders in progress of all kinds have almost invariably been but a series of oppression, injustice and persecution. But history nowhere seeks to blacken their names with any such charge as that they toiled and suffered so assiduously merely because they wished to build their private fortunes or craved the necessities of life, though even these they too often lacked.

Therefore, if man's work is irksome to him and inferior in its product when undertaken "for a living" or for "protection against the morrow"; if, when pursued (necessarily by the few) from motives of pleasure for the accumulation of the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life, it is inevitably attended and followed, under present methods, by conditions which destroy the very object which it seeks; if by our progress in the physical sciences we have abolished the necessity for excessive and continuous exertion; if man works

of necessity, independently of the motive to provide human sustenance; and if the Creator intended that in the performance of all natural duties there should be immediate pleasure arising from the satisfaction of natural appetites, is there any reason why we should continue to operate the state on the assumption that the masses will not work unless their provisions are kept away from them, and fed to them by rations, as wild animals are led to the performance of an unnatural duty by the hope of getting a lump of sugar or a slice of meat when it is done? From such a system, no real work, no true skill, no genuine happiness, no art and no science, nothing of any value or excellence can proceed except by accident. Man kept on the verge of starvation thinks of nothing but to eat. His intellect is stunted, his noblest aspirations are crushed, all his elevating sentiments are destroyed, and he sinks to the condition of a slave and a brute.

This is not the condition of this country; but it is the condition to which we are drifting. It means ultimate abject degradation and slavery of the masses—or a revolution. Shall the revolution be peaceful or bloody? Shall we destroy the present edifice to build it over again on the same basis? Or shall we insert under it a new, broader, truer and stronger foundation?

SOCIALISM IN TEN YEARS

I believe that in less than ten years we will see great rents occur in the social fabric, almost simultaneously on all points. I believe that in less than twenty years, though it were idle to expect the realization of all we want in that time, profound political, economical and purely social modifications will have bettered the world considerably, brought a greater total sum of happiness, made the good things of life more evenly, therefore more equitably, divided.

I also believe that we soon will abolish the abnormal privilege of inheriting wealth; it will be abolished on the same principle that made us Republicans already deny the inheritance of the sceptre. The two things are one.

In fact, it is much more absurd that a young Vanderbilt or Castellane, with a possible commercial value of $25 a week, should inherit millions, than it would be to permit the sons of McKinley and Loubet to rule us because their fathers did.

To think that even to-day Socialism—the wonderful doctrine of salvation—scientifically and practically irrefutable though it is, compelled to gain converts slowly—one by one, condemned without hearing by most people, its advocates driven from every point of vantage—the church, pulpit, the university hall, the editorial chair! Why, to make Socialism go down your progressive American throats Edward Bellamy (he said so himself) was compelled to sugar-coat it with the fiction "Looking Backward!" These are facts which must bravely be uncovered to the public gaze. But after all, I am not a pessimist. Deploring the present, I look forward into this pregnant new century with joyful confidence.—Emile Zola.

REDUCTION OF OUR SUBSCRIPTION PRICE TO FIFTY CENTS.

Our readers will notice that we have reduced the price of subscriptions from one dollar to fifty cents a year.

Owing to the great increase of subscriptions resulting from the special price made to agents for yearly cards, we have resolved to follow up the good work by reducing the price to the single subscriber. The price of yearly subscription cards to agents, as made in our October number, stands good until further notice.

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE at fifty cents a year, is the cheapest and best magazine published.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE great and essential difference to the public between a football game and the game now being played by the Morgan-Rockefeller Eleven against the World's Eleven Billion is that in the first case we are the spectators, and in the second we are the ball.

MORGAN HAS THE BALL.
—Minneapolis Journal.

Our song to Morgan is of a strain like unto that of the frogs to the stone-throwing boys, "It may be fun for you, but it's death to us." No one is more ready than myself to admit that the great Game of Money must be played to the Finish, but at the same time this admission does not carry with it any closing of my eyes to the fact that we, the inhabitants of the Earth, are but pawns in the game, and are as ruthlessly slaughtered to gain money for the capitalist as are pawns in a game of chess to effect a check-mate.

I can't blame Morgan. We have made ourselves his pawns to play the game with, and certainly he is playing it better, and with less pain to us, very probably, than any other man whom we could have chosen. No doubt, when the historian of a hundred years from date reviews the history of our times, he will comment upon how little arbitrary power spoiled Mr. Morgan, compared with the way it usually ruined men.

The results of the election do not show the full extent of the split in the ranks of the Republican Party. There is no doubt but that the attitude of Baer, with his Divine Rights, shook up a great many old-time beliefs held by conservative men in the Republican ranks, and that if Coler, the candidate of the Democratic Party in the State of New York, had been brave enough to have made a campaign based upon the demand for Government Ownership of the Mines, he would have won many of their votes. As it was he craw-fished on his party platform, and said in his speeches he only favored Government Ownership provided laws could not be made to control the Private Owners. This simply meant that as long as the Republicans were in office Coler would approve of Government Ownership, while as soon as the Democrats came

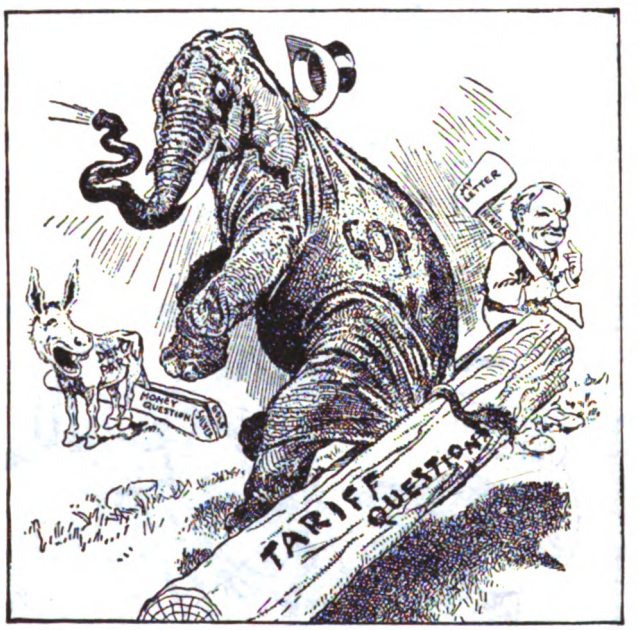
into power Coler would go in for Regulation, because the Democrats would be able to do what the Republicans could not. Such a weak stand lost Coler the day, and his cowardice met with a deserved rebuke.

The Democratic Party is in a strange state of agitation. A little while ago it might have been said that if they could only settle their family differences over the money question they might unite for victory. But the settling of the money question—and it is pretty well settled, except within the recesses of Mr. Bryan's mind—does not seem to have left them in a much better state than before. The issue now rending them is the struggle between the Hills and the Gorhams, representing the machine, and the Johnsons and Bryans, representing the principle of the dying competitive system.

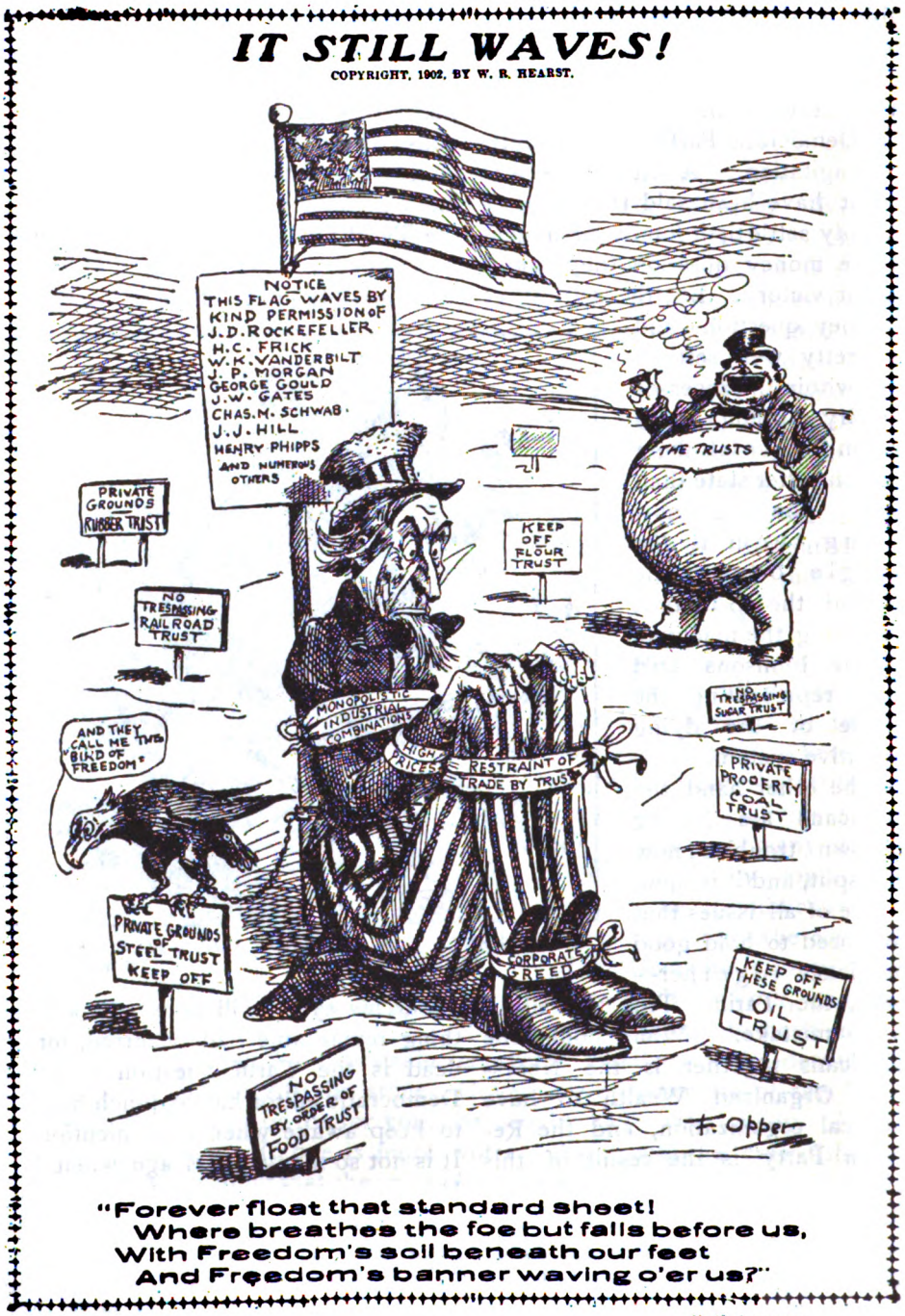
On the other hand, the Republicans are having their own troubles now with a split, and it is upon the issue of all issues that is supposed to hold good Republicans together—namely, the Tariff. This is really a popular mistake. What holds the Republicans together is the Necessity of Organized Wealth to have a political organization, and the Republican Party is the result of this necessity.

The Tariff is no longer a necessity to our manufacturers, and will sooner or later be dropped, but there could be no greater error than to think that this dropping will rend in twain the Republican Party.

The cartoon by Opper showing Uncle Sam bound up by all sorts of restraints, is particularly noticeable in its omission of the "Tariff" as a restraint. If this were in a Republican paper it might be passed over, but the omission of it in a Democratic paper is strongly indicative of the times. I have no doubt but that Opper omitted the Tariff bandage unintentionally, and that the editor overlooked it in proof, and possibly, until these remarks fall under his eyes, will never think anything remarkable had occurred, for so dead is the Tariff question that the Democratic editor has to pinch himself to keep awake when it is mentioned. It is not so many years ago when Mr. Hearst would have seen but one cord tying up Uncle Sam, and that would have been High Tariff. To-day he finds he can be so securely tied by the Trusts that there is no need of looking to the High Tariff for any further tying.



THE DONKEY: "NOW YOU KNOW HOW A SPLIT FEELS."
—N. Y. American.



"Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet
And Freedom's banner waving o'er us?"

N. Y. American.

Thanksgiving Day has come and gone, and while most of us have been satisfied with the conventional American Turkey, it would seem that our friend Morgan is out after European Turkey. It is but following in the natural course of industrial events that the great and growing surplus of capital will sooner or later flow into Turkey, notwithstanding the difficulties presented by the superstitious Sultan. Turkey, reorganized by Morgan, and with the Sultan safely pensioned off in a modern harem, should offer about as fine an investment for the capitalist as could well be imagined. It has all the natural resources one could wish for, and these combined with a healthy population of fine men still undebauched and by our modern civilization, should be good to make all kinds of money for investors getting in on the ground floor.

Our temperance friends who have money should be the first to invest, for they will be assured that the Turks will never waste their money on beer as long as Allah is their prophet.

I would especially call attention to the opportunities that Turkey offers to the New England capitalists who are now threatened with having their income curtailed in the Southern States through the enactment of Child Labor laws. It will be a great shock to them to learn that American children are not to be forever chained to their treadmill to grind out profits for them in their cotton mills, but the shock may be modified when they learn that Turkey has no such newfangled laws and that there is unlimited scope for them there.

While I am suggesting that Mr. Morgan and his capitalists should look to Turkey and other barbarous countries in which to extend the blessings of civilization, I notice that Mr. Edgren is calling attention to the fact that Mr. Baer has practically invited Uncle Sam to make even a more extended trip. And really

Edgren is not altogether wrong. We can only live on this world by having access to its resources. If we cannot touch the land because Astor refuses us leave, and if we cannot get coal because Baer warns us off, and finally, when we seek Old Ocean's Bed, we have Mr. Morgan step up and tell us that his Shipping Trust has bought out Neptune—then it is time we should look up the rates of fare to Mars.

"Get Off the Earth; It's Ours."

—N. Y. American

A YEAR'S GROWTH.

We go to press before anything very definite can be said as to the result of the election, but it is already evident that the Socialists have made tremendous gains all over the country. In Massachusetts the vote increased in one year from 11,000 to 34,000, and the two former representatives, MacCartney and Carey, were re-elected, with an additional one from the city of Brockton. The vote in New York City also showed a great increase. My own vote for Congress was a little under 2,000; and although this was the largest vote cast for any Socialist candidate for Congress in this city, I have to confess that my own efforts had nothing to do with the size of the vote, as I had no time to do any canvassing at all. The Tenth Congressional has always been the banner Socialist district in the city, and I have no doubt at all that persistent work for another election or two will land a Socialist Congressman from that district. The returns from Wisconsin also show a splendid gain; and if Senator Spooner had hysterics before the election, I am quite sure he now has paralysis, and I will have to excuse him if he should fail to join me in the theatrical tour in which I proposed, in the early part of this issue, that he should star as the Snake Scotcher. The estimated increase in one year in some of the States is as follows:

Massachusetts,	from	11,000 to 34,000.
Wisconsin,	"	7,000 to 20,000.
Ohio,	"	5,000 to 15,000.
Minnesota,	"	2,000 to 12,000.
Colorado,	"	2,000 to 12,000.
Pennsylvania,	"	5,000 to 20,000.
Montana,	"	700 to 5,000.

It may safely be concluded that the total Socialist vote will amount to considerably over 200,000, an increase in one year of over 100 per cent.

THE HAND AND ITS LINES.

ELMO JEAN LASEER, of the National Institute of Palmistry, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The science of Palmistry cannot be said to be new, like many "ideas" given publicity in WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE; and it is much in its favor that it is not. A science becomes more valuable and reliable after it has been sifted a number of generations and has run the gauntlet of public and professional criticism. Thus it is with Palmistry, Chirology or Chirosophy, by whatever name one may please to term it. It is one of the oldest sciences in the history of the world. It was in high repute in India hundreds of years before the Christian era. The great leaders, rabbis and doctors of the Jewish race, and their Persian and Egyptian neighbors, were deep believers in it. From the studies left by these ancients it was taken up by philosophers and men of genius of succeeding generations, including such illustrious names as Aristotle, Hartlieb, Coccles, Peruccio, Lutz, Bulwer and Cardan and Albertus Magnus; in more recent times by D'Arpentigny, Desbarrolles, Craig, Heron-Allen and other eminent French, English and American enthusiasts. The result is, you can hardly meet an educated person who does not believe in Palmistry.

Aristotle says in his works: "Lines have not been traced without cause in the hands of men; they evidently emanate from the influence of heaven, or from human individuality."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says, in the course of a half-column article: "In all ages many men of great wisdom and genius have found an interest in Palmistry, and I have no doubt they will continue to do so in centuries to come. Believing as I do in re-incarnation, I have no doubt that my palm indicates events in past life, and suggests those liable to ensue. It is not consistent with the intellectual development of the present era to scoff at seership or any of the occult sciences."

The old versions of the Bible also speak of Palmistry no less than ten times.

The majority of people, before receiving enlightenment on the subject, think that Palmistry refers to the lines in the palm only. This is an error. Palmistry deals with the shape, contour and consistency of the hand and fingers, as well as the lines and various symbols found on the inside. The former is called Chirognomy; the latter Chiromancy. Character and temperament are mostly read from the type and mounts; events, happenings, health conditions, accidents, etc., from the lines and signs.

There are seven different types of hands—the Elementary, possessed by primitive man, the lowest uneducated person, like Indians and African savages; the Spatulate, generally one notch in advance, indicating, if hard, tenacity, physical endurance, often extreme, bigoted opinions; the Square, also called the Useful, owned by a majority of every-day sensible, practical people of the world; the Conic, also called the Woman's hand, denoting enthusiasm, intuition and quick perception, possessed by hundreds of illustrious men and professional women of the world, like lawyers, journalists, college professors, novelists, public speakers, and actors and actresses; the Philosophic, a mixture of the Square with Conic features, causing the joints to be developed and having the tendency to make the subject a thinker, and consequently a very critical, analytical person; the Pointed or Psychic, signifying fancy, theory and intense imagination—the least practical of all, and, fortunately, very seldom encountered, but occasionally seen in its purity among the effete European aristocracy; the Mixed, being a composition of two or more of the others—a very common type, seen on hundreds of people. Next to the Square, its possessors are sensible, matter-of-fact individuals.

Besides the types of hands and fingers the mounts are indispensable in determining the character and temperament of the person. The mounts are little swellings or hills, found, when in normal condition, at the base of each finger, above the heart line, just below the wrist line and at the foot of the thumb. A subject without these elevations is an entirely different person than one with well developed mounts. By balancing these mounts and taking into consideration the attributes they stand for, the correct estimate of the character, and the possibilities and the good and weak points of the person are derived.

The lines are read for past revelations, future prospects, brain capacity, health conditions, and so on.

There are five essential or main lines in the hand, called the heart line, just under the fingers; head line, second under fingers; life line, encircling the thumb; fate line, running from the second finger down the hand; the line of the sun or Apollo, extending from the third finger down. Of these lines the first three are always present, if the person is normal, meaning sane and reliable. Besides the above five there are nine secondary lines, part or all of which may be present.

Nature is consistent and proceeds on regular lines—so it is an easy matter for the experienced palmist to read the lines and symbols in the hand and make reliable deductions from them.

Many important things in life can be ascertained through Palmistry. In the interpretation of character it is absolutely reliable. Phrenology is inferior to it in this respect; and one may say this is the extent of Phrenology, while this is only the threshold of Palmistry. The temperament, affections and inclinations are all clearly shown to those versed in Chirology. And here lies the value to the average person who is sharp enough to avail himself of the preliminaries of it. The examination of the hands of engaged persons will show whether they will clash in intercourse with each other. Many unhappy marriages could thus be avoided. One can control his natural tendencies for a while, but the shape and lines of the hand are as unerring as the flashlight photograph and will some day betray the hidden character and show the person up in his true light. The practical side is strongly indicated by the health conditions the hand

shows. This is the most reliable part of Palmistry. Not alone can dangers be indicated, but the nature of the trouble is shown; and so by knowing complications that threaten one in the future the affliction may be avoided by removing the cause. One of the most valuable parts of Palmistry, though poorly understood, is the certainty with which it may be applied to the future life of the child, and its whole character, brain power, endurance and intellectual capacity known years before they manifest themselves.

Palmistry is becoming more popular every year. It is the educated who believe in it. It is not exaggerating to say that almost every prominent person has had his hand read one or more times. The thinker has but to investigate in order to believe in it.

CHRISTMAS QUESTIONS

Let me question you, my brother, whoever you may be
In cottage home or mansion, in feast or revelry;
As you celebrate this birthday of earth's divinest MAN,
Let me question you, my brother, and answer if you can.

The nations we call "Christians," the foremost of the earth,
Will sing of "Peace, good-will," to-day in honor of the birth
Of Him who taught the lesson of love for one another—
Why are they all armed to the teeth to rob and kill each other?

For nearly nineteen centuries Christ's gospel has been taught,
And all the tribes of Christendom accept the truth He brought?
If His gospel were but practised, the wars of earth would cease—
Why don't these nations live it, that the world may be at peace?

If all the Christian churches lived the faith that they possess,
If the love that Christ commanded had subdued their selfishness;
If the countless host of Christians loved and served the Good alone,
Would the truth stay "on the scaffold" and the wrong stay "on the throne?"

Would dissension, strife and envy subdivide the Christian fold?
Would the pride of worldly honor barter Christ-likeness for gold?
Would humanity be shackled in the helpless state it stands—
If the church through all these ages had fulfilled their Lord's Commands?

If those who pray "Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in Heaven,"
Would only honor and obey the will which God has given;
If those who pray "Thy Kingdom come," would help fulfill their prayer—
Would Satan find dominion for his kingdom of Despair?

Would there be unjust judgments—would there be courts at all?
Would there be crime and poverty on this terrestrial ball?
Would atheism long remain—the folly of the fool—
If all who take the name of Christ would live His "Golden Rule?"

If what men wanted done to them they always did to others;
If all men in the universe were recognized as brothers:
If men refused to make their hearts the nursery of vice—
Would we need to leave the earth to find a better paradise?

Would Heaven seem so far away, and Hell so near at hand?
Would wretchedness, a spectre grim, stalk through this Christian land?
Would labor, plundered, writhe beneath oppression's iron paw—
If Christ's great Sermon on the Mount became the nation's law?

If Christians placed God's kingdom first in everything they sought,
If they refused to make their minds the home of evil thought,
If they refused to be the tools of any evil scheme—
How long would the Millennium stay a speculative theme?

How long before this feverish rush for gold and wealth would cease,
How long would hate and avarice despoil the earth of peace,
How long would want's despairing wails rise to God's throne above—
If Christians lived and prayed and worked as if their God were "Love"?

Almost two thousand Christmas days have come and gone, my brother,
And Christ's divinest law was Love for God and for each other;
Why is this sick and suffering world still unredeemed from woe?
I ask you in the name of Christ, and answer if you know.

—R. F. INGRAM, London, Ont.

THE PROMISE OF THE FUTURE

FREDERIC W. BURRY

LOCKED in the deep recesses of the mind are slumbering energies which once aroused and given expression will change this earth into a paradise of delights.

We look over the world and see great numbers of men working, exercising themselves, warring on their fellows in a blind, unreasoning effort to do something desperate; we see human energy dissipated, wasted, used for destructive instead of constructive purposes.

Men grow up, and put in their time from day to day, drearily, wearily plodding along, with sensibilities benumbed, with characters warped, with possibilities undeveloped.

To-day, men are awakening to the facts of existence, they are asking themselves the meanings of such words as property and privilege and power. They are, in short, becoming conscious.

This century opened out on a great and wondrous scene of human activity. The power of human thought has shown itself in countless fields of activity; and now the deep considerations of life, of society, of manhood, are pressing on human consciousness.

This is all a matter of evolution; it is not any passing phase of freakishness; the new thoughts represent an inauguration of a new age or era.

All through the centuries have the ideals of men looked forward to a future time, which should be free from pain and distress, when we should be happy and content; dimly have the religious teachings symbolized such an era, timidly but none the less prophetically have individuals dreamed of a promised land.

Here and there, a strong character has dared to bring such ideals down from a realm of mist and fancy into tangible, practical, earthly shape—showing how the kingdom of happiness was to be evolved from within, and how earth itself may be transformed into the land of promise.

That this earth is a land of promise, no one can doubt. All the dreams of wealth and power that have up to to-day become materialized into realities are nothing compared to the resources which yet lie hidden in the earth and in the forces of Nature.

And the recognition of such untold potencies is the first step towards their manifestation.

The transformation of the world can only come by the reformation of man. It is reform that alone can save and enrich the race.

The symbols of power and riches which we have at present are but infantile efforts to possess things. Greed and gain are at the basis of the

commercial world; and business is something that may give one more property and a larger field of ownership. Any thought of altruism or real friendship is foreign to the commercial ideal.

Ambition and competition mean for most people a loveless, strenuous, grinding career of appropriation. It is imagined that freedom and power are thus purchased, when such a course only leads a man to that imprisoned state of consciousness, when he is shut off from his fellows.

We have only got real power when we are in close touch with others—for life is a unit, and our best personal possessions are only enjoyed when they are shared with all.

Unity must forever remain the keynote to reform. Even to-day, as we recognize the eternal oneness of life, we are saved many apprehensions, fears and worries, and we are willing to go on with our work, ignoring failures and losses, knowing that there is plenty of time and plenty of material.

The reformer, while he looks forward to the future, does not neglect the opportunity of to-day, neither does he overlook the good things already within his reach. If he is a dreamer, he is still practical, and knows how to wait and make the most of things. For he knows that the future is the extension of to-day, that we rise by steps, learning and finding our way as we go.

What if we do have to grope along, and clamber over mountains of difficulties, are we not thus strengthened? Do we not thus gain added experience, from which alone we are capable of creating anything of permanent value?

On the other hand, the revolutionary iconoclast is doing his part to hasten the day of justice, even though he cannot see the natural evolutionary trend.

The message of Socialism can only be understood by the lover of mankind. Until the worship and passion of humanity has been awakened in men's breasts, the true message of Socialism cannot be understood.

Men talk of municipalization and nationalization, and these terms include a great deal, but Socialism reaches much farther and deeper than these initial reforms—for it is the interpretation of man to himself—it is the solvent of the riddle of the universe.

It has been said that love is the fulfilling of the law; it might also be added that love enables us to know the law.

The man of devotion reaches the highest heights of intellectual attainment. His adoration unfolds the truth. Yes, Wisdom opens her doors to the lover.

Our present business system shuts off men from one another. It is a question of getting all you can and giving as little as you can. It is not a question of expression, of work, of art; therefore, it is not to be wondered at that men's productions are often shoddy and inferior. The statement that competition is the life of trade may be true enough; but we are looking for a state of society when there will be no trade—simply voluntary, joyful labor for the good of all.

Then it is said that men will not work unless they are forced to work. And yet, under proper conditions, work is only amusement; nothing is so tiresome as idleness to a healthy man. It is work that creates personal character; it does not matter so much if there is no visible compensation for every hour of labor, for even our losses give a certain valuable stamp to the one eternal fact—personal character.

Naturally, all men love work—they love activity; and as they realize the

true meaning of work, that it has to do with far more than the transitory and perishable immediate object in hand, that expression is what creates individual power, their work loses its distasteful features.

Under a regime of Socialism, men will necessarily realize the full meaning of work; there will be no grudging, paltry feelings of jealousy and suspicion; it will not be so much a matter of who is getting the most for doing the least; the mental atmosphere will be redolent with good-will and united endeavor; the race will be a mighty army of willing workers, in bond to each other by a conscious recognition of brotherhood and oneness.

It may be said that such a state of affairs could only exist among angels. But it is because we recognize the inherent divine nature of man that our ideals are so lofty, our hopes so great. It is not to be imagined that we expect any sudden change to a celestial condition; we are quite satisfied to wait, and grow day by day towards the manifestation of our ideals, which moreover expand as we materialize them, ever opening out still brighter visions.

The knowledge that we are working in line with the inevitable is a sufficient guarantee of eventual success; we are not wasting our time when we are following in the path of evolution, acting as a vanguard for the race's destiny.

There are some who admit that Socialism is coming, but who deplore this fact. They talk about it as the "coming slavery."

If the new order was to be anything like the industrial system described by some very zealous sociologists, there might be a reasonable apprehension that we were marching towards a condition of slavery. But as the ideals of men change, there will be a gradual elimination of strenuous force and man-made laws; men will not have to be made to co-operate; they will work voluntarily for the benefit of all. They will, in fact, know that such a course is the surest and quickest way to be personally benefited.

Another objection to the cause of Socialism is made by those who would call themselves Individualists. These people say that development and progress can only come by independent effort; that, therefore, any scheme to unite and make collective the labor of individuals can only end in stagnation.

We agree with them that a spirit of independence is essential to any successful issue; and if we looked upon humanity as a collection of separate units, we would not seek for any mutual co-operation. It is because we recognize the interdependence and unity of man that we are working for the people's Trust, for a combination and collectivism of industries.

It is impossible to observe the continual formation of Trusts and combines without realizing that these must lead to the eventual nationalization of them. They will get too large for any private ownership, and it will require no spoliation or confiscation for the government and the people to come into possession of property; at least in the majority of cases, private individuals will only be too glad to be relieved from the responsibility of ownership when it has ceased to represent any power or to give any advantages.

As the experiments of Trusts prove their productiveness, together with the development of creative and labor-saving machinery, the problem of feeding and clothing the nations as well as

yielding all other necessities and luxuries will be solved very simply. Men will gladly relinquish hold of things that only bring worry; they will hardly cling to conditions that make them mentally and physically incapable of enjoyment.

Then we can welcome any moves on the part of the present commercial system, when we know that, though maybe unconsciously, the kings of capital are actually making it easier for the step which must be taken towards the real Democratic commonwealth.

At present, men are all too concerned about materials. The actual ends of existence are kept in the background by the exigencies of business. People have no time for the things that make life worth living; both employed and employer are held down to grinding tasks, the only object of which is very often of a superficial if not utterly useless character.

Nothing but pure Socialism can make life worth living; this is the one industrial ideal that will make labor welcome, and crown all work with art.

If money is to-day the symbol of power, it is also the symbol of tyranny; it holds a usurped place of authority, for it is, in a sense, a certificate of actual dishonorable principles.

In its last analysis, there is no sound basis to the principle of private ownership; it is simply a habit of man, the product of his growth of individual self-consciousness; it must, as a habit, die away as the real meaning of self-hood dawns on mankind.

As the universality of self becomes a factor of consciousness, property as an exclusive personal possession becomes an encumbrance. Freedom to use will be sufficient.

It is not to be supposed that those who recognize the naturalness of public ownership are going to suddenly yield their hold of the share of things that represents past effort by themselves or others. Civilization, imperfect as it is, is the result of long years of trouble and experience; and the evolution of the mind of the people is not in the direction of its destruction. Moreover, ideals of country, patriotism, religion, society, are not so easily overthrown as some would imagine. Habits are the leading impulses of action; they are handed down from generation to generation, and thus become well moulded and ingrained in the minds of men.

But if the ideal of Socialism is not working to overthrow men's thoughts and habits, it is working for their reformation and progression.

The minds of the masses are held in bond by thoughts of suspicion and distrust. What a vast amount of energy is here kept in dormancy! Why should it remain so?

The liberation of the race can come about only by the expansion of thought among the great mass of people. When the people rise up as a unit, in the recognized strength of due rights and authority, this recognition becomes a law. It is the people's voice that must be heard and obeyed.

The race is interdependent; one cannot move without all. Just now, the majority voluntarily allow themselves to be led and ordered. The time will come, and very soon, when the people will take the trouble to think, and then at once is the social problem solved.

Since the power of human thought is thus of such effectual creativeness, the great work of the Socialist is in some way or other to be a teacher. The work of Propaganda is the cardinal need of the hour.

With men ever ready to open their mouths either to one or to more, there is an endless chain of causation; let one utter a truth, and it is taken up from one person to another, arousing a general and wide-spread interest.

Socialism is first and last a cause that appeals to the workers. For the men who do something, for the toilers, alone has it any message. The sole object of existence is expression; and the wealth of the world naturally belongs to those who create it.

The false notion that capital should be king and control the lion's share of what labor produces, and that so-called executive ability is of such greater value than ordinary mechanical workmanship, must give way to the recognition of equal rights. The needs of every individual are equal in point of value; if there is any distinction, the higher one goes up the intellectual scale, the fewer are outside needs—there is a desire for more simplicity where there is more refinement.

Then it is not altogether for an increase of personal possessions that Socialism may be welcomed; its greatest blessing will consist in the freedom of opportunity it will present to everyone.

To possess all desirable opportunities is to have a command over circumstances. Socialism will give each one a full opportunity to express himself. At present, the strongest and bravest of natures are held in check by false and unjust laws. It is not wealth, but power that men actually require above all things; under the present order of things, wealth brings a measure of power; to have power without wealth or personal property, to be able to use the products of the earth and of labor according to one's needs—this is the greatest of all social ideals.

Towards this goal of mastery and control, Nature has wended its spiral course of evolution. Time and again, during the centuries, it has seemed as though the ideal was in immediate reach; but the tide has receded, only, however, to return with added power. The efforts of reformers have been retarded, one way and another, and new lessons have been learned in just this way.

Among other things, we have learned that society is to be reorganized by developing the good that already exists, rather than by overthrowing or undermining the present social order. We now know that even the moves of trade and commerce are leading up to a co-operative system.

Nothing is more encouraging than to know that all things are working in line with our ideals. Therefore, our propaganda is constructive in its nature. We are to keep in with the march of evolution—to get in front, with the vanguard—where the enthusiasts are, those who can see something of the land before us.

All classes may rejoice over this social trend. The present ideals of wealth and power are but the passing toys of an infant stage of civilization. Socialism offers the poor and rich alike a condition of things far superior to the mere dreams of avarice; it offers all that can be purchased by freedom—mental, moral, physical, industrial freedom.

At present, we are concerned over our possessions. In the future, we shall not be concerned at all; anxieties will have become solved; there will be peace, and a sense of security.

As we look forward to the promise of the future, we may to-day possess something of this peace by living as nearly as possible in consonance with

our ideals. Those who so live are the natural leaders in the social movement; it will be through the individuals who are permeated with their advanced ideas, so that their habits are expressions of these ideas, that a new order will be inaugurated.

The promise that the ideal of Socialism will make of each man a ruler in the realm of his individuality, is markedly taking effect now. Everywhere, men and women are rising, made nobler, gentler, stronger, by the new ideals.

A feeling of comradeship and solidarity is over people; selfishness is giving place to kindness and love; national divisions are breaking down before the thought of unity and brotherhood.

Every person who thinks at all now looks upon such conditions as war with horror, and no longer talks of its glory. The race is becoming more knit together; prejudice is dying; and even the tools used by the supporters of old systems are at work for us.

Nothing is against us. Recognizing this, we are capable of using our opportunities to better advantage. Whatever sphere we may be in, Socialism has some practical message for each individual.

Socialism is an ideal that includes and represents many phases of thought. It is intensely practical; it points to the future as the product of to-day's actions. It speaks of the fruitage of results, and it now sows the seeds.

Then, to act as well as talk; in our way, to exemplify the truth of our teachings; here is an immediate field of work. To make real men and women to-day, and still better generations in the future, is the work of Socialism; and to this end it purposes to use the tools of all opportunities, of industrial systems, of governments—changing, re-organizing conditions, as man evolves ever higher.

Its cause cannot fail. It might fail if it was the invention of some individual. Instead of this, every philosophy and religion and science has been a tributary influence towards moulding its system—a system that is to grow and expand with the extension of man's consciousness—definite but elastic in its scope.

To give each one liberty for full expression, leading to an ideal of absolute unity and equality, making of materials the servants for the use of all—at once the religion and philosophy and science of justice, Socialism presents its plan to the world, and it is being accepted. It must be accepted, for it is founded on the rock of Truth, and it is the highest conception of the mind of man.

TRUSTS IN LUTHER'S TIME

Berlin, Oct. 22.—In a pamphlet, entitled "The Basic Law of Commercial Crises in the Age of Monopoly," C. E. May, of Hamburg, shows that the now much discussed subjects of Trusts and Monopolies were alive in the time of Luther. Herr May quotes passages from the great reformer's work, entitled "Trade and Usury," in which Luther pays his compliments to industrial combinations in the following vigorous words:

"Unless one is stupid, one must see that these organizations are nothing more than 'monopolia.' When worldly law prohibits these combinations, so injurious to the whole world, I need say nothing of godly and Christian law. These industrial combinations do everything they please, raise and lower prices according to their own will, and to the injury of small merchants. They are like the pike who attack small fishes in the water, acting as if they were the masters of God's creatures, and beyond all law, belief, and love. It is not to be wondered at that small merchants, not wishing to lose, comply with the wishes of these monopolies, for to receive a certain pfennig is better than an uncertain gulden."

Luther describes how the industrial organizations, by reducing prices, endeavor to destroy competition and obtain possession of trade. In this manner, he says, "monopolia" are formed. The monopolists, he says, are not worth being called human beings, nor should they be allowed to live among human beings. Rulers would do right to take from these people their earthly possessions and drive them out of the country.—New York Times.